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George Bancroft

THE

MODERN

BRITISH DRAMA.

VOLUME FIRST.

THE

Modern
BRITISH DRAMA.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME FIRST.

TRAGEDIES.

H. Howard, A.R. del.   Noble & Raimbach fec.

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REMARKS

ON

ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

THE object of this collection is to include, in a concise and portable form, such plays as either retain possession of the stage, or are easily capable of being accommodated to it; a principle of selection which necessarily excludes the earlier and ruder essays of the dramatic muses, while due regard to the laws of literary property prevents its being extended to a very recent period. The works of Shakespeare have also been omitted, as in the hands of every lover of the drama. But, under these restrictions, the following volumes contain the master-pieces of every dramatic author of eminence, selected, without distinction, from three several periods of the history of the stage; a few remarks upon which may form no improper introduction to the collection.

I. The earliest period of the tragic drama, as a refined and artificial composition, distinct from the rude mysteries and moralities of our ancestors, may be held to extend from the end of the sixteenth century to the breaking out of the great civil war in 1642. It is adorned by some of the greatest names which British poetry can boast, and exhibits specimens of genius, which we may in vain seek to parallel during the ruder era that preceded, or the more polished times which followed. But although the genius of this period be indisputably predominant, it was exerted upon subjects, and under circumstances, which disqualified the greater part of the theatrical pieces it boasts from retaining possession of a modern stage. The wild and extravagant character of the incidents, the irregularity of the plot, the total and uncompromising neglect of the unities of time and place, although they may not greatly revolt the reader in his closet, render the pieces in which they abound embarrassing, as well as disgusting, in representation. Even the splendour of Shakespeare himself has been unable altogether to overcome the disadvantages arising from the rude state of the drama at the time when he wrote, insomuch that almost the one half of his inimitable plays are excluded from a stage which owes its chief glory to his name. Were it here our object to trace the causes why the period most abounding in dramatic, particularly in tragic genius, affords us so few specimens of acting plays, or rather of plays now fit to be acted, the inquiry would carry us far; for it is not merely to the rude state of the art so near its commencement, but to a number of corresponding contingencies, that the imperfections of our earlier drama must necessarily be ascribed. The applause which the ancient tragedians courted was seldom that of a select audience, far less, as was early the case in France, that of a fastidious and critical court, with a monarch in its centre. The dramatic pieces of Shakespeare, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Ford, were represented before a miscellaneous concourse, whom chance, or the reputation of the author, happened to assemble for the night, in any of the twenty theatres which were nightly opened in the metropolis. Such an audience little prized the art, unity, and coherence of the pieces represented; and the indolence which almost uniformly accompanies genius was careful to give them no more than they demanded, and were capable of enjoying. If their pieces afforded striking incident, animated scenes, and glowing language, the authors, conscious that their hearers were indifferent how these were introduced or tacked together, took no trouble in subjecting their genius to the controul of the rules of art. Ben Jonson, who alone, among the dramatists of that period, attempted to found a reputation upon understanding and submitting to the discipline of the ancient stage, had so little reason to be proud of his success, that he growls upon every occasion against the rude taste of an age, which preferred to his laboured and well-concocted scenes, the more glowing, wild, and irregular effusions of his less learned contemporaries. The mode, also, in which these plays were composed excludes the very idea of artful arrangement, or skilful coherence of parts. If the piece was happily the work of a single author, it was usually composed under such circumstances of hurry and negligence, as distinguish the daily labour, which toils for daily bread, from the more ambitious efforts, which propose fame alone for their object and reward. But it often happened that several poets clubbed their scattered and unconnected scenes to make up a single play; and the circumstance shews what very little consequence the union and consistency demanded upon the modern stage, held in the eyes of an audience in the former part of the sixteenth century. It is possible that, upon the whole, the drama (at least considered as a department of poetry) has profited by this relaxation of discipline; for, doubtless, some of our greatest authors might have been deterred from engaging in dramatic composition, by the terror of such rigorous laws as were early submitted to by the French writers. On the other hand, viewing the subject with reference to theatrical representation only, we cannot suppress a natural regret, that out of so many plays, sparkling with scenes at once passionate and poetical, we have been able, under the principle of exclusion already explained, to select only a very few for the purpose of this collection. This imperfection is, however, remedied, by the publication of the Ancient Drama, upon the same plan with the following volumes; which contains an ample selection from the theatrical remains of that wonderful age, when the art, though only in its infancy, displayed a lustre of genius, which, however rude and irregular, has never been equalled in the maturer period of our theatrical history.

The pieces which we have selected as examples of the drama during this period are taken from the works of the most celebrated writers. Four of these are selected from the works of Beaumont and Fletcher; and the Publisher cannot but hope that the beautiful scenes which they exhibit will be a sufficient apology for the irregularity of the action. In the Two Noble Kinsmen, Shakespeare is supposed to have given his assistance, and it contains passages abounding even in the higher class of his beauties. The incipient derangement of the jailor's daughter, ere she breaks into actual frenzy, is at least as touching as the madness of Ophelia, which is absolute lunacy before she is produced to the spectators. And there are many other exquisite passages, to atone to the most fastidious for the unhappy management of a play, of which the first act very nearly elapses, without our even hearing of the two principal characters. King and No King illustrates that peculiar kind of composition called dramatic humour, which was commonly applied to comic purposes, but was also capable, as in this instance, of being illustrated by tragic examples. This species of theatrical writing will be further explained in our short prefatory remarks on British comedy; and indeed the piece which occasions our mentioning it might, without impropriety, have been ranked in either class. Philaster and Bonduca have been revived with effect within these few years. From the works of Massinger, the skilful intricacy and ingenious developement of whose plots form a striking exception to the gross negligence which we have stigmatized as characteristic of his contemporaries, our plan permits us to make more liberal extracts, in proportion to the extent of his labours. Of the two plays we have chosen, the Bondman was revived at Bath during the dawn of Mrs Siddons's reputation; and we have been assured, that in no part of her varied excellence was she more inimitable, than in the power of expressing, by gesture, the varied passions which occupy the mind of Cleora while her features were hidden by a veil. The Fatal Dowry may be considered as still occupying the stage, in Rowe's tame and feeble copy. From the pathetic Ford we have given The Broken Heart, a tragedy in which he has exerted his utmost power over the passions.

Ere we leave this department of our collection, we may observe, that, as in Massinger's plays, we have used the corrected text of Gifford's excellent edition, so in those of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ford, we have had the singular advantage of arranging the text according to that of Mr Henry Weber of Edinburgh, whose taste and erudition render him so eminently capable of discharging his intended task of editing these classical dramatists.

II. When the Restoration had given a new birth to the theatre, its earlier efforts were formed upon the model of the French stage, to which the merry monarch and his wandering courtiers had accommodated their taste during their exile. But the character of an English audience, impatient of long and languid dialogue in couplets, demanded a more vehement stimulus of amusement; and although the authors of the rhyming, or *heroic plays*, as they were termed, endeavoured to compound, by throwing in an unusual quantity of bustle, pomp, and procession, the taste was too unnatural to be permanent. Dryden, who had written in its favour, lived to read his recantation, and to exhibit the variety of his powers in a more natural style of composition. A forgotten poem, called " The Stage," has traced this change in the distinguished bard's composition with some success.

Long felt the drama an inglorious dearth,
Nor wept the tragic muse, nor smiled the comic mirth:
At length his lyre harmonious Dryden strung,
Excelled in both, and both alternate sung:
At first, indeed, he made his heroes rant,
Or quibbled folly in his *Wild Gallant;*
But as in music, when the artist long
Has tried each note, and dwelt upon the song,
The strings become familiar to his hand;
Around his lute the Graces take their stand;

He rises in his skill, the crowd controuls,
And robs his ravished audience of their souls:
Great Dryden thus, when perfect in his art,
Alarmed the brave, and charmed the fair one's heart.

Omitting, therefore, the bombastic, though magnificent romantic dramas of Dryden's early days, we have chosen the Force of Love and Don Sebastian, as more chaste and genuine specimens of his tragic powers. In Lee's Rival Queens, the modern reader will find the only specimen of the heroic drama which has retained possession of the stage. It is not, indeed, in rhyme, but it abounds with the tumid language and violent strains, both of thought and passion, which Dryden used to call the Dalilahs of the theatre, and which are particularly calculated to favour that numerous class of tragic actors, whose lungs are more powerful than their feelings. This, with Lee's more natural and affecting tragedy of Theodosius, are the only examples of his wild and ill-regulated genius which appear worthy of admission into a list of acting plays. The original reputation of Otway rose upon his heroic drama of Don Carlos, which is now neither acted nor read.

Yet not in Fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stoop'd to truth.————

It were to be wished we could complete the couplet; but Otway never "moralized his song." Yet, notwithstanding change of manners and refinement of taste, and in despite of a tendency, worse than dubious, the Orphan, and Venice Preserved, contain such exquisite touches of passionate and natural feeling, that they will probably retain possession of the stage until it shall be entirely abandoned to farce and pantomime. Southerne made Otway his model; and if he has not always attained the same tone of exquisite pathos, his general dialogue is more equal, the moral of his drama more praise-worthy, and the effect of his impassioned scenes hardly inferior to those of his great master. Those who have seen the sorrows of Belvidera, and those of Isabella, presented by the first actress of any age or country, are generally undecided, which most powerfully occupies the passes of the heart. With Southerne ended that line of tragic poets whom we consider as filling the second era of our stage history.

III. The third period, extending from the commencement of the eighteenth century to the present day, though it contains many tragedies of poetical merit, affords few which exert a violent sway over the feelings of the audience. As taste became more correct and fastidious, authors were more anxious to offer faultless, than powerful scenes to the public; they shrunk from those daring expressions of passion which are the charm of our earlier drama, and substituted beautiful imagery and flowing numbers for the language of truth and nature. The Mourning Bride of Congreve, although it contains many passages of great merit, may be considered as having led the way in a new style of composition, where the finished polish bestowed upon the whole play was designed to compensate the want of scenes of vigorous and predominating excellence. Rowe followed the footsteps of Congreve, but with a pace yet more restrained, timid, and irresolute; and the curious reader, by comparing his Fair Penitent with the Fatal Dowry of Massinger, may form his own conclusions on the taste of the age, which approved of such an alteration. Young, though of a temper more gloomy, and using more tumid language, writes in a similar taste; and the same distinction may be clearly traced, by a comparison between his Revenge and Shakespeare's Othello. As we were now nearly approaching to the French style of composition, several of their best tragedies were about this time translated for our stage, and well received. Zara, Mahomet, the Orphan of China, in which Voltaire had ventured more than one step towards the English taste, were easily adapted to it, by translators who had, on their side, already approximated to that of France. Yet this florid and diffuse species of drama, though supported by the genius of Hughes and Thompson, did not exclusively occupy the stage during the period we are treating of. The celebrated Cato of Addison (omitting the unnecessary love intrigue) is an attempt at a more chaste and classical model; taken, however, rather from the Grecian stage, than from that of Shakespeare. Glover formed his Boadicea on the same model, it was studied by Johnson for his Irene, and, with yet more strict conformity to the severity of the ancient rules, Mason produced Elfrida, and his inimitable Caractacus. Yet these pieces, although the welcome of the first was secured by fashion, literary intrigue, and party spirit, do not appear adapted to the taste of an English audience, accustomed, as they are, to pomp and circumstance, rapid incident, and the frequent change of splendid scenery. It is scarcely worth while to notice, that Howard, in his Charles I., attempted to revive the old historical tragedy, the scenes of which fluctuated between a drama and a chronicle; or that Mr Brooke gave a more successful example of somewhat the same style in his Gustavus Vasa. A very different kind of tragedy, formed in direct opposition to the school of Congreve and Rowe, seems to bid more fair for permanent popularity. This is chiefly to be found in the compositions of Lillo, which, representing calamities and crimes of private life, (those chiefly in which the catastrophe is shocking and bloody,) boast little ornament of verse, and claim attention only from the painful interest excited, and the rude, but natural language in which the actors express themselves. And if the more fastidious part of an audience are rather affected with painful horror, than with pleasing sadness, at this too naked picture of human vice and misery, the Gamester of Moore, written on the same plan, representing distress arising from a vice more familiar to their conception and habits, may convey to such the lesson which George Barnwell gives to their inferiors. Of the other tragedies produced during this period we wish to say little. Douglas alone claims distinction, and that chiefly on account of the incomparable felicity of the scene between Lady Randolph and the Shepherd, and the pure and exquisite representation of maternal affection, with which even those sympathise who have forgotten the agitation of love, and never felt the pangs of ambition. Towards the conclusion of the eighteenth century, an attempt was made, by the Honourable Horace Walpole, to illustrate the more powerful passions of terror, remorse, and despair. The Mysterious Mother is a sketch executed with great ability, and, in many scenes, similar to the powerful and gloomy style of Massinger. But no exertion of poetical talent can reconcile us to its radical defect, or induce us to consider as the proper subject for popular amusement, a story more unnaturally horrid than even the Œdipus of Sophocles.

In concluding these desultory observations upon the popular tragedy, it seems natural to inquire to what causes it is owing that this beautiful, classical, and moral branch of the dramatic art seems now obviously in its decline. We cannot impute it to a dearth of performers, for at no period has the English stage boasted of more excellent tragic representatives. It might more justly be said to arise from a failure in poetic genius, did not the works of Miss Joanna Baillie contain scenes so true to nature and feeling, yet so well graced with poetical beauty, as justly to challenge for her a place in the foremost rank of tragic authors. The truth seems to be, that the theatre is affected by the change of fashion, which, among other caprices, has assigned late and irregular hours as a test of its votaries adherence to its dictates. Thus, unless on particular nights, the greater part of the audience is composed of persons whose day has been spent in fatiguing occupation, and whose state of mind, not to mention their general taste, seeks relaxation, rather in the amusement of comedy, than from the graver efforts of the tragic author. It were well if this were all. But women of the higher rank, whose taste used formerly to have much influence upon the amusements of the drama, cannot, in the present state of our theatres, easily visit them, without many and inconvenient precautions. A large portion of the house is avowedly abandoned to females of the worst description, whose numbers enable them to outrage decency with insolence and impunity, and to exhibit scenes much fitter for the haunts of low debauchery, than for a place of polished amusement. Late incidents also lead us to complain, that the slightest infraction of the rights of the public, real or supposed, leads to the repetition of tremendous remedies, which irresistibly remind us of the peasant in the fable, who called a squire and a pack of hounds into his garden, to chace out a poor hare, who had eat some of his cabbages. Until the natural good sense of an English audience find some remedy for these growing evils, the taste for this delightful art must become daily more corrupt and degraded. Meanwhile, the Editors may claim some merit, for furnishing the admirers of the drama with an opportunity of deriving from its master-pieces that amusement in their closet, which is now too unfrequently offered to them upon the stage, which GARRICK once trode, and which still boasts of SIDDONS.

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THE
BRITISH DRAMA.

THE
TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

BY

SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER.

PROLOGUE.

[*Flourish.*

New plays and maidenheads are near akin;
Much followed both, for both much money gi'n,
If they stand sound and well: and a good play
(Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour) is like her
That after holy tie, and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to sight, than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admired) the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, "Oh, fan
" From me the witless chaff of such a writer,
" That blasts my bays, and my famed works makes lighter
" Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us; you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours travel.—To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.
[*Flourish.*

MEN.

Theseus, *Duke of Athens.*
Palamon, } *The two Noble Kinsmen, in love*
Arcite, } *with Emilia.*
Perithous, *an Athenian General.*
Valerius, *a Theban nobleman.*
Three valiant Knights.
Herald.
Jailor.
Wooer.
Gerrold, *a schoolmaster.*
A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, &c.

WOMEN.

Hippolita, *Bride to Theseus.*
Emilia, *her Sister.*
Three Queens.
Jailor's Daughter, in love with Palamon.
Servant to Emilia.

Nymphs, Wenches, &c.

THE
TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter HYMEN *with a torch burning; a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing, and strewing flowers; after* HYMEN, *a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other Nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLITA, *led by* PERITHOUS, *and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train.*

SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint;
Daisies smell-less, yet more quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lye 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strew flowers.*
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The first Queen falls down at the feet of THESEUS; *the second falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLITA; *the third before* EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me!
2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me!
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath marked
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed
Shall rase you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise.
Hipp. Stand up.
Emi. No knees to me! What woman I
May sted, that is distressed, does bind me to her.
Thes. What's your request? Deliver you, for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three Queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take the offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note,
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!

Thes. Pray you, kneel not.
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for them.
King Capanëus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd: Oh! grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!
1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker!
Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am.
[*Turns away.*
2 *Queen.* Honoured Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that has slain
The scithe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm, as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styled it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'er-flowing, at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who owest his strength,
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!
Tell him, if he i'the blood-sized field lay swoln,
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!
Hip. Poor lady, say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.
3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [*Kneels to* EMILIA.
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is pressed with deeper matter.
Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.
3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there; here through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold them! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' the earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me:
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.
Emi. Pray you, say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierced demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort!
Thes. Forward to the temple: leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.
1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' the world: What you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but, (oh Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!
2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!
3 *Queen.* None fit for the dead:
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.
1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.
Thes. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself to the doing:

Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then bootless toil must recompence itself,
With its own sweat; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing your holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
2 Queen. Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
3 Queen. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Thes. Artesius, that best knowest
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The primest for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate and wedlock!
1 Queen. Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All. Farewell!
2 Queen. We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'st time
For best solicitation?
Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 Queen. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.
Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit,
That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.
All Queens. Oh, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.
Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.
Thes. Pray stand up;
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you, and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier (as before;) hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd.—Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token. Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.
[*Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!
Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!
1 Queen. Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' the world.
2 Queen. And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.
3 Queen. If not above him; for,
Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer, ladies! [*Flourish.*
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth.
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: for not to swim
I' the head o' the current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving: and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life, and weakness.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden ingots,

Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall offer
To Mars' so scorned altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin, but the soldier, in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?
Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where'er I find them; but such most,
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived; saved too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i'the sequent trace. These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to the heart, is—
Arc. Our uncle Creon.
Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant! whose successes
Make heaven unfear'd, and villany assured,
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance—who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands mens' service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too;
That fears not to do harm; good dares not; let
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!
Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile, or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer.
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him;
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach!
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd:
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king; who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?
Arc. Let the event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, *and* EMILIA.

Per. No further.
Hip. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him

Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To cure ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.
Per. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heav'ns infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthroned
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother, for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: And
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.
Hip. In's bosom!
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em: Then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing o'er business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins. Have you observed him,
Since our great lord departed?
Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending, they have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' least of these was dreadful; and they have
Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd,
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weaved, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi. Doubtless,
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Loved for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: What she liked,
Was then of me approved; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix-like
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell on)
And sing it in her slumbers: This rehearsal
(Which surely innocence wots well) comes in
Like old importment's bastard; has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.
Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.
Emi. I am sure I shall not.
Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loaths even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; flourish. Then enter THESEUS (*victor;*) *the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.*

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!
2 *Queen.* Both heav'n and earth
Friend thee for ever!
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *amen* to't!
Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heav'ns

View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony; rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and ev'n each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: So adieu,
And heaven's good eyes look on you!—What are those? [*Exeunt Queens.*
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judged
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told's
They're sister's children, nephews to the king.
Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, succour'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What prisoner was't that told me,
When I enquired their names?
Herald. With leave, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.
Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?
Herald. Nor in a state of life: Had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.
Thes. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates,
Exceed the wine of others. All our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we'd rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind,) and minister
What man to man may do; for our sake, more.
Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests,
Loves' provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
'T hath set a mark which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition. For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender! Lead into the city:
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Queens with the hearses of their Knights, in a funeral solemnity, &c.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying;
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.
3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household graves:
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!
2 *Queen.* And this to yours!
1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand different ways to one sure end.
3 *Queen.* This world's a city full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jailor. I may depart with little, while I live;
Something I may cast to you, not much. Alas,
The prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet
They seldom come: Before one salmon, you
Shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out
To be better lined, than it can appear to me
Report is a true speaker: I would I were
Really, that I am deliver'd to be! Marry, what
I have (be't what it will) I will assure
Upon my daughter at the day o' my death.
Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer;
And I'll estate your daughter, in what I
Have promised.
Jailor. Well, we'll talk more of this,
When the solemnity is past. But have you
A full promise of her? When that shall be seen,

Enter Daughter.

I tender my consent.
Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.
Jailor. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here,
On the old business: But no more o' that now.
So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have
An end of't: I' the mean time, look tenderly
To the two prisoners: I can tell you they're princes.
Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber.
It is pity they are
In prison, and 'twere pity they should be out.
I do think they have patience to make any
Adversity ashamed: The prison itself is proud
Of them; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Jailor. They're famed to be a pair of absolute men.
Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em;
They stand a grief above the reach of report.
Jailor. I heard them reported, in the battle
To be the only doers.
Daugh. Nay, most likely;
For they are noble sufferers. I marvel
How they'd have look'd, had they been victors, that
With such a constant nobility enforce
A freedom out of bondage, making misery
Their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.
Jailor. Do they so?
Daugh. It seems to me,
They've no more sense of their captivity,
Than I of ruling Athens: They eat well,
Look merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their own restraint and disasters.
Yet, some time, a divided sigh, martyr'd
As 'twere in the deliverance, will break
From one of them; when th' other presently
Gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish
Myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least
A sigher to be comforted.
Wooer. I ne'er saw 'em.
Jailor. The duke himself came privately in the night.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE *above.*

And so did they; what the reason of it is, I
Know not.—Look, yonder they are! that is
Arcite looks out.
Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon:
Arcite's the lower of the twain; you may
Perceive a part of him.
Jailor. Go to, leave your pointing!
They'd not make us their object: Out of their sight!
Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them.
Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE, *in Prison.*

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?
Arc. How do you, sir?
Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.
Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.
Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Ev'n in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-stript the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more.
Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong sh' has done
To youth and nature: This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still!
Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour!) lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance.
Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!
Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twinn'd together: 'Tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?
Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: Here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite,) almost wanton
With my captivity: What a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where!
'Tis like a beast, methinks. I find the court here,
I'm sure a more content; and all those pleasures
That wooe the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!
Shall I say more?
Arc. I would hear you still.
Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
Arc. 'Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter Emilia *and her Servant.*

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!
Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in't.
What flower is this?
Serv. 'Tis called Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself; were there not maids enough?
Arc. Pray forward!
Pal. Yes.
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not?
Serv. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness, though!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
Serv. Yes.
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: Will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Serv. Dainty, madam.
Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why Palamon!
Pal. Never 'till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By heav'n, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence!
She is a goddess, Arcite!
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.
Serv. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far,
She falls for it: A maid,
If she have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair!
Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in! Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near art can come near their colours.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Serv. I could lie down, I'm sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then. [*Exit with Serv.*
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
Pal. You love her, then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heav'nly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all? who shall deny me?
Pal. I, that first saw her; I, that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Revealed to mankind! If thou lov'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I called thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you moved thus?
Let me deal coldly with you: am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? You've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
Pal. You may be.
Arc. Why, then, would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust,
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
'Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee,
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fy, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Pal. Oh, that now, that now
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou'rt baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!
Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,

Enter Jailor.

And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Pal. No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arc. Do!
Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen!
Pal. Now, honest keeper?
Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to th' duke:
The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I'm ready, keeper.
Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company.
[*Exit with* ARCITE.
Pal. And me too,
Ev'n when you please, of life!—Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
And fruit, and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;

Enter Jailor.

And then I'm sure she'd love me. How now, keeper!
Where's Arcite?

Jailor. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtained his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.
Pal. He's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.
Jailor. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To discharge my life?
Jailor. No; but from this place to remove your lordship;
The windows are too open.
Pal. Devils take 'em,
That are so envious to me! Prithee kill me!
Jailor. And hang for't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee!
Jailor. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.
Jailor. Indeed you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Jailor. No.
Pal. Then I'm resolved I will not go.
Jailor. I must
Constrain you, then; and, for you're dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.
Pal. Do, good keeper!
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
I'll make you a new morris! Must I go?
Jailor. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banished the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy, I must thank 'em for; but banished
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
I know my own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there; if I go, he has her.
I am resolved: Another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; one with a garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there.
3 *Coun.* And I.
4 *Coun.* Why, then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding;
Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow!
1 *Coun.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go through, let her mumble.
2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and stow her,
And all's made up again.
3 *Coun.* Ay! do but put
A fescue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold, against the maying?
4 *Coun.* Hold? what
Should ail us!
3 *Coun.* Arcus will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danced
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches.
Ha!
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: Go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i'th' breech on us! and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,
And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
1 *Coun.* This must be done i'th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;

Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent i' th' woods;
Bring him to the plains, his learning makes no cry.
3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on't!
4 *Coun.* Content: The sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray you whither go you?
4 *Coun.* Whither? why, what a question's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question to me that know not.
3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.
2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: The duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
2 *Coun.* Wrastling and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow.
3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
Take your own time. Come, boys!
1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me,
This fellow has a vengeance trick o'th' hip;
Mark, how his body's made for't!
2 *Coun.* I'll be hanged, though,
If he dare venture! hang him, plumb-porridge!
He wrastle? He roast eggs. Come, let's be gone, lads! [*Exeunt Countrymen.*
Arc. This is an offered opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men called it excellent; and run,
Swifter the wind upon a field of corn,
(Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew. I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there: Who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me: I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: To marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet looked on: Next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dreamed, or vowed her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: Then, I loved him,
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
'Fair, gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
'Get thee a happy husband!' Once he kissed me;
I loved my lips the better ten days after:
Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:
What should I do to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: Say I ventured
To set him free? what says the law then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it,
And this night, or to-morrow: He shall love me!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

[*A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, EMILIA, *and* ARCITE, *with a garland, &c.*

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I'm proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father
Sure is a happy sire, then. What prove you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have hallooed
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
Thes. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emi. He is so.

Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
(If he say true) of his sort.
Emi. Believe,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman!
His face methinks goes that way.
Hip. But his body,
And fiery mind, illustrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-eyed Honour.
Per. All his words are worthy.
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wishes. Perithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Per. Thanks, Theseus!—
Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: Pray observe her goodness.
You've honour'd her fair birth-day with your virtues,
And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.
Per. I'll see you furnish'd: And because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
Thes. Sweet, you must be ready;
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flow'ry May, in Dian's wood. Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress! Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses. Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows!
Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It shall be so: You shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I've ventured for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endured cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety! I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose, is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I've done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me! by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing, as people a-maying.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolita; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' th' mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh, jewel
O'th' wood, o'th' world, hast likewise blest a place
With thy sole presence.—In thy rumination
That I poor man might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
To drop on such a mistress! Expectation
Most guiltless of't! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free: But if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I ear'd her language, lived in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter Palamon *as out of a bush, with his shackles; bends his fist at* Arcite.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away—
Arc. Dear cousin Palamon—
Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast shew'd me feat!
Arc. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'Tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleased
To shew in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way, with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.
Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!
Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised
How much I dare: You've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' th' sanctuary.
Pal. Sir,
I've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: But the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you!
Pal. Come up to me!
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
(Though it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.
Arc Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house.
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' th' prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, "Arcite,
"I am in plight!" there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

Pal. Oh, you Heav'ns, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
Arc. Sweet Palamon—
Pal. I do embrace you, and your offer: For
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't.
[*Wind horns of cornets.*
Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your mews quick, lest this match between's
Be crost ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong!
Pal. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow! most certain
You love me not; be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff! my stomach
Not reconciled by reason.
Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: When I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
[*Wind horns.*
In me have but one face. Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: You must guess
I have an office there.
Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is atchieved.
Arc. I've a good title,
I am persuaded: This question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.
Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is—
Arc. Nay, then—
Pal. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the beck I meant; 'tis gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well nigh morning;
No matter! would it were perpetual night,
And Darkness lord o' th' world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo; if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: So much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days,
Sipt some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
Oh, state of Nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd—So! which way now?
The best way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: But the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter ARCITE, *with meat, wine, and files.*

Arc. I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter PALAMON.

Pal. Arcite?
Arc. The same: I've brought you food and files.
Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.
Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.
Arc. That's no matter;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir; drink!
I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.
Pal. Arcite, thou might'st now poison me.
Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parlies! let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!
Pal. Do—
Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me intreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I'm glad
You have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: Here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
Arc. She did so: Well, sir?
Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arc. Out with it, faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz? Play o' th' virginals?
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad: You'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes.
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis! There was a time
When young men went a hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily: Base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arc. You're wide.
Pal. By Heav'n and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest!
Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful; files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That, that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armour?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: Farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you sha
Pal. Sirrah—
Arc. I'll hear no more!
Pal. If he keep touch, he d

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Da

Daugh. I'm very cold; and
out too,
The little stars, and all that lo
The sun has seen my folly. F
Alas, no; he's in Heav'n!—W
Yonder's the sea, and there's a
bles!
And there's a rock lies watchi
Now, now, it beats upon it! n
There's a leak sprung, a sound
Up with her 'fore the wind, yo
Up with a course or two, and
Good night, good night; yo
very hungry:
'Would I could find a fine fr
me
News from all parts o' th' wo
make
A carrack of a cockle-shell, an
By east and north-east to the
For he tells fortunes rarely.
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in
To-morrow morning; I'll say

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat, a fo
And I'll clip my yellow lock
mine eye.
Hey, nonny, nonny, no

He's buy me a white cut, forth
And I'll go and seek him, thro'
so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, no

Oh, for a prick now like a nigh
To put my breast against! I sh
else.

SCENE V.

Enter GERROLD, *four Countr*
vian,) two or three Wenches,

Ger. Fy, fy!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my r
Been labour'd so long with ye,
And, by a figure, ev'n the very
And marrow of my understand
And do ye still cry *where*, an
fore?
Ye most coarse freeze capaciti
ments,
Have I said *thus let be*, and *th*
And *then let be*, and no man u
Proh Deum, medius fidius; ye
For why? here stand I; here
there are you,

Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries *rare!* and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace, and turn, boys!
1 *Coun.* And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold.
2 *Coun.* Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?
3 *Coun.* Why, Timothy!
Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!
Ger. But I say where's their women?
4 *Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.
2 *Coun.* And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.
1 *Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.
Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour, and a frisk!
Nell. Let us alone, sir.
Ger. Where's the rest o' th' music?
3 *Coun.* Dispers'd as you commanded.
Ger. Couple then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood!
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bav. Yes, sir.
Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* Here's a woman wanting.
4 *Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat's i' th' fire!
Ger. We have,
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
2 *Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,
That gave her promise faithfully she would be here,
Cicely, the sempster's daughter!
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's skin!
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was false position.
1 *Coun.* A fire ill take her! does she flinch now?
3 *Coun.* What
Shall we determine, sir?
Ger. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity,
Yea, and a woeful, and a piteous nullity!
4 *Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal, now to piss o' th' nettle!
Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. The George alow came from the South,
From the coast of Barbary-a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whether now are you bound-a?
Oh, let me have your company
'Till I come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet
The one said 'twas an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There is a dainty mad woman, magister,
Comes i' th' nick; as mad as a March hare!
If we can get her dance, we're made again:
I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols!
1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.
Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten: I've poz'd him. Buz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker: Sirrah tinker,
Stop no more holes, but what you should.
Ger. *Dii boni!*
A tinker, damsel?
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Quipassa, o' th' bells and bones!
Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace:
Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in!
2 *Coun.* Come, lass, let's trip it!
Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind horns.*
3 *Coun.* Do, do.
Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly; away, boys!
[*Exeunt all but* GERROLD.
I hear the horns: Give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and Train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.
Ger. Stay, and edify!
Thes. What have we here?
Per. Some country-sport, upon my life, sir.
Thes. Well, sir, go forward; we will edify.
Ladies, sit down; we'll stay it.
Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, sweet ladies!
Thes. This is a cold beginning.
Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.

We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad; help me, thy poor well-willer,
And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight;
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,
The body of our sport of no small study.
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble Grace, this tenor:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid, and servingman by night,
That seek out silent hanging: Then mine host,
And his fat spouse, that welcome to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say *ay*, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine!*

Per. Produce.

Ger. *Intrate filii!* Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, &c. They dance.

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the Schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, *domine!*—How does my sweetheart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.

Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance;
And, for a preface, I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see 'em all rewarded!

Per. And here's something to paint your pole withal.

Thes. Now to our sports again.

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowsets!
Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*
Dii Deæque omnes! ye have danc'd rarely, wenches.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter PALAMON *from the bush.*

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords, and two good armours; if he fail,
He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restored
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me! Oh, good-morrow!

Enter ARCITE, *with armours and swords.*

Arc. Good-morrow, noble kinsman!

Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.

Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

Pal. 'Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish you
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me: No more anger,
As you love any thing that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man: when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen
And quickly, yours, or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Though I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee

I'm well, and lusty; chuse your arms.
Arc. Chuse you, sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I'll not spare you!
Pal. That's well said.
Arc. You will find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly! this I'll take.
Arc. That's mine then;
I'll arm you first.
Pal. Do. Pray thee tell me, cousin,
Where got'st thou this good armour?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arc. I'm indifferent.
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now.
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' th' least;
Prithee take mine, good cousin!
Pal. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.
Arc. Do, and spare not!
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You're modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too straight?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then!
Arc. Take my sword! I hold it better.
Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it!
Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand!
Arc. Here, Palamon! this hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more, farewell, my cousin!
Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*
[*Horns within: they stand.*
Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting, as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched! Oh, retire,
For honour's sake! and safely presently
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
Pal. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial!
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! put thyself
Upon thy present guard——
Arc. You are not mad?
Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia! and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else!
Arc. Then come what can come,

Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die, as discourse, or sleep: only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!
Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, PERITHOUS, *and train.*

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus!
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against this known edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia;
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am;) and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: If thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy;
Then take my life! I'll wooe thee to't.
Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I've sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus. 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: If in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have served her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if *she* say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, Theseus,
If unto neither thou shew mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
t's die together, at one instant, duke!

Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here speak for 'em!
For ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
Hip. Alas, the pity!—now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: That face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
For these lost cousins!
Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kills 'em:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother——
Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage—
Emi. By your own spotless honour—
Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me—
Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite—
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you—
Thes. These are strange conjurings!
Per. Nay, then I'll in too:
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady—
Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny,
A blushing maid—
Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—
Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.
Hip. Next, hear my prayers!
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Per. For mercy!
Hip. Mercy!
Emi. Mercy on these princes!
Thes. You make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: Can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'll fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords: Be wise then,
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by the law, than one another.

Bow not my honour.
Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: If such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Thes. What is it, sister?
Per. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion!) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion!
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
'Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em!
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords, and cause along: Else, never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will;
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has.
Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Pal. He's a villain then!
Per. These are men!
Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil!
Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.
Per. Let it not fall again, sir!
Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon 'em,
And, if you can love, end this difference!
I give consent: Are you content too, princes?
Both. With all our souls.
Thes. He, that she refuses,
Must die then.
Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Thes. Make choice then!
Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Thes. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country;
And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: And whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends: Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady:
Will this content ye?
Pal. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again 'till that hour.
Arc. I embrace you.
Thes. Are you content, sister?
Emi. Yes: I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.
Thes. Come, shake hands again then;
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep 'till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course!
Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes, and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and a Friend.

Jailor. Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember!
1 Friend. Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood

Of both their pardons; for Hippolita,
And fair-ey'd Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: Neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Jailor. Pray Heav'n, it hold so!
2 Friend. Be of good comfort, man! I bring you news,
Good news.
Jailor. They're welcome.
2 Friend. Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how.
And by whose means he 'scap'd, which was your Daughter's,
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner
(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.
Jailor. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.
1 Friend. How was it ended?
2 Friend. Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.
1 Friend. I knew 'twould be so.
2 Friend. But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.
Jailor. I hope they're good.
2 Friend. They're honourable;
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 Friend. 'Twill be known.
Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your Daughter?
Jailor. Why do you ask?
Wooer. Oh, sir, when did you see her?
2 Friend. How he looks!
Jailor. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?
When did she sleep?
1 Friend. These are strange questions.
Jailor. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent; and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Jailor. Well, sir?
1 Friend. Not right?
2 Friend. Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
'Tis too true, she is mad.
1 Friend. It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Jailor. I half suspected
What you have told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.
Wooer. 'Tis likely.
Jailor. But why all this haste, sir?
Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your Daughter.
Jailor. Pray go on, sir!
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,
'Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;
'I'll find him out to-morrow.'
1 Friend. Pretty soul!
Wooer. 'His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
'And what shall I do then? I'll bring a beavy,
'A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,
'With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
'With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
'And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
'And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you, sir;
That you must lose your head to-morrow-morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: Then she sung
Nothing but, 'Willow, willow, willow;' and between
Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'
And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses,
A wreath of bull-rush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from heaven! Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; 'Thus our true love's tied;'
'This you may loose, not me;' and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2 Friend. Alas, what pity 'tis!
Wooer. I made in to her;
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me
She left me far behind her: Three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with her,

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you. Here they are.
Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
Is not this a fine song?
Brother. Oh, a very fine one!
Daugh. I can sing twenty more.
Brother. I think you can.
Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the Broom,
And Bonny Robin. Are not you a tailor?
Brother. Yes.
Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?
Brother. I'll bring it to-morrow.
Daugh. Do, very early; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.
Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c. [*Sings.*
Brother. You must ev'n take it patiently.
Jailor. 'Tis true.
Daugh. Good e'en, good men! Pray did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?
Jailor. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?
Jailor. 'Tis love!
Brother. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she shews.
1 Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.
Daugh. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?
1 Friend. Yes.
Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: You had best look to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?
1 Friend. Yes.
Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him,
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the Wars of Theseus.
2 Friend. This is strange.
Daugh. As ever you heard; but say nothing.
1 Friend. No.
Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him:
I'll warrant you, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.
Jailor. She's lost,
Past all cure!
Brother. Heav'n forbid, man!
Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.
1 Friend. Does she know him?
2 Friend. No; 'would she did!
Daugh. You're master of a ship?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. Where's your compass?
Jailor. Here.
Daugh. Set it to th' north;
And now direct your course to th' wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: Come, weigh my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair,
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail!
Where is your whistle, master?
Brother. Let's get her in.
Jailor. Up to the top, boy.
Brother. Where's the pilot?
1 Friend. Here.
Daugh. What ken'st thou?
2 Friend. A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about. [*Sings.*
When Cinthia with her borrow'd light, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Emilia *with two pictures.*

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll chuse,
And end their strife; two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: Their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: What an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganimede
Set Jove afire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arched like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon

Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he'd lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me!
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me,
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together! Now, come, ask me, brother;
Alas, I know not! ask me, now, sweet sister;
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?
Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: The knights are come.
Emi. To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. 'Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers' joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty!

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, *and attendants.*

Thes. Bring 'em in
Quickly, by any means! I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: Now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emi. I, had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. Who saw 'em?
Per. I, a while.
Gent. And I.
Thes. From whence come you, sir?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes. Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think: Six braver spirits
Than these they've brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes shew far within him,
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like raven's wings; his shoulders broad, and strong;
Arms long and round; and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
Thes. Th' hast well described him.
Per. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
Thes. Pray speak him, friend.
Per. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shews no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
His nose stands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
Emi. Must these men die too?
Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five and twenty.
Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Per. Oh, he that's freckle-faced?
Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?
Per. Yes, they're well.
Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well disposed, they shew
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-faced, and when he smiles,
He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six and thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
Thes. Are they all thus?
Per. They're all the sons of honour.
Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: They would shew bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms;
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.
Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty. Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it.
Fitting the persons that must use it.
Per. Yes, sir.
Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay
(Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear;
Good friend, be royal!
Per. There shall want no bravery.
Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon
Than at other some, is it not?
Jailor. She is
Continually in a harmless distemper;
Sleeps little, altogether without appetite,
Save often drinking; dreaming of another
World, and a better; and what broken piece
Of matter soe'er she's about, the name
Palamon lards it; that she farces ev'ry

Enter Daughter.

Business withal, fits it to every question.
Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.
Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't
Was *down-a down-a;* and penned by no worse man than
Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: He's as
Fantastical too, as ever he may go upon's legs;
For in the next world will Dido see Palamon,
And then will she be out of love with Æneas.
Doctor. What stuff's here? poor soul!
Jailor. Even thus all day long.
Daugh. Now for this charm, that I told you of; you must
Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: Then if it be your chance to come
Where the blessed spirits, (as there's a sight now) we maids
That have our livers perish'd, crack'd to pieces
With love, we shall come there, and do nothing
All day long but pick flowers with Proserpine;
Then will I make Palamon a nosegay;
Then let him—mark me—then!
Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further.
Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break,
We of the bless'd: Alas, 'tis a sore life
They have i'th' other place, such burning, frying,
Boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing,
Oh, they have shrewd measure; take heed!
If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves,
Thither they go, Jupiter bless us! and there
Shall we be put in a caldron of lead
And usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses,
And there boil like a gammon of bacon
That will never be enough.
Doctor. How her brain coins!
Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with-child,
They are in this place; they shall stand in fire
Up to the navel, and in ice up to th' heart,
And there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part
Freezes: In troth, a very grievous punishment,
As one would think, for such a trifle! believe me,
One would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't,
I'll assure you.
Doctor. How she continues this fancy!
'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick
And profound melancholy.
Daugh. To hear there
A proud lady, and a proud city-wife, howl together!
I were a beast, an' I'd call it good sport: One
Cries, *Oh, this smoke!* another, *this fire!* one cries,
Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!

And then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow,
And her garden-house.
[*Sings.*] I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.
[*Exit Daugh.*
Jailor. What think you of her, Sir?
Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind,
Which I cannot minister to.
Jailor. Alas, what then?
Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man,
Ere she beheld Palamon?
Jailor. I was once, sir,
In great hope she had fix'd her liking on
This gentleman, my friend.
Wooer. I did think so too;
And would account I had a great pennyworth on't,
To give half my state, that both she and I
At this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.
Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distemper'd
The other senses; they may return and settle again
To execute their preordained faculties;
But they are now in a most extravagant vagary.
This you must do: Confine her to a place where the light
May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted.
Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name
Of Palamon; say you come to eat with her,
And to commune of love; this will catch her attention,
For this her mind beats upon; other objects,
That are inserted 'tween her mind and eye,
Become the pranks and friskins of her madness;
Sing to her such green songs of love, as she
Says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her,
Stuck in as sweet flowers as the season
Is mistress of, and thereto make an addition
Of some other compounded odours, which
Are grateful to the sense: All this
Shall become Palamon, for Palamon
Can sing, and Palamon is sweet,
And every good thing; desire to eat with her,
Carve her, drink to her, and still among
Intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
Into her favour; learn what maids have been
Her companions, and play-pheers; and let them
Repair to her with Palamon in their mouths,
And appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him:
It is a falsehood she is in, which is
With falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her
To eat, to sleep, and reduce what are now
Out of square in her, into their former law
And regiment: I have seen it approved,
How many times I know not; but to make
The number more, I have great hope in this.
I will, between the passages of this project,
Come in with my appliance. Let us put it
In execution; and hasten the success,
Which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, *and attendants.*

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!
[*Flourish of Cornets.*
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon, Arcite, *and their Knights.*

Per. Sir, they enter.
Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.
Per. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt* Thes. *and train.*
Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
'Till one of us expire: Think you but thus;
That were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, wer't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself! then from this gather
How I should tender you!
Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i'th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound: So hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly Limiter pleases!
Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin!
This I shall never do again.
Arc. One farewell!
Pal. Why, let it be so: Farewell, coz!
Arc. Farewell, sir!
[*Exeunt* Pal. *and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is further off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too!
Yea, the speed also! to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: You know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brim'd with the blood of men; give me your aid
And bend your spirits towards him!—
[*They kneel.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be stil'd the lord o'th' day! Give me, Great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!
[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*
Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O'th' pleurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Palamon *and his Knights, with the former observance.*

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: Then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard! To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! [*Here they kneel.*
Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choak Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance; the polled bachelor,
(Whose youth, like wanton boys thro' bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame) at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace
Me, thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
I've never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpring sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd 'em
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, (this I told them) who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair pheer a boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief! I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!
[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter, they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*
Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
[*They bow.*
My body to this business. Let us rise
And bow before the goddess! Time comes on.
[*Exeunt.*

[*Still music of records.*

Enter EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the altar, her maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curt'sy and kneel.*

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here thy priest
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
Were I to lose one, (they are equal precious)
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenc'd: Therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band!

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose?
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.*

The flower is fallen, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery! I hope she's pleased;
Her signs were gracious.

[*They curt'sy, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer (in habit of PALAMON.)

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooer. Oh, very much: The maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I'm Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then she told me
She'd watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so;
And when your fit comes, fit her home, and presently!

Wooer. She'd have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Wooer. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then;
You should observe her every way.

Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise:
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.

Jailor. Hoa there, Doctor!

Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.

Jailor. But first, by your leave,
I'th' way of honesty.

Doctor. That's but a niceness:
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way; then, if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Jailor. Thank you, Doctor!

Doctor. Pray bring her in, and let's see how she is.

Jailor. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: But, Doctor,
Methinks you are i'th' wrong still. [*Exit.*

Doctor. Go, go! You fathers are fine fools: Her honesty?
An we should give her physic till we find that—

Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?

Doctor. How old is she?

Wooer. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?

Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.

Doctor. Please her appetite,
And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.

Wooer. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maid.

Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes; pray humour her!

Jailor. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child;
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;

He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. How do you like him?
Jailor. He's a very fair one.
Daugh. You never saw him dance?
Jailor. No.
Daugh. I have often;
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!
He turns you like a top.
Jailor. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour.
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish;
And gallops to the tune of Light o' love:
What think you of this horse?
Jailor. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.
Jailor. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender; that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chesnut mare the duke has?
Jailor. Very well.
Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Jailor. What dowry has she?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles
And twenty strike of oats: But he'll ne'er have her;
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Jailor. Make curt'sy; here your love comes!
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curt'sy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i'th' way of honesty.
How far is't now to th' end o'th' world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?
Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daugh. 'Tis true;
For there I will assure you we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i'th' business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes; by this fair hand, will I.
Daugh. We'll to-bed then.
Wooer. Even when you will.
Daugh. Oh, Sir, you'd fain be nibbling.
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow too finely,
Now he's at liberty: Alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
You'll lose the noblest sight that e'er was seen.
Jailor. Are they i'th' field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Jailor. I'll away straight.
I must even leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the fight.
Jailor. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days
I'll make her right again. You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, sweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, PERITHOUS, *and attendants*.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Per. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: Every blow that falls

Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell, than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, ('gainst the which there is
No deafing) but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Per. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. Oh, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime shew well-pencil'd: Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the question's title.
Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.
Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i'th' night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.
Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: Know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure.
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister!
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: He whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!
[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PERITHOUS, *&c.*
Emi. Arcite is gently visaged; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; Mercy, and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if Mirth did make him sad,
And Sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.
[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.*
Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which craved that very time; it is much better
[*Cornets. Cry within,* A Palamon!
I am not there; oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.
Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the primest of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout, and cornets; cry,* A Palamon!
Serv. Still Palamon.
Emi. Run and enquire. Poor servant, thou hast lost!
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: Why so, I know not;
I had no end in't; Chance would have it so.
[*Another cry and shout within, and cornets.*
On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o' th' combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general a Palamon; but anon,
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.
Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one—Oh, why? there were no woman
Worth so composed a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within,* Arcite, Arcite!
To any lady breathing.—More exulting?
Palamon still?
Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.
Emi. I prithee lay attention to the cry;
[*Cornets. A great shout, and cry,* Arcite, victory!
Set both thine ears to th' business.
Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.
Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's 'lid, his richness

And costliness of spirit look'd thro' him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: Our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite *as victor, attendants, &c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: He is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!
Arc. Emilia,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.
Thes. Oh, lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should shew i' th' world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: If I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o'th' night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: So it fared
Good space between these Kinsmen; till Heavens did
Make hardly one the winner. Wear the garland
With joy that you have won! For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: Go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow! Arm your prize,
I know you will not lose her. Hippolita,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*
Emi. Is this winning?
Oh, all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should, and would die too.
Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!
Thes. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palamon *and his Knights pinion'd, Jailor, Executioner, and Guard.*

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath outliv'd
The love o'th' people; yea, i'th' self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: Some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without mens' pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come tow'rds the gods
Young, and unwarp'd, not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You've sold 'em too, too cheap.
1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.
2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring Fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels.
3 *Knight.* Come, who begins?
Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet, shall
Taste to you all. Ah-ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle Daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever. Pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
Jailor. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.
Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't! 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee tell her so:
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.
1 *Knight.* Nay; let's be offerers all.
2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?
Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of.
All Knights. Commend us to her.
[*Give their purses.*
Jailor. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!
Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*
1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!
2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.
[*A great noise within, crying,* Run, save, hold!

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Perithous *in haste.*

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life

That thou art yet to lead.
Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?
Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter!
Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?
Per. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: On this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin) what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely: When nought serv'd,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: He much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, ARCITE *in a chair.*

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia! 'Tis done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour.
Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well: Your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose you;
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: So the deities
Have shew'd due justice. Bear this hence!
Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!
Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game: The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your Kinsman hath confess'd the right o'the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite! in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. Oh, you heav'nly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry still;
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with You leave dispute
That are above our question! Let's go off,
And bear us like the time. [*Flourish, Exeunt.*

A

KING AND NO KING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Arbaces, *king of Iberia.*
Tigranes, *king of Armenia.*
Gobrias, *lord-protector, and father of Arbaces.*
Bacurius, *another lord.*
Mardonius, } *two captains.*
Bessus, }
Ligones, *father of Spaconia.*
Two gentlemen.
Two Sword-men.

WOMEN.

Arane, *the queen-mother.*
Panthea, *her daughter.*
Spaconia, *a lady, daughter of Ligones.*
Mandane, *a waiting-woman; and other attendants.*
Three men and a woman.
Philip, *a servant, and two citizens' wives.*
A Messenger.
A Servant to **Bacurius**.
A Boy.

Scene.—*On the Frontiers of Armenia; and afterwards in the Metropolis of Iberia.*

ACT I.

Enter Mardonius *and* Bessus.

Mar. Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my sword had a close basket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We that are commanders shall do well enough.

Mar. Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee *perdue* for a pudding i'th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much in thy behalf. And yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou wouldst kill any man that stop'd thee, if thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see it?

Bes. You stood wi' me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou wink'd'st every blow they struck.

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus; many a thousand: But, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner in the heart of his own country, in single combat.

Mar. See, how thy blood curdles at this: I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for it.

Mar. Hum! no venture neither, Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so fam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Bes. Fam'd? I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee e'er since thou cam'st to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em, in my conscience: Thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting of a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus! Where was it? is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At Bessus' Desp'rate Redemption.

Mar. At Bessus' Desp'rate Redemption! where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the day: the place bears my name.

Mar. Prithee, who christen'd it?

Bes. The soldiers.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee on an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there, i'th' head o'th' troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True, but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came I not up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gav'st; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this, till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, our king's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou cam'st to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremity, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend, for this; for if I car'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with his prey in his foot.

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, *and two Gentlemen.*

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory: Am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They, that plac'd me here,
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.
What should afflict you? You're as free as I.
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly. And never think,
The man, I held worthy to combat me,
Shall be us'd servilely. Thy ransom is,
To take my only sister to thy wife:
A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is
A lady, that the neighbour princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes: She, but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since: Your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory. She was a pretty child;
Then, I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke,
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is't the course
Of Iberia to use her prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I should not thus have talk'd, sir: In Armenia,
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.

Arb. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground,
Within his whole realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering? Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,
By this sole arm, prop'd by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the pow'r
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none. [*Aside.*

Arb. Tigranes, nay, did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you do.

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast: After an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a soldier's mouth

Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity, that valour should be thus drunk. [*Aside.*

Arb. I offer you my sister, and you answer,
I do insult: A lady, that no suit,
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;
But, that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arb. See, if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn?
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death
At their own foulness. Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not;
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name. Yet, were she odious,
Her birth deserves the empire of the world:
Sister to such a brother; that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and, should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to taste,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me: But you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions sever'd, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not, whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate: 'Would one of 'em were away! [*Aside.*

Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex
Could find a want she had; so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be mov'd, and she on me:
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you try'd,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight:
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war; she'll conquer too.
You shall see, if you have the pow'r to stand
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,
And will obey: But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.

Arb. Some do await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is, [*Exit* Tigranes.
'Till he be free from me. This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him; and could have done't,
Hadst thou join'd with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Must all men, that are virtuous,
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely, did I not?

Bes. An please your majesty, I was afraid at first—

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Bes. That you would not have spy'd your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

Mar. Like a taylor at a wake.

Bes. And then, if't please your majesty to remember, at one time——by my troth, I wish'd myself wi' you.

Mar. By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o'th' lists.

Arb. What to do?

Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: You lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipp'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run down his head.

Mar. What country fence-school learn'dst that at?

Arb. Pish! did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.

Arb. Talk'd enough?
Will you confine my words? By Heav'n and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant,
Throughout the world! They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I brag'd.
Bessus, he said, I brag'd.

Bes. Ha, ha, ha!

Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me in a chair,
And jest at me! But I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me
He said I boasted: Speak, Mardonius,

Did I? He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? Am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else, by Heav'n—
1 *Gent.* So please your—
Arb. Monstrous!
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.
1 *Gent.* May it please—
Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once? But I am grown
To talk! But I defy——Let another speak.
2 *Gent.* I hope your majesty—
Arb. Thou drawl'st thy words,
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants: Throw your words away
Quick and to purpose; I have told you this.
Bes. An please your majesty—
Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is such a rudeness
As yet you never shew'd me: And I want
Pow'r to command too; else, Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius.
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.
Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm, prop'd by divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us
That daily ventur'd lives?
Arb. Oh, that thy name
Were great as mine! 'would I had paid my wealth
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would, through all the regions habitable,
Search thee, and having found thee, wi' my sword
Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Hath miss'd of: There, there would I strike thee dead;
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.
Bes. The king rages extremely; shall we slink away?
He'll strike us.
2 *Gent.* Content.
Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Mov'd you like wheels; it mov'd you as it pleas'd.
Whither slip you now? What, are you too good
To wait on me? (*Puffe.*) I had need have temper,
That rule such people: I have nothing left
At my own choice! I would I might be private:
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone! Why, here they stand like death:
My words move nothing.
1 *Gent.* Must we go?
Bes. I know not.
Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this, [*Exeunt all but* ARB. *and* MAR.
That you will be intreated from my sight.
Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius!
Mar. Sir.
Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? Methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.
Mar. Sir, shall I speak?
Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied; but I can scarce intreat
What I would have. Do, speak.
Mar. But will you hear me out?
Arb. With me you article, to talk thus: Well,
I will hear you out.

Mar. Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witness; and were you not my king, from amongst men, I should have chose you out, to love above the rest: Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake I should have done it, because I would have lov'd the most deserving man; for so you are.

Arb. Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel:
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no diff'rence in mens' worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but, believe
It shall be better. More than friend in arms,
My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius!
Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.
Arb. And so I will: Speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come, but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do eclipse your virtues.

Arb. Eclipse my virtues?

Mar. Yes; your passions; which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: When I commend you, you hug me for that truth; but when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing: But—

Arb. When you commend me? Oh, that I should live
To need such commendations! If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched! Spare your idle praise:

If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise, that thou thought'st impudence,
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise,
I hug you? 'Tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me! But thou shalt understand thy lyes;
For, shouldst thou praise me into Heav'n, and there
Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee then
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.

Mar. However you will use me after, yet for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

Arb. I will, and after call unto the winds;
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak!

Mar. Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worth, but darken it, then you will shine indeed.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar. I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these moods, should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I should find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: Consider to yourself; find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

Arb. Is not material? More than ten such lives
As mine, Mardonius! It was nobly said;
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see
A swift amendment. But I want those parts
You praise me for: I fight for all the world!
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years;
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee:
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!

Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, sir.

Arb. Faith, but it is: But thou dost ever take
All things I do thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee, but with love;
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: Prithee tell me,
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?

Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.

Arb. A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius, gave thee that jewel.

Mar. Wench! They respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses, I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves?

Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't?

Mar. Why, I think, I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take them up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.

Mar. Your price?

Arb. Ay, at the king's price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1 *Gent.* I think not.

Bes. He is, he is: We'll shew ourselves.

Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bade you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An please your majesty, I have a suit.

Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus? What is't?

Bes. I am to carry a lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two suits.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither; will't not?

Bes. I know not that, sir; but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet, I think, thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you see this sword, sir?

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majesty!

Arb. From Gobrias?

Mes. Yes, sir.

Arb. How does he? is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news.
A trustier servant to his prince there lives not,
Than is good Gobrias.

1 *Gent.* The king starts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as fast.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me: Be it far
From me to struggle! If my secret sins
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears
Enow to wash me white, that I may feel
A child-like innocence within my breast!
Which, once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand
As fix'd as constancy herself; my eyes
Set here unmov'd, regardless of the world,
Though thousand miseries encompass me!
Mar. This is strange! Sir, how do you?
Arb. Mardonius! my mother—
Mar. Is she dead?
Arb. Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost know
How she hath labour'd, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathed life,
That would but be to serve her. I have par-don'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practise new sins, not repent the old.
She now had hir'd a slave to come from thence,
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.
The careful'st servant! Heav'n, let me but live
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath sav'd my life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.
Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;
Vex not yourself.
Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me loaden, when my life
Is sought by her, that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: My sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace;
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid: She stains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles pray'rs,
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.
If I have lost the duty of a son;
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices;
Nay, further, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wand'ring thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your pow'r to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will use no means
But prayer: For, rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.
Mar. I never saw such sudden extremities.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me die, Spaconia?
What should I do?
Spa. Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.
Some friend, that ever lov'd me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to Iberia?
Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves?
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?
Spa. That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his: His will did never combat thine,
And take it prisoner.
Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?
Spa. Oh, Tigranes!
I know you are to see a lady there;
To see, and like, I fear: Perhaps, the hope
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell!
Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, destruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he will place a lady of our land
With the king's sister that is offer'd me;
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.
Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?
Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.
Spa. Why, I had rather lose you: Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lye!
Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready?
Tigr. There is the lady, captain.
Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship for your fair sake.
Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.
Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have receiv'd new letters from the king, that require more haste than I expected; he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.
Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my Charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir: You shall call me what you please.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, *and* Mandane, *waiting-woman, with attendants.*

Gob. My lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;
'Tis at your peril, if she make escape.
Bac. My lord, I know't; she is my prisoner,
From you committed: Yet she is a woman;
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.
Gob. So do I, my lord:
I sorrow for her, that so little grace
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm
Against her king; so little womanhood
And natural goodness, as to think the death
Of her own son.
Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;
Her father is within her; that good man,
Whose tears weigh'd down his sins. Mark, how she weeps;
How well it does become her! And if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet, by gracefulness in her,
Find out the way, and by your reason weep.
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think, how this want of grief discredits you;
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.
Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but, you know, I know
You speak not what you think.
Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd
Against my mother! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about! Should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me: If I seek to save
That life so lov'd, I lose another life,
That gave me being; I shall lose a mother;
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heav'n be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!
Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this fault
Is not in me as in another mother.
Gob. I know it is not.
Ara. Yet you make it so.
Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?
Ara. I know it is.
Gob. Nay, should you publish it
Before the world, think you 'twould be believ'
Ara. I know, it would not.
Gob. Nay, should I join wi' you,
Should we not both be torn, and yet both die
Uncredited?
Ara. I think we should.
Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me,
I do but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.
Ara. The king!
Gob. I bade you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content:
But, by this way, you take away my pow'r.
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you; your urging. Being done,
I must preserve my own; but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.
Ara. Accursed be this over-curious brain,
That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this womb
That after did conceive, to my disgrace!

Bac. My lord-protector, they say, there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour: Receiv'd you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.

Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward: He did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd, and so did all the world; for not I, nor any other, held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus *and* Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my lord-protector! From the king these letters; and to your grace, madam, these.

Gob. How does his majesty?

Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: Your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health: Good captain, is he well?
Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.
Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?
Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.
Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.
Bes. He had divers.
Pan. And is he well again?

Bes. Well again, an't please your grace. Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i'th' head with a cross-arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'st: Is he well?

Bes. Not care how I do? Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady as you distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care: I'm glad that thou art well; I prithee, is he so?

Gob. The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

Pan. My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine.

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely.
Your own will is your law; be where you please.

Ara. I thank him.

Gob. You will be ready to wait upon his majesty to-morrow?

Ara. I will. [*Exit* ARANE.

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad I have lost this office.

Gob. Good captain Bessus, tell us the discourse
Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how
We got the victory.

Pan. I prithee do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
Before thou bring him off; for all that while
My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell the truth, and thus it was: They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, some thought, we had. And the occasion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches—

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much material to this business, we'll hear't some other time.

Pan. I prithee, leave it, and go on with my brother.

Bes. I will; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: and 'twas my chance to stand next a captain o' the enemies' side, call'd Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, whom I thought would overcome? I smil'd, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I——

Pan. All this is of thyself: I pray thee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes: I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which, for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

Bes. But I—

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cry'd, 'Give the word;' when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much, with us martialists, as, 'I will fight with you:' I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done—

Pan. He slips o'er all the fight.

Bes. I call'd him to me; Cosroes, said I—

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lye.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes Captain, said I; so it was.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes. No? Your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bes. An't please your grace, this is she;
Charge, will you come near the princess?

Pan. You're welcome from your country; and this land
Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses
That I can make it. What's your name?

Spa. Thalestris.

Pan. You're very welcome: You have got a letter
To put you to me, that has power enough
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her. And for honesty, she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee?

Bes. No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my Charge, whilst I live. Your grace shall understand, I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please.

but I'll defend your good name against the world.
And so I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector. I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

Bac. Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship. [*Exit* BES.

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius! [*Exit* BAC.

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindest words! I'll keep 'em while I live,
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.

Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat
And cold within her breast, than I do now,
In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this: He writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince;
And if he love you, as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedom in a choice.

Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you;
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.

Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with,
Before I chose him.

Pan. But I am not built
On such wild humours; If I find him worthy,
He is not less because he's offered.

Spa. 'Tis true he is not; 'would, he would seem less!

Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by;
He doth eclipse mens' virtues so with his.

Spa. I know a lady may, and more, I fear
Another lady will.

Pan. 'Would I might see him!

Gob. Why so you shall. My businesses are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

Pan. I thank you, good my lord.

Gob. You will be ready, madam?

Pan. Yes. [*Exit* GOB.

Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.

Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt Women.*

Spa. I kneel a stranger here, to beg a thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant.
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a beggar should intreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange request.

Spa. As ill is mine.

Pan. Then do not utter it.

Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!
I am ashamed to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it. I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul, you had not power to hinder me;
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet; for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithee, speak it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: And so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man; for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me, I could weep
Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.

Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire so, that you would not love him.

Pan. His own desire! Why, credit me, Thalestris,
I am no common wooer: If he shall wooe me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear
I will not love him; but if he will stay
To have me wooe him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.

Spa. 'Tis yet
His own desire; but when he sees your face,
I fear, it will not be; therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you. I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I will walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me: For as fast
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.

Pan. Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,

I could gaze on him, if I knew it sin
To love him, without passion. Dry your eyes;
I swear, you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive,
You are not what you seem: Rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be so.

Spa. Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be known to others.

Pan. Why, by me
You shall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can, I will: Think not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded;
But, when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Men and a Woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man.* We shall out-go her.

3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd than carry out women fiddling to these shows.

Wom. Is the king hard by?

1 *Man.* You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is!

Wom. But what had he in those bottles?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, ink, goodman fool.

3 *Man.* Ink, what to do?

1 *Man.* Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places; we shall have no room else.

2 *Man.* The man told us, he would walk o' foot through the people.

3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our shops are well look'd-to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter PHILIP, *with two Citizens' Wives.*

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be. What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go down with me this summer when I am brought to-bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why, prithee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor milk! how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1 *Cit.* Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not? alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, chuse us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave, good people, a little.

3 *Man.* What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2 *Man.* Let her look to herself then; has she not had thrusting enough yet! If she stay shouldering here, she may, haps, go home with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

Phil. Because I will.

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sauce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look, if one ha' not struck Philip. Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit.* As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the first end then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit.* Well, Slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3 *Man.* At a bawdy-house.

1 *Cit.* Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

Flourish. Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, *and* MARDONIUS.

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height.
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,
All your expences to maintain my war,
Is but a little word: You will imagine
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought but with your bloods:
'Tis peace!

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. Now you may live securely i' your towns,
Your children round about you; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you,
And lead them sorrows. For yourselves, you may

Safely forget there are such things as tears:
And you may all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate!
All. God bless your majesty!
Arb. See, all good people; I have brought the man,
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home.
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.
1 *Cit.* Out upon him!
2 *Cit.* How he looks.
3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him!
Mar. These are sweet people.
Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.
Arb. It was far from me
To mean it so. If I have aught deserv'd,
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare:
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself
Where-ever there is sun: And yet for you
I fought with him single, and won him too.
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall
Beneath mine. This, inspir'd with all your loves,
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.
All. The Lord bless your majesty!
Tigr. So, he has made me amends now with a speech in commendation of himself: I would not be so vain-glorious.
Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Do good to any creature here, speak out;
For I must leave you: And it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you: Else, my joy
Would be to spend my days among you all.
You shew your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you.
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your childrens children
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you.
God keep you all!
[*Flourish. Exeunt Kings and their Train.*
All. God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty!
1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? all's done.
Wom. Ay, for God's sake: I have not made a fire yet.
2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.
3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.
1 *Cit.* Away, you halter-sack, you!
2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.
Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?
3 *Man.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.
[*Exeunt the three men and woman.*
1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. Come, Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?
2 *Cit.* Yes, marry, did he.
1 *Cit.* They're the first I heard of this year, by my troth. I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say, we should have some?
2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter ARBACES *and* GOBRIAS.

Arb. My sister take it ill?
Gob. Not very ill:
Something unkindly she does take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.
Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,
My will, and not her own, must govern her.
What, will she marry with some slave at home?
Gob. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness;
You much mistake her; and, no doubt, will like
Where you will have her. But, when you behold her,
You will be loth to part with such a jewel.
Arb. To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my sister.
Gob Sir, I know she is:
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another.
Arb. Pish! Will she have him?
Gob. I do hope she will not. [*Aside.*
I think she will, sir.
Arb. Were she my father, and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She should be forced to have him, when I know
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say, she's loth.
Gob. Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass!
You know 'tis just.—She will not need constraint,
She loves you so.
Arb. How does she love me? Speak.
Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.
Arb. She is not like her mother, then.
Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first, on every little scratch,

She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death, as you your health.
Arb. Alas, poor soul! But yet she must be rul'd.
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her: Have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?
Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter 1 *Gentleman and* TIGRANES.

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.
Arb. He's welcome.
1 *Gent.* And the queen-mother and the princess wait
Without.
Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.
[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
Tigranes, you will think you are arrived
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison
Their only sons: Think you, you shall be safe?
Tigr. Too safe I am, sir.

Enter GOBRIAS, ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS, MARDONIUS, BESSUS, *and two Gentlemen.*

Ara. As low as this I bow to you; and would
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be ashamed
To see observance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my king.
Arb. You are my mother. Rise!
As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.
Ara. I came
Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge
My sorrows for my sins: Longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still!
Arb. Your own desires shall be your guide.
[*Exit* ARANE.
Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have seen my lord the king return
In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me. I have ne'er another wish
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?
Arb. To whom?
Gob. To the princess.
Pan. Alas, sir, I am fearful! You do look
On me, as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun.
Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.
Arb. Ha?
Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
'Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you.
Tigr. Will you speak, sir?
Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? Shew forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there!
Up, and be gone; if thou be'st love, be gone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy loved down away, and with a quill
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother i' thy blood,
That you are powers bely'd, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men resolved,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words; away!
Tigr. Oh, misery! why should he be so slow!
There can no falsehood come of loving her.
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith.
I would, he would present me to her quickly.
Pan. Will you not speak at all? Are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poison'd with anger that may strike me dead.
Mar. Have you no life at all? For manhood sake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus.
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.
Arb. You mean this lady. Lift her from the earth:
Why do you let her kneel so long? Alas!
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg. What is your suit to me?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great. But where's my sister?
I bade, she should be brought.
Mar. What, is he mad?
Arb. Gobrias, where is she?
Gob. Sir!
Arb. Where is she, man?
Gob. Who, sir?
Arb. Who? hast thou forgot my sister?
Gob. Your sister, sir?
Arb. Your sister, sir? Some one that hath a wit,
Answer, where is she?
Gob. Do you not see her there?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There? where?
Mar. 'Slight there! are you blind?
Arb. Which do you mean? That little one?
Gob. No, sir.
Arb. No, sir? Why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's she.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is she.
Arb. 'Tis false.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As Hell! By Heaven, as false as Hell!
My sister!—Is she dead? If it be so,

Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see, you are all mute and stand amazed,
Fearful to answer me. It is too true;
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourn, is to repine. She died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is.
I know, she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die,
And she hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias?
That lady, dost thou mean?
Gob. That lady, sir:
She is your sister; and she is your sister
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish! this is tedious:
I cannot hold; I must present myself.
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sin.
Arb. Away!
No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister: 'Tis a lye,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheath it here;
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:
If she were ever, I create her none.
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with. I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now! Is that my sister?
Mar. Oh, this is fine!
Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your majesty.
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.
Arb. No; 'tis true, she is not.
Mar. Thou should'st be hang'd.
Pan. Sir, I will speak but once: By the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and so much love
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family,
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.
Arb. I will hear no more.
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it? All the world
May take delight in this; and 'tis damnation
For me to do so. You are fair, and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is bless'd
That is so near you as a brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease;
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he, that undertakes my cure, must first
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts;
Allowing 'em to do all actions,
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me. No man here
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say; I will not toil
My body and my mind too; rest thou there;
Here's one within will labour for you both.
Pan. I would I were past speaking!
Gob. Fear not, madam;
The king will alter: 'Tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.
Pan. Pray Heaven it do!
Tigr. Though she to whom I swore be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.
Madam, a stranger, and a prisoner, begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you: We know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here i' the court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught; he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope!
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that mis-become your looks?
Can you want owning?
Spa. Oh, 'tis certain so.
Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.
Arb. How now?
Tigr. And then see if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking!
Tigr. Nations shall own you for their queen.
Arb. Tigranes! art not thou my prisoner?
Tigr. I am.
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. Is she so again? that's well.
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?

Tigr. Dare do it! Why, you brought me hither, sir,
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps, I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it!
Spa. Blest be that breath!
Tigr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the laws of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft. My tongue be temper'd? I must speak,
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will?
Spa. Alas, my fortune!
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown? But that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.
Mar. He has one ransom with him already; methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
Arb. Away with him to prison! Now, sir, see
If my frown be regardless. Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius! You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind; and all it grapples with
Are as the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!
Tigr. Away!
1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.
2 *Gent.* You must be forced.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us;
We must obey.
Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing.
Bac. Come, sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off. This is tyranny,
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,
Or that famed tyrant's bed. Thou mightst as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the snow
For half-starved people, to bring home with thee,
To shew 'em fire and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.
[*Exeunt* TIGRANES *and* BACURIUS.
Spa. I ne'er rejoic'd at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: What shall become
Of me forsaken?
Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, sir?
Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,
And made myself believe much of myself,
That is not in me. You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And, like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you:
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last, forgive me.
Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did: You mock me now.
Arb. Never forgive me then; which is the worst
Can happen to me.
Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.
Arb. Rise you then too: Here I acknowledge thee
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me!
Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frown'd; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block: And when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me!
Arb. Then thus I do salute thee; and again,
To make this knot the stronger. Paradise
Is there! It may be, you are yet in doubt;
This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin,
And foolishly entice myself along!
Take her away; see her a prisoner
In her own chamber closely, Gobrias!
Pan. Alas! sir, why?
Arb. I must not stay the answer. Do it!
Gob. Good Sir!
Arb. No more! Do it, I say!
Mar. This is better and better.
Pan. Yet, hear me speak.
Arb. I will not hear you speak.
Away with her! Let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch,
A poisoner, and a traitor!
Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.
Pan. Nay, 'tis well; the king is pleased with it.
Arb. Bessus, go you along too with her. I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long. But I am desperately sick;
For she has given me poison in a kiss:
She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word!
[*Exeunt* GOB. PAN. BES. *and* SPAC.
Why should You, that have made me stand in war
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleased,
Decree such an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: Rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins. Incest is in me
Dwelling already; and it must be holy,
That pulls it thence. Where art, Mardonius?
Mar. Here, sir.
Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight?
Mar. As you were.
Arb. No heavier?

Mar. No, sir.
Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, tho' I could never run.
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. Oh, no, 'tis past.
Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself.
Arb. Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?
Mar. Yes, I will.
Arb. I pray thee do; for thou shalt never see me so again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bessus, *alone.*

Bes. They talk of Fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchieved with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: For if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have Fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, 'Rail still:' Then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by th' heels, and beat me wi' hasle-sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd some body wi' me for venison. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whip'd fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgel'd me: Yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst mine enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd: A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account, (worthily, as they call it) by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good-morrow, captain Bessus.

Bes. Good-morrow, sir.

Gent. I come to speak with you——

Bes. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

Bes. A pox on 'em, so they cry all!

Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides.

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy! what a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, present me poison with such a speech. Um, um, um—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forced to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*satisfaction.* 'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

Gent. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: And I have a spent body, too much bruis'd in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something: for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will, sir. Good-morrow to you. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Bes. Good-morrow, good sir. Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours: Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o’ th’ paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of ’em in a hand; and they all end, ‘My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction.’ Who’s there? more paper, I hope. No; ’tis my lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

Bac. Now, captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report: You know, you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong’d me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now, people will call you valiant; desertlessly, I think; yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, captain Bessus! It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who, then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the coward wrong’d you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bac. I prithee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shall fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kick’d.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg? why, what ails your leg? I’ll do a cure on you. Stand up!

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I’ll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

Bes. My lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bes. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year’s-gift.

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet captain! Farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain! [*Exit* BAC.

Bes. I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this ’vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife: How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence: Therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that’s left uneaten of my sword. [*Exit* BESSUS.

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. I’ll move the king; he is most strangely alter’d: I guess the cause, I fear, too right. Heaven has some secret end in’t, and ’tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has follow’d me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter ARBACES.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: His very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears i’ their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it! Why should I keep
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How dost thou do?

Mar. Better than you, I fear.

Arb. I hope, thou art; for, to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell else! Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure.
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there’s no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is; but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service: I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is. I know ’tis subject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better lose it in my king’s cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or (sleeping) to a thief; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

Arb. It will not out! Were you with Gobrias,
And bade him give my sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send

And speak to whom she please?
Mar. Yes, sir, I was.
Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?
Mar. Yes.
Arb. That's all my business.
Mar. Oh, say not so; you had an answer of this before: Besides, I think this business might be utter'd more carelessly.
Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech thee,
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,
To see my sister from me.
Mar. Well; and what?
Arb. That's all.
Mar. That's strange! Shall I say nothing to her?
Arb. Not a word:
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way
To make her understand by signs.
Mar. But what shall I make her understand?
Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.
Mar. You may; but I can only see her then.
Arb. 'Tis true!
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou shalt speak to her: Tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou?
Mar. Is there no more?
Arb. Oh, yes! And her the best;
Better than any brother loves his sister:
That is all.
Mar. Methinks, this need not have been deliver'd with such a caution. I'll do it.
Arb. There is more yet: Wilt thou be faithful to me?
Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it after I hear it, I'll pass thro' fire to do it.
Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me?
Mar. I hope you do not, sir.
Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,
And ne'er rise again, 'till she will love me.
Mar. Why, I think she does.
Arb. But, better than she does; another way;
As wives love husbands.
Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.
Arb. Thou will not understand me! Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as 'tis: I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To do a sin that needs must damn us both;
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?
Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly, in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me?
Arb. Didst thou not tell me, thou wouldst do it?
Mar, Yes, if I undertook it: But if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd
In such a cause to save my last life.
Arb. Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This man, that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here,
Having this cause; whilst I, press'd down with sin,
Could not resist him. Hear, Mardonius!
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.
Mar. Heav'n grant you may be so! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince; but, otherwise, I think, I shall not love you more: For you are sinful, and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws; for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender, for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel, I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods preserve and mend you!
Arb. Mardonius! Stay, Mardonius! for, tho'
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepar'd
For every wicked act, yet who does know,
But that my loathed fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again?
I hope, I may; I prithee leave me not.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. Where is the king?
Mar. There.
Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the knife.
Arb. What knife?
Bes. The sword is eaten.
Mar. Away, you fool! the king is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.
Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?
Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well.
I'm glad on't.
Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.
Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?
Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you!
Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius; let him stay;
I have occasion with him very weighty,
And I can spare you now.
Mar. Sir?
Arb. Why, I can spare you now.
Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state-affairs.
Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose.
[*Exit* Mar.
Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee: Wilt thou do't?
Bes. Do't for you? By this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.
Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light, but I will; any thing whatsoever.
Arb. But I shall name the thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.
Bes. I would fain hear that thing.
Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for me:
Thou understand'st me, in a wicked manner.
Bes. Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.
Arb. Wilt thou? dost thou make no more on't?
Bes. More? No. Why, is there any thing else?
If there be, trust me, it shall be done too.
Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and mayst yet
Corrupt me further! Prithee, answer me,
How do I shew to thee after this motion?
Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.
Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.
Bes. I feel no such thing: But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better. And when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.
Arb. My mother! Heav'n forgive me, to hear this!
I am inspir'd with horror. Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument:
Thou art too sinful to employ in this.
Out of the world, away!
Bes. What do you mean, sir?
Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the desarts; where 'mongst all the monsters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent!
Bes. Good sir——
Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,
We kings could never act such wicked deeds.
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And Nature too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law, and good,
And live with him; for him thou canst not spoil.
Away, I say!—I will not do this sin. [*Exit* BES.
I'll press it here, 'till it do break my breast:
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, *and* SPACONIA.

Gob. Have you written, madam?
Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.
Gob. And with a kindness and such winning words
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?
Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they're many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em, to speak for me,
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em——
Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: Though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience)
All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself,
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, strait as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly;
I know it, and, I hope, I need not further
Win you to understand it.
Pan. I believe it;
But, howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heav'n be a witness with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entombed here.
Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief;
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story,
With this hand to your brother.
Pan. Peace go with you! You are a good man. [*Exit* GOB.
My Spaconia, why are you ever sad thus?
Spa. Oh, dear lady!
Pan. Prithee discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cur'd.
Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.
Pan. This but teaches

How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service?
Spa. Noblest lady,
You make me more a slave still to your goodness,
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.
Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from so sweet a virtue,
No ill demand has issue.
Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the prince Tigranes;
With whom I'm equal prisoner, if not more.
Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want so much good-manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.
Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,
So utter empty of those excellencies
That tame authority: But in you, sweet lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Derived immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.
Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.
Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.
Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me, lady,
It joys me I shall do a good to you,
Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!
Spa. And sweet peace to your grace!
Pan. Pray Heav'n, I find it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter TIGRANES, *in prison.*

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one. I have childishly
Play'd with my hope so long, 'till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia!
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still!
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment;
Thou hast deserv'd it. Couldst thou find no lady,
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,
But she that lov'd thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And so much lov'd thee, that, in honesty
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgat the greatness of her grief
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild in women! she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me, equal heav'ns,
And sent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman! for inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, Justice, 'till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting,
Upon a new face; after all my oaths,
Many, and strange ones.
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief, and that, would kill me.

Enter BACURIUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may pass;
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it. [*Exit* BAC.
Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
'Would I were bury'd, or so far remov'd
Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself! Or, were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you:
I must speak, ere I die. Were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjur'd man,
And only mighty in your wickedness
Of wronging women! Thou are false, false, prince!
I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more!
She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconstant
Than all ill women ever were together.
Thy faith is firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command; as lasting
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i'th' air and broken;
The wind is fix'd to thee; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner, with his shrill whistle,
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh! oh!
Spa. The destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrew me for it! Sir,
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it; 'tis asham'd!
Alas, I have been too rugged. Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have. Good Sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.

I do and can forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray believe.

Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! Oh, thou virtuous woman!

Spa. No more; the king, sir.

Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, *and* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner?
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, sir.

Arb. 'Tis well. Royal Tigranes, health!

Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give, sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.

Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray excuse us,
We have not seen you since your being here.
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person: Your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not out-last two days.

Tigr. I thank you.
My usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for;
But I must bear it.

Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?

Bac. One of the princess' women, sir.

Arb. I fear'd it. Why comes she hither?

Bac. To speak with the prince Tigranes.

Arb. From whom, Bacurius?

Bac. From the princess, sir.

Arb. I knew I had seen her.

Mar. His fit begins to take him now again.
'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon,
I fear. Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly: Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows; this pelting prating peace is good for nothing: Drinking's a virtue to't.

Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends: Why did you let her in?

Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my warrant.

Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not?
Sir, tell truth.

Bac. I do not use to lie, sir.
'Tis no way I eat, or live by; and I think
This is no token, sir.

Mar. This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, 'till he have a horseman's staff yok'd through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with.

Bac. Sir?

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;
And, durst a worse man tell me, though my better—

Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul.

Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

Bac. That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.

Arb. I say, sir, once again——

Bac. You may say what you please, sir:
Would I might do so.

Arb. I will, sir; and say openly, this woman carries letters: By my life, I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

Mar. 'Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her; he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank Heav'n, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Do what, sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.

Tigr. Serve my turn, sir?

Arb. Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love Panthea; by Heav'n, she shall not; I say she shall not.

Mar. This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.

Tigr. This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions.

Spa. This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,
And the dear place I would choose.

[*Exeunt* TIGR. SPA. BAC.

Mar. Sir, have you done well now?

Arb. Dare you reprove it?

Mar. No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's,
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

Arb. How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life!
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo'not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who shall tell you of these childish follies,
When I am dead? who shall put-to his power
To draw those virtues out of a flood of humours,
When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talk, and be believ'd, and grow worse,
And have your too-self-glorious temper rock'd
Into a deep sleep, and the kingdom with you;

'Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter
Be every where about you, like your flatterers.
Do, kill me!
Arb Prithee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am thine:
But I am rack'd clean from myself! Bear with me!
Woo't thou bear with me, my Mardonius?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate;
You may live to have need of such a virtue:
Rage is not still in fashion.
Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.
Gob. My service, and this letter, to your grace.
Arb. From whom?
Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and beauty,
Your mournful sister.
Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?
Gob. She is, sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,
That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people, that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn;
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As nature and obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties.
Arb. Pray thee, stand up: 'Tis true, she is too fair,
And all these commendations but her own:
Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou would'st, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,
Whither myself, nor thou, canst well tell. Oh, my fate!
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou, Gobrias?
Gob. I do beseech your grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false!
Good sir, read her letter.

Mar. This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He, that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him, with one hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty;
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny't;
Which, if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and bless her virtues for it,
And me, though she were closer: She would, Gobrias;
Good man, indeed, she would.
Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and, with reason, make her know
Why she must live thus from you.
Arb. I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BESSUS, *two Sword-men, and a Boy.*

Bes. You're very welcome, both! Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. Be gone, child!
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.
1 *Sw.* We understand ourselves, sir.
Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o' th' sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.
2 *Sw.* You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour.
But to your cause.
Bes. Be wise, and speak truth.
My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.
1 *Sw.* Stay there a little, sir: Do you doubt a beating?
Or, have you had a beating by your prince?
Bes. Gentlemen o' th' sword, my prince has beaten me.
2 *Sw.* Brother, what think you of this case?
1 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, the case is clear.
2 *Sw* If he have beaten him, I grant the case.
But how? we cannot be too subtle in this business.
I say, but how?
Bes. Even with his royal hand.
1 *Sw.* Was it a blow of love, or indignation?
Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen;
Besides two blows o' th' face.
2 *Sw.* Those blows o' th' face have made a new cause on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

1 *Sw.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worse man, I must confess, as the sword-men say, had turn'd the business: Mark me, brother, by a worse man: But, being by his prince, had they been ten, and those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard of his nose for ever; all this had been but favours. This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 *Sw.* The king may do much, captain, believe it; for had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle, or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honour. This is strange, you may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.

Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me?
1 *Sw.* There is another; a new cause ri-

from the time and distance, in which I will deliver my opinion. He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten; for these are natural to man: Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth as his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance; the time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bes. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must—

1 *Sw.* Be subject to it: You are wise and virtuous.

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th' sword.

2 *Sw.* No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding: We are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
Shortly, and discreetly.

Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

2 *Sw.* How far, sir?

Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over: My sword lost, but not forc'd; for discreetly I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1 *Sw.* It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 *Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty case; pray ponder on't:
Our friend here has been kick'd.

1 *Sw.* He has so, brother.

2 *Sw.* Sorely, he says. Now, had he set down here,
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 *Sw.* I think, it had been cowardly, indeed.

2 *Sw.* But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering
His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.
He should have kick'd him after the delivery,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 *Sw.* Brother, I take it you mistake the question;
For, say, that I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* I must not say so;
Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of man.
You kick'd, dear brother! You're merry.

1 *Sw.* But put the case, I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Let them put it, that are things weary of their lives, and know not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!

1 *Sw.* I do not say, I was kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Nor no silly creature that wears his head without a case, his soul in a skin-coat. You kick'd, dear brother!

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.

1 *Sw.* Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.

2 *Sw.* The boy, may be suppos'd, is liable.
kick my brother!

v. A foolish forward zeal, sir, in my friend.
But to the boy: Suppose, the boy were kick'd.

Bes. I do suppose it.

1 *Sw.* Has your boy a sword?

Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword too.

1 *Sw.* I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd then.

2 *Sw.* By no means, captain; let it be supposed still; the word 'grant' makes not for us.

1 *Sw.* I say, this must be granted.

2 *Sw.* This *must* be granted, brother?

1 *Sw.* Ay, this *must* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Still, this *must*?

1 *Sw.* I say, this *must* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Ay! give me the *must* again! Brother, you palter.

1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, wasp.

2 *Sw.* Brother, I say you palter; the *must* three times together! I wear as sharp steel as another man, and my fox bites as deep. *Musted*, my dear brother! But to the cause again.

Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen!

2 *Sw.* In a word, I ha' done.

1 *Sw.* A tall man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity. Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Forward.

1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2 *Sw.* So much for us. Proceed.

1 *Sw.* And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

Bes. It lies i' th' beating, sir: I found it four days since.

2 *Sw.* The error, and a sore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore indeed, sir.

1 *Sw.* That is according to the man that did it.

2 *Sw.* There springs a new branch: Whose was the foot?

Bes. A lord's.

1 *Sw.* The cause is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

Bes. I did laugh;
But how will that help me, gentlemen?

2 *Sw.* Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.

1 *Sw.* My reason now: The valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 *Sw.* If he be sure he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgel'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bedstaves:
This shews a valiant man.

Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;
For these are all familiar things to me;

Familiar as my sleep, or want of money:
All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating.
I think I have been cudgel'd with all nations,
And almost all religions.
2 Sw. Embrace him, brother! this man is valiant;
I know it by myself, he's valiant.
1 Sw. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
To bide upon, a very valiant man.
Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must request
Your hands to this.
2 Sw. 'Tis fit it should be.
Bes. Boy, get some wine, and pen and ink, within.
Am I clear, gentlemen?
1 Sw. Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.
Bes. I must request you go along, and testify to the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me, how you find my cause.
2 Sw. We will; and tell that lord he must be rul'd;
Or there be those abroad, will rule his lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces *at one door, and* Gobrias *and* Panthea *at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself. [*Exit* Gob.
You're welcome, sister; and I would to heav'n
I could so bid you by another name.
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.
Pan. Sir, does it please you I shall speak?
Arb. Please me?
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I pray thee, think so.
Pan. Be it so; I will.
Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait 'till it be fit.
Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd
To hear thee largely: But I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me: for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.
Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom?
Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold,
As nature can make: Yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.
Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By Heav'n, 'tis true; believe it, if thou can'st.
Pan. Children and fools are ever credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe.
If you dissemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.
Arb. Fy, you come in a step; what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.
Pan. Then I must endure it, sir. Heav'n keep you!
Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea;
And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but, 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocents,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I've lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.
Pan. Heav'n forbid!
Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee: For Heav'n knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.
Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence.

Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!
Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,
(Thy prayers are pure) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin:
For thither they are tending: If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange, yet uninvented, sin upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you; yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us:
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.
Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?
Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.
Arb. Then I curse my birth!
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop
To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?
Pan. There is nothing else:
But these, alas! will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.
Arb. I have liv'd
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasp'd: Let them be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the pow'r of any force,
Or policy, to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. 'Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.
Arb. Accursed man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when ev'ry beast is free;
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he lik'd,
Because they had one dam?
Pan. Sir, I disturb
You and myself too; 'twere better I were gone.
Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was;
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: Brothers and sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so will we.
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by Heav'n.
Arb. Why, yet you sent unto Tigranes, sister.
Pan. True,
But for another: For the truth—
Arb. No more.
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too; we were scrupulous
And foolish, but we will be so no more.
Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter I fear than yours.
Arb. That is impossible; what should we do?
Pan Fly, sir, for Heav'n's sake.
Arb. So we must; away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.
[*Exeunt, several ways.*

ACT V.

Enter MARDONIUS *and* LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit prince Tigranes, your noble master.

Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.

Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worse; I am asham'd! it is a business—

Mar. You serve a worthy person; and a stranger, I am sure you are: You may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your nobleness.
Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courtesy,
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd.
But may I civilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.
Lyg. Sir, you shall know: I have lost a foolish daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your king's.
Mar. Stay there, sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,

Though she were yours, and noble.
Lyg. I grant all that too: But this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name,
That serves to feed him. Were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.
Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.
Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus; and, now I think, 'tis he.
Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me, sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him!
For that must be the end of all his service.
Your daughter was not mad, sir?
Lyg. No; 'would she had been!
The fault had had more credit. I would do something.
Mar. I would fain counsel you; but to what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves, and
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth; this rascal
Fears neither God nor man; h'has been so beaten,
Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,
Since he was first a slave, at least three hundred daggers
Set in's head, as little boys do new knives in hot meat.
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his sides look like two wicker targets,
Every way bended;
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows in his forehead.
He is of so base a sense, I cannot in a week imagine what shall be done to him.
Lyg. Sure, I have committed some great sin
That this base fellow should be made my rod.
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not: If a laming of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you; and I'll help you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a leg broke, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd o'the stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience, his head will break it; We use him i' th' wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here comes the very person of him: do as you shall find your temper; I must leave you: But if you do not break him like a bisket, you're much to blame, sir. [*Exit* Mar.

Enter Bessus *and the Sword-men.*

Lyg. Is your name Bessus?
Bes. Men call me captain Bessus.

Lyg. Then captain Bessus, you're a rank rascal, without more exordiums; a dirty frozen slave! and, with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be a gentleman.

Lyg. Thus, captain Bessus, thus! Thus twinge your nose, thus kick, thus tread upon you.

Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.
Bes. I take it so.
1 *Sw.* Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.
Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating:
You have stol'n away a lady, captain Coward,
And such a one— [*Beats him.*
Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir;
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.
Lyg. I know you dare lye.
Bes. With none but summer-whores, upon my life, sir:
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.
Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me: Where is this lady?
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.
Bes. There was a lady, sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge: The prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her safety. How I us'd her
She may herself report; she's with the prince now.
I did but wait upon her like a groom,
Which she will testify, I'm sure: If not,
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.
Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon,
And am sorry I was so intemperate.

Bes. Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange now, to have me beat you at first sight.

Lyg. Indeed, I would; but, I know, your goodness can forget twenty beatings: You must forgive me.

Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for all this.

Lyg. My daughter is a whore!
I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her;
Discharge myself from being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die.
Farewell, captain. [*Exit* Lyg.

Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell! Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray.

1 *Sw.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

Bes. Gentlemen o'the sword, your hands once more; I have been kick'd again; but the foolish fellow is penitent, h'as ask'd me mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better have kick'd his grandsire.

Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let him come, and say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

Bes. Alas! good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go; these courses will undo him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LYGONES *and* BACURIUS.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Lyg. There he is, indeed,
And with him my disloyal child.

Tigr. I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

Lyg. Health to your majesty!

Tigr. What, good Lygones! welcome! what business
Brought thee hither?

Lyg. Several businesses:
My public business will appear by this;
I have a message to deliver, which
If it pleases you so to authorize, is
An embassage from th' Armenian state,
Unto Arbaces for your liberty.
The offer's there set down; please you to read it.

Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd since
I came thence?

Lyg. None, sir; all is as it was.

Tigr. And all our friends are well?

Lyg. All very well.

Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not see my father: It was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.

Spa. Oh, good sir, forgive me.

Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin t'you, am I?

Spa. Should it be measur'd by my mean deserts,
Indeed you are not.

Lyg. Thou couldst prate, unhappily,
Ere thou couldst go; 'would thou couldst do as well!
And how does your custom hold out here?

Spa. Sir?

Lyg. Are you in private still, or how?

Spa. What do you mean?

Lyg. Do you take money? Are you come to sell sin yet? Perhaps, I can help you to liberal clients: Or has not the king cast you off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had liv'd to see this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted when thou wert first resolv'd to be a whore?
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied
More privately: I would have kept a dancer,
And a whole concert of musicians,
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.

Spa. Sir, I was never whore.

Lyg. If thou couldst not say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.

Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You shall deliver it.

Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.

Tigr. Speak; what is't?

Lyg. How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,
That you can pick no strumpets i'the land,
But out of my breed?

Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones?

Lyg. Yes; and I wish to have you know, I scorn
To get a whore for any prince alive:
And yet scorn will not help! Methinks, my daughter
Might have been spar'd; there were enow besides.

Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent
As morning light, for me; and, I dare swear,
For all the world.

Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen,
I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it.

Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth,
Thou see'st thy queen there.

Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand! I call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen: But if I should speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.

Tigr. Get you about your business to Arbaces;
Now you talk idly.

Lyg. Yes, sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen? She had more wit
Than her old father, when she ran away.
Shall she be queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis fine!
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding:
Shall I not, sir?

Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make these wither'd kexes bear my body
Two hours together above ground.

Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.

Lyg. Good Heav'n preserve you!
You are an excellent king.

Spa. Farewell, good father.

Lyg. Farewell, sweet virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in my life,
That I remember! Shall she be a queen?

Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lyed that said so.
[*Exit* LYG.

Tigr. Come, my dear love.
Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.
Tigr. Urge it no more:
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have
The passions of a man; but if I meet
With any subject that should hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: Let that suffice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BACURIUS *and a Servant.*

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Bac. Let them come in.

Enter BESSUS *with the two Sword-men.*

Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already.

Bac. Now, fellows, your business? Are these the gentlemen?

Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen, my friends o'th' sword, along with me.

Bac. I am afraid you'll fight, then.

Bes. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.

Bes. I ask no more in honour. Gentlemen, you hear my lord is sorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you,
But beaten one that will be beaten;
One whose dull body will require a laming,
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.
Now to your sword-men:
What come they for, good captain Stockfish?

Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are things fitter, I must confess, for any thing than my remembrance, or any honest man's: What shall these billets do? be pil'd up in my wood-yard?

Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still, Heav'n continue it! But, for these gentlemen, they come—

Bac. To swear you are a coward: Spare your book; I do believe it.

Bes. Your lordship still draws wide; they come to vouch, under their valiant hands, I am no coward.

Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirs, be wise and take money for this motion, travel with it; and where the name of Bessus has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your captainship, and more natural. Men of most valiant hands, is this true?

2 *Sw*. It is so, most renowned.

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1 *Sw*. Lord, it is strange, yet true. We have examined, from your lordship's foot there to this man's head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find his honour is come off clean and sufficient: This, as our swords shall help us.

Bac. You are much bound to your *bilbo* men; I'm glad you're straight again, captain. 'Twere good you would think some way how to gratify them; they have undergone a labour for you, Bessus, would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.

2 *Sw*. Your lordship must understand we are no men o'th' law, that take pay for our opinions; it is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd in conscience, will discharge. Captain, I'll pay this rent for you.

Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for the pains.

2 *Sw*. Oh, lord! my good lord!

Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something.

Bes. They shall dine with your lordship; that's sufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires, do you come hither, with your bottled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 *Sw*. I do beseech your lordship.

2 *Sw*. Oh, good lord!

Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here! Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.

2 *Sw*. More of your foot, I beseech your lordship.

Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

1 *Sw*. O' this side, good my lord.

Bac. Off with your swords; for if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead, you rascals.

1 *Sw*. Mine's off, my lord.

2 *Sw*. I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's tied to my cod-piece point: Now, when you please.

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends; you long for a little too?

Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.

Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mungrel? Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with it quickly.

2 *Sw*. Here 'tis, sir; a small piece of artillery, that a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's, sent me with, to get it mended, sir; for, if you mark, the nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, than kicking these two foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is a good cudgel, sir.

Bac. It comes too late; I am weary; pritbee, do thou beat them.

2 *Sw*. My lord, this is foul play, i'faith, to put a fresh man upon us: Men are but men, sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones. C tain; rally up your rotten regiment, and be gone. I had rather thresh than be bound to kick these rascals, 'till they cry'd, 'ho!' Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell! as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good health. [*Exit*.

2 *Sw.* H'as a devilish hard foot; I never felt the like.

1 *Sw.* Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have felt a hundred.

2 *Sw.* If he kick thus i' th' Dog-days, he will be dry-foundred. What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go?

2 *Sw.* Yes, Heav'n be thank'd! but I feel a shrewd ache; sure, he's sprang my huckle-bone.

1 *Sw.* I ha' lost a haunch.

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter; butter and parsley is a sovereign matter: *Probatum est.*

2 *Sw.* Captain, we must request your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye; and then let all the world come, we are valiant to ourselves, and there's an end.

1 *Sw.* Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh, my ribs!

2 *Sw.* Oh, my small guts! a plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they are murderers! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARBACES, *with his sword drawn.*

Arb. It is resolv'd: I bore it whilst I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: If they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine; I must begin
Wi'th' murder of my friend, and so go on
To that incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow
Upon myself!

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cry'd 'dead' to something.

Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come?

Mar. How do you, sir?

Arb. Well. Is he coming?

Mar. Why, sir, are you thus?
Why do your hands proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself?

Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with another:
Is Gobrias coming?

Mar. Sir, he is.

Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your questions then. Be gone!

Mar. Sir, I have mark'd——

Arb. Mark less! it troubles you
And me.

Mar. You are more variable than you were,

Arb. It may be so.

Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.

Arb. And what of this?

Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes,
As you would look us all out of the land,

Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I prithee, get thee gone.

Mar. Sir, I will speak.

Arb. Will ye?

Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you'll kill yourself: I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.

Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin,
It seems, Mardonius: Kill myself! by Heav'n,
I will not do it yet; and, when I will,
I'll tell thee, then I shall be such a creature,
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees: I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do; I shall come to't at last,
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I'm sorry 'tis so ill.

Arb. Be sorry, then:
True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.

Mar. I pray you let me see your sword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then.

Arb. Why so. What folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to mischief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys
For children to be pleas'd with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think: I would the book
Of Fate were here; my sword is not so sure
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new,
Far other fortunes; mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. Heav'n put into your bosom temperate thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. [*Exit* MAR.

Arb. Go; thou art honest.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,
Helpless, upon me?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Gob. There is the king; now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man,
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee!

Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus?

Arb. Why do I curse thee? If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,

His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my heart.
Gob. How, sir! Have I preserv'd you, from a child,
From all the arrows malice or ambition
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?
Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that
Wert crueller than hard'ned murderers
Of infants and their mothers? Thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:
This was a curious way of torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me!
Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? What had I
To do with that; what could her beauty be
To me? And thou didst write how well she lov'd me!
Dost thou remember this? so that I doted
Something before I saw her.
Gob. This is true.
Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou know'st,
Thou didst pursue it, 'till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection,
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant:
I think, I was the cause.
Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more,
I think, thou meant'st it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lye:
As I love Heav'n and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own sad judge;
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.
Gob. Why, sir, to die?
Arb. Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'dst me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness
Left for me.
Gob. Now's the time. Hear me but speak.
Arb. No! Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,
And never gav'st me warning: So much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.
Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before you do 'em:
If you kill me——
Arb. I will not stay then.
Gob. Know—you kill your father.
Arb. How?
Gob. You kill your father.
Arb. My father? Though I know it for a lye,
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,
The very rev'rence of the word comes cross me,
And ties mine arm down.
Gob. I will tell you that shall heighten you again;
I am thy father; I charge thee hear me.
Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A bastard issue, the despised fruit
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire
All my wild passions! But another truth
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be poured on thee,
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lyes
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter ARANE.

Ara. Turn thee about;
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man!
Hear me, thou tyrant!
Arb. I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.
Ara. My shame! Thou hast less shame than any thing!
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?
Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly!
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,
And have it.
Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias.
Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt; though they grow together.
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
Think not of help; answer!
Ara. I will; to what?
Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,
Whose son I am, without all circumstance
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.
Ara. Why, you are his son.
Arb. His son? Swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd!
Ara. By all that's good, you are.
Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad! Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heav'n,
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch!
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me:
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot!
Then, wicked mother of my sins, and me,
Shew me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases

As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed!
Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.
Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and behold
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law,
As they.
Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain,
And rail upon a guess; hear us a little.
Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.
Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.
Arb. How's that!
Ara. Nor child of mine.
Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.
Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.
Arb. I will kneel,
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak! I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.
Gob. First know, our last king, your supposed father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the land, as she, past hope
Of issue from him.
Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the king was old:
Is this the comfort?
Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injur'd me? Let fire consume me
If ever I were whore!
Gob. Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,
As you are now: If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father.
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently
As to an angel: If I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.
Gob. Our king, I say, was old, and this our queen
Desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband,
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think, she would not: If she would have been,
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities,
She hardly could have been: But yet her cunning
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with child,
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,
And God was humbly thank'd in ev'ry church,
That so had bless'd the queen; and prayers were made
For her safe going and delivery.
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceiv'd
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her power encrease, and was resolv'd,
Since she believ'd she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make
No noise at all; but pray you to the point,
Quick as you can.
Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you: This, the queen hearing of,
Mov'd me to let her have you; and such reasons
She shewed me, as she knew well would tie
My secrecy: She swore you should be king;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night this queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up,
As the king's son, till you were six years old;
Then did the king die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In publick, for she knew she should be found
A traitor; and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than truth.
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again.
Arb. And have you made an end now? Is this all?
If not, I will be still till I be aged,
Till all my hairs be silver.
Gob. This is all.
Arb. And is it true, say you too, madam?
Ara. Yes, Heaven knows, it is most true.
Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister.
Gob. No.
Arb. But can you prove this?
Gob. If you'll give consent,
Else who dares go about it?
Arb. Give consent?
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em. All that wait without,
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy! Oh, you are welcome!

Enter BESSUS, *Gentlemen*, MARDONIUS, *and other Attendants.*

Mardonius, the best news! Nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it: I am found No King.
Mar. Is that so good news?
Arb. Yes, the happiest news
That e'er was heard.
Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.

Arb. One call the queen.
Mar. Why, she is there.
Arb. The queen,
Mardonius? Panthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces. Go, some one!
She is in Gobrias' house. Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me,
You little dream of. [*Exit a gentleman.*
Mar. So it should seem. My lord,
What fury's this?
Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he says is truth.
Mar. 'Tis very strange.
Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen?
Is it to me! I swear it must not be;
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be!
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.
Mar. We will. You are not found
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?
Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In presence.
Mar. Where?
Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself
For ever. Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverend words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!
I am Arbaces; we all fellow-subjects;
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.
Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject
Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister:
Ay, and she look'd nothing like you.
Arb. I think you did, good captain Bessus.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is prov'd No King.

Enter LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.

Arb. Where is he? I know your business, good Lygones.

Lyg. We must have our king again, and will.
Arb. I knew that was your business: You shall have
Your king again; and have him so again,
As never king was had. Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.
[*Exe. two gentlemen.*
Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.
Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.
Lyg. She is my daughter.
Arb. She is so. I could now tell any thing
I never heard. Your king shall go so home,
As never man went.
Mar. Shall he go on's head?
Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom! And thyself,
That art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.
Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever! They bely'd this king with us,
And said he was unkind.
Arb. And then, thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing; we'll have the kingdom
Sold utterly, and put into a toy,
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,
Somewhere or other. See, the virtuous queen!
Behold the humblest subject that you have,
Kneel here before you.

Enter PANTHEA *and* 1 *Gentleman.*

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal?
Arb. Grant me one request.
Pan. Alas! what can I grant you? what I can
I will.
Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.
Pan. Is that all!
More willingly than I would draw this air.
Arb. I'll kiss this hand, in earnest.
2 *Gent.* Sir, Tigranes
Is coming; though he made it strange, at first,
To see the princess any more.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Arb. The queen,
Thou mean'st. Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!
Tread on my neck; I freely offer it;
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injur'd thee.
Tigr. No; I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found repentance,
Than I my liberty.
Arb. May'st thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ransom to the state. Know, that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, 'till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.
Arb. Take then your fair one with you: And you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine! Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd No King!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King.
Lysippus, *brother to the king.*
Amintor, *a noble gentleman.*
Melantius, } *brothers to Evadne.*
Diphilus, }
Calianax, *an old humourous lord, and father to Aspatia.*
Cleon, } *gentlemen.*
Strato, }
Diagoras, *a servant to Calianax.*

WOMEN.

Evadne, *wife to Amintor.*
Aspatia, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*
Antiphila, } *waiting gentlewomen to Aspatia.*
Olympias, }
Dula, *a lady.*
Night, }
Cynthia, } *masquers.*
Neptune, }
Æolus, }

Scene.—*Rhodes.*

ACT I.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, *and* Diphilus.

Cleon. The rest are making ready, sir.

Lys. So let them; there is time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord; and we'll take your word.

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry:
What think'st thou of the masque? Will it be well?

Strat. As well as masque can be.

Lys. As masque can be?

Strat. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom, in person of some god. They are tied to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord, who is returned!

Enter Melantius.

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me,
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.
Thou, that with blood abroad buyest us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wished thee here, and thou art here.
He will be too kind, and weary thee with
Often welcomes. But the time doth give thee
A welcome above his, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: Where I find worth
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He, that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty;

I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria: Thou cam'st not, Diphilus; 'Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's straight command; which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. 'Tis true, Melantius;
He might not come, till the solemnity
Of this great match was past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes. I have given cause to those, that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome:
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure.
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill, and all confused,
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: He oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.

Enter Aspatia, *passing by.*

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! mayest thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!
Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud,
When they were good. [*Exit.*
Mel. How is this?
Lys. You are mistaken,
For she is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. 'Tis true; but——
Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.
Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine, you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then?
Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye: the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The king my brother did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the king?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and, when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
Her servants, what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck them, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournfull'st things, that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and, when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit, that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont: May she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!
Mel. I am but poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: All the wounds, I have,
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,
And that was war.
Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not; I am forc'd,

In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day.
Mel. I fear thou'rt grown too fickle; for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee: on what terms I know not.
Amin. She had my promise; but the king forbad it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces far above her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.
Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.
Lys. We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus—
Amin. We'll all attend you. We shall trouble you
With our solemnities.
Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a mistress, and she has a heart,
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place, that I can challenge in't.
But you stand still, and here my way lies.

Enter CALIANAX *with* DIAGORAS.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for shame! you let in all the world, and anon the king will rail at me—why, very well said—by Jove, the king will have the show in the court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? You know, he will have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And, if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may wear out his heart with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone—look to it, who will.

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I will be judged by all the company, whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off: I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they have near killed her among them; and now I must do service for him, that hath forsaken her. Serve, that will. [*Exit.*

Diag. He is so humourous since his daughter was forsaken. Hark, hark! there, there! so, so, Codes, Codes! [*Knock within.*] What now?

Mel. [*Within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*Within.*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

Enter MELANTIUS *and a Lady.*

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those, that come in the king's troop: The best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the king; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there—room for my lord Melantius—pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I will scratch them for you.—So, now thrust and hang.—Again! who is it now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

Within.] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I will cook some of your calves heads.. Peace, rogues!—Again! who is it?

Mel. [*Within.*] Melantius.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my lord, I must.—Make room there for my lord.

Enter MELANTIUS.

Is your lady placed? [*To* MEL.
Mel. Yes, sir,
I thank you.—My lord Calianax, well met.
Your causeless hate to me, I hope, is buried.
Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.
Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance! But be well advised.
Cal. It may be so.—Who placed the lady there,
So near the presence of the king?
Mel. I did.
Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.
Mel. Why?
Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.
Mel. More worth than she? It mis-becomes your age,
And place, to be thus womanish. Forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.
Cal. Why, it is well, if I stand here to place men's wenches.
Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly week,
Thou hast to live, away from thee.
Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.
Mel. Bate the king, and be he flesh and blood,
He lyes, that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.

Diag. Good my lord!
Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour!
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from them. 'Would, that blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileged to do men wrong.
Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. What vile injury
Has stirred my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words, as he is quick of hand?
Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence,
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbear.
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The king is coming in:
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging. He did hear
You were at difference now, which hastened him.
Cal. Make room there! [*Hautboys play within.*

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, *lords, and ladies.*

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: But this is not a place
To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have my hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.
Begin the masque!
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice.
You look'd with my eyes, when you took that man:
Be happy in him!
Evad. O, my dearest brother!
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me.

THE MASQUE.

Night rises in mists.

Night. Our reign is come; for in the raging sea
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day.
Bright Cinthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light.
Appear; no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face;
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter Cinthia.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind.
Methinks, they shew like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence, before the morning breaks.
Back, my pale servant, for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.
Cinth. Great queen, they be a troop, for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had pluck'd our reins in, and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.
Night. Then let us keep 'em here;
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.
Cinth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleased to speak
Of more than may be done: We may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the day our room.
Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy pow'r
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds: Let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover.
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own Endymion,
From the sweet flow'ry bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away;
And of this long night let him make a day.
Cinth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: Poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these lovers are. Rise, rise, I say,
Thou pow'r of deeps; thy surges lade away,
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

Neptune *rises.*

Nept. Cinthia, see,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: Let me know,
Why I ascend?
Cinth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?
Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cinthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.
Cinth. Hie thee, then,
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.
Let loose thy subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was,

Still keep him fast chain'd: We must have none here
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear;
Such as blew flow'rs, and thro' the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring:
These are our music. Next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples (we are pleased to grace
This noble night), each in their richest things
Your own deeps, or the broken vessel, brings.
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.
Nept. Ho! the wind-commanding Æolus!

Enter ÆOLUS, *out of a rock.*

Æol. Great Neptune?
Nept. He.
Æol. What is thy will?
Nept. We do command thee free
Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cinthia; but tie Boreas straight;
He's too rebellious.
Æol. I shall do it.
Nept. Do.——
Æol. Great master of the flood, and all below,
Thy full command has taken.—Ho! the Main!
Neptune!
Nept. Here.
Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.
Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;
He will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds; 'till this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the moon.
Fly, like a full sail.
Æol. I am gone.
Cinth. Dark Night,
Strike a full silence; do a thorough right
To this great chorus; that our music may
Touch high as heaven, and make the east break day
At mid-night. [*Music.*

SONG.

Cinthia, to thy power and thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
'Till the rites of love are ended;
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended.
Pace out, you watery pow'rs below;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.
[The measure.

SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done:
The day will come too soon;
Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.
Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay, and hide all,
But help not, tho' she call.

Nept. Great queen of us and heav'n, hear what I bring
To make this hour a full one,
If not o'ermeasure.
Cinth. Speak, sea's king.
Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When they will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as the sails. My Tritons, play
Music to lead a storm; I'll lead the way.
[*Measure.*

SONG.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side:
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone;
That they may kiss while they may say, a maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.
Hesperus be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. Ho! Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!
Æol. The seas go high,
Boreas hath rais'd a storm: Go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods, and all their power,
To strike a calm.
Cinth. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wished for; no ebb shall dare
To let the day see, where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your government in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the island.
Nept. We obey.
[NEPTUNE *descends, and the sea gods.*
Cinth. Hold up thy head, dead Night: seest thou not day?
The east begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.
Night. Oh, I could frown
To see the Day; the Day, that flings his light
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axletree;

And all fall drenched. But I forgot; speak, queen.
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cinth. Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our sect and us! Whip up thy team!
The day break's here, and you sun-flaring beam
Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou go?
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cinth. I into day. [*Exeunt.*

The Masque Ends.

King. Take lights there. Ladies, get the bride to bed.
We will not see you laid. Good night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you.
King. Good night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, *and other Ladies.*

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are naked, you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula. I should be merrier far, if t'were
With me, as 'tis with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go to bed with him
Wi' th' credit that you do.
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st, belike, there is no modesty
When we are alone.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You prick me, lady.
Dula. 'Tis against my will.
Anon you must endure more, and lie still:
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, 'till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam? where?
We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ake.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards 'gainst any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play two.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it.
She will pluck down aside; she does not use it.
Evad. Why, do.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula; 'would, thou could'st instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: Hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love, too,
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My night: and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would, my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps, he found me worthless:
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! And if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none, that I had from you.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. 'Would, I could! then should I leave the cause.
Evad. See, if you have not spoiled all Dula's mirth.
Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.
Dula. That's not so good; let them shoot any thing but fire, I fear them not.
Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.
Evad. Ladies, good night: I'll do the rest myself.

Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.
Asp. *Lay a garland on my hearse,*
Of the dismal yew.
Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG.

Asp. *Lay a garland on my hearse,*
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. 'I could never have the power.' Sing that, Dula.

Dula. *I could never have the pow'r*
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly:
Venus, fix thou mine eyes fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madam, good night. May all the marriage joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you. May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,
To offer at it, when I go to earth.
With flatt'ring ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing, by course,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.
Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit* EVAD.
Omnes. Madam, good night.
1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.
Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter AMINTOR.

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.
Dula. You'll find her in the dark.
1 *Lady.* Your lady's scarce abed yet; you must help her.
Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs, that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be deny'd.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep,
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder,
That I was once your love, though now refus'd,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet-unpractis'd way to grieve and die.
[*Exit.*
Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?
Omnes. Good night, my lord.
Amin. Much happiness unto you all!
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
I did that lady wrong: Methinks, I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.
Mine eyes run: This is strange at such a time.
It was the king first mov'd me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
'Go not to bed.' My guilt is not so great
As my own conscience, too sensible,
Would make me think: I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the king that forced me. Tim'rous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Enter EVADNE.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things. Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold.
The vapours of the night will not fall here;
To bed, my love. Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?
Evad. No.
Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us loose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms,
'Till I have banish'd sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why? I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How! sworn, Evadne?
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor;
And will swear again, if you will wish to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride?
Amin. How prettily that frown becomes thee.
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look,

But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks.
It shews as thou wert angry.
Evad. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover, when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this.* Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would, thou would'st.
Why, it is thou, that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have killed thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no; what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false:
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworn to any of the virgins,
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years?
Amin. Sure, she raves.
This cannot be
Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor; Think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceived.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter: for the oracle
Knows nothing truer; 'tis not for a night,
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.
Amin. I dream! Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right.
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feigned,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,
To after-ages: We will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her, that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know: There's not an altar, that will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do,
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue.
I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form;
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much. 'Would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage night as this!
Ye pow'rs above, if you did ever mean
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run:
I must live scorned, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. Evadne, hear me: Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it: Call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend to heav'n;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful; for, without boast,
This land was proud of me. What lady was there,
That men called fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunn'd my love; It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand

Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me, from the bottom of despair,
To all the joys thou hast; I know, thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate! Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms——
Evad. Why, so, perhaps, they are.
Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not. Do what thou dar'st to me!
Ev'ry ill-sounding word, or threat'ning look,
Thou shew'st to me, will be revenged at full.
Amin. It will not, sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Have you your champions?
Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wish'd act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shewn
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soever
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so.
Yes, if his body were a pois'nous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, it is the king.
Amin. The king!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. 'Tis not the king!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast nam'd a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name,
'The king,' there lies a terror. What frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please; 'till when, let us
Suffer, and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable.
Amin. What a strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, shew it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after ages, cross'd in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good;
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a ling'ring wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would: I pity thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation!
Thou art a word, no more.—But thou hast shewn
An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.
Amin. Nor let the king
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, though my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this,
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have lost one desire: 'Tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed now, I resolve,
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand;
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use.
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did.
Evad. Fear not; I will do this.
Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.
Evad. I am content.
Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus entwin'd, let all eyes see,
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Away, you are not sad; force it no further.
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are new married!

Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.
Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it. Make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.
Olym. Never.
Asp. Not you, Antiphila?
Ant. Nor I.
Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least, be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls!
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble! 'Tis enough, my wench!
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.
Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?
Asp. Yes, that piece.
This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face:
You meant him for a man?
Ant. He was so, madam.
Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back;
You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus!
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?
Ant. Not as I remember.
Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as ill! This false smile was
Well express'd; just such another caught me!
You shall not go on so, Antiphila:
In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear to the life, wench.
Ant. It will wrong the story.
Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long, and be believ'd. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Asp. Fie! you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true, but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!
A miserable life of this poor picture!
Olym. Dear madam!
Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd.—Well, how now, huswives!
What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!
Olym. Nay, good my lord.
Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly.
Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charg'd.
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus in grief:
She is forsaken.
Cal. There's a rogue too;
A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass?
A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of them, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-braved me twice;
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.
Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all.
Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIPHILUS.

Cleo. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. No; it's odds against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then, she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them. Good morrow, sister! spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet.
Your sister is but now up.
Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.
Amin. I'faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventur'd for a boy: When he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true.—But she,
As if she had drank Lethe, or had made
Even with Heav'n, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound—— [*Aside.*
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets
This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks:
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. Ha! he does not mock me?—you had lost indeed.
I do not use to bungle.
Cleo. You do deserve her.
Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April.—I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor! for, to me, the name
Of brother is too distant: We are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wond'rous strange!
Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here,
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves.
No more; embrace me.
Amin. Oh, mistake me not:
I know thee to be full of all those deeds,
That we frail men call good; but, by the course
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots them at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?
Amin. I've wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want.
Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me.
Diph. What should I be then, by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
'Tis the prettiest sport!
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*Within.*] My lord!
Amin. Come forth, my love!
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy
Evad. I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough. Take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.

Evad. Pish!
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith, I would not marry.
Amin. Nor I, by Heav'n. [*Aside.*
Diph. Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, you're spoil'd.
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Ha!
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so light'ned with my happiness! How dost thou, love? kiss me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what become us. Gentlemen,
Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You're all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus.
Is there no music there? let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!
Amin. I do not know myself;
Yet I could wish my joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark. [*Aside.*
Amin. What says my love?—I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvily,' twill be perceiv'd.
Cleo. My lord, the king is here.

Enter KING and LYSIPPUS.

Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all!
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!
And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now another's.
How lik'd you your night's rest?
Evad. Ill, sir.
Amin. Ay, 'deed,
She took but little.
Lys. You'll let her take more,
And thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest, 'till
Thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shews the sport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?
Amin. No more nor less, than other couples use;
You know, what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell; I ne'er try'd other, sir;
But I perceive she is as quick as you deliver'd.
King. Well, you will trust me then, Amintor,
To chuse a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why? like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her,
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heav'n will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks are yours. But if the pow'rs,
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife,
Worthy to take her room.
King. I do not like this.—
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,
And your lady. I have some speech with you,
That may concern your after living well.
[*Exeunt all but* KING, EVAD. *and* AMIN.
Amin. He will not tell me, that he lies with her?
If he do, something heav'nly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!
King. You will suffer me to talk
With her, Amintor, and not have a jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife with whom she dares
To talk, and not be jealous.
King. How do you like
Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How is that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfill your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They, that break word with Heav'n, will break again.
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou would'st ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so; you do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore, indeed, that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him,
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face; which for your royalty
I would not stain!

King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me, then,
Not to love you, which will more afflict your body,
Than your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I have not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. He lies.
King. He does not.
Evad. By this light he does, strangely and basely!
And I'll prove it so. I did not shun him
For a night; but told him, I would never close
With him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man,
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the king! But urge me not; it is most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts,
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation, and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever? If he had not killed thee,
He could not bear it thus. He is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.
Evad. It is dissembling.
King. Take him! farewell; henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee, look for.
Evad. Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear. Amintor!
Amin. What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenuous look,
And should'st be virtuous: It amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife?
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The king and me.
Amin. O, Heav'n!
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself!
Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be punish'd
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia, is not yet reveng'd;
It follows me. I will not lose a word
To this vile woman: But to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
You are a tyrant!
And not so much to wrong an honest man thus,
As to take a pride in talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see how loud this fellow lied.
Amin. You, that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves: What punishment is due
From me to him, that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your lives through all the land,
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: As you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: For, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure! But, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say) why did you chuse out me
To make thus wretched? There were thousand fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.
Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still——It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world!
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.
King. No; for I believe thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happiness,
Bestow'd upon me, turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it! Good my lord the king,
Be private in it.
King. Thou may'st live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means, that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects,
That are religious, on another word,
Sounded like that; and, through a sea of sins,
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!
King. Well, I am resolute you lie not with her;
And so I leave you. [*Exit King.*
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows.

Amin. Prithee, vex me not!
Leave me! I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit* EVADNE.
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.
[*Exit.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. O Melantius, my daughter will die.
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry.
'Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown,
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave! Some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth: I mean to fight with thee.
There lie, my cloak! This was my father's sword,
And he durst fight. Are you prepared?
Mel. Why wilt thou doat thyself out of thy life?
Hence, get thee to bed! have careful looking to,
And eat warm things, and trouble not me:
My head is full of thoughts, more weighty
Than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man,
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far then: The power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.
Cal. I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face, and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.
Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay.
Cal. I would give half my land,
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him,
Till he asked me mercy.
Mel. Sir, will you be gone?
Cal. I dare not stay; but I'll go home and beat
My servants all over for this. [*Exit* CALIANAX.
Mel. This old fellow haunts me!
But the distracted carriage of my Amintor
Takes deeply on me: I will find the cause.
I fear his conscience cries, he wronged Aspatia.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief,
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched, then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one, I talk with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. 'Would I knew it; for the rareness
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late, for we were wont to change our souls in talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How was't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one!

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you; not of an idle jest, that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?
Mel. I have observ'd your words
Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill disposed: You were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be.
What is it?
Amin. A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this isle? The king
Rains greatness on me. Have I not receiv'd
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Immutable colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.
Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand,
As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I hear? a friend
Is nothing. Heav'n, I would have told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend 'he lied,' ere sooth'd him so.
Out of my bosom!

Amin. But there is nothing——
Mel. Worse and worse! farewell!
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.
Amin. Melantius, stay: You shall know what it is.
Mel. See, how you play'd with friendship! Be advised
How you give cause unto yourself to say,
You have lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!
Mel. Do not weep.
What is it? May I once but know the man
Hath turned my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that——
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me;
For, when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet; till I place thy heart
As peaceable, as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this—It is too big
To get out—Let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heav'n, if he escape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister—
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the king has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury, indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to say, 'a whore,'
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up, beyond throwing down: What are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of Friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd Friend!
I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance. Draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They, that use to utter lies,
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take then more
To raise thine anger: 'Tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But, if thou art so much press'd
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before,
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and, if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of Friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrust'st me upon questions, that will take
My sleep away! 'Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour! Pardon me, my friend!
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one! Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on myself,
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adult'rous king,
That drew her to it! Where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king! My honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.
Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay! Mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but, love and tears,

Leave me awhile; for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy. Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of Friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom: Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part! Invent a way
To give it back.
Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon!
Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear! but draw, or I—
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Draw then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can enforce me be!
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?
Amin. No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse; and, on the king,
A brave revenge: But on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.
Mel. Then join with me.
Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy.
Mel. Then dare not fight with me; for that's a sin.—
His grief distracts him: Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of Friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.
Amin. You must.
Mel. I will be kill'd first. Though my passions
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep, when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.
Amin. Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid, would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad, indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet, have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save
The brav'ry of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live,
And suffer with me.
Mel. I'll do what worth shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. 'Faith, I am sick, and desp'rately, I hope;
Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love, Melantius!
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MELANTIUS *again.*

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him,
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.—Diphilus!
Thou cam'st as sent.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the king; I thought their spleens would break; they laugh'd us all out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first mangle myself, and find it.
Mel. That was spoke according to our strain.
Come, join thy hands to mine,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say, there passed
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders. We are wrong'd.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: Prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it; haste!
[*Exit* DIPHILUS.
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to 'scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax—But I must have it. See,

Enter CALIANAX.

Where he comes shaking by me.—Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with ev'ry man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. You're touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.

Cal. Honour? where is't?
Mel. See, what starts you make into your hatred, to my love and freedom to you. I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me! 'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou'rt mad,
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the king,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but stay! I cannot 'scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see it
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the king.—I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius, but this cause
Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it.—I know this goes unto the king;
But I am armed. [*Exit* MELANTIUS.
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again! this fighting fool
Wants policy! I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray, my legs
Will last that pace, that I will carry them:
I shall want breath, before I find the king. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter MELANTIUS, EVADNE, *and a Lady.*

Mel. Save you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye,
Methinks, you look, Evadne—
Evad. Come, you would make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne: I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend me; I am bashful.
Come, sir, how do I look?
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go, wait me in the gallery.—Now speak. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Mel. I'll lock the door first.
Evad. Why?
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins,
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for it: Has it learnt you nothing?
Evad. Me?
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honoured scars, to come to such a parley.
Evad. I understand you not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They, that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not,
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.
Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more! There lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
'Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that, you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. 'Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir! where got you this report?
Mel. Where there were people, in every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they lied.
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch!
I come to know that desperate fool, that drew thee
From thy fair life: Be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners: Such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me

Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd!
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, 'till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Be gone! You are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first! 'Tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy virtue: Seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll have you whipp'd! get you to your command,
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. You're grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive? By my just sword, h'ad safer
Bestrid a billow, when the angry north
Plows up the sea, or made heaven's fire his food!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad: Sleep and speak sense.
Mel. Force my swollen heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
'Would they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to them! will you tell me?
Thou hast no hope to 'scape: He, that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to rescue thee; thou'st death about thee.
Who has undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave opened,
And so pulled on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again, and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth!
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll kill thee;
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No! 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest! When I have killed thee, as I have
Vow'd to do, if thou confess not, naked,
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended:
Noble sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir:
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again:
My sword's unsheathed yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask
Mine honour first. I've too much foolish nature
In me: Speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's too many.
Who is it?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently! It was the king.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded. King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: These are soldiers' thanks!
How long have you liv'd thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. 'Would I were half as blameless!
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again!
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. 'Would gods th' hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this king now? prithee hate him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him.
Curse, till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes! Yet, I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feel, among all those, one brave anger,

That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No; all the gods require it; they are dishonoured in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy sir,
For meat and coarser cloaths: Thus far you know no fear.
Come, you shall kill him.
Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst smother him.
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,
And, both to heav'n held up, swear by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.
Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!
Mel. Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring; ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit* MEL.
Evad. 'Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how 'friended,
That I should lose myself thus desp'rately,
And none for pity shew me how I wander'd?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monstrous!
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up

Enter AMINTOR.

The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!
Amin. How now?
Evad. My much abused lord! [*Kneels.*
Amin. This cannot be!
Evad. I do not kneel to live: I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow:
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman,
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering, that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,
A soul as white as heav'n; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can) or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which heav'n and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in; the same monster!
But these are names of honour, to what I am:
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most pois'nous, dang'rous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell,
'Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
'Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly pow'rs, that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the pow'rs above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for heav'n's honours, have their end, and good ones,

All but the cozening crocodiles, false women!
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and, when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something, that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
'Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolvd:
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee—
The last kiss we must take! And 'would to heav'n
The holy priest, that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well then.
Evad. All the dear joys here, and, above, hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
'Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.
[*Exeunt.*

Banquet. *Enter* King *and* Calianax.
[*Hautboys play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I'm sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose—but with my sword.
King. But did he break, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then 'scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it. If't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false; for, I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: You were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would have trusted me
Once, but the time is alter'd.
King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How! no more?
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But, so, you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: There are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boist'rous knave.
King. Enough. Where's Strato?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Sir!
King. Why, where is all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all,
[*Exit* Strato.
That are without there.—If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the pow'r
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man, and a counsellor,
Do fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter Amintor, Evadne, Melantius, Diphilus, Lysippus, Cleon, Strato.

King. Come, sirs! Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so: Thou shalt sit down.
Evadne, sit; and you, Amintor, too:
This banquet is for you, sir. Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire them not.
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them then.
King. Reach me a bowl of wine. Melantius, thou
Art sad.
Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I have ne'er a story of my own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere, for any man we trust,

To poison one of us in such a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are.
King. I'faith, 'twere easy: It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here. Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne.
Mel. Have you thought of this, Calianax? [*Apart.*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. You shall have it, soundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, 'till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet, I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not 'scape, that did it.
Mel. Were he known,
Impossible.
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be: If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword.
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man
Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old man.
Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou would'st; but yet thou might'st;
For thou hast in thy hands the means to 'scape,
By keeping of the fort. He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er besieged,
Since he commanded it.
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: But I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice. Had my brother kept it,
I should have said as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still!—Calianax,
I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd:
He knows no such thing. [*Apart.*
Cal. Impudence may 'scape,
When feeble virtue is accused.
King. He must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? This he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men, that are in fault,
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss: But I forgive
Freely, before this man. Heav'n do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine.
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to 'scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardoned: You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those, that do things worthy. The man that uttered this,
Had perish'd without food, be it who it will,
But for this arm, that fenc'd him from the foe.
And, if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him, that spake this.
Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.
Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! Didst thou not speak to me
Of it thyself?
Mel. Oh, then it came from him?
Cal. From me! who should it come from, but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have lost my anger. Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, chear
Amintor and his lady; there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.
Amin. You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis strange you should.
Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,
That never lied in's life?
Mel. I talk not to thee!
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach

Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much, at least, as I have power to bear.
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself—I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action, that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed, that pluck'd five years from time,
And styled me man then. And for you, my king,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm. This sword of mine hath plow'd the ground,
And reap'd the fruit in peace;
And you yourself have liv'd at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that, without swords,
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: And my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.
King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy. What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!
Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a villain!
Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort;
Dotard! I will disgrace thee thus for ever:
There shall no credit lie upon thy words.
Think better, and deliver it. [*Apart.*
Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it. Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst. Examine him,
While he is hot; for, if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness,
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.
Cal. Pity? a pox upon you!
Mel. Mark his disordered words! And at the masque,
Diagoras knows, he rag'd, and rail'd at me,
And called a lady whore, so innocent,
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning. If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him,
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old; have him away.
Mel. Calianax,
The king believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you have done well.—You'll give it up,
When I have used you thus a month, I hope. [*Apart.*
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me still.
He says he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus!
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I'm a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. And you, Evadne. Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still, and for ever. Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself. [*Exeunt.*

Manent MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. Ay,
Do look for some great punishment for this:
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly, that mine enemy
Should use me so extr'ordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me with the king;
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?
Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.
Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.
Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.
Cal. Ay, o' the king; I would revenge o' thee.
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I'm a fine plotter.
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the king
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.

But, if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the king,
Canst thou deny it again?
Mel. Try, and believe.
Cal. Nay, then thou canst bring any thing about.
Thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well:
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass,
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou should'st not have it. But I am disgrac'd;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe, the king would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the king shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly. Diphilus,

Enter DIPHILUS.

What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: The king hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it then. Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Have you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the same breed! Canst thou deny
This to the king too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Be gone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt* CAL. *and* DIPH.
Mel. This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: If thou be'st
That, which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance?—What's the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword! and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;
By Heav'n, to me, myself! And, I must tell you,
I love her, as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness.—Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as Valour;
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing, that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes; I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king,
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come then; and still remember,
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter EVADNE *and a Gentleman.*

Evad. SIR, is the king a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the king's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; 'would 'twere mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the king
Will wake, and then—
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam. I am gone. [*Exit.*
[*King a-bed.*

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's, that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for! Yet, I must through 'em.
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there.—He sleeps. Good Heav'ns!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet, I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were
To rock him to another world: My vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave, [*Ties his arms to the Bed.*
I dare not trust your strength. Your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So: If he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.—My lord the king!
My lord!—He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more.—My lord!—Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!
King. Who's that?
Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!
King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee. Come to bed.
Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?
King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love;
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see, and envy our embraces.
Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Prithee, to bed then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed.
King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you shall bleed! Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honour, that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.
King. How is this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be called a woman.
I am a tyger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double; and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will) to look those torments,
Prepared for such black souls.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible:
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not.
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your curst court and you (hell bless you for't!)
With your temptations on temptations,
Made me give up mine honour; for which, king,
I'm come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not!
I prithee speak not these things: Thou are gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires, that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain!
A thing out of the overcharge of nature;
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women! such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects;
Ay, all his heav'n hereafter!
King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still, there's none about you,
Within your cries: All promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*
King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold.
Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provok'd thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster.
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and whor'dst me, king;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'dst me still.
King. Evadne, pity me.
Evad. Hell take me then! This for my lord Amintor!

This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women! [*Kills him.*
King. Oh! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two of the Bedchamber.

1. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the king
Expects it, and will be angry.
2. 'Tis a fine wench! we'll have a snap at her
One of these nights as she goes from him.
1. Content! How quickly he had done with her.
I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.
2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
1. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
2. And so he does;
Pray heaven he be well; let's look. Alas!
He's stiff, wounded and dead! Treason, treason!
1. Run forth and call.
2. Treason, treason! [*Exit.*
1. This will be laid on us;
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter CLEON *and* LYSIPPUS.

Cleon. How now! Where's the traitor?
1. Fled, fled away; but there her woeful act lies still.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
1. There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds,
That tied our loves, a brother and a king;
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me!
Sirs, which way went she?

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few, that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen, I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CALIANAX, *on the walls.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am armed,
(Be constant, Diphilus!) now we have time,
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not.
My spirit lies not that way. Courage, Calianax.
Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people: Thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows!
You were born to be my end. The devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter LYSIPPUS, DIAGORAS, CLEON, STRATO, *and Guard.*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it!
Though he be mighty spirited, and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble; and this action
Rather pull'd on, than sought: His mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear, too.
Heaven forgive all! Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cleon. Ho, from the walls there.
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome.
We could have wish'd you here, lord: You are honest.
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, tho'
I dare not tell thee so—— [*Aside.*
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir.
Lys. I am sorry, that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd such distance. Pray Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think, might have preserv'd: Yet you know best.
Cal. When time was, I was mad; some, that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal.
Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee,
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments! Thy brother,
While he was good, I call'd him king; and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship. I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust
(That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore! and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so), like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffer'd in him; and this old man,
Wronged almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this:
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself

Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free.
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.
Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again: What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.
Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: My seal is at it.
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.
Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall.
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you king,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ASPATIA, *in man's apparel.*

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heav'n may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me, that will never let me rest;
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you, that I die;
For she, that can endure the misery,
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you, sir;

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you, sir. What's your business?
Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.
Ser. What, would you serve him?
Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.
Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth delay you any longer: You cannot.
Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.
Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular, I have in charge, about no weighty matters.
Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold-proof?
There's for thee; help me to him.
Ser. Pray be not angry, sir. I'll do my best. [*Exit.*
Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women: All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think, all shall go so! It is unjust,
That men and women should be matched together.

Enter AMINTOR *and his Man.*

Amin. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?
Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room; I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit Servant.*
Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it! [*Aside.*
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.
Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand,
That did it: 'Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.
Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour; I now arriv'd:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woeful one! But they, that are above,
Have ends in every thing. She us'd few words;
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be published. If you like your sword,
Use it: if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.
Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: And, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and be gone;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me words,
That would fetch tears into my eyes; and so
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me watch,

Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight,
Ere I returned.

Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd.
I do not deal uncivilly with those,
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus. [*She strikes him.*

Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd
[*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*

Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me then!
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.—— [*They fight.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: The blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those, I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!

Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter EVADNE, *her hands bloody, with a knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still, that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.

Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak: Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost.
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife!

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.

Amin. Those have most pow'r to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms!
Why, thou hast raised up mischief to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had pow'r to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth, whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand: And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. No more; pursue me not.

Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.
We may not part.

Amin. Forbear! Be wise, and let my rage
Go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you, that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed; it will return with me.

Evad. If it must be, I shall not fear to meet it:
Take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!

Evad. For heaven's sake, look more calm:
Thine eyes are sharper than thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence.
I'm worse than sick to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant. For heaven's sake, stand.

Evad. Receive me, then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, 'I lov'd thee once.' I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning.
[*Leaves her.*

Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*

Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
[*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
[*She dies.*

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood:
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden pow'r in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em: I am cold:
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears,

That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up:
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.
Asp. Was it a dream? There stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.
Amin. How dost thou? Speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.
Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?
Amin. I did.
Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her?
Amin. 'Tis true; and 'till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.
Asp. Thou'rt there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats, I brought with me, sought not revenge;
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?
Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor, I am well:
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss!
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: Wouldst thou have lov'd me, then?
Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.
Asp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee: I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh! I must go. Farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She swoons! Aspatia! Help! for heaven's sake, water!
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.
Aspatia, speak! What, no help yet? I fool!
I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing stirs;
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me! Aspatia, speak!
I've heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
Ye heav'nly powers! and lend, for some few years,
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!
I'll bow the body once again. Aspatia!—
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Kills himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering.—Oh, heaven! Help, help!

Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus, *and* Strato.

Lys. Where's Amintor?
Serv. Oh, there, there.
Lys. How strange is this!
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;
Melt; now it flows. Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh!
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh, thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue! Speak, speak!
Amin. What?
Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds,
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. Oh, brother!
Here lies your sister slain; you lose yourself
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son:
All that I had! Speak once again: What youth
Lies slain there by thee?
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*
Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now:
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a prattler; but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Diph. Hold, brother.
Lys. Stop him.
Diph. Fie? how unmanly was this offer in you;
Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you. You have given me that among you, will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,

Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that,
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.
Lys. Look to him tho', and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,
Unlooked-for, sudden deaths from heaven are sent;
But curst is he, that is their instrument.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Thierry,
Theodoret, } *brothers, kings of France and Austracia.*
Martell, *a soldier, friend to Theodoret.*
Protaldye, *gallant to Brunhalt.*
Bawdber,
Lecure, } *two panders.*
De Vitry, *a disbanded officer.*
Revellers.
Courtiers.
Huntsmen.

WOMEN.

Brunhalt, *mother to Thierry and Theodoret.*
Ordella, *the king of Arragon's daughter, married to Thierry.*
Memberge, *Theodoret's daughter.*
Ladies.

Scene.—*France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, *and* Bawdber.

Brun. Tax me with these hot taintures?
Theod. You're too sudden;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honour; how these courses,
Of loose and lazy pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known; your mind that grants no limit,
And all your actions follow, which loose people,
That see but through a mist of circumstance,
Dare term ambitious; all your ways hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.
Your instruments like these may call the world,
And with a fearful clamour, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example,
If not for virtue's sake, you may be honest:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis necessary,
Because you are yourself, and by yourself,
A self-piece from the touch of power and justice,
You should command yourself. You may imagine
(Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
The name of greatness glorifies your actions;
And strong power, like a pent-house, promises
To shade you from opinion: Take heed, mother!
And let us all take heed! these most abuse us:
The sins we do people behold through optics,
Which shew them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiply them: Then what justice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
When we are thieves ourselves?
Brun. This is Martell,

Studied and penn'd unto you; whose base person,
I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to, nor allowance!
Next, I tell you, sir, you, from whom obedience
Is so far fled that you dare tax a mother,
Nay, further, brand her honour with your slanders,
And break into the treasures of her credit,
Your easiness is abused, your faith freighted
With lies, malicious lies; your merchant mischief;
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
Suspicions into honest hearts: What you or he,
Or all the world, dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions! I am she,
And so will bear myself, whose truth and whiteness
Shall ever stand as far from these detections
As you from duty. Get you better servants,
People of honest actions, without ends,
And whip these knaves away! they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poisons. My known credit,
Whom all the courts o' this side Nile have envied,
And happy she could cite me, brought in question,
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be rendered?
And by a rush that one day's warmth
Hath shot up to this swelling? Give me justice,
Which is his life!
Theod. This is an impudence;
And he must tell you, that 'till now, mother,
Brought you a son's obedience, and now breaks it
Above the sufferance of a son.
Baw. Bless us!
For I do now begin to feel myself
Tucking into a halter, and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.
Theod. These truths are no man's tales, but all mens' troubles;
They are, though your strange greatness would out-stare 'em:
Witness the daily libels, almost ballads,
In every place almost, in every province,
Are made upon your lust; tavern discourses;
Crowds cram'd with whispers; nay, the holy temples
Are not without your curses. Now you would blush;
But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I should fright that too.
Brun. Oh, ye gods!
Theod. Do not abuse their names! they see your actions:
And your conceal'd sins, though you work like moles,
Lie level to their justice.
Brun. Art thou a son?
Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so.
But, woman, (for a mother's name hath left me,
Since you have left your honour) mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame; and fairly,
(Your most intemperate fires have burnt) and quickly,
Within these ten days, take a monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make you
Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears——
Brun. Oh, misery!
Theod. And there to cold repentance, and starv'd penance,
Tie your succeeding days: Or curse me, Heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers, and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, strong Protaldye,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not shame 'em, fed with spunges
To suck away their rankness! and yourself
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old desires!
Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Though Heav'n might grant me both; unthankful, no!
I nourish'd you; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you;
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd; I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness;
'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps; I watch'd your wakings;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd,
Discours'd, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are; and am I thus rewarded?
Theod. But that I know these tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd:
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.
Brun. In my last hours despis'd?
Theod. That text should tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus:
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains you;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers,
Lie not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palsy;
Your power they may love, and like Spanish jennets
Commit with such a gust——
Baw. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now! [*Exit.*
Theod. But were you once disgrac'd,
Or fall'n in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you,
And become browse for every beast. You will'd me
To stock myself with better friends, and servants;
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples, and (lest Art
Should lose herself in act) to call back Custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe! I told you how;
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance

Of what you were, I am your son: Perform it! [*Exit.*
Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt,
From this accursed hour forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns backward:
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtful!

Enter Bawdber, Protaldye, *and* Lecure.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet! clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withal? uphold me;
It runs like snow-balls through me!
Brun. Now, my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions!
Baw. Lord, how she looks!
Brun. Hell take you all!
Baw. We shall be gelt.
Brun. Your mistress,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tir'd curtals,
Suffers for your base sins! I must be cloister'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous: Who can help this?
Now you stand still, like statues! Come, Protaldye!
One kiss before I perish, kiss me strongly!
Another, and a third!
Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as she holds this way.
Brun. The young courser,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win thy mistress:
Must I be chaste, Protaldye?
Prot. Thus, and thus, lady!
Brun. It shall be so: Let him seek fools for vestals!
Here is my cloister.
Lec. But what safety, madam,
Find you in staying here?
Brun. Th'hast hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilly,
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourn;
And thou shalt weep, Protaldye, in my witness:
And these forswear.
Baw. Yes; any thing but gelding!
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
To-morrow we are capons!
Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,
Ere I forsake this desart. I live honest?
He may as well bid dead men walk! I humbled,
Or bent below my power? let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphere!
Lec. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you, or any,
Ye dross, ye powder'd pigsbones, rhubarb clisters!
Must you know my designs? a college of you
The proverb makes but fools.
Prot. But, noble lady ——
Brun. You are a saucy ass too. Off I will not,
If you but anger me, 'till a sow gelder
Have cut you all like colts: Hold me, and kiss me!
For I am too much troubled. Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private; come, about it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoret, Martell, *&c.*

Theod. Tho' I assure myself, Martell, your counsel
Had no end but allegiance and my honour,
Yet I am jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
Of a son's duty: For, suppose her worse
Than your report, not by bare circumstance
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out;
Yet since all weaknesses in a kingdom are
No more to be severely punish'd, than
The faults of kings are, by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.
Mart. Sir,
A duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance; nor did your highness ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkable point in which kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allied to them
In nearness, or dependence, by their care
Should be free from suspicion of all crime:
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: First, in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures you remove th' example
From others of the like licentiousness;
Then when 'tis known that your severity
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least indulgence or connivance in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you, or to the kingdom?
Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good, Martell, if, as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of being: But I know her temper,
And fear (if such a word become a king)
That in discovering her, I have let loose
A tigress, whose rage, being shut up in darkness,
Was grievous only to herself; which, brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,

Provok'd by her own shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformity.
Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give suspicion
Of the least violence, should be chained up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt
Par'd off, and knock'd out; and so made unable
To do ill, they would soon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your grace done,
Or would do yet, what your less-forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: For, believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy, that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives armour
To keep off his own strength; nay, more, disarms
Himself, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.
Theod. 'Tis true:
And such a desperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle unguents only were
To be applied: And as physicians,
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, tho' alike diseas'd;
So she, considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordials to restore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.
Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am silent.

Enter DE VITRY.

Theod. What laugh'd you at, sir?
Vitry. I have some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.
Theod. Why, what's the matter?
Vitry. I see, and joy to see, that sometimes poor men
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For means to breathe to such as are held vicious,
Than those that wear, like hypocrites, on their foreheads
Th' ambitious titles of just men and virtuous.
Mart. Speak to the purpose!
Vitry. Who would e'er have thought
The good old queen, your highness' reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an academe,
In which all principles of lust were practis'd)
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state were charitably
Conferr'd on panders, o'er-worn, chamber-wrestlers,
And such physicians as knew how to kill
With safety, under the pretence of saving,
And such-like children of a monstrous peace;
That she, I say, should at the length provide
That men of war, and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their cod-piece,
Should be esteem'd of more than moths or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.
Theod. I am glad to hear it;
Prithee what course takes she to do this?
Vitry. One
That cannot fail: She and her virtuous train,
Wi' her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court; and, as 'tis more
Then said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How!
Vitry. Nay, storm not;
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of such a fiery temper as report
Has given him out for, you shall have cause to use
Such poor men as myself; and thank us too
For coming to you, and without petitions:
Pray Heav'n reward the good old woman for't!
Mart. I foresaw this.
Theod. I hear a tempest coming,
That sings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back!
Yet stay! why should I use means to bring in
A plague, that of herself hath left me? Muster
Our soldiers up! we'll stand upon our guard;
For we shall be attempted. Yet forbear!
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature: Something
Must be done, and done suddenly. Save your labour!
In this I'll use no counsel but mine own:
That course, tho' dangerous, is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness to attend us!
Martell, your company; and, honest Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?
Vitry. Yes, any where;
To be worse than I'm here, is past my fear.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter THIERRY, BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, *and* LECURE.

Thi. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who, since he hath forgot to be a son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have raz'd their temples, and spurn'd down their altars,
Than, in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.
Brun. Princely son,
And in this worthy of a nearer name,
I have, in the relation of my wrongs,
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To express my insupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: Nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes, and force me to divide
The fires of brotherly affection,
Which should make but one flame.
Thi. That part of his,
As it deserves, shall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their lord,
Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have power
To put it out: And you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shall find cause to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to understand
His ignorance of the prizeless jewel which
He did possess in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner,
Than if th' absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand. Once more, you're welcome!
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge
Admits not of delay. Your hand, lord-general!

Enter PROTALDYE, *with Soldiers.*

Brun. Your favour and his merit, I may say,
Have made him such; but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.
Thi. How! my subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh, Heaven! my subjects?
How base should I esteem the name of prince,
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirlwind of my absolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To such a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encrease it; that,
Altho' he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night-labour of strong Hercules,
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives; whose hands, tho' strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury!—
But I grow glorious—and let them beware
That, in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild prince (for, if provok'd,
I dare and will be so) into a tyrant!
Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again,
And your fall'n fortunes rise.
Baw. I hope your highness
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely,
If cashier'd now, I shall prove a bad caterer
In the fish-market of cold chastity.
Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remember'd
I had a soul, but such an one whose essence
Depended wholly on your highness' pleasure;
And therefore, madam—
Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such instruments we must not lose.
Lec. Baw. Our service!
Thi. You've viewed them then? what's your opinion of them?
In this dull time of peace, we have prepared 'em
Apt for the war; ha?
Prot. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armours,
The soldier's best-lov'd wealth: More, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd;
For many of them can discharge their musquets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers-by,
By sweating too much backwards: Nay, I find
They know the right and left-hand file, and may,
With some impulsion, no doubt be brought
To pass the *A, B, C,* of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.
Thi. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it.
Prot. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents, of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be said
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be esteem'd a coward!
For, sir, few captains know the way to win him,
And make the soldier valiant. You shall see me
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what seems stranger,

We'll sometimes wench together, which, once practis'd,
And with some other care and hidden arts,
They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervor,
That, tho' I brought them to besiege a fort
Whose walls were steeple-high, and cannon-proof,
Not to be undermin'd, they should fly up
Like swallows; and, the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
They should leap down again; and what is more,
By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.
Thi. This is above belief.
Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, tho' he hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.
Lec. She means on her.
Brun. And howsoever in his thankfulness,
For some few favours done him by myself,
He left Austracia; not Theodoret,
Tho' he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
With all his dukedom's power, that shame upon him,
Which in his barbarous malice to my honour,
He swore with threats t' effect.
Thi. I cannot but
Believe you, madam.—Thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither: In thy conduct, we
Go on assured of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next sun.

Enter THEODORET, MEMBERGE, MARTELL, *and* DE VITRY.

Lec. Amazement leave me!
'Tis he.
Bawd. We are again undone!
Prot. Our guilt
Hath no assurance nor defence.
Bawd. If now
Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discover'd.
Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears!
I am prepar'd for't.
Theod. How! not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see you, brother?
Thi. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolv'd
Whether to entertain thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet stand bound
(Tho' thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing,
Before I execute. What foolish hope,
(Nay, pray you forbear) or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assur'd, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyself)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy sear'd-up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like Nero—
Like, said I? thou art worse; since thou dar'st strive
In her defame to murder thine alive.
Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (tho' I wish some other
Should so report her) could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was resolv'd before;
Nor make I doubt but that she hath impoison'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incens'd your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.
Brun. To excuse
Thy impious scandals rather!
Prot. Rather forc'd with fear
To be compell'd to come.
Thi. Forbear!
Theod. This moves not me; and yet, had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty: But since Innocence
Is to itself an hundred thousand guards,
And that there is no son, but tho' he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away with his own danger
From th' number of her faults, than for his own
Security, to add unto them: This,
This hath made me to prevent th' expence
Of blood on both sides; the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been requir'd from you;
Rather I say to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood a sacrifice to your anger,
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserv'd.
Thi. I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-sail'd confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quench'd it. Ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much: How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son, and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am sway'd here,
And must ask of you, how 'tis possible
You can affect me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you should pay all love?
Theod. Which, join'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not us'd herself so many swords
To cut those bonds that tied me to it.
Thi. Fy,
No more of that!
Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleasure to discourse of: 'Would

It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me! nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of Heav'n) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent judges might condemn me for
A most malicious slanderer, nay, text it
Upon my forehead. If you hate me, mother,
Put me to such a shame; pray you do! Believe it,
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-banish'd virtues, and good name
Usher'd me to it.
Thi. See, she shews herself
An easy mother, which her tears confirm!
Theod. 'Tis a good sign; the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.
Thi. Embrace!—Why, this is well:
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, rise between you!
Baw. Do you hear, lord-general?
Does not your new-stamp'd honour on the sudden
Begin to grow sick?
Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I should think of
Some honest hospital to retire to.
Baw. Sure,
Altho' I am a bawd, yet being a lord,
They cannot whip me for't: What's your opinion?
Lec. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot;
There's something that more near concerns myself
That calls upon me.
Mart. Note but yonder scarabes,
That liv'd upon the dung of her base pleasures;
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads!
Vitry. What's that to me?
Tho' they and all the polecats of the court
Were truss'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecue,
To help to keep me honest. [*A horn.*

Enter a Post.

Thi. How! from whence?
Post. These letters will resolve your grace.
Thi. What speak they?— [*Reads.*
How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing, almost equal to it,
Is coming tow'rds me! my contracted wife
Ordella, daughter of wise Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then, to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your presence
Our long-deferr'd, but much wish'd nuptial,
Falls out above expression! Heav'n be pleas'd
That I may use these blessings pour'd on me
With moderation!
Brun. Hell and furies aid me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues,
That press upon me!
Thi. Two days' journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her:
Nay, let me have your companies! there's a forest
In the midway shall yield us hunting sport,
To ease our travel: I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it; therefore clear them!
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts;
And th' war we meant to men, we'll make on beasts.
[*Exeunt omnes præter* BRUN. BAW. PROT. LEC.
Brun. Oh, that I had the magick to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you piece-meal! Are you so stupid?
No word of comfort? Have I fed your mouths
From my excess of moisture, with such cost,
And can you yield no other retribution,
But to devour your maker? pandar, sponge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren?
Prot. You yourself,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself, in giving way
To th' reconcilement of your sons.
Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily
Remove all other hind'rances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.
Baw. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicates, hang me!
Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation; their reconcilement
's a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which, when I am pleas'd to o'erthrow,
I can with ease spurn down.
Lec. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction?
Brun. My grief comes along
With the new queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwreck: For me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yield the least precedence
To any other, 's death! to have my sleeps
Less enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the king's great favours
To pass thro' any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me—Do you understand me yet?
No means to prevent this?
Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, madam,
For me, tho' I have pleas'd you, to attempt her
Were to no purpose.
Brun. Tush, some other way!
Baw. Faith, I know none else; all my bringing-up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lec. Give me leave!
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What is't? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my Æsculapius;

Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worship it.
Lec. The lady is fair?
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lec. And young?
Brun. Some fifteen at the most.
Lec. And loves the king with equal ardour?
Brun. More; she dotes on him.
Lec. Well then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man?
Prot. 'Twere rare!
Lec. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which ne'er can be made up;
Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent!
Baw. The physician
Helps ever at a dead lift: A fine calling,
That can both raise and take down: Out upon thee!
Brun. For this one service, I am ever thine!
Prepare't; I'll give it him myself. For you, Protaldye,
By this kiss, and our promis'd sport at night,
I do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of Theodoret,
Or any of his followers: Whatsoe'er
You are, yet appear valiant, and make good
Th' opinion that is had of you! For myself,
In the new queen's remove being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure.
[*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter THEODORET *and* THIERRY.

Theod. This stag stood well, and cunningly.
Thi. My horse,
I'm sure, has found it, for his sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?

Enter MARTELL.

Theod. Pass'd homeward,
Weary and tir'd as we are.—Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?
Mart. Yes, sir; I've singled him; and if there be
Any desert in's blood, beside the itch,
Or manly heat, but what decoctions,
Leeches, and cullises have cram'd into him,
Your lordship shall know perfect.
Thi. What is that?
May not I know too?
Theod. Yes, sir; to that end
We cast the project.
Thi. What is't?
Mart. A design, sir,
Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wand'ring eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us!)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward; a mere lump,
Made to load beds withal, and, like a night-mare,
Ride ladies that forget to say their prayers;
One that dares only be diseased, and in debt;
Whose body mews more plaisters every month,
Than women do old faces!
Thi. No more! I know him;
I now repent my error. Take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd,
You tie your anger up.
Mart. I lost it else, sir.
Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without violence,
(For that will best declare him)——
Theod. That's the thing.
Thi. And my best horse is thine.
Mart. Your grace's servant! [*Exit.*
Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir?
Thi. Not to-day; the weather
Is grown too warm; besides the dogs are spent:
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And halloo in the troop! [*Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter Two Huntsmen.

1 *Hunts.* Ay, marry, Twainer,
This woman gives indeed; these are the angels
That are the keepers' saints!
2 *Hunts.* I like a woman
That handles the deer's dowsets with discretion,
And pays us by proportion.
1 *Hunts.* 'Tis no treason
To think this good old lady has a stump yet
That may require a coral.
2 *Hunts.* And the bells too;

Enter PROTALDYE.

Sh'has lost a friend of me else. But here's the clerk:
No more, for fear o' th' bell ropes!
Prot. How now, keepers?
Saw you the king?
1 *Hunts.* Yes, sir; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take't, ridden home.
Prot. Farewell then! [*Exeunt keepers.*

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy,
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Prot. How, sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.
Mart. Few words shall serve:
I am betray'd, sir; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and foully laid for; for my life, sir!
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, sir.

Prot. Where, sir?
Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms upon me,
I've met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning, sir?
For I have present business.
Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in such a peril.
There are but six, my lord.
Prot. What six?
Mart. Six villains,
Sworn, and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?
Mart. Alas, sir,
What can six do, or six score, now you're present?
Your name will blow 'em off: Say they have shot too,
Who dare present a piece? your valour's proof, sir.
Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion,
Against a multitude. 'Tis true I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me,
(In which I am no more mine own, nor your's, sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger,
But what concerns my place) tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six? why, Hercules
Avoided two, man: Yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
Were there but four, sir, I car'd not if I kill'd them;
They'll serve to set my sword.
Mart. There are but four, sir,
I did mistake them: But four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour—
Prot. Well consider'd!
I will not meddle with 'em; four, in honour,
Are equal with fourscore: Besides, they're people
Only directed by their fury.
Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice.
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?
Prot. I would not leave you; but, look you, sir,
Men of my place and business must not
Be question'd thus.
Mart. You cannot pass, sir,
Now they have seen me with you, without danger:
They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two!
Prot. Let the law take 'em! take a tree, sir—
I'll take my horse—that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
I'll send you rescue, and a toil to take 'em.
Mart. You shall not go so poorly. Stay! but one, sir!
Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,
So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, sir,
I've mainly vow'd against 'em: Yet, for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.
Mart. There is no
More, sir, and, as I doubt, a base one too.
Prot. Fy on him! Go, lug him out by th' ears!
Mart. Yes,
This is he, sir; the basest in the kingdom.
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a general-fool,
A knave, a coward, an upstart stallion bawd,
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knows patience.
Mart. Yes,
This way, sir; now draw your sword, and right you, [*Kicks him.*
Or render it to me; for one you shall do!
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, sir!
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady mistress,
Sh'has shot up a sweet mushroom! quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes, (when they know thee)
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee:
Go, get you to your foining work at court,
And learn to sweat again, and eat dry mutton!
An armour like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar, you rogue! Not a reply,
For if you do, your ears go off!
Prot. Still patience. [*Exeunt.*

Loud Musick. A Banquet set out.

Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure, Bawdber, &c.

Thi. It is your place; and tho' in all things else
You may and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.
Ord. Sir, the consent
That made me yours, shall never teach me to
Repent I am so: Yet be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to say so much; the honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.
Thi. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in such a blessing
That pays to you so large a share of duty.
But, fy! no more! for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces that are in the power
Of majesty to bestow.
Brun. Which I'll provide
Shall be short liv'd. Lecure!
Lec. I have it ready.
Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup.
Lec. You honour me.
Thi. We're dull;
No object to provoke mirth?
Theod. Martell,
If you remember, sir, will grace your feast
With something that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thi. Touching Protaldye?
Theod. You have it.

Brun. What of him! I fear his baseness, [*Aside.*
In spite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him with, will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

Enter MARTELL.

Theod. Look, sir; he has it!
Nay, we shall have peace, when so great a soldier
As the renown'd Protaldye will give up
His sword, rather than use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head! [*Aside.*
Thi. Pray you, speak;
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him, sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead: Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent your
His nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have sav'd the rest of his face. He is, sir,
The most unutterable coward that e'er Nature
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only given him
To th' ruin of bastinadoes.
Thi. Possible?
Theod. Observe but how she frets!
Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the shame of this disgrace
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men; I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top,
And make him dance before you.
Brun. Slave, thou liest!
Thou dar'st as well speak treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him:
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Mart. Nay, pray you, madam;
I have no ears to hear you, tho' a foot
To let you understand what he is.
Brun. Villain—
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter PROTALDYE.

Prot. The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating, and such virtues,
I have been long acquainted with.
Mart. Oh, strange!
Baw. Behold the man you talk of!
Brun. Give me leave!
Or free thyself—think in what place you are—
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour—be bold; I'll protect you—
Or here I vow—deny it or swear it—
These honours which thou wear'st unworthily—
Which be but impudent enough, and keep them—
Shall be torn from thee, with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it.—
My valour? is there any here, beneath
The stile of king, dares question it?
Thi. This is rare!
Prot. Which of my actions, which have still been noble,
Has render'd me suspected?
Thi. Nay, Martell,
You must not fall off.
Mart. Oh, sir, fear it not:
D'you know this sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. 'Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it, say you?
Mart. So.
Thi. Nay, study not an answer; confess freely!
Prot. Oh, I remember't now: At the stag's fall,
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And, now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch) this silly wretch I spoke of,
With his petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my will he kiss'd) desir'd,
That, as a special means for his preferment,
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword,
To cut off the stag's head.
Brun. Will you hear that?
Baw. This lie bears a similitude of truth.
Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakness in me,)
Granted his humble suit.
Mart. Oh, impudence!
Thi. This change is excellent.
Mart. A word with you:
Deny it not! I was that man disguis'd;
You know my temper, and, as you respect
A daily cudgelling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by the nose, or the most precious balm
You us'd of patience, (patience, do you mark me?)
Confess before these kings, with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.
Prot. Oh, I shall burst!
And if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, although Herculean,
And somewhat bigger! There's my gage! pray you here
Let me redeem my credit!
Thi. Ha, ha! Forbear!
Mart. Pray you let me take it up; and if I do not,
Against all odds of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees,
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that's my office.
Baw. Fy!
You take the hangman's place?
Ord. Nay, good my lord,
Let me atone this difference! do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the centaurs' feast.
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto ladies: For my sake,
Forget your suppos'd wrong!
Prot. Well, let him thank you!
For your sake, he shall live, perhaps a day;
And, may be, on submission, longer.
Theod. Nay,
Martell, you must be patient.

Mart. I am yours;
And this slave shall be once more mine.
Thi. Sit all!
One health, and so to bed! for I too long
Defer my choicest delicates.
Brun. Which, if poison
Have any power, thou shalt, like Tantalus,
Behold and never taste. Be careful!
Lec. Fear not!
Brun. Though it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thi. Let it come freely!
Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the son we hope
This night shall be an embrion!
Thi. You have nam'd
A blessing that I most desir'd; I pledge you:
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto so great a good.
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began!
Thi. Well, as you please.
Brun. Is't done!
Lec. Unto your wish, I warrant you;
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.
Thi. So, 'tis gone round: Lights!
Brun. Pray you, use my service.
Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, madam,
And must have none from you: Pray you pardon me!
Thi. Good rest to all!
Theod. And to you, pleasant labour!
Martell, your company! Madam, good night!
[*Exe. all but* Brun. Prot. Lec. *and* Baw.
Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush; but I will hide it,
And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not pity,
That thou, that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
In which she is best pleas'd, should be so fearful
To meet a man?
Prot. Why, would you have me lose
That blood that's dedicated to your service,
In any other quarrel?
Brun. No; reserve it!
As I will study to preserve thy credit.—
You, sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling.
Baw. 'Would your highness
Were pleas'd to inform me better of your purpose!
Brun. Why one, sir, that would thus be box'd or kick'd;
D'you apprehend me now?
Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that shall receive this from my lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns?
Prot. He shall.
Baw. Besides,
His day of bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lese your grace nor your good favour?
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Baw. It must be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?
Prot. True, it should.
Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse?
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baw. If he be a lord,
'Twill be the greater grace?
Brun. Thou'rt in the right.
Baw. Why then, behold that valiant man and lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgelling:
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the nine worthies.
Brun. Out, you pandar!
Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it: Lose not time
In vain replies, but do it!—Come, my solace,
Let us to bed! and, our desires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine us'd to ruin us.
Yet one word more; Lecure, art thou assur'd
The potion will work?
Lec. My life upon it!
Brun. Come, my Protaldye, thou then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denied
To her that does expect them, being a bride!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Thierry *and* Ordella, *as from bed.*

Thi. Sure I have drunk the blood of elephants!
The tears of mandrakes, and the marble dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural heat,
And left no spark of fire but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward! make me all one piece, though earth!
My tears shall overwhelm you else too.
Ord. What moves my lord to this strange sadness!
If any late-discerned want in me
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompense.
Thi. Are you yet frozen, veins? feel you a breath,
Whose temperate heat would make the North star reel,

Her icy pillars thaw'd; and do you not melt?
Draw nearer! yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiss thou may'st confess
I have not heat enough to make a blush!
Ord. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a husband!
Thi. How should he speak the language of a husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?
Ord. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you, with that you now deliver.
Thi. Bind not his ears up with so dull a charm,
Who hath no other sense left open! why should thy words
Find more restraint than thy free-speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs,
The silent orators to slow desire?
Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance,
Which must be lost in knowledge! Heav'n can witness,
My furthest hope of good reach'd at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
That in itself is direct and easy.
Thi. Oh, thou hast drunk the juice of hemlock too:
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly-prais'd workmanship, the first chaste couple,
Before the want of joy taught guilty sight
A way, through shame and sorrow, to delight?
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence,
When turtles kiss'd to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it?
Ord. I know no bar.
Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats woman,
And says the name of *wife* did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother;
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her husband.
Ord. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to yourself
Was only worthy of my virgin loss;
And should I prize you less unpattern'd, sir,
Than being exemplified? Is't not more honour
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue,
Than what is parallel'd? Give me belief;
The name of mother knows no way of good,
More than the end in me: Who weds for lust
Is oft a widow; when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain, is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to dissolve,
Nor wrinkles bury.
Thi. Confine thyself to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me, is only left
To give persuasion to me I'm a man!
Or say, th' hast never seen the rivers haste
With gladsome speed, to meet the am'rous sea.
Ord. We're but to praise the coolness of their streams.
Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by their lustful fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the sport.
Ord. As it made way unto their envied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmless eyes.
Thi. Nor do you know the reason why the dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kiss'd her happy mate?
Ord. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight,
Whose absence only gave her mourning voice.
Thi. And you could, dove-like, to a single object
Bind your loose spirits? to one? nay, such a one
Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer sense made useless? nay, myself,
As in my all of good, already known?
Ord. Let proof plead for me! let me be mew'd up
Where never eye may reach me, but your own!
And when I shall repent, but in my looks; if sigh—
Thi. Or shed a tear that's warm?
Ord. But in your sadness.
Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
Ask if it be St Valentine, their coupling day?
Ord. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me, by the title of Most Falsehood!
Thi. Oh, who would know a wife,
That might have such a friend? Posterity,
Henceforth lose the name of blessing, and leave
Th' earth uninhabited to people Heav'n!

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, MARTELL, *and* PROTALDYE.

Mart. All happiness to Thierry and Ordella!
Thi. 'Tis a desire but borrow'd from me; my happiness
Shall be the period of all good mens' wishes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one give all! Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here;
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, title, sovereignty.
Brun. What passion sways my son?
Thi. Oh, mother, she has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made possible
To my glad being!
Prot. He should have done
Little unto her, he is so light-hearted.
Thi. My brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want, enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded: Instead of question,
Let it be envy not to bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and masques
Keep waking our delights, mocking night's malice,

Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us! our court
Be but one stage of revels, and each eye
The scene where our content moves!
Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, sir.
Mart. 'Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of widower.
Thi. Music, why art thou so
Slow-voic'd? it stays thy presence, my Ordella;
This chamber is a sphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way, I say!
Who must alone her sex's want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.
Mart. This passion's above utterance!
Theod. Nay, credulity!
[*Exe. all but* Thi. *and* Brun.
Brun. Why, son, what mean you? are you a man?
Thi. No, mother, I'm no man:
Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?
Thi. That being no man, I'm married to no woman:
The best of men in full ability
Can only hope to satisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
(And such defective poverty, that to her bed
From my first cradle brought no strength but thought)
Have met a temperance beyond her's that rock'd me,
Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loss by her desire.
Brun. It is beyond my admiration!
Thi. Beyond your sex's faith!
The unripe virgins of our age, to hear't,
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
Th' example to a miracle.
Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement;
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruel Theodoret!
Thi. What of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule:
Who, loving the effect, would not be strange
In favouring the cause: Look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.
Thi. The name of father, to what I possess,
Is shame and care.
Brun. Were we begot to single happiness,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age of chastity?
Thi. You teach a deaf man language.
Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease.
Have you heard of one Leforte?
Thi. A learn'd astronomer, a great magician,
Who lives hard-by retir'd.
Brun. Repair to him, with the just hour and place
Of your nativity: Fools are amazed at fate;
Griefs, but conceal'd, are never desperate.
Thi. You've timely waken'd me; nor shall sleep
Without the satisfaction of his art. [*Exit.*

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't.—Lecure, met happily!
Lec. The ground answers your purpose, the conveyance
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret.
Brun. 'Tis well: Your trust invites you to a second charge;
You know Leforte's cell?
Lec. Who constellated your fair birth.
Brun. Enough; I see thou know'st him; where is Bawdber?
Lec. I left him careful of the project cast
To raise Protaldye's credit.
Brun. A sore that must be plaister'd; in whose wound
Others shall find their graves think themselves sound.
Your ear and quickest apprehension! [*Exit.*

Enter Bawdber *and a Servant.*

Baw. This man of war will advance?
Lec. His hour's upon the stroke.
Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my ears!
I love no noise in my head; my brains
Have hitherto been employ'd in silent businesses.

Enter De Vitry.

Lec. The gentleman's within your reach, sir. [*Exit.*
Baw. Give ground,
Whilst I drill my wits to the encounter.——
De Vitry, I take it?
Vitry. All that's left of him.
Baw. Is there another parcel of you? If
It be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it,
To make you wholly mine.
Vitry. You seek too hard
A pennyworth.
Baw. You do'ill to keep
Such distance; your parts have been long known to me,
Howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.
Vitry. I must confess, I have been subject to
Lewd company.
Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance!
You've been a soldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.
Vitry. A couple of unprofitable ones, that
Have only serv'd to get me a stomach to
My dinner.
Baw. Much good may it do you, sir.
Vitry. You should
Have heard me say I'd din'd first: I have built
On an unwholsome ground, rais'd up a house
Before I knew a tenant, march'd to meet weariness,
Fought to find want and hunger.
Baw. 'Tis time you
Put up your sword, and run away for meat, sir:
Nay, if I had not withdrawn ere now,

I might have kept the fast with you: But since
The way to thrive is never late, what is
The nearest course to profit, think you?
Vitry. It may be
Your worship will say bawdry.
Baw. True sense, bawdry.
Vitry. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I ne'er knew
But one.
Baw. I'll shew you a new way
Of prostitution: Fall back! further yet!
Further! There's fifty crowns; do but as much to
Protaldye, the queen's favourite, they are doubled.
Vitry. But thus much?
Baw. Give him but an affront as
He comes to th' presence, and i' his drawing make way,
Like a true bawd t' his valour, the sum's thy own;
If ye take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop
Of blood weighs down a ducat.
Vitry. After that rate,
I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me blush to see my want,
Whose cure is such a cheap and easy purchase:
This is male-bawdry, belike?

Enter PROTALDYE, *a Lady, and Revellers.*

Baw. See!
You shall not be long earning your wages;
Your work's before your eyes.
Vitry. Leave it to my
Handling; I'll fall upon it instantly.
Baw. What opinion will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention
Tickles with apprehension on't!
Prot. These are
The joys of marriage, lady, whose sights are
Able to dissolve virginity. Speak freely!
Do you not envy the bride's felicity?
Lady. How should I, being partner of't?
Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taste
Stands from your palate: If he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night gave?
Vitry. Will you have a relish of wit, lady?
Baw. This is the man.
Lady. If it be not dear, sir.
Vitry. If you affect cheapness,
How can you prize this sullied ware so much?
Mine's fresh, my own, not retail'd.
Prot. You are saucy, sirrah!
Vitry. The fitter to be in
The dish with such dry stockfish as you are.——
How! strike?
Baw. Remember the condition, as
You look for payment!
Vitry. That box was left out
O'th' bargain.
Prot. Help, help, help!
Baw. Plague of
The scrivener's running hand! what a blow's this to
My reputation!

Enter THIERRY, THEODORET, BRUNHALT, ORDELLA, MEMBERGE, *and* MARTELL.

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?
Vitry. Hear me, sir!
This creature hir'd me, wi' fifty crowns in hand,
To let Protaldye have the better of me
At single rapier on a made quarrel: He,
Mistaking th' weapon, lays me over the chaps
With his club-fist, for which I was bold to teach him
The art of memory.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theod. Your general, mother, will display himself,
'Spite of our peace, I see.
Thi. Forbear these civil jars: Fy, Protaldye!
So open in your projects? Avoid our presence, sirrah!
Vitry. Willingly. If you have any more
Wages to earn, you see I can take pains.
Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour,
More than was promis'd. Ha, ha, ha!
Baw. Where could I wish myself now? in the Isle of Dogs,
So I might escape scratching; for I see
By her cats' eyes I shall be claw'd fearfully.
Thi. We'll hear no more on't; music drown all sadness! [*Soft music.*
Command the revellers in. At what a rate I do
Purchase my mother's absence, to give my spleen
Full liberty!
Brun. Speak not a thought's delay; it names thy ruin.
Prot. I had thought my life had borne more value with you.
Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't; let that secure thee!
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair; the blow once given,
Thou art unseen.
Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm sure.
Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own destruction! [PROT. *withdraws.*
Thi. You'll add unto her rage.
Theod. 'Sfoot, I shall burst,
Unless I vent myself: Ha, ha, ha!
Brun. Me, sir?
You never could have found a time t' invite
More willingness in my dispose to pleasure.
Memb. 'Would you would please to make some other choice!
Rev. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, lady,
Should you refuse.
Memb. Your reason conquers.—My grandmother's looks
Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they sit
Upon my heart like night-charms, black and heavy.
Thi. You're too much libertine. [*They dance.*
Theod. The fortune of the fool persuades my laughter
More than his cowardice: Was ever rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!

Thi. Forbear, I say!
Prot. No eye looks this way: I will wink and strike,
Lest I betray myself.
[*Behind the state, stabs* THEOD.
Theod. Ha! did you not see one near me?
Thi. How! near you? why do you look so pale, brother?
Treason, treason!
Memb. Oh, my presage! Father!
Ord. Brother!
Mart. Prince, noble prince!
Thi. Make the gates sure! search into every angle
And corner of the court; oh, my shame!—Mother,
Your son is slain! Theodoret, noble Theodoret,
Here in my arms, too weak a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder! Say, is the traitor taken?
1 *Guard.* No man hath past the chamber, on my life, sir.
Thi. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseen
May perish in this mischief! who moves slow to't
Shall add unto the flame.
Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.
Thi. Persuasion is a partner in the crime:
I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. Ere a torch can take flame,
I will produce the author of the fact.
Thi. Withdraw! But, for your lights——
Memb. Oh, my too-true suspicion!
[*Exeunt* MART. *and* MEMB.
Thi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid act?
Brun. Here you do behold her; upon whom make good
Your causeless rage! The deed was done
By my incitement, and not yet repented.
Thi. Whither did nature start, when you conceiv'd
A birth so unlike woman? Say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserv'd itself within you to his ruin?
Brun. Ha, ha! a son of mine? do not dissever
Thy father's dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would send so foul an issue.
My son? thy brother?
Thi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart,
To speak and do only things monstrous?
Brun. Hear me, and thou shalt make thine own belief:
Thy still-with-sorrow-mention'd father liv'd
Three careful years, in hope of wished heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home: One fatal day,
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc'd command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair, which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gard'ner's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loss with thee,
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my misery;
Which, that I might diminish, tho' not end,
My sighs and wet eyes, from thy father's will,
Bequeath this largest part of his dominions
Of France, unto thee, and only left Austracia
Unto that changeling; whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.
Thi. Come, do not weep! I must, nay do believe you;
And, in my father's satisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong, or loss.
Brun. You do but flatter;
There's anger yet flames in your eyes.
Thi. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travail for me.
Brun. You will not fire the house then?
Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret; my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.
Brun. Protaldye, rise,
Good faithful servant! Heaven knows
How hardly he was drawn to this attempt.

Enter PROTALDYE.

Thi. Protaldye? He had a gard'ner's fate, I'll swear.
Fell by thy hand?
Sir, we do owe unto you for this service.
Brun. Why look'st thou so dejected?

Enter MARTELL.

Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing else.
Mart. The fires are ready;
Please it your grace withdraw, whilst we perform
Your pleasure.
Thi. Reserve them for the body: Since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He shall not lose the title in his funeral. [*Exit.*
Mart. His fate to live a prince! Thou old Impiety,
Made up by lust and mischief! Take up the body.
[*Exeunt with the body of* THEODORET.

Enter LECURE *and a Servant.*

Lec. Dost think Leforte's sure enough?
Serv. As bonds
Can make him: I have turn'd his eyes to th' East;
And left him gaping after the morning-star.
His head is a mere astrolobe; his eyes
Stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being
The coachman, his five teeth have the nearest resemblance
To Charles's Wain——
Lec. Thou hast cast a figure
Which shall raise thee: Direct my hair a little;
And in my likeness to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largest hopes.
Serv. You are so far 'bove likeness, you're the same;
If you love mirth, persuade him from himself.
It is but an astronomer out of the way,

And lying will bear the better place for't.
Lec. I
Have profitabler use in hand: Haste to
The queen, and tell her how you left me chang'd!
[*Exit Servant.*
Who would not serve this virtuous active queen?
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure; yet knows no Heaven else.

Enter THIERRY.

Thi. How well this loneness suits the art I seek,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on,
With a remiss and careless hand!—
Fair peace unto your meditations, father!
Lec. The same to you you bring, sir!
Thi. Drawn by your much-fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character
Shall e'er have issue.
Lec. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have nam'd! He is a prince
Whose fortune you enquire.
Thi. He's nobly born.
Lec. He had a dukedom lately fall'n unto him,
By one, call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thi. The question is of heirs, not lands.
Lec. Heirs? yes;
He shall have heirs.
Thi. Begotten of his body?
Why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lec. Nor thou;
I neither can nor will give further knowledge
To thee.
Thi. Thou must! I am the man myself,
Thy sovereign; who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.
Lec. Your grace doth wrong your stars: If this be yours,
You may have children.
Thi. Speak it again!
Lec. You may have fruitful issue.
Thi. By whom? when? how?
Lec. It was the fatal means first struck my blood
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.
Thi. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good?
Lec. We that behold the sad aspects of Heav'n,
Leading sense-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak their miseries.
Thi. Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life!
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.
Lec. Then thus:
The first of females which your eye shall meet
Before the sun next rise, coming from out
The temple of Diana, being slain, you live
Father of many sons. [*Exit.*
Thi. Call'st thou this sadness? can I beget a son
Deserving less, than to give recompense
Unto so poor a loss? Whate'er thou art,
Rest peaceable, bless'd creature, born to be
Mother of princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
Should give her form and happy figure to me;
I long to see my happiness: He's gone!
As I remember, he nam'd my brother's daughter;
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death,
Could give Ordella's virtue living breath! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter THIERRY *and* MARTELL.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.
Thi. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour,
He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell!
Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run her fears, can, on that day she's married,
Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions; this day France
(France, that in want of issue withers with us,
And like an aged river runs his head
Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right: This day Thierry,
The son of France, whose manly powers like prisoners
Have been tied up, and fetter'd, by one death
Gives life to thousand ages; this day beauty,
The envy of the world, the pleasure, glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it,
Are made mine own, and useful!
Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do these things!
Thi. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now; and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and bless'd fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessed marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And, in the marriage, more than bless'd Ordella,

That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer!
Mart. Sir, you're lost!
Thi. I prithee let me be so!
Mart. The day wears;
And those that have been offering early prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.
Thi. Stand, and mark then!
Mart. Is it the first must suffer?
Thi. The first woman.
Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?
Thi. This hand, Martell;
For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?
Mart. 'Would I were she!
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting. [*Two men pass over.*
Thi. What are those?
Mart. Men, men, sir, men.
Thi. The plagues of men light on 'em!
They cross my hopes like hares. Who's that?
[*A priest passes over.*
Mart. A priest, sir.
Thi. 'Would he were gelt!
Mart. May not these rascals serve, sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thi. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter Ordella, *veiled.*

Thi. Stand, and behold her then!
Mart. I think, a fair one.
Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her: May her peace,
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires) pull Heav'n upon her!
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!
No love of any thing, but you and goodness,
Tie her to earth! Fear be a stranger to her;
And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
Let her bequeath to women! Hear me, Heav'n!
Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer!
Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death!
And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That, by his cutting off more may encrease,
So let her fall to raise me fruit!—Hail, woman;
The happiest and the best, (if thy dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet!
Ord. She's more than dull, sir, less and worse than woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.
Thi. Tell me this then;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For Virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
Has, or dare make a story?
Ord. Many dead, sir;
Living, I think, as many.
Thi. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
A general blessing, lady?
Ord. A general curse
Light on her heart, denies it!
Thi. Full of honour!
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures?
Ord. You strangely stir me, sir; and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions: May I do it?
Thi. You may; and, which is more, you must.
Ord. I joy in't,
Above a moderate gladness! Sir, you promise
It shall be honest?
Thi. As ever time discover'd.
Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.
Thi. But, hark you;
What may that woman merit, makes this blessing?
Ord. Only her duty, sir.
Thi. 'Tis terrible!
Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows!
Ord. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours, and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: But those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thi. Suppose it death!
Ord. I do.
Thi. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason!
For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel, nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness: And dare you, woman,
Desire this place?
Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompence this place; and mad that stay it,
'Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispers'd to th' earth.
Thi. Then you can suffer?
Ord. As willingly as say it.
Thi. Martell, a wonder!
Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?
Ord. I am, sir.
Thi. And have children?—
She sighs, and weeps!
Ord. Oh, none, sir.
Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?
Ord. With all but heav'n,
And yet die full of children: He that reads me

When I am ashes, is my son in wishes;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.
Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.
Ord. You are the king, sir,
And what you do I'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom!
Thi. Thus much before I strike then; for I must kill you,
The gods have will'd it so: Thou'rt made the blessing
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly!
Ord. Fear me not.
Thi. And meet Death like a measure!
Ord. I am stedfast.
Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman; and thy tomb
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven every age;
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?
Ord. I dare, sir.
Thi. Ha! [*Pulls off her veil, lets fall his sword.*
Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it.
Thi. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!
Ord. Strike, sir, strike!
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!
Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shew'd us!—Oh, my heart-strings! [*Exit.*
Mart. I see you full of wonder; therefore, noblest,
And truest amongst women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.
Ord. Amazement
Has so much won upon my heart, that truly
I feel myself unfit to hear: Oh, sir,
My lord has slighted me!
Mart. Oh, no, sweet lady.
Ord. Robb'd me of such a glory, by his pity
And most unprovident respect——
Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ord. Else where the day is,
And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken!
Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.
Ord. If I have transgress'd,
Forgive me, sir!
Mart. Your noble lord was counsell'd
(Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the kingdom with him) to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods:
He went, found such an one, and had this answer;
That if he would have issue, on this morning,
(For this hour was prefix'd him) he should kill
The first he met, being female, from the temple,
And then he should have children: The mistake
Is now too perfect, lady.
Ord. Still 'tis I, sir;
For may this work be done by common women?
Durst any but myself, that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this dying?
In any other, 't had been lost and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing: I was figur'd;
And shall a little fondness bar my purchase?
Mart. Where should he then seek children?
Ord. Where they are;
In wombs ordain'd for issues; in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed, and make it procreant
With kisses that conceive, and fruitful pleasures:
Mine, like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And, too, a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest! Rob not us,
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worth in woman,
Your lord of such obedience, all of honour!
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will short of your wisdom, make not error
A tombstone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard;
He makes a separation nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting justice
Shrinks back, and sheaths her sword at.
Ord. All's but talk, sir!
I find to what I am reserv'd, and needful:
And tho' my lord's compassion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my best use, yet a strength
Above mine own, or his dull fondness, finds me:
The gods have given it to me. [*Draws a knife.*
Mart. Self-destruction?
Now all good angels bless thee! oh, sweet lady!
You are abus'd; this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you;
To ruin all you build! Would you be famous?
Is that your end?
Ord. I would be what I should be.
Mart. Live and confirm the gods then! live and be loaden
With more than olives bear, or fruitful autumn!
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to: Where or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what devil durst
Look on that angel face, and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus? how you strike the stars,
And all good things above us? do you feel
What follows a self-blood? whither you venture,
And to what punishment? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd! do not fool yourself!
The priest was never his own sacrifice,

But he that thought his hell here.
Ord. I am counsell'd.
Mart. And I am glad on't; lie, I know you dare not.
Ord. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray take my comfort!
Was this a soul to lose? two more such women
Would save their sex. See, she repents and prays!
Oh, hear her, hear her! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.
Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me!
Mart. I will, lady,
And every hour advise you; for I doubt
Whether this plot be heav'n's, or hell's your mother!
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the centre of it: In the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourself,
And shew the instrument; so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fittest;
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love, and give! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brunhalt *and* Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with! Ha, here's the mid-wife:
Or life, or death?

Enter Lecure.

Lec. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you're safe.
Brun. Is she dead?
Lec. I have us'd
All means to make her so: I saw him waiting
At th' temple door, and us'd such art within,
That only she of all her sex was first
Giv'n up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determin'd his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself; for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life) he should be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.
Lec. If you are so resolv'd, I have provided
A means to ship him hence: Look upon this,
But touch it sparingly; for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing, until death perform that office.
Brun. Give't me! I may have use of't; and on you
I'll make the first experiment, if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so-long-congeal'd and flinty hardness.
'Slight, go on constant, or I shall——
Prot. Best lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.
Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.
Brun. Be so,
And we will stand or fall together: For
Since we have gone so far, that death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end,
And innocent, or guilty, we must die;
When we do so, let's know the reason why!

Enter Thierry *and Courtiers.*

Lec. The king!
Thi. We'll be alone.
Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me safe off!
For rage, altho' it be allay'd with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon it.
Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence't has birth.—Son! kingly Thierry!
Thi. Is cheating grown so common among men,
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?
Brun. Your mother!
Thi. Ha!—
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for our offences,
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?
Brun. Will you not hear me?
Thi. To lose the ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but to impose,
For the redress of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, (for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want) requires
More than the making the head bald, or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, such a scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to express it! for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that tho' the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, mens' pity.
Brun. I've given you way thus long: A king, and what
Is more, my son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, sorrow?
For shame, look up!
Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it!—What are these?
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?
Prot. No, not we, sir.
Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them?
Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing.
Brun. This is madness!
Take but my counsel!
Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Tho' arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another syllable awake it?

Go, and with yours be safe; I have such cause
Of grief, (nay more, to love it) that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lec. Madam!
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolv'd, and will: Be statues!

Enter MARTELL.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man. Do you see! he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of sorrow has made bankrupt of such treasure!
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along!
Thi. Thou mak'st me smile
I' th' heighth of my calamities: As if
There could be the addition of an atom,
To the giant-body of my miseries!
But try; for I will hear thee. All sit down! tis death
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.
Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The griev'd Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd;
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, tho' it had been my death,
To hide it from her: She, I say, in whom
All was, that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die, to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth, in despite of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand, which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it)
Go, said she, to my lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians, as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore, in some part of recompence
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings; yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her. Which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.
Thi. Stay! dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves to merit,
To do so for her? I have done; now on!
Mart. Fall'n thus, once more she smil'd, as if that Death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body, without sense of pain;
And then, Tell him, quoth she, what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done! for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place;
By whom if Heav'n bless him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name!
Which said, she died.
Thi. I hear this, and yet live!
Heart! art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break thee?
She's dead; and what her entertainment may be
In th' other world without me is uncertain;
And dare I stay here unresolv'd?
Mart. Oh, sir!
Brun. Dear son!
Prot. Great king!
Thi. Unhand me! am I fall'n
So low, that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow so much time of sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon yourself! twas hers,
And dying hers, that you should live, and happy,
In seeing little models of yourself,
By matching with another: And will you
Leave any thing that she desir'd ungranted?
And suffer such a life that was laid down
For your sake only, to be fruitless?
Thi. Oh,
Thou dost throw charms upon me, against which
I cannot stop my ears: Bear witness, Heaven!
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasures,
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessed spirit, in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting!
Which in my choice, and sudden choice, shall be
To all apparent.
Brun. How! do I remove one mischief,
To draw upon my head a greater?
Thi. Go,
Thou only good man, to whom for herself
Goodness is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was! Oh, my heart, my Ordella!
A monument worthy to be the casket
Of such a jewel.
Mart. Your command, that makes way
Unto my absence, is a welcome one;
For, but yourself, there's nothing here Martell
Can take delight to look on: Yet some comfort
Goes back with me to her, who, tho' she want it,

Deserves all blessings. [*Exit.*
Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it, will
Be censur'd in the world.
Thi. Pray you, no more!
There is no argument you can use to cross it,
But does encrease in me such a suspicion
I would not cherish.—Who's that?

Enter MEMBERGE.

Memb. One, no guard
Can put back from access, whose tongue no threats
Nor pray'rs can silence! a bold suiter, and
For that which, if you are yourself, a king,
You were made so to grant it: Justice, justice!
Thi. With what assurance dare you hope for that
Which is denied to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be just unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
Above me?
Memb. There is justice: 'Twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance should fall on him,
That, by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear father's death was parricide)
Makes it his own.
Brun. I charge you, hear her not!
Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from ent'ring Heav'n:
I must and will be heard! Sir, but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother;
And the place where, your palace, against all
Th' inviolable rights of hospitality;
Your word, a king's word, given for his safety;
His innocence, his protection; and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds! and can you wonder
That (in not punishing such a horrid murder
You did it) that Heav'ns favour is gone from you?
Which never will return, until his blood
Be wash'd away in hers.
Brun. Drag hence the wretch!
Thi. Forbear. With what variety
Of torments do I meet! Oh, thou hast open'd
A book, in which, writ down in bloody letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo; but I'll begin,
For my Ordella's sake, and for thine own,
To make less Heav'n's great anger: Thou hast lost
A father; I to thee am so: The hope
Of a good husband; in me have one! Nor
Be fearful, I am still no man; already
That weakness is gone from me.
Brun. That it might [*Aside.*
Have ever grown inseparably upon thee!—
What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd Ordella's place? the daughter
Of a poor gardener?
Memb. Your son!
Thi. The power
To take away that lowness is in me.
Brun. Stay yet; for rather than that thou shalt add
Incest unto thy other sins, I will,
With hazard of my own life, utter all:
Theodoret was thy brother!
Thi. You denied it,
Upon your oath; nor will I now believe you:
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose!
Memb. And for me, be assur'd the means to be
Reveng'd on thee, vile hag, admits no thought
But what tends to it!
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge! Art thou grown
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? There, take that!
To witness that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of grief and sad repentance,
That, so soon after bless'd Ordella's death,
Without a tear, thou canst embrace another!
Forgetful man!
Thi. Mine eyes, when she is nam'd,
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now.
Lec. He's past all cure;
That only touch is death.
Thi. This night I'll keep it;
To-morrow I will send it you, and full
Of my affliction. [*Exit.*
Brun. Is the poison mortal?
Lec. Above the help of physic.
Brun. To my wish.
Now for our own security! You, Protaldye,
Shall this night post towards Austracia,
With letters to Theodoret's bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his rising
We have done to Thierry: No denial,
Nor no excuse in such acts, must be thought of;
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter DE VITRY, *and four Soldiers.*

Vitry. No war, no money, no master! banish'd the court,
Not trusted in the city, whipt out of the country,
In what a triangle runs our misery!
Let me hear which of you has the best voice to beg in,
For other hopes or fortunes I see you have not.
Be not nice; Nature provided you with tones for the purpose;
The peoples' charity was your heritage,
And I would see which of you deserves his birthright.

Omnes. We understand you not, captain.
Vitry. You see this cardecue;
The last, and the only quintessence of fifty crowns,
Distill'd in the limbeck of your gardage,
Of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer:
Now he that can soonest persuade him to part with it,
Enjoys it, possesses it, and, with it,
Me and my future countenance.
1 *Sold.* If they want art
To persuade it, I'll keep it myself.
Vitry. So you be not
A partial judge in your own cause, you shall.
Omnes. A match!
2 *Sold.* I'll begin to you: Brave sir, be proud
To make him happy by your liberality,
Whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition,
Was never heard before less than to command.
I am a soldier by profession, a gentleman
By birth, and an officer by place;
Whose poverty blushes to be the cause,
That so high a virtue should descend
To the pity of your charity.
1 *Sold.* In any case keep your high stile!
It is not charity to shame any man,
Much less a virtue of your eminence;
Wherefore preserve your worth, and I'll preserve
My money.
3 *Sold.* You persuade? You are shallow!
Give way to merit: Ah, by the bread of God, man,
Thou hast a bonny countenance and a blith,
Promising mickle good to a siking wemb,
That has trod a long and a sore ground to meet
With friends, that will owe much to thy reverence,
When they shall hear of thy courtesy
To their wandering countrymen.
1 *Sold.* You that will use
Your friends so hardly to bring them in debt, sir,
Will deserve worse of a stranger; wherefore,
Pead on, pead on, I say!
4 *Sold.* It is the Welsh
Must do't, I see.—Comrade, man of urship,
St Tavy be her patron, the gods of the mountains
Keep her cow and her cupboard; may she never
Want the green of the leek, nor the fat of the onion,
If she part with her bounties to him, that is a great deal
Away from her cousins, and has two big suits in law
To recover her heritage!
1 *Sold.* Pardon me, sir!
I will have nothing to do with your suits;
It comes within the statute of maintenance.
Home to your cousins, and sow garlic and hemp-seed!
The one will stop your hunger, the other end your suits:
Gammawash, comrade, gammawash!
4 *Sold.* 'Foot, he'll hoord all for himself.
Vitry. Yes, let him:
Now comes my turn: I'll see if he can answer me:
Save you, sir! they say you have that I want, money.
1 *Sold.* And that you are like to want, for aught I perceive yet.
Vitry. Stand, deliver!
1 *Sold.* 'Foot, what mean you?
You will not rob the exchequer?
Vitry. Do you prate?
1 *Sold.* Hold, hold! here, captain!
2 *Sold.* Why, I could have done this
Before you.
3 *Sold.* And I.
4 *Sold.* And I.
Vitry. You have done this:
'Brave man, be proud to make him happy!'
'By the bread of God, man, thou hast a bonny countenance!'
'Comrade, man of urship, St. Tavy be her patron!'
Out upon you, you uncurried colts!
Walking cans, that have no souls in you,
But a little rosin to keep your ribs sweet,
And hold in liquor!
Omnes. Why, what would you have us to do, captain?
Vitry. Beg, beg, and keep constables waking,
Wear out stocks and whipcord,
Maunder for butter-milk, die of the jaundice,
Yet have the cure about you, lice, large lice,
Begot of your own dust, and the heat of the brick-kilns!
May you starve, and the fear of the gallows
(Which is a gentle consumption to it)
Only preserve you from it! or may you fall
Upon your fear, and be hang'd for selling
Those purses to keep you from famine,
Whose monies my valour empties,
And be cast without other evidence!
Here is my fort, my castle of defence;
Who comes by shall pay me toll;
The first purse is your mittimus, slaves.
2 *Sold.* The purse? 'foot, we'll share in the money, captain,
If any come within a furlong of our fingers.
4 *Sold.* Did you doubt but we could steal
As well as yourself? Did not I speak Welsh?
3 *Sold.* We are thieves from our cradles, and will die so.
Vitry. Then you will not beg again?
Omnes. Yes, as you did:
Stand and deliver!
2 *Sold.* Hark! here comes handsel:
'Tis a trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.
Vitry. Have goodness in your minds, varlets, and to't
Like men: He that has more money than we
Cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law
For spoiling the enemy.
3 *Sold.* You need not
Instruct us further; your example pleads enough.
Vitry. Disperse yourselves; and as their company is, fall on!
2 *Sold.* Come, there are a band of 'em! I'll charge single. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Enter PROTALDYE.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark! I have lost my man,
And dare not call for him, lest I should have

I

More followers than I would pay wages to.
What throes am I in, in this travel! These
Be honourable adventures! had I
That honest blood in my veins again, queen,
That your feats and these frights have drain'd from me,
Honour should pull hard, ere it drew me
Into these brakes.
Vitry. Who goes there?
Prot. Hey ho!
Here's a pang of preferment!
Vitry. 'Heart, who goes there?
Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance.
What shall I do with my jewels and my letter?
My codpiece, that's too loose; good, my boots!—
Who is't that spoke to me? Here's a friend.
Vitry. We shall find that presently: Stand,
As you love your safety, stand!
Prot. That unlucky word
Of standing, has brought me to all this. Hold,
Or I shall never stand you.
Vitry. I should know
That voice. Deliver!

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have
Is at your service, gentlemen; and much
Good may it do you!
Vitry. Zoons, down with him!
Do you prate?
Prot. Keep your first word, as you are gentlemen,
And let me stand! alas, what do you mean!
2 *Sold.* To tie you to us, sir, bind you in the knot
Of friendship.
Prot. Alas, sir, all the physic in Europe
Cannot bind me.
Vitry. You should have jewels about you,
Stones, precious stones.
1 *Sold.* Captain, away!
There's company within hearing; if you stay longer,
We are surprised.
Vitry. Let the devil come,
I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet.
2 *Sold.* 'Foot, we are lost! they are upon us.
Vitry. Ha! upon us?
Make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gasp!
3 *Sold.* Which way shall we make, sir?
Vitry. Every man his own!
Do you hear? only bind me before you go, and when
The company's past, make to this place again:
This carvel should have better lading in him.
You are slow; why do you not tie harder?
1 *Sold.* You are sure enough,
I warrant you, sir.
Vitry. Darkness befriend you! away!
[*Exe. Sold.*
Prot. What tyrants have I met with! they leave me
Alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry.
I shall grow wond'rous melancholy,
If I stay long here without company:
I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers:
I'll see if they will work upon me now.
But then if I should talk in my sleep, and they
Hear me, they would make a recorder of my windpipe,
Slit my throat. Heaven be prais'd! I hear some noise;
It may be new purchase, and then I shall have fellows.
Vitry. They are gone past hearing: Now to task, De Vitry!—
Help, help, as you are men, help! some charitable hand,
Relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch!
Thieves, wicked thieves, have robb'd me, bound me.
Prot. 'Foot,
'Would they had gag'd you too! your noise will betray us,
And fetch them again.
Vitry. What blessed tongue spake to me?
Where, where are you, sir?
Prot. A plague of your bawling throat!
We are well enough, if you have the grace
To be thankful for't. Do but snore to me,
And 'tis as much as I desire, to pass
Away time with, 'till morning; then talk
As loud as you please. Sir, I am bound not to stir,
Wherefore, lie still and snore, I say.
Vitry. Then you have met with thieves too, I see.
Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.
Vitry. Alas,
What can we suffer more? They are far enough
By this time; have they not all, all that we have, sir?
Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, sir! I gave them
One trick to boot for their learning: My boots, sir,
My boots! I have sav'd my stock, and my jewels in them,
And therefore desire to hear no more of them.
Vitry. Now blessing on your wit, sir! what a dull
Slave was I, dream'd not of your conveyance!
Help to unbind me, sir, and I'll undo you;
My life for yours, no worse thief than myself
Meets you again this night.
Prot. Reach me thy hands!
Vitry. Here, sir, here; I could beat my brains out,
That could not think of boots,
Boots, sir, wide-topt boots; I shall love them
The better whilst I live. But are you sure
Your jewels are here, sir?
Prot. Sure, say'st thou? ha, ha, ha!
Vitry. So ho, illo ho!
Sold. [*Within.*] Here, captain, here.
Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Vitry. A trick to boot, say you?

Here, you dull slaves, purchase, purchase!
The soul of the rock, diamonds, sparkling diamonds!
Prot. I'm betray'd, lost, past recovery lost!
As you are men—
Vitry. Nay, rook, since you'll be prating,
We'll share your carrion with you. Have you
Any other conveyance now, sir?
1 *Sold.* 'Foot, here are letters;
Epistles, familiar epistles: We'll see
What treasure is in them. They are seal'd sure.
Prot. Gentlemen!
As you are gentlemen, spare my letters, and take all
Willingly, all! I'll give you a release,
A general release, and meet you here
To-morrow with as much more.
Vitry. Nay, since
You have your tricks, and your conveyances,
We will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearch'd.
Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be betray'd.
As you love your safeties, beat out my brains;
I shall betray you else.
Vitry. Treason,
Unheard of treason! monstrous, monstrous villainies!
Prot. I confess myself a traitor; shew yourselves
Good subjects, and hang me up for't.
1 *Sold.* If it be
Treason, the discovery will get our pardon,
Captain.
Vitry. 'Would we were all lost, hang'd,
Quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent prince!
Thierry's poison'd, by his mother poison'd!
The mistress to this stallion!
Who, by that poison, ne'er shall sleep again!
2 *Sold.* 'Foot, let us mince him by piece-meal, 'till he
Eat himself up.
3 *Sold.* Let us dig out his heart
With needles, and half broil him, like a mussel!
Prot. Such another and I prevent you, my blood's
Settled already.
Vitry. Here's that shall remove it!
Toad, viper! Drag him unto Martell!
Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!
Omnes. On, you dog-fish, leech, caterpillar!
Vitry. A longer sight of him will make my rage turn
Pity, and with his sudden end prevent
Revenge and torture! wicked, wicked Brunhalt! [*Exeunt.*

Enter BAWDBER *and three Courtiers.*

1 *Cour.* Not sleep at all? no means?
2 *Cour.* No art can do it.
Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,
Or one of the city constables, are tops.
3 *Cour.* How came he so;
Baw. They are too wise that dare know;
Something's amiss; Heav'n help all!
1 *Cour.* What cure has he?
Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with clisters, some with lettice-caps,
Some posset-drinks, some pills; twenty consulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him;
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i' the Dog-days; after him
A wise Italian, and he cries, Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble,
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer! after him,
An English doctor, with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out endive and suckery,
With a few mallow roots and butter-milk!
And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity;
Yet still he wakes.
1 *Cour.* But your good honour
Has a prayer in store, if all should fail?
Baw. I could have pray'd, and handsomely, but age,
And an ill memory——
3 *Cour.* Has spoil'd your primmer.
Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i'the court,
And can pray for a pension——

Enter THIERRY *on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.*

2 *Cour.* Here's the king, sir;
And those that will pray without pay.
Baw. Then pray for me too.
1 *Doctor.* How does your grace now feel yourself?
Thi. What's that?
1 *Doctor.* Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy.
Thi. Tell me,
Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night
And rest for human labours? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
The happiness of him that drinks his water,
After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely upon one another?
When shall I rest?
2 *Doctor.* Oh, sir, be patient!
Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
More than a mangy dog, among your doses?
Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
Unwholsome fools sleep for a guarded footcloth;
Whores for a hot sin-offering; yet I must crave,
That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye.
Because my power is far above your searching,
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none,
But those of equal ignorance? Dare ye kill me?
1 *Doctor.* We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd!
This talk doth but distemper you.

Thi. Well, I will die,
In spite of all your potions! One of you sleep;
Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of!
See, he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now,
When he that wakes for him can never slumber!
Is't not a dainty ease?
2 *Doctor.* Your grace shall feel it.
Thi. Oh, never, never I! The eyes of Heaven
See but their certain motions, and then sleep;
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,
And quiet silver calms; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never set!—Who's that?

Enter MARTELL, BRUNHALT, DE VITRY, *and Soldiers.*

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,
And all good things live in a worse than thou art,
Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?
Brun. Yes, and curse him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou such a monster?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience,
'Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Whore, this shall be! Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.
Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee!
Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir!
And to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your peoples' cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!
Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now!
Is it so, mother?
Brun. Yes, it is so, son;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.
Mart. She nods again; swinge her!
Thi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so) was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?
Brun. It was, and by that will——
Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age! and when time calls you,
That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang, like penons!
Brun. Holy fool,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments, or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted virtue to be scatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done, read, and know thy ruin!
Thi. Heav'n forgive you!
Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent: Protaldye we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat on you, she trusted

Enter Messenger.

The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,
Son to your murder'd brother: Her physician
By this time is attach'd to that damn'd devil.
Mess. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.
Brun. He did like one of mine then!
Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night
To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldye
See justice fall upon!
Brun. Now I could sleep too.
Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy: Bring the lady,

Enter ORDELLA.

And Heav'n in her embraces give him quiet!
Madam, unveil yourself.
Ord. I do forgive you;
And tho' you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.
Brun. Art thou alive?
Mart. Now could you sleep?
Brun. For ever.
Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep, or quiet,
Where her strong knave Protaldye's broke o'th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be musick to her!
I mean to waken her.
Thi. Do her no wrong!
Mart. Nor right, as you love justice!

Brun. I will think;
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them!
Mart. Keep her waking! [*Exit* BRUN.
Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? There's that face——
Mart. Be moderate, lady!
Thi. That angel's face——
Mart. Go nearer.
Thi. Martell, I cannot last long! See the soul
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heav'nly figure of her sweetness, there!
Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divinest substance!
Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy sex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest—
Do ye see her, hoa?
Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.
Thi. Down, down again!—To be reveng'd for blood!
Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me!
Oh, blessed sign of peace!
Mart. Go nearer, lady.
Ord. I come to make you happy.
Thi. Hear you that, sirs?
She comes to crown my soul: Away, get sacrifice!
Whilst I with holy honours——
Mart. She's alive, sir.
Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:
Oh, happy, happy soul!
Ord. Alas, I live, sir;
A mortal woman still.
Thi. Can spirits weep too?
Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray kiss her.—Lady,
Be very gentle to him!
Thi. Stay! She's warm;
And, by my life, the same lips! Tell me, brightness,
Are you the same Ordella still?
Mart. The same, sir,
Whom heav'ns and my good angel stay'd from ruin.
Thi. Kiss me again!
Ord. The same still, still your servant.
Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell. Sit down, sweet!
Oh, bless'd and happiest woman!—A dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me: Oh, my jewel!

Enter Messenger and MEMBERGE.

Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!
Thi. My joys are too much for me!
Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see
Protaldye tortur'd, has choak'd herself.
Mart. No more!
Her sins go with her!
Thi. Love, I must die; I faint:
Close up my glasses!
1 *Doctor.* The queen faints too, and deadly.
Thi. One dying kiss!
Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest!
And now, close my eyes too!
Thi. Thou perfect woman!—
Martell, the kingdom's yours: Take Memberge to you,
And keep my line alive!—Nay, weep not, lady!
Take me! I go.
Ord. Take me too! Farewell, Honour! [*Die both.*
2 *Doctor.* They're gone for ever.
Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them
Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.
Omnes. We your subjects!
Mart. De Vitry, for your services, be near us.
Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From court, and all good people; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour!
And now lead on!—They that shall read this story,
Shall find that virtue lives in good, not glory.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

PHILASTER;

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King.
Philaster, *heir to the crown.*
Pharamond, *prince of Spain.*
Dion, *a lord.*
Cleremont, } *noble gentlemen, his associates.*
Thrasiline, }
An old captain.
Five citizens.
A country fellow.
Two woodmen.
The king's guard and train.

WOMEN.

Arethusa, *the king's daughter.*
Galatea, *a wise modest Lady, attending the princess.*
Megra, *a lascivious lady.*
An old Wanton Lady, or crone, attending the princess.
Another Lady attending the princess.
Euphrasia, *daughter of Dion, but disguised like a page, and called Bellario.*

Scene,—*Sicily.*

ACT I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies!

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen, that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that, they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know, why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause, the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, MEGRA, *and a Lady.*

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lye with a whole army, before the league shall break: Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiments upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She is a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone. What if they should?
Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad.
What foreigner would do so? it writes them
Directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

La. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies.

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

La. Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Methinks, he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the king.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath), we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wondered at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature:
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offered language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done this public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wronged, and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Aside.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms:
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories, that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Open myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty and flourishing, defenced, feared,
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow

My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law).
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant;
You shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations. } *Aside.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.—
But here comes one, more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallowed quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable.
By this sun, he'll never make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise; you have it, sir.

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh! this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak them freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.—

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends, besides the gods;
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, 'I might have been.' I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground, thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!

Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in his veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir prince of poppingjays, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: Sure he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. He has given him a general purge already, for all the right he has; and now he means to let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen: By these hilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir offence,
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offered into mine arms, with the succession:
Which I must keep, though it hath pleased your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ringed among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations,)
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends.
You deserve our frown. Go to; be better tempered.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But th' other is the man set in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
[*They whisper*.
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant. If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.
King. Go to!
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods——
Phi. I am dead, sir; you are my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me,
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!
King. Sure, he's possessed.
Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It is here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes,
That kneel, and do me service, cry me "king:"
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me.—Noble sir, your hand:
I am your servant.
King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.
[*Ex. King*, PHA. *and* ARE.
Dion. I thank you, sir; you dare not for the people.
Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?
Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely: They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.
Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.
Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train,
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.
Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men, that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flattered at a price
Not to undo your children. You are all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy sir?
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love Heaven and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman called you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honoured sir, she is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would entreat your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.
Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:
There's all the danger in it. But, be what may,
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit* PHI.
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou art fearless.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arethusa *and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you are wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How looked he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam? sure he knows not what it is.
Are. Ye are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love? to whom? to you!
Did you deliver those plain words, I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in.—
Ye gods that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit Lady.*
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wished to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? or have set
My baser instruments, to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth, which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing, you wished.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam! Both?
Are. Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear!
I must and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can't endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy, that looked
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast, that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loathed, and unto you, that ask,
Of so poor use, that I will make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which, all the land,
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life;
Which you may have for asking: To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man,
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,

The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss,
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art,
That could be wished; so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, lovingest, and gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?

Phi. Why, that, which all the gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love,
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword——

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone: By heav'n, I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But, if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
"Thou wert," and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the princess?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were it the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee.
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding! I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up, when I was nothing;
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that, which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: Yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou'rt young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them, that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet.
But, when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant, he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not,
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And, if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business, that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so. And, when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows, whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer;
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those, you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit* PHI.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long?—They must come this way: I know the queen employs them not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would be all for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. I was never so long without sport in my life; and, in my conscience, it's not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies! Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter GALATEA.

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick: By this sweet hand——

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag. These two I bar: And then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apothegms your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting: And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you, or I, could help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brewed with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danae, and must be courted in a shower of gold. Madam, look here! All these, and more than—

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money. Yet, for all this I'll match you.

[*Exit* GAL. *behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: If she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.
Pha. She gives good words yet; sure this wench is free.
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you: we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.
Meg. What would your grace talk of?
Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.
Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.
Pha. Oh, they are two twinned cherries dyed in blushes,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams,
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.
Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.
Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.
Meg. I shall, I shall.
Pha. By my life, you shall not.
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?
Meg. Methinks 'tis easy now; I ha' don't before;
But yet I should stick at it.
Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?
Meg. Love you, my lord! How would you have me love you?
Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause
I will not load your memory: This is all, love me,
And lie with me.
Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'tis impossible!
Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour:
If I do not teach you to do it, as easily, in one night,
As you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.
Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own,
That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imagination about her; I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed; but time, and your good help, will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sailed by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow them out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he is but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal them; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee! [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Galatea *from behind the hangings.*

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowsabel, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

Enter Arethusa *and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done it?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not?
Asked you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What, good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that, you would have wished.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.

Are. I prithee, how?

Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
If destiny (to whom we dare not say,
'Why, thou did'st this!') have not decreed it so
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered) yet, this match shall break.
Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; Is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaimest in me.
Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing, and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master, when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wished me well?

Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross armed, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men in the streets do fire;
If it be love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or killed, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead,—be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth, that says, he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too.
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, *and* Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.

Gal. 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your lodging with them to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?

Megra. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa *and* Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of ladies.
Is't not late, gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live. Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hilas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Meg. Why, this is he must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep:
The princess does provide him for you, and for herself.

Pha. I find no music in these boys.

Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams.
[*Exit.*
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.
Come, shall we to bed?
Gal. Yes; all good night.
[*Ex.* GAL. *and* MEG.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you!
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and guard.*

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,
Your highness will not tie me to a man,
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had much better have embraced
Cureless diseases: Get you to your rest.
[*Exeunt* ARE. *and* BEL.
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst
In that, which meaner men are blest withal.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly matched; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed. Let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine;
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they I think are bawds; I told them, I must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter, that concerned life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so, since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: In short, sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally. You of the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see, that none pass thence, upon your lives.
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Nor yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more. Pharamond! prince!

PHARAMOND *above.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.
King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.
Come down,
Pha. The king?
King. The same, sir; come down.
We have cause of present counsel with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber. [PHA. *below.*
King, No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to myself,
Make me unmannerly, and say, 'you cannot.'
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life, that comes here. [*Enters.*
King. Sir, be resolved.
I must and will come.
Pha. I'll not be dishonoured.
He, that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,
At these unseasoned hours.
King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? You are not wronged, nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known: Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no. [MEG. *above.*
Meg. Let them enter, prince; let them enter;
I am up, and ready; I know their business:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let them enjoy it.
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you,
To make publick the weakness of a woman.
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,

Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: But I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not.
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness.
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.
Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to-bed indeed.
Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stag
Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If this gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray Heav'n we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken.

Enter Megra.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now? now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court shall hoot thee through the court;
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls.
Do you laugh, lady Venus?
Meg. 'Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and
Such fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps, a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and, if I do not,
Do it to the height——
King. What boy is this she raves at?
Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loth to reveal them. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms,
Far and foreign,
Shall read it there, nay travel with it, 'till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.
King. Has she a boy?
Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait
On her; a fair boy.
King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'll study to forget you.
Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you. [*Ex.* King, Meg. *and guard.*
Cle. Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules;
If ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench
Shall ride astride, and be their captain.
Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found out antidote to cure her infection: That boy; that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else. But there I leave you, gentlemen.
Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Cleremont, Dion, *and* Thrasiline.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods,
That raised this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, pressed down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to yon strange prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that, which should be his most noble part,
His mind?
Thra. That man, that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget,
That such a creature walks upon the earth.
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only cause, that draws Philaster back
From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.
Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?
Thra. We are all satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. Here he comes.—
Good-morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phil. My worthy friends,
You, that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head.
The nobles and the people are all dulled
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserved none? Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long,
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect:
That, which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they loved———
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loathed as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou liest.
Dion. My lord———
Phi. Thou liest, [*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardoned: Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeemed, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honoured friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew
You why he uttered this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much distempered and enraged as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so! good sir, forbear to say so!
'Tis then truth, that all womankind is false!
Urge it no more; it is impossible.
Why should you think the princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! Oh, Heaven! 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? Can women all be damned?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy, that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceived;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
'Would thou hadst taken devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
'When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill tempered?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through!
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?
Phi. When any falls from virtue, I'm distract;
I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself,
And think what's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it.
Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt* DION, CLE. *and* THRA.
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him.—
Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take them from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the water of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man——See, see, you gods!

Enter BELLARIO.

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.
Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: She has made thee brave.
Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here!
Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow, that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping, when she ends,
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceived, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life.
Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it. I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her.
Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parallelcss? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplexed: When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;
Some villain has abused you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered? Is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent.
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,

To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling!
Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not!
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed.
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs,
Because you made them so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game, that must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls: Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that, you charge me with. If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments,
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But, thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me,
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tenderest me,
Let me not see thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit.*
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deservest! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no med'cine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, walked, talked;
How I remembered him, when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sighed, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self. I need no guard.
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never asked his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away! he has done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?

King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make them truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it! and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments,
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.
Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.
Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you give me——
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The king.
Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy.—Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you?
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears I send?
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
Your crying elegies? And strike a sad soul
Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?
Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!'
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal!—Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again, as my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all, that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost them? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust!
Are. Nay, then I am betrayed:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How heaven is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison: How your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you: How that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
In the morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten: How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken altogether,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!
[*Exit* Phi.
Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?—Save me! how black

Enter Bellario.

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,

Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.
Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy, that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The power of god
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
[*Exit* BEL.
Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.
Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. [*Exe.*

ACT IV.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and attendants.*

King. What, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?
Dion. All, sir.
King. You're cloudy, sir: Come, we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus. 'Would, he would leave off poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late; oh, he's a precious lime-hound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th' slip. When my fox-bitch, Beauty, grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your boy turn'd away?
Are. You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.
King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in his mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest!

Thra. Troth, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will: Before, she was common talk; now, none dare say, cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted, when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?
2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.
1 *Wood.* Who shoots?
2 *Wood.* The princess.
1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.
2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.
1 *Wood.* Who else?
2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.
1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship, since he for-

sook the say, for paying ten shillings: He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuft his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old sir Tristrem, for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stag once, to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye.—Who shoots else?

2 Wood. The lady Galatea.

1 Wood. That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do—There's all.

2 Wood. No, one more, Megra.

1 Wood. That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon, (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods,
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks,
Whereon she dwells; that might have strewed my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and had borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body.—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are grieved, can pity: Hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: Curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chace, that leads into my grave.
[*Exeunt* Phi. *and* Bel. *severally.*

Enter Dion *and the Woodmen.*

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance!
You, Woodman!

1 Wood. My lord Dion!

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 Wood. Faith, my lord, we saw none.
[*Exeunt Wood.*

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms. When she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King *and* Thrasiline.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that? Answer me so again?

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!
Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and by Heaven,
It is thy last. You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king;
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me! What, am I not your king?
If 'ay,' then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest,

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed, I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betrayed me; have let me lose
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me,
And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of Heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers,
That must be just.
King. Alas? what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished;
Yet would not thus be punished. Let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.
Dion. He articles with the gods: 'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse:
He galloped empty by. There's some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! you should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth,
To disobey the daughter of my king.
King. You're all cunning to obey us, for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in his pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yet you may do well
To spare your lady-bedfellow;
And her you may keep for a spawner.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all; disperse yourselves; The man that finds her,
Or (if she be killed) the traitor, I'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way; here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be searched myself.
[*Ex. omnes.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heaven knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live: yet I
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty!
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground. See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear she faints.—Madam, look up! She breathes not.
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your lat'st farewell. Oh, she stirs:
How is it, madam? Speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bel. My lord, help the princess.
Are. I am well: Forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damned act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In sin, without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you!
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Be gone;
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy, in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me then the way.
Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you, that have power to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?
Are. With heaven and earth.
Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.
Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. God uds, I understand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs; It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetorick; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.
Are. Heavens guard my lord!
Coun. Oh, do you breathe?
Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me: Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.
[*Exit* Phi.

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I prithee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, *and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?
Is it dangerous?
Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I'faith, she lies; he has hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!
Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?
Are. I felt it not.
Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?
Coun. Is it the princess?
Dion. Ay.
Coun. Then I have seen something yet.
Pha. But who has hurt her?
Coun. I told you, a rogue? I ne'er saw him before, I.
Pha. Madam, who did it?
Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?
Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.
Pha. By this hand,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all in my hat.
Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.
Pha. I will.
Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing. Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt* Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. *and* 1 *Woodman.*

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.
2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.
Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you,
Than quick above. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathed villain: If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wronged, [*Cry within.*
So broken. Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offered means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds him.*
Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come: Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!
Phi. I have caught myself: [Phi. *falls.*
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.
Phi. How's this?
'Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou true to me?
Bel. Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good lord,
Creep in among those bushes: Who does know,
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear them come.
Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way the went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my ow sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline.

Pha. To this place we have tracked him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir!—what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.
Pha. Oh, thou damned in thy creation!
What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betrayed.
Dion. Betrayed! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebbed,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, 'till they overflowed their banks,
Threatening the men that crossed them; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed; leaving me worse,
And more contemned, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.
[Philaster *creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, ye ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl,
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I, that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice

Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths, that men ought most to keep,
And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touched her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you, when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me: This had been a ransom
To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe them. Forgive me, thou, that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and a Guard.*

King. Is the villain taken?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but, say it was Philaster?
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us that.
Are. Ah me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.
Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.
King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping: Grant me, then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.
Dion. Death? Soft! our law
Will not reach that, for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take them to you, with a guard.
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.
Cle. I pray, that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
Dion. Fear it not: their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?
Dion. Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.
Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.
Thra. Are all his wounds well?
Dion. All: they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.
Cle. We dally, gentlemen.
Thra. Away!
Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.
Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.
Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind:
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones,
That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death: Oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing,
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I should then out-live
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin, swear
To tell no hours beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.
Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep, forgotten with my faults!
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of woman, that can cut
It, and look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For else my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. What would you have done,
If you had wronged me basely, and had found
My life no price, compared to yours? For love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it? ay.
Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay.
Dion. King, you may be deceived yet:
The head, you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and, in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee, like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO *in a robe and garland.*

King. How now! what masque is this?
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept,
Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds, when they were big with humour,
And delivered, in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
'Till never-pleased fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorched them even to the roots, and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.
King. How, how?
Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For there's no masquing in't) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here, my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband! Call in
The captain of the citadel; there you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad requiems to your departing souls:
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robbed of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!
Are. Sir, by that little life I've left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I've done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.
Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you

Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able
To cover this base murder: Make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramids; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far out-shine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, heaven knows, it is my joy to die:
I find a recreation in it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?
King. Here.
Mes. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.
Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take them!
Dion. A thousand blessings on them!
Mes. Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.
[*Exit with* Are. Phi. Bel.
King. Away to the citadel; I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard,
And all the gentlemen, give strong attendance.
[*Exit.*

Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.
Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp? Well, my dear countrymen What-d'ye-lack, if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take them in the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, 'the devil take the hindmost?'

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo them, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless it be the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them, how they swarm together! What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring them on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits!
[*Exit* Cle.

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets of his skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in his sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremont *with* Philaster.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wronged you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,

And be what you were born to: Take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter an Old Captain and Citizens, with PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let's fall on! let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mother's gibberish, of what dy'e lack, and set your mouths up, children, till your palates fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster be deeper in request, my dingdongs, my pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, than your cold water camlets, or your paintings spotted with copper. Let not your hasty silks, or your branched cloth of bodkin, or your tissues, dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard, your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections in darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours; and let your uncut choler make the king feel the measure of your mightiness. Philaster! cry, my rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things, that will not strike their top-sails to a foist; and let a man of war, an argosy, hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; and give your greatness warning, that you talk no more such bug-words, or that soldered crown shall be scratched with a musquet. Dear prince Pippen, down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled. Let him loose, my spirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, and let us see what this trim man dares do. Now, sir, have at you! Here I lie, and with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legged, like a hare at a poulterer's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir: We have not seen one foe a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would be? Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a sattin, and between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. Oh, for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold; the man begins to fear, and know himself; he shall for this time only be seeled up, with a feather through his nose, that he may only see heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king! Thou tender heir-apparent to a church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet; thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing but poor mens' poultry, and have every boy beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell hounds!

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels; as you respect the ladies, let them flourish: The curses of a longing woman kill as speedy as a plague, boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build a college, and clap it upon the gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit with; for, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. 'Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain at once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword, and let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, sir, has he?

Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard. What would'st thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whistles of them; but his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,

And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: by the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gummed golls, and cry, 'we are your servants?'
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery: set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual 'prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And mail you like a hawk, [*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this.

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince! brave prince!
Brave prince! [*Ex.* Phi. *and* Pha.

Cap. Thou art the king of courtesy!
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come, and every man trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring your wives in muffs. We will have music; and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, *and attendants.*

King. Is it appeased?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heaped a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster *and* Pharamond.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings, that dwell there. Streams of grief,
That I have wronged thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnished to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well;
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed.
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves,
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and the boy together.

Dion. How now?

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as be her actions! hear me, sir·
Believe your heated blood, when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.
Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive them? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above!
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.
King. Bear away that boy
To torture; I will have her cleared or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir!
Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! it stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived, till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for, I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live!
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand.
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh will try your constancy.
Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No! Help, sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haste there! why stay you?
Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.
King. How's that? will he confess?
Dion. Sir, so he says.
King. Speak then.
Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.
King. Walk aside with him.
Dion. Why speakest thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court, of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me,
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dressed alike.
Dion. By heaven, and so there is!
Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speakest
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge, that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! Is't possible? Draw near
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?
Bel. In Syracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee, nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. 'Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is discovered.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discovered?
Dion. Why, my shame!
It is a woman: let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Blessed be you powers, that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
Phi. It is a woman, sir! hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite of malice.
King. Speak you; where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!

Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath; then was I called away in haste,
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so: alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well,
That, when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you: then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. And I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dressed like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me;
Live free, as I do. She, that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!
Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home,
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults, that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what heaven wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

BONDUCA.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Caratach, *general of the Britons, cousin to Bonduca.*
Nennius, *a great soldier, a British commander.*
Hengo, *a brave boy, nephew to Caratach.*
Suetonius, *general to the Roman army in Britain.*
Junius, *a Roman captain, in love with Bonduca's daughter.*
Petillius, *another Roman captain.*
Demetrius,
Decius, } *Roman commanders.*
Penius,
Regulus,
Drusius, } *Roman officers.*
Macer,
Curius,
Judas, *a corporal, a cowardly, hungry knave.*
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.

WOMEN.

Bonduca, *queen of the Iceni, a brave virago.*
Her two daughters, by Prasutagus.

Scene,—*Britain.*

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Enter Bonduca, *Daughters*, Hengo, Nennius, *and Soldiers.*

Bond. The hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
Are these the men, that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,

Enter Caratach.

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in them;
Their mothers got them sleeping, Pleasure nursed them;
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat them, Nennius, scattered them:
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame them: And a woman,
A woman beat them, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman, beat these Romans!

Car. So it seems;
A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who's that?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?

Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, it is the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your sail; discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,

And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.
Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?
Car. No, Bonduca:
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans 'fearful, fleeing Romans,
'And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:'
Does this become a doer? are they such?
Bond. They are no more.
Car. Where is your conquest then?
Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druides composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers,
Put out our holy fires, no timbrel ring,
Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame. Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle, knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.
Bond. By the gods, I think
You doat upon these Romans, Caratach!
Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given:
I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man, that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I sucked these honoured scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful, whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my battered sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, followed, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons——
Bond. What?
Car. Disheartened,
Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack swifter;
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste, that they have. By the gods,
I've seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to them.
Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!
Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I've seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then, when Penius
(The Roman girl!) cut through your armed carts,
And drove them headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then, when he hunted ye like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?
Car. I fled too,
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trasht me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
I buckled him; behind him, my sure shield;
And then I followed. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of virtue, Penius,
Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword,) my prow
Turned to my foe (my face,) he cried out nobly,
'Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransomed thee; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine.' I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.
Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou checked me!
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?
Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,

Railed on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to shew us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us,
And held it equal, whether banquetting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have galled you.
Bond. Let me think we conquered.
Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquered;
And, where we have found virtue, though in those,
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave, since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but like records,
They file to after-ages. Our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we brand their mentions with upbraidings?
Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
More than my fortunes durst; for they abused me,
And wound me up so high, I swelled with glory:
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again, nay more, discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.
Bond. Your reason?
Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?
Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against some slight commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and next those, our honours,
And with those swords, that know no end of battle:
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour;
Those minds, that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i'th' bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those, that must be so, until we tire them,
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our hands our swords. That hardy Roman,
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes.
Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.
Car. They shall:
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.
Hengo. And what then, uncle?
Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant Roman,
That calls you knave.
Hengo. And must I kill but one?
Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.
Hengo. I hope five hundred.
Car. That is a noble boy! Come, worthy lady,
Let us to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNIUS *and* PETILLIUS.

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want meat?
Jun. No.
Pet. Clothes?
Jun. Neither. For heaven's love, leave me!
Pet. Drink?
Jun. You tire me.
Pet. Come, it is drink; I know it is drink.
Jun. 'Tis no drink.
Pet. I say, it is drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.
Jun. Prithee, Petillius——
Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;
And, when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do you do this to me?
Pet. For I see,
Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a soldier
As an old side-saddle——
Jun. What do you see?
Pet. I see as fair as day, that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping, like an oyster
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moored for want of liquor. Do but see
Into thyself; for, by the gods, I do;
For all thy body's chapped and cracked like timber,
For want of moisture: What is it thou want'st there, Junius,
An if it be not drink?
Jun. You have too much on't.
Pet. It may be a whore too. Say it be, come meecher,
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow,
Die for a little lap and lechery?
Pet. No, it shall ne'er be said in our country,
Thou diedst of the chin-cough. Hear, thou noble Roman,

The son of her that loves a soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee! thus I said:
Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;
These two beget commanders: Fear not, lady;
Thy son shall lead.
Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.
Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm is in drink? in a good wholesome wench?
I do beseech you, sir, what error? Yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk: come, no more fooling;
The general has new wine, new come over.
Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.
Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
A short and touchy answer! 'None, I thank you?'
You do not scorn it, do you?
Jun. Gods defend, sir!
I owe him still more honour.
Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
No company, no drink, no wench, 'I thank you?'
You shall be worse entreated, sir.
Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me!
Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes; I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you, by your new sirname,
Of Junius 'None I thank you.' I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks, lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges:
I have viewed you, and I have found you, by my skill,
To be a fool of the first head, Junius,
And I will hunt you: You are in love, I know it;
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

Enter Judas *and four Soldiers.*

Judas. A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.
1 *Sold.* Fight like hogs for acorns?
2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for pig-nuts?
Pet. What ail these rascals?
3 *Sold.* If this hold, we are starved.
Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a day (a hard world
For officers, and men of action!),
And those so clipt by master mouse, and rotten—
(For understand them French beans, where the fruits
Are ripened like the people, in old tubs)
For mine own part, I say, I am starved already,
Not worth another bean, consumed to nothing,
Nothing but flesh and bones left, miserable:
Now, if this musty provender can prick me
To honourable matters of atchievement, gentlemen,
Why, there's the point.
4 *Sold.* I'll fight no more.
Pet. You'll hang then;
A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
Whose gods are beef and brewis! whose brave angers
Do execution upon these, and chibbals!
Ye dog's heads in the porridge-pot! ye fight no more!
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pye-crust?
3 *Sold.* Would we had it!
Judas. I may do service, captain.
Pet. In a fish-market.
You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth? do you hope to triumph?
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,
Clap a new sole to th' kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,
You fight, or not fight?
Judas. Captain!
Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies!
Nothing but noise and nastiness!
Judas. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.
Pet. Whereby hangs your valour.
Judas. Good bits afford good blows.
Pet. A good position;
How long is't since thou eatest last? Wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.
Judas. I have not eat to th' purpose——
Pet. 'To th' purpose!' what is that? half a cow and garlic?
Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon it;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes, slaves;
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make them marchpane. 'To the purpose?'
A grievous penance! Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur?
Jun. Pray you, Petillius!
Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.
2 *Sold.* He has drunk the more then.
3 *Sold.* And that is all one.
Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.
Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor soldiers,

Men, that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometime feel afflictions—— [*To* Junius.
Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.
Pet. 'Tis common profit;
Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food,
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange furmity
Will feed you up as fat as hens i'th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like fichoks: to him.
Judas. Captain——
Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?
Pet. See what metal
It makes in him: Two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies Caratach.
Judas. We do beseech you——
2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your valour——
Jun. Am I only
Become your sport, Petillius?
Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation——
Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!
4 *Sold.* Or rather pity——
3 *Sold.* Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.
Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your table-books!
Jun. Is this true friendship?
And must my killing griefs make other's May-games!
Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor starved spirits
Can make me no oblations; else, oh, love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction! I would send thee
Whole hetacombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows.
Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir. [*Exit* Junius.
Pet. So he does, sir;
And cannot you do so too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant is: *Ay me's!* and hearty *hey hoes!*
Are sallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat?
By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight like camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love! Ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows: fast ye into famine,
Yet ye can crawl like crabs to wenches: handsomely,
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow 't but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much charge saved, and your hunger's ended. [*Drum afar off.*
Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude murmurings; and discreetly
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, *drum and colours.*

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger dispatched
To Penius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment?
Dem. He is there by this time.
Suet. And are the horse well viewed, we brought from Mona?
Dec. The troops are full and lusty.
Suet. Good Petillius,
Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: Provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.
Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay rebellions;
Now, an they want but mustard, they are in uproars!
No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs,
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy them;
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful; Orontes must be sought for,
And apples from the happy isles; the truth is,
They are more curious now, in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turned up their treasures.
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our fortunes; great discretion
To follow offered vict'ry; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.
Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again, and as a pine
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds, that split him; so will I,
Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer through these swelling dangers, plow their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.
They keep the field still?
Dem. Confident and full.
Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew:
The hills are wooded with their partizans,
And all the vallies overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes; no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune
And our endeavours bring us into them,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,
We shall be killed with killing; of desperate women,
That neither fear or shame e'er found, the devil
Has ranked amongst them multitudes; say the men fail,
They'll poison us with their petticoats; say they fail,

They've priests enough to pray us into nothing.
Suet. These are imaginations, dreams of nothing;
The man, that doubts or fears——
Dec. I am free of both.
Dem. The self-same I.
Pet. And I as free as any;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
It was a wisdom learned from you, I learned it,
And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on and get; to save a Roman,
Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps: how, viewing,
To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it
With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
Should claim the victory.
Suet. 'Tis true, Petillius,
And worthily remembered: The rule is certain,
Their uses no less excellent; but where time
Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all
Tend to a present peril, 'tis required
Our swords and manhoods be best counsellors,
Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
Where Reason, Time, and Counsel are our camp-masters;
But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
Where pale destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In wants and mutinies, ourselves but handfulls,
And to ourselves our own fears, needs a new way,
A sudden and a desperate execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
Only a present well-united strength,
And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it:
Disputing and delay here cool the courage;
Necessity gives time for doubts; (things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preached to:)
Rewards like them, and names for after-ages,
Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm him;
And having forced his spirit, ere he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies; sudden and swift,
Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for it:
Fury must be our fortune; shame, we have lost,
Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward:
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruin, but destruction;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.
Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.
Suet. Then no doubt
The day must needs be ours. That the proud woman
Is infinite in number better likes me,
Than if we dealt with squadrons; half her army
Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
I'll tell you all my fears; one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts me than all Britain: He's a soldier
So forged out, and so tempered for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman: But no more. Petillius,
How stands your charge?
Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.
Suet. 'Tis well governed;
To-morrow we'll draw out and view the cohorts:
I' th' mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?
Pet. In's cabin, sick o' th' mumps, sir.
Suet. How?
Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of Queen Dido.
Dec. Alas, poor gentleman!
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what lady?
I'll be a spokesman for him.
Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.
Suet. Who is it?
Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest cracked i'th' ring.
Suet. I'm sorry for him:
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him;
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can, unto the soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set them fit to run this action;
Mine own provisions shall be shared amongst them,
'Till more come in; tell them, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before them.
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever banished. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Penius, Regulus, Macer, *and* Drusius.

Pen. I must come?
Macer. So the general commands, sir.
Pen. I *must* bring up my regiment?
Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.
Pen. But, did he say I *must* come?
Macer. So delivered.
Pen. How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded
In Britain here?
Reg. About five years, great Penius.
Pen. The general, some five months! Are all my actions
So poor and lost, my services so barren,

That I'm remembered in no nobler language
But *must* come up?
Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.
Pen. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?
Am I turned bare centurion? *Must*, and *shall*,
Fit embassies to court my honour?
Macer. Sir——
Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves,
That have marched name by name with Rome's best doers?
Serve them up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *must*, my language?

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Penius, where lies the host?
Pen. Where fate may find them.
Cur. Are they ingirt?
Pen. The battle's lost.
Cur. So soon?
Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcases,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain's swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.
Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrificed
For Rome's encrease?
Pen. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smothered with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhaled all valours
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless, and out of name, both rude and naked:
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
Into this Britain gulf, this quicksand ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us! what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poisoned with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless pain,
Killed like to slaves, and cannot kill again?
Drus. Penius, mark antient wars, and know, that then
A captain weighed an hundred thousand men.
Pen. Drusius, mark antient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that saved his men.
I must not go.
Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.
Pen. Who drew up? Regulus?
Ha? speak! did you? whose bold will durst attempt this!
Drawn out? why, who commands, sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?
Reg. I keep mine own obedience.
Drus. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants——
Pen. Without my knowledge!
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?
Drus. By heaven, sir, I am ignorant.
[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers, with drum and colours.*
Pen. What! am I grown a shadow?—Hark! they march.
I'll know, and will be myself.—Stand! Disobedience?
He, that advances one foot higher, dies for it.
Run through the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge them, on command, beat back again;
By heaven I'll tithe them all else!
Reg. We'll do our best. [*Exe.* DRUS. *and* REG.
Pen. Back! cease your bawling drums there!
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back!
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home!—Ha!
D'ye stare upon me? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names feared and honoured, turned to wildfires?
Oh, gods, to disobedience? Command, farewell!
And ye be witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these meus' shames! March, soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruins; your old Penius
Dares not behold your murders.
1 *Sold.* Captain!
2 *Sold.* Captain!
3 *Sold.* Dear, honoured captain!
Pen. Too, too dear-loved soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own wills! 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much dishonoured ye; go, seek the Britons,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good, and governed,
Is only left of my command, for story;

What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well!

Enter DRUSIUS *and* REGULUS.

Drus. Oh, turn again, great Penius! see the soldier
In all points apt for duty.
Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste, he thought, to please you with. See, captain,
The toughness of his courage turned to water;
See how his manly heart melts.
Pen. Go; beat homeward;
There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.
Macer. My answer, sir. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*
Pen. Tell the great general,
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches;
Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry:
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
And when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the captains.
Macer. All this I shall deliver.
Pen. Farewell, Macer! [*Exit.*
Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!
Reg. It must needs,
If stout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldiers loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.
Drus. He's a brave fellow:
And but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.
Cur. I shall endeavour.
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!
Reg. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, *and a Herald.*

Pet. Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.
Jun. Why,
Why should I love mine enemy? what's beauty?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits? Blind they feign him;
I'm sure, I find it so——
Pet. A dog shall lead you.
Jun. His fond affections blinder——
Pet. Hold you there still?
Jun. It takes away my sleep——
Pet. Alas, poor chicken!
Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion——
Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.
Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.——
Pet. Thou'rt damned without redemption, then.
Jun. The way to it
Strewed with fair western smiles, and April blushes,
Led by the brightest constellations; eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying heaven: but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.
Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.
Jun. Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That, when we have enjoyed our ends, we lose them,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages?——
Pet. Sweet philosopher!
Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous?
Pet. Motley on thee!
Thou art an arrant ass.
Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a nose, a cheek——
Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
An half-faced mistress!
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Doat on my horse well trapt, my sword well hatched?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravished),
My nature must not know (she hates our nation),
Thus to dispose my spirit!
Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love! I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench; there are a thousand——
Pet. Hold thee there, boy!
Jun. A thousand will entreat me.
Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.
Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.
Pet. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I've known thee
Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.
Jun. I will be man again.
Pet. Now mark the working!
The devil and the spirit tug for't: Twenty pound
Upon the devil's head!
Jun. I must be wretched!
Pet. I knew I'd won.
Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.
Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds, [*Music.*
But I will fright thy devil. Stay, he sings now.
[*Song, by* JUNIUS, *and* PETILLIUS *after him, in mockage.*

Jun. Must I be thus abused?

Pet. Yes, marry must you.
Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is; now read it.

Herald. [*Reading.*] "It is the general's command, that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within the trenches; he, that fears, has liberty to leave the field: Fools, boys, and cowards must not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections; especially those cowards, they call lovers."

Jun. Ha?

Pet. Read on.

Herald. [*Reading.*] "If any common soldier love an enemy, he's whipped and made a slave: If any captain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out of the army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a soldier."

Jun. The pox consume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*

Pet. Let this work;
He has something now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, shake no more.

Herald. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers, whilst I live, again,
Or come within their confines——

Pet. There's your payment,
And keep this private.

Herald. I am schooled for talking. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Pet. How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing;
Your company stands fair. But pray you, where's Junius?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty,
That Decius leads.

Pet. Hunting for victuals.
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their stomachs
Are, like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied,

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the country.

Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.

Dem. They may be hanged though.

Pet. There's their joyful supper.
And no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But, for heaven's sake,
How does young Junius?

Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.

Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.

Pet. Oh, a great one,
Fit to command young goslings. But what news?

Dem. I think the messenger's come back from Penius
By this time; let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound delivered
With an ill accent, or some style left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare speak treason,
Dares say what no man dares believe, dares do——
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done.

Pet. You'll pay?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old use, Penius!
Be stubborn and vainglorious, and I thank thee.
Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us,
I fear, will trouble heaven no more: Two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of dying.

Pet. 'Tis possible we may live; But, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,
That I may drink yet like a soldier——

Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on your armour.

Pet. Mine's in your purse, sir; let's go try the wager! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter JUDAS *and his four companions (halters about their necks),* BONDUCA, *her Daughters, and* NENNIUS *following.*

Bond. Come, hang them presently.

Nen. What made your rogueships
Harrying for victuals here? Are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hanged now? Don't ye long for it?

Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As pull an a-se like dogs to't.

1 *Sold.* Any way,
So it be handsome.

3 *Sold.* I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too:
But all agree, and I'll not stick out, boys.

4 *Sold.* Let us hang pleasantly.

Judas. Then pleasantly be it:
Captain, the truth is, we had as lieve hang
With meat in our mouths, as ask your pardon empty.

Bond. These are brave hungers.
What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?

Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

Bond. Torment them, wenches, (I must back) then hang them. [*Exit.*

Judas. We humbly thank your Grace!

1 *Daugh.* The rogues laugh at us.

2 *Daugh.* Sirrah, what think you of a wench now?

Judas. A wench, lady?

I do beseech your ladyship, retire;
I'll tell you presently: You see the time's short;
One crash even to the settling of my conscience.
Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?
Judas. Yes, ride too, captain;
Will you but see my seat?
1 *Daugh.* Ye shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake ye.
Judas. Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better.
1 *Daugh.* Whips, good soldier,
Which you shall taste before you hang, to mortify you;
'Tis pity you should die thus desperate.
2 *Daugh.* These are the merry Romans, the brave madcaps:
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.
Bring out the whips.
Judas. 'Would your good ladyships
Would exercise them too!
4 *Sold.* Surely, ladies,
We'll shew you a strange patience.
Nen. Hang them, rascals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?
Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.
Car. Is that all, Nennius?
Judas. 'Would I were fairly hanged! This is the devil,
The kill-cow Caratach.
Car. And you would hang them?
Nen. Are they not enemies?
1 *Sold.* My breech makes buttons.
1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?
Car. Tormentors? flea-traps!
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wisdom.
Car. Wisdom, Nennius?
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?
A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry.
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starved:
Art thou not hungry?
Judas. Monstrous hungry.
Car. He looks
Like hunger's self. Get them some victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick! Hang up poor pilchers?
2 *Sold.* This is the bravest captain——
Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.
Car. I'll answer all, sir.
2 *Daugh.* Let's up and view his entertainment of them!
I am glad they are shifted any way; their tongues else
Would still have murdered us.
1 *Daugh.* Let's up and see it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HENGO.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves! Why, where's this wine and victuals?
Who waits there?
Serv. [*Within.*] Sir, 'tis coming.
Hengo. Who are these, uncle?
Car. They are Romans, boy.
Hengo. Are these they,
That vex my aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in them;
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:
Why, I dare fight with these.
Car. That's my good chicken!—
And how d'ye? how d'ye feel your stomachs?
Judas. Wondrous apt, sir;
As shall appear, when time calls.
Car. That's well; down with it.
A little grace well serve your turns. Eat softly!
You'll choke, ye knaves, else. Give them wine!
Judas. Not yet, sir;
We're even a little busy.
Hengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? Thou fellow!
Judas. Away, boy;
Away; this is no boy's play.
Hengo. By heaven, uncle,
If his valour lie in his teeth, he is the most valiant.
Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.
Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What's the price of a couple of crammed Romans?
Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.
Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?
Car. No more, boy.
Come, I'll sit with you too. Sit down by me, boy.
Judas. Pray bring your dish then.
Car. Hearty knaves! more meat there.
1 *Sold.* That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now, and pledge me.
Judas. This little piece, sir.
Car. By heaven, square eaters!
More meat, I say! Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month! how terribly
They charge upon their victuals! Dare ye fight thus?
Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.
Car. Well said, Famine!
Here's to thy general.
Judas. Most excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.
Car. And to-morrow-night, say to him,
His head is mine.
Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.
Car. Well said. [*Daughters above.*
1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment: How the thieves drink!

2 Daugh. Danger is dry; they looked for colder liquor.
Car. Fill them more wine; give them full bowls. Which of you all now,
In recompense of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle?
Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompense,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Hengo. Thou dar'st as well
Be damned! thou knock his brains out? thou skin of man!
Uncle, I will not hear this.
Judas. Tie up your whelp.
Hengo. Thou kill my uncle? 'Would I had but a sword
For thy sake, thou dried dog!
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries!
Hengo. Kill mine uncle?
Car. He shall not, child.
Hengo. He cannot; he is a rogue,
An only eating rogue! kill my sweet uncle?
Oh, that I were a man!
Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I'll do it.
Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, boy!
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows!
2 Daugh. In love with me? that love shall cost your lives all.
Come, sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of them,
If fortune favour me. [*Exeunt Daughters.*
Car. Let's see you sweat,
To-morrow, blood and spirit, boys; this wine
Turned to stern valour.
1 Sold. Hark you, Judas;
If he should hang us after all this?
Judas. Let him:
I'll hang like a gentleman, and a Roman.
Car. Take away there;.
They have enough.
Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer; and if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for it.
Car. Get them guides; their wine
Has over-mastered them.

Enter second Daughter and a Servant.

2 Daugh. That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well delivered.
Car. Farewell, knaves!
Speak nobly of us; keep your words to-morrow,

Enter a Guide.

And do something worthy your meat. Go, guide them,
And see them fairly onward. [*Exit.*
Judas. Meaning me, sir?
Serv. The same.
The youngest daughter to the queen
To give this privately to captain Junius.
This for your pains.
Judas. I rest her humble servant;
Commend me to thy lady. Keep your
Serv. I must instruct you further.
Judas. Keep your files there!
Order, sweet friends; faces about now.
Guide. Here, sir;
Here lies your way.
Judas. Bless the founders, I say!
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly! march now, boys! [*E*

SCENE IV.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe? not come, because commanded?
Was it not thus?
Macer. It was, sir.
Pet. What now think you?
Suet. *Must come* so heinous to him, so distasteful?
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I'll pay it.
Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tendered?
Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanced too,
The captains at all points steeled up; their preparations
Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Penius
Stept, like a stormy cloud, 'twixt them and hopes.
Suet. And stopped their resolutions?
Macer. True; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.
Suet. Well, Penius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; thou hast lopt a limb off from me;
And let it be thy glory, thou was stubborn,
Thy wisdom, that thou left'st thy general naked!
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou'lt too late repent this.
And wish 'I *must* come up' had been thy blessing.
Pet. Let's force him.
Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.
Pet. I think, a traitor.
Suet. No ill words! let his own shame first revile him.
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make them high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles

ay presently advance; no man discover,
on his life, the enemies' full strength,
t make it of no value. Decius,
e your starved people yet come home?
Dec. I hope so.
Suet. Keep them in more obedience: This is no time
o chide, I could be angry else, and say more to you;
ut come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
nd valour equal to his sword this day,
hall be my saint.
Pet. We shall be holy all, then. [*Exeunt.*

Manet DECIUS. *Enter* JUDAS *and his company.*

Judas. Captain, captain, I've brought them off again;
The drunkennest slaves!
Dec. Pox confound your rogueships!
I'll call the general, and have ye hanged all.
Judas. Pray, who will you command, then?
Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ringleader to these devices,
Whose maw is never crammed, I'll have an engine—
Judas. A wench, sweet captain.
Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,
Where you shall have two lictors, with two whips,
Hammer your hide.
Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,
Farewell! we have employment.
Dec. Where hast thou been?
Judas. There, where you dare not be, with all your valour.
Dec. Where's that?
Judas. With the best good fellow living.
1 *Sold.* The king of all good fellows.
Dec. Who's that?
Judas. Caratach.
Shake now, and say, we have done something worthy!
Mark me, with Caratach; by this Heaven, Caratach!
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach!
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach! Besides the drink, captain,
The bravest running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef——
Dec. How 'scaped ye hanging?
Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;
And I say still, old Caratach!
Dec. Belike, then,
You are turned rebels all.
Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day——
Dec. Away, ye rascal!
Judas. Fair words, I say again!
Dec. What must you do, sir?
Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do;
But my word's past.
Dec. What is it?
Judas. Why, kill Caratach.
That's all he asked us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Judas. Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin, I had not promised it!
For such another Caratach——
Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country service?
Judas. I've brought that
To captain Junius——
Dec. How!
Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think so.
Dec. How! to Junius?
I'll more enquire of this. You'll fight now?
Judas. Promise,
Take head of promise, captain!
Dec. Away, and rank then.
Judas. But, hark you, captain; there is wine distributing;
I would fain know what share I have.
Dec. Be gone;
You have too much.
Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting:
There's one called Caratach, that has wine.
Dec. Well, sir,
If you'll be ruled now, and do well——
Judas. Do excellent.
Dec. You shall have wine, or any thing. Go file;
I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormice,
And stow them somewhere, where they may sleep handsomely;
They'll hear a hunts-up shortly.
Judas. Now I love thee:
But no more forks nor whips!
Dec. Deserve them not then.
Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;
And get them sober quickly.
Judas. Arm, arm, bullies!
All's right again and straight; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis!
Be sober and discreet; we've much to do, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice! the queen comes.

Music. Enter in solemnity the Druids singing, the second Daughter strewing flowers; then BONDUCA, CARATACH, NENNIUS, *and others.*

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers!
Hear us, ye great revengers! and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours,
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast! the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless! On our pikes
This day pale terror sit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts; and 'fore our troops
Despair and death; shame beyond these attend them!
Rise from the dust, ye relicks of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing!
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!

Nen. Thou great Tiranes, whom our sacred priests,
Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot them home; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in them to destruction; through their phalanx
Strike as thou strik'st a proud tree; shake their bodies,
Make their strengths totter, and their topless fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin!

1 *Daugh.* Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god; if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women,
(Women derived from thee) their shames, the sufferings
Of those that daily filled thy sacrifice
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers;
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting, from this blessed isle,
Of what Rome is, or has been!

Bond. Give more incense!
The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts. Pour on.

2 *Daugh.* See, Heaven,
And all your powers that guide us, see and shame,
We kneel so long for pity! O'er your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation, that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compassion.
This tear for Prosutagus, my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother,
And all her miseries; yet see and save us!
But now ye must be open-eyed. See, heaven,
Oh, see thy showers stolen from thee; our dishonours,
[*A smoke from the alter.*
Oh, sister, our dishonours! Can ye be gods,
And these sins smothered?

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions!
The gods love courage armed with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: Weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute them:
Divine Andate! thou, who holdst the reins
Of furious battles, and disordered war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcases,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steeled sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows of both sides, wounds, that fear or flight
Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions, fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-eyed god! who does best,
Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but justice;
And my first blow, thus, on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [*A flame rises.*

Bond. It flames out. [*Music.*

Car. Now sing, ye Druids. [*Song.*

Bond. It is out again.

Car. He has given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more;
The rest hangs in our resolutions:
Tempt him no more.

Bond. I would know further, cousin.

Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our valours are our best gods. Chear the soldier,
And let him eat.

Mes. He's at it, sir.
Car. Away then;
When he has done, let's march. Come, fear not, lady;
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.
Bond. Now I am confident.
[*Exeunt. Recorders.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.
Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too.
Dec. Read it.
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:
Read it, good Curius.
Cur. Willingly.
Jun. Now mark it.
Cur. [*Reading.*] "Health to thy heart, my honoured Junius,
And all thy love requited! I am thine,
Thine everlastingly: thy love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me!
For I have purposed a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this blessed day
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To shew thee
How infinite my love is, even my mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen Rome's ambition:
I'm weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this disobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolved to fetch me off, the noblest;
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles; we'll be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bonvica."
Cur. This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answered, we must have doubted.
Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet?
Jun. Yes.
Dec. And examined?
Jun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.
Dec. Strange!
Cur. If she mean what she writes, as it may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.
Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.
Dec. Think an hour more;
Then if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.
Jun. Nobly done! I thank ye.
Ye know the time.
Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!
Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?
Jun. All our troops attend, sir.
Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, Junius;
I hope you are dispossessed.
Jun. I hope so too, sir.
Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now!
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans;
The name will fight itself: To tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
But loss of time; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so: To tell ye further,
His body shews more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying time and fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance! draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, where the snow dwells,
And blows to all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented deserts; wakens
The ruined monuments; and there, where nothing
But eternal death and sleep is, informs again
The dead bones with your virtues. Go on, I say:
Valiant and wise rule heaven, and all the great
Aspects attend them. Do but blow upon
This enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name; and, like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all;
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer!
Dec. Dem. It is done.
Pet. That man, that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot!
Suet. Sufficient.
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;

March close and sudden, like a tempest: All executions [*March.*
Done without sparkling of the body; keep your phalanx
Sure lined, and pieced together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CARATACH *and* NENNIUS.

Nen. The Roman is advanced; from yon hill's brow
We may behold him, Caratach. [*A march.*
Car. Let's thither;
[*Drums within at one place afar off.*
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body.
Observe them, Nennius; by heaven, a handsome body,
And, of a few, strongly and wisely jointed!
Suetonius is a soldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That's he, that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely;
He shews no less than general. See how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick, like plumes; he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant
Bring on the first square body to oppose them,
And, as he charges, open to enclose them;
The queen move next with her's, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by it.
Haste thee, good Nennius; I'll follow instantly. [*Exit* NENNIUS.
How close they march, as if they grew together! [*March.*
No place but lined alike, sure from oppression!
They will not change this figure; we must charge them,
And charge them home at both ends, van and rear; [*Drums in another place afar off.*
They'll never totter else. I hear our music,
And must attend it: Hold, good sword, but this day,
And bite hard, where I hound thee! and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Jun. Now's the time; the fellow stays.
Dec. What think ye?
Cur. I think 'tis true.
Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into it,
D'ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of you so naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let's take Petillius with us!
Jun. By no means;
He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous,
But where the end's his own: we are strong enough,
If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,
Her mother and her sister.
Cur. I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't; Weigh the good,
The general good may come.
Dec. Away! I'll with ye;
But with what doubt——
Jun. Fear not; my soul for all!
[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several places afar off, as at a main battle.*

SCENE V.

Enter DRUSIUS *and* PENIUS *above.*

Drus. Here you may see them all, sir; from this hill
The country shews off level.
Pen. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The Roman power shews like a little star,
Hedged with a double halo.—Now the knell rings: [*Loud shouts.*
Hark, how they shout to th' battle! how the air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, Drusius,
With the huge-vollied clamours!
Drus. Now they charge
(Oh, gods!) of all sides, fearfully.
Pen. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing hydra one short hour,
And thou hast out-done Hercules!
Drus. The dust
Hides them; we cannot see what follows.
Pen. They're gone,
Gone, swallowed, Drusius; this eternal sun
Shall never see them march more.
Drus. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field! some forty,
Against four hundred!
Pen. Well fought, bravely followed!
Oh, nobly charged again, charged home too! Drusius,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all; [*Loud shouts.*
Close, close, I say! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring spirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they're gone too,
For ever gone! see, Drusius, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom?
Drus. They are gone indeed, sir.
Pen. Look out toward the army;
I am heavy with these slaughters.
Drus. 'Tis the same still,

Covered with dust and fury. [*They retire.*

Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius, *Soldiers and Servants.*

2 *Daugh.* Bring them in;
Tie them, and then unarm them.
1 *Daugh.* Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves!
2 *Daugh.* Your deaths, fools!
Dec. We deserve them;
And, women, do your worst.
1 *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.
2 *Daugh.* Which is kind Junius?
Serv. This.
2 *Daugh.* Are you my sweetheart?
It looks ill on't! How long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first loved? Had we not reason
To doat extremely upon one another?
How does my love? This is not he; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.
Jun. Monster——
2 *Daugh.* Oh, now it courts!
Jun. Armed with more malice
Than he, that got thee, has, the devil.
2 *Daugh.* Good!
Proceed, sweet chick.
Jun. I hate thee; that's my last.
2 *Daugh.* Nay, an you love me, forward!—No? Come, sister,
Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make them laugh a little. Ye damned lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i'th' noose? Since ye're such loving creatures,
We'll be your Cupids: Do ye see these arrows?
We'll send them to your wanton livers, goats.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,
Ambitious salt-itch slaves, Rome's master-sins!
The mountain-rams tupt your hot mothers.
2 *Daugh.* Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck;
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if, in my fell anger,
I do not out-do all example!

Enter Caratach.

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies? Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks you dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle.—Sure these faces
I have beheld and known; they are Roman leaders!
How came they here?
2 *Daugh.* A trick, sir, that we used;
A certain policy conducted them
Unto our snare: We have done you no small service.
These used as we intend, we are for th' battle.
Car. As you intend? Taken by treachery?
1 *Daugh.* Is't not allowed?
Car. Those, that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catched up by craft?
2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.
Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs? Out!
Out, out, ye sluts, ye follies! From our swords,
Filch our revenges basely?—Arm again, gentlemen!
Soldiers, I charge ye help them.
2 *Daugh.* By heavens, uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes.
Car. By heaven, ye should have kept your legs close then. Dispatch there!
1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus!
Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though't be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us,
Not to be snatched out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run awa first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stales for victories.
Give them their swords.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods!
Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother!
2 *Daugh.* One shot, gentle uncle!
Car. One cut her fiddle-string!
Bear them off, I say.
1 *Daugh.* The devil take this fortune!
Car. Learn to spin, [*Exeunt Daughters.*
And curse your knotted hemp!—Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser;
There thank me like tall soldiers: I shall seek ye. [*Exit.*
Cur. A noble worth!
Dec. Well, Junius?
Jun. Pray ye, no more!
Cur. He blushes; do not load him.
Dec. Where is your love now? [*Drums loud again.*
Jun. Puff! there it flies. Come, let's redeem our follies.
[*Exeunt* Junius, Curius, *and* Decius.

Drusius *and* Penius *come forward.*

Drus. Awake, sir; yet the Roman body's whole;
I see them clear again.
Pen. Whole? 'tis impossible;
Drusius, they must be lost.
Drus. By heaven, they're whole, sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about,
To gain more ground.
Pen. But see there, Drusius, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains!
Their gilt coats shine like dragon's scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see them, and view them,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armed carts stand; a new army?

Look how they hang like falling rocks! as murdering
Death rides in triumph, Drusius, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their axtrees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before them!
'Till then, I'll dream what Rome was. [*They retire.*

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought!
Honour till now ne'er shewed her golden face
I'th' field: Like lions, gentlemen, you've held
Your heads up this day. Where is young Junius, Curius, and Decius?
Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir.
Suet. Their worths go with them! Breathe a while. How do ye?
Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's whole yet.
Dem. Wou'd they would give us more ground!
Suet. Give? we'll have it.
Pet. Have it, and hold it too, despite the devil.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line sure; The queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?
Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come, my brave soldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye: Live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.
Jun. Best;
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.
Dec. More wounds, more honour.
Pet. Lose no time.
Suet. Away then;
And stand this shock, ye've stood the world.
Pet. We'll grow to it.
Is not this better now than lousy loving?
Jun. I am myself, Petillius.
Pet. 'Tis now I love thee. [*Exeunt Romans.*

Enter BONDUCA, CARATACH, *Daughters, and* NENNIUS.

Car. Charge them i'th' flanks! Oh, you have played the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool!
Bond. Why, cousin?
Car. The woman fool! Why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the enemy? We pay for it;
Our own swords cut our throats! Why, pox on it!
Why do you offer to command? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?
Bond. I'll help all.
Car. Home, [*Exeunt Queen, &c.*
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruin'd!—How! [*Shouts within.*
Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by heaven!
Within. Victoria!
Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman!
[*Exeunt omnes præter* DRUSIUS *and* PENIUS.
Drus. Victoria, victoria!
Pen. How is that, Drusius?
Drus. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look, look, sir,
For Heaven's sake, look! The Britons fly, the Britons fly! Victoria!

Enter SUETONIUS, *Soldiers, and Captains.*

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers!
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy metal, Junius; they are ours,
The world cannot redeem them: Stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers! [*Exeunt.*

Enter BONDUCA, *Daughters, and Britons.*

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons?
Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again? Back, cowards!
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave me?
Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children,

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

To Roman rape again, and fury?
Car. Fly, ye buzzards!
Ye've wings enough, ye fear. Get thee gone, woman, [*Loud shout within.*
Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's lost! Hark,
Hark how the Romans ring our knells! [*Ex.* BOND. *&c.*
Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me; shake not;

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, *and* DECIUS.

I'll breech you, if you do, boy.—Come, brave Romans!
All is not lost yet.
Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach. [*Fight. Drums.*
Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home, home! have at you!
Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.
Dec. I'm weary.
Pet. So am I.
Car. Send more swords to me.
Jun. Let's sit and rest. [*Sit down.*
Drus. What think you now?
Pen. Oh, Drusius,

I've lost mine honour, lost my name, lost all
That was my light: These are true Romans, and I
A Briton coward, a base coward! Guide me,
Where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me! Oh, blind fortune,
Hast thou abused me thus!
Drus. Good sir, be comforted;
It was your wisdom ruled you. Pray you go home;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat.*
Pen. Fool, fool, coward!
[*Exeunt* Penius *and* Drusius.

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, *Soldiers, drum and colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in!—Well have you fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds:
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again: To-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of honour,
True virtue's heirs, thus hatched with Britain blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, *and* Demetrius, *singing.*

Pet. *Smooth was his cheek,*
Dec. *And his chin it was sleek,*
Jun. *With, whoop, he has done wooing!*
Dem. *Junius was this captain's name,*
A lad for a lass's viewing.
Pet. *Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,*
Dec. *Made up for love's pursuing.*
Dem. *Smooth was his cheek,*
Pet. *And his chin it was sleek,*
Jun. *With, whoop, he has done wooing!*

Pet. Oh, my vexed thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as bells.
Pet. Thy back-worm
Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?
Jun. Dead, Petillius,
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——
Pet. Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his quiver,
A drunken brawling boy! Thy honoured saint
Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money,
And there's the ware; square dealing: This but sweats thee
Like a nesh nag, and makes thee look pin-buttocked;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,
And shews thee like a long lent, thy brave body
Turned to a tail of green fish without butter.
Dec. When thou lovest next, love a good cup of wine,
A mistress for a king! she leaps to kiss thee,
Her red and white's her own, she makes good blood,
Takes none away. What she heats, sleep can help
Without a groping surgeon.
Jun. I am counselled;
And henceforth, when I doat again——
Dem. Take heed;
Ye had almost paid for't.
Pet. Love no more great ladies;
Thou canst not step amiss then; there's no delight in them:
All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, not handling.
Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper,
A rough pac'd bed will shake them all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls;
Plenæ rimarum sunt, they're full of rennet,
And take the skin off where they're tasted: Shun 'em,
They live in culisses, like rotten cocks,
Stew'd to a tenderness that holds no tack;
Give me a thing I may crush.
Jun. Thou speakest truly:
The wars shall be my mistress now.
Pet. Well chosen!
For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i'th' morning.
Jun. Yesterday
I found those favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to th' purpose,
Which never woman did yet. She'll hold grappling,
And he that lays on best is her best servant;
All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,

Stretching of legs out, and trim laziness.—
Here comes the general.

Enter SUETONIUS, CURIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. I'm glad I've found ye:
Are those come in yet, that pursued bold Caratach?
Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Penius:
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
H' has pulled upon himself, will be his ruin;
I fear his soldiers' fury too: Haste presently;
I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius——
Pet. That, that shall choke him. [*Aside.*
Suet. All the noble counsel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour.
Pet. For me, I think, as handsome. [*Aside.*
Suet. All the comfort;
And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.
Pet. I conceive, sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;
There you shall find us following of our conquest.
Make haste!
Pet. The best I may. [*Exit.*
Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies! we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
'Till she be seized; without her, nothing won.
[*Exeunt. Short flourish.*

SCENE II.

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

Car. How does my boy?
Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
I do not fear.
Car. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we're dead?
Car. Strange questions!—
Why, to the blessed'st place, boy—Ever sweetness
And happiness dwell there.
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Romans, uncle?
Car. No, boy.
Hengo. I should be loth to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence, and strong oppression,
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.
Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphemed them, uncle, nor transgressed my parents;
I always said my prayers.
Car. Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt.
Hengo. When they please.
Car. That's my good boy!
Art thou not weary, Hengo?
Hengo. Weary, uncle?
I've heard you say you've marched all day in armour.
Car. I have, boy.
Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?
Car. Yes.
Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things, as blood?
Car. Thou art too tender.
Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.
Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength!
Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.
Hark, [*Drum.*
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS *and his people to the door.*

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they're here. Who dare charge!
1 *Sold.* He,
That dares be knocked o'th' head: I'll not come near him.
Judas. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!
He has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy!
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say!
Apace, apace! he has found us. [*They retire.*
Car. Do ye hunt us?
Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starved rascal,
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets:
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike his head off,
That I may piss in's face.
Car. Do ye make us foxes?
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy!
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*
Hengo. Now he pays them;
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Enter JUDAS, &c.

Judas. Here's the boy;

Mine own, I thank my fortune.
Hengo. Uncle, uncle!
Famine is fallen upon me, uncle.
Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing)
I'll tickle your young tail else.
Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat: Charge home, sirrah!
Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.
Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me! how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the worm is! a scabbed boy
To handle me thus!—Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger; here 'tis, touch it.
Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler! Prithee yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple, yield.
Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me!
I'll give you sharper language: When, ye coward,
When come ye up?
Judas. If he should beat me——
Hengo. When, sir?
I long to kill thee! Come, thou canst not 'scape me;
I've twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.
Judas. Sure, 'tis the devil,
A dwarf devil in a doublet!
Hengo. I have killed
A captain, sirrah, a brave captain, and when I've done,
I've kicked him thus. Look here: see how I charge
This staff!
Judas. Most certain this boy will cut my throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.
2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes!
Judas. The devil take the hindmost! [*Exeunt* JUDAS, *&c.*
Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues!
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes! that's he, boys!
What a brave cry they make!

Enter CARATACH, *with a head.*

Car. How does my chicken?
Hengo. 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon it,
I've out-braved Hunger.
Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.
Hengo. Good provision!
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.
Car. A right complete soldier!
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.
Hengo. Any thing;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.
Hengo. And boldly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter PENIUS, DRUSIUS, *and* REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.
Pen. Pray ye, forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.
Drus. Dear captain!
Reg. Most honoured sir!
Pen. Most hated, most abhorred!
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!
Reg. Sure
His mind is dangerous.
Drus. The good gods cure it!
Pen. My honour got through fire, through stubborn breaches,
Through battles, that have been as hard to win as heaven,
Through death himself in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!
And now I'm left to scornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers. 'That's he,
'That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
'The most wise Penius, the disputing coward.'
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me;
Cut out the coward from my heart!
Reg. You are none.
Pen. He lies, that says so; by heaven, he lies, lies basely,
Baser than I have done! Come, soldiers, seek me;
I have robbed ye of your virtues! Justice seek me;
I have broke my fair obedience! Last, Shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endless shame! and, pray, do you forsake me!
Drus. What shall we do?
Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself: (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help) I dare not
[*Throws himself upon the ground.*

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's the tribune?
Reg. There.
Drus. Whence come you, good Petillius?
Pet. From the general.
Drus. With what, for Heaven's sake?
Pet. With good counsel, Drusius,

And love, to comfort him.
Drus. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger,
For he is wild as winter.
[*Exeunt* DRUS. *and* REG.
Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's dead.
It cannot be he dare outlive this fortune;
He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? Fy upon it!
So poorly to betray his worth, so coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure
If this man mean to live, (as I should think it
Beyond belief) he must retire, where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.
How does lord Penius?
Pen. As you see.
Pet I'm glad on't;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius——
Pen. No more of me is spoken: my name's perished.
Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day,
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Penius refused to come,
But I believe them not) sent me to see you.
Pen. Ye're welcome; and pray see me, see me well:
You shall not see me long.
Pet. I hope so, Penius;
The gods defend, sir!
Pen. See me and understand me: This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph; he, that basely
Whistled his honour off to th' wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off; that fool,
That, having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste; that soldier,
That, being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand, that propounds us gods,
And, in the other, Glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damned!
Pet. It was an error.
Pen. A foul one, and a black one.
Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.
Pen. Never.
Pet. Your leave, sir;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort: Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than men's natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?
Pen. None, Petillius;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I've sinned beyond it.
Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.
Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon.
Pet. Oh, but the general——
Pen. He is a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and, I dare say,
He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: examples, that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be played withall; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would you do?
Pen. Die.
Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,
That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour——
Pen. Prithee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou
(By heaven, thou didst: I overheard thee, there,
There where thou standest now) deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold coward, miserable, wretched,
If I outlived this ruin?
Pet. I?
Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!
Pet. Since you're so justly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.
Pen. Oh, how thou lovest me!
Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You've taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompence of arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience! must not these kill you?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more! Dare you know these ventures?
If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?
Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.
Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still; but how? yet pardon me:
You may out-wear all too; but when: and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take it upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I'm only thinking now, sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.
Pet. You shall not; you're a gentleman I honour;
I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.
Pen. The fitter for my baseness.
Pet. Besides, the man that's hanged preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.
Pen. That's true; I'll take a fitter: poison.
Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction;
Die like a man.
Pen. Why, my sword, then.
Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir,
There's nothing under heaven that's like your sword;
Your sword's a death indeed!
Pen. It shall be sharp, sir.
Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison, if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords: Your sword must do the deed;
'Tis shame to die choaked, fame to die and bleed.
Pen. Thou hast confirmed me; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.
Pet. 'Twas my commission;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.
Pen. Farewell, captain!
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shakest thou?
Pet. I do not, sir.
Pen. I would thou hadst, Petillius:
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies: a kind of earthquake
Through all stern valours but mine own.
Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.
Pen. Keep it still;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.
Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honoured Penius!——
Pen. That again!
Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!
Pet. Most excellent commander!——
Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine!
Pet. They are still.
Pen. Then, to keep them
From ever falling more, have at ye! Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I'm yours: The work is done, [*Kills himself.*
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general: kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Penius,
Made more, and happier, light on him!—I faint—
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.
I die. Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth! [*Dies.*
Pet. And on my sin! Farewell, great Penius!
The soldier is in fury; now I'm glad [*Noise within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil; for thee, the way of honour! [*Exit.*

Enter Drusius *and* Regulus, *with soldiers.*

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Drus. What will ye do?
Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers——
Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Drus. Kill us first; we command too.
Reg. Valiant soldiers,
Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, Drusius,
Bid him be gone; he dies else.—Shall Rome say,
Ye most approved soldiers, her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?
Drus. Oh, let them in; all's done, all's ended, Regulus;
Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
And here bestow your darts. Oh, only Roman!
Oh, father of the wars!
Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheathed in Penius? Do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches! ye have cause; howl ever!
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted
By all the mistresses of war, Care, Counsel,
Quick-eyed Experience, and Victory twined to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Build houses for ye to oblivion?
Drus. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot them;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun, that warmed your bloods, is set for ever.
I'll kiss thy honoured cheek. Farewell, great Penius,
Thou thunderbolt, farewell!—Take up the body:
To-morrow, mourning, to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye
That blinds itself with weeping, gets most glory.
[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

Enter SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, CURIUS, *and Soldiers*: BONDUCA, *two Daughters, and* NENNIUS *above. Drum and colours.*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;
We will not be outbraved thus.
Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit* NEN.
Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes!
Dec. Yield, queen.
Bond. I'm unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Suet. Yield, honoured lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleness. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. I thank ye! ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot 'scape our strength; you must yield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety;
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses, where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the bless'd household gods
See naught but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.
Suet. Beat the wall deeper!
Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.
Suet. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, mother, these are fearful hours; speak gently
To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.

Enter PETILLIUS, *who whispers* SUETONIUS.

Bond. Pity? Thou fearful girl, 'tis for those wretches,
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
Wast not thou born a princess? Can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself,
As mercy from these tyrants? Thou lov'st lust sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Shew such another fear, and, by the gods,
I'll fling thee to their fury.
Suet. He is dead then?
Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir,
Even to the hazard of my life——
Suet. No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter DECIUS.

Dec. There is a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir?
Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!
Bond. I scorn to answer;
Speak to him, girl, and hear thy sister.
1 *Daugh.* General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor Fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.
Pet. Brave behaviour!
1 *Daugh.* The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romans! We have ways to 'scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full.
Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her.
1 *Daugh.* To torture ye with suffering, like our slaves;
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem
The end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;
In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody soars, and fortunate,
As if we preyed on heartless doves.
Suet. Strange stiffness!
Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. Charge it home, Roman;
We shall deceive thee else. Where's Nennius?

Enter NENNIUS.

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
1 *Daugh.* And then be sure to die.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! We shall meet yonder,

Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*
Where few of these must come.
Nen. Gods take thee, lady! [*Exit* Nennius.
Bond. Bring up the swords, and poison.

Enter one with Swords and a Great Cup.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, my fortune!
Bond. How, how, ye whore?
2 *Daugh.* Good mother, nothing to offend you.
Bond. Here, wench;
Behold us, Romans!
Suet. Mercy yet.
Bond. No talking!
Puff! there goes all your pity. Come, short prayers,
And let's dispatch the business! You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, gentle mother!
Oh, Romans! Oh, my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman!
2 *Daugh.* Oh, persuade her, Romans!
Alas, I'm young, and would live. Noble mother,
Can ye kill that, ye gave life? Are my years
Fit for destruction?
Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk; come, hold it,
And put it home.
1 *Daugh.* Fy, sister, fy!
What would you live to be?
Bond. A whore still.
2 *Daugh.* Mercy!
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!
2 *Daugh.* Mercy, mother!
Oh, whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.
Bond. Oh, gods! fear in my family?
Do it, and nobly.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, do not frown, then.
1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy sister;
'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure: We'll go with you.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, if I knew but whither!
1 *Daugh.* To the blessed;
Where we shall meet our father——
Suet. Woman!
Bond. Talk not.
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is——
Bond. That's a good wench!
Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, [*Stabs herself.*
Comfort me still, for heaven's sake.
1 *Daugh.* Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.
2 *Daugh.* That steels me;
A long farewell to this world. [*Dies.*
Bond. Good; I'll help thee.
1 *Daugh.* The next is mine. Shew me a Roman lady, [*Stabs herself.*
In all your stories, dare do this for her honour;
They are cowards, eat coals like compelled cats:
Your great saint, Lucrece,
Died not for honour; Tarquin tupt her well,
And, mad she could not hold him, bled.
Pet. By heaven,
I am in love! I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!
1 *Daugh.* Ye shall see my example: All your Rome,
If I were proud and loved ambition,
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——
Bond. Make haste.
1 *Daugh.* I will—could not entice to live,
But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die. [*Dies.*
Bond. I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you,
That ease the aged destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw them! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake!
Cur. Great lady!
Suet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Suet. Stay!
Dem. Stay!
Suet. Be any thing.
Bond. A saint, Suetonius,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have tied up death first, when ye conquered:
Ye sweat for us in vain else: See him here, [*Drinks.*
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—
Poor vanquished Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: Nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die:
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh, a Briton soul. [*Dies.*

Enter Decius.

Suet. Desperate and strange!
Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to the sword.
Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.
Pet. Pox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me? What a spirit!
Jun. I am glad of this! I have found you.
Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles!
Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CARATACH *upon a rock, and* HENGO *by him sleeping.*

Car. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
And, to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows. Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence!
To Britain, by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes! The strong man's valour
Thou hast betrayed to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends, whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blessed ancestors:
The virgins thou hast robbed of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
The land thou'st left a wilderness of wretches.
The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
'Would my soul were in heaven!
Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out; I dreamed we were betrayed.
Car. No harm, boy; [*A soft dead march within.*
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies;
Thou shalt have meat anon.
Hengo. A little, uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely.—What are those,
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there!
They come upon us stealing by.
Car. I see them;
And prithee be not fearful.
Hengo. Now you hate me;
Would I were dead!
Car. Thou knowest I love thee dearly.
Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle? Were I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

Enter DRUSIUS, REGULUS, *and Soldiers with* PENIUS'S *hearse, drums, and colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken!—
See, they have reached us; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities; it well appears, too,
To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature,
To be in love with death? Most honourable,
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve me!
Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Penius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.
Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion, which ye owe those gods,
That lead you on to victories! by those glories,
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!
Drus. Stay.
What's thy will, Caratach?
Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down awhile,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy, that loves a soldier)
And lend a tear to virtue! Even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you called us, are yet stored
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometime stubborn, yet when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, set it down!
Drus. Set down the body, soldiers.
Car. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond,
Cut with thine own dust; thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honoured ashes! Though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worth, sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms, adieu! All noble battles,
Maintained in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!
Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?
Car. Thou never knewest thy father.
Hengo. He died 'fore I was born.
Car. This worthy Roman
Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy. Excellent nature!
See how it works into his eyes! mine own boy!
Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness——
Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me; weep still, my child,
As if thou sawest me dead! with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow; still thou pleasest me.
And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place them on his hearse. Now, if ye please,
Bear off the noble burden: raise his pile
High as Olympus, making heaven to wonder,
To see a star upon earth outshining theirs:

And ever-loved, ever-living be
Thy honoured and most sacred memory!
Drus. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to heaven. Now march on, soldiers. [*Exeunt. A dead march.*
Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.
Hengo. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.
Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming,
I'll fashion our escape.
Hengo. Pray, fear not me:
Indeed I am very hearty.
Car. Be so still;
His mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. What do I ail, i'th' name of heaven? I did but see her
And see her die; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never cared for: but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly—Oh, the devil,
I have the bots! by heaven, she scorned us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do: theatened us
With such a noble anger, and so governed
With such a fiery spirit—The plain bots!
A pox upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me,
Hang me even out o'th' way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye!

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Here he is; have at him! [*Sings.*

She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? And, in faith, how dost thou?
Pet. Well, gramercy; how dost thou? He has found me,
Scented me out; the shame the devil owed me,
He has kept his day with. And what news, Junius?
Jun. *It was an old tale ten thousand times told,*
Of a young lady was turned into mould,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.
Pet. A cruel rogue! now he has drawn pursuit on me,
He hunts me like a devil. No more singing!
Thou hast got a cold: Come, let us go drink some sack, boy.
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Pet. Why dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?
Jun. Ha, ha, ha!
I cannot laugh alone: Decius! Demetrius!
Curius! oh, my sides! ha, ha, ha, ha!
The strangest jest!
Pet. Prithee no more.
Jun. The admirablest fooling!
Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow!
Jun. Sirs!
Pet. Why, Junius,
Prithee away, sweet Junius!
Jun. Let me sing then.
Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now! Sing a song of sixpence!
By heaven, if—prithee—pox on't, Junius!
Jun. I must either sing or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reason?
Jun. What's that to you?
Pet. And I must whistle.
Jun. Do so.
Oh, I hear them coming.
Pet. I have a little business.
Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it: What! a gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation?
Pet. Captain Junius,
Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity!
Things are not always one; and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gibe: None of your doleful ditties,
Nor your sweet conversation: you will find then
I may be angered.
Jun. By no means, Petillius;
Anger a man that never knew passion?
'Tis most impossible: A noble captain,
A wise and generous gentleman?
Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found you,
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
Your subtle understanding may discover,
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust to it;
You are a young man, and may do well; be sober,
Carry yourself discreetly.

Enter DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Jun. Yes, forsooth.
Dem. How does the brave Petillius?
Jun. Monstrous merry.
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was, when I was in love; what a strange monster
For little boys and girls to wonder at:
How like a fool I looked!
Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull slavering fools.
Jun. Petillius saw too.
Pet. No more of this; 'tis scurvy; peace!
Jun. How nastily,
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me!
How I forgot to blow my nose! There he stands,
An honest and a wise man; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love——

Pet. I'm angry.
Jun. Surely
His wise self would hang his beastly self;
His understanding self so maul his ass self——
Dec. He is bound to do it: for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baseness, that belong to it;
He has read upon the reformations long.
Pet. He has so.
Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't: Nor is it fit, indeed,
Any such coward——
Pet. You'll leave prating?
Jun. Should dare
Come near the regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours: Those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;
Commit with passions only; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observ'd the world——
Pet. Dost thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours!
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, jackdaws!
Dec. What a strange thing he's grown! [*Exit* PET.
Jun. I am glad he is so;
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.
Cur. Is it possible her mere death—
Jun. I observed him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery; I have followed him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call *dying* dainty dear, her *brave mind* mistress;
Casting a thousand ways to give those forms,
That he might lie with them, and get old armours.
He had got me o'th' hip once; it shall go hard, friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter MACER.

Dec. How now, Macer?
Is Judas yet come in?

Enter JUDAS.

Macer. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.
Cur. What news?
Judas. I've lodged him; rouse him, he that dares.
Dem. Where, Judas?
Judas. On a steep rock i'th' woods, the boy too with him;
And there he swears he'll keep his Christmas, gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;
Yet I think we fought bravely: For mine own part,
I was four several times at half-sword with him,
Twice stood his partizan; but the plain truth is,
He's a mere devil, and no man. I'th' end, he swinged us,
And swinged us soundly too: He fights by witchcraft;
Yet, for all that, I saw him lodged.
Jun. Take more men,
And scout him round. Macer, march you along.
What victuals has he?
Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water,
More than they make themselves: They lie
Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close, and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off, then,
All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.
Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives! that man,
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.
Macer. He shall have fair play: he deserves it.
Judas. Hark ye!
What should I do there then? You are brave captains,
Most valiant men: Go up yourselves; use virtue,
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye've felt him too! There ye shall find him,
His sword by his side, plumbs of a pound weight by him,
Will make your chops ache! You'll find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.
Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up,
I'm sure, within these two hours. Watch him close.
Macer. He shall flee through the air, if he escape us.
Jun. What's this loud lamentation? [*Sad noise within.*
Macer. The dead body
Of the great Penius is new come to the camp, sir.
Dem. Dead?
Macer. By himself, they say.
Jun. I feared that fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to heaven!
Jun. Away, good Macer. [*Exe.* MACER *and* JUDAS.

Enter SUETONIUS, DRUSIUS, REGULUS, *and* PETILLIUS.

Suet. If thou be'st guilty,
Some sullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon thee!
The regiment return on Junius;
He well deserves it.
Pet. So!
Suet. Draw out three companies,
(Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou Petillius)
And make up instantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before ye: We shall follow,

After due ceremony done to th' dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[*Exeunt all but* PETILLIUS.
Pet. The regiment given from me? disgraced openly?
In love too with a trifle to abuse me?
A merry world, a fine world! served seven years
To be an ass o'both sides? sweet Petillius,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market! you are wise, sir,
Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman; your projects
Cast with assurance ever! Wouldst not thou now
Be banged about the pate, Petillius?
Answer to that, sweet soldier! surely, surely,
I think you would; pulled by the nose, kicked? hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st rascal! Trust thy wisdom
With any thing of weight? the wind with feathers!
Out, you blind puppy! you command? you govern?
Dig for a groat a day, or serve a swine-herd,
Too noble for thy nature too!—I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *with meat and a bottle.*

Macer. Hang it on the side of the rock, as though the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him: Who first ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.
Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger. Ha! no; 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.
Judas. Pox shake them!
I'm sure they shake me soundly.—There!
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones falls upon's. 'Tis done! away, close! [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou feedest on.
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou'rt sick, extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wakest, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i'th' purchase; good gods comfort thee!

SCENE IV.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, *and Guide.*

Guide. You are not far off now, sir,
Jun. Draw the companies
The closest way through the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will, sir: Half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o'th' rock. Keep on the left side;
You'll be discovered else: I'll lodge your companies
In the wild vines beyond ye.
Dec. Do you mark him?
Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.
Pet. Junius,
Pray let me speak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore;
I'll overtake you straight.
Dec. I will. [*Exit.*
Jun. Now, captain?
Pet. You have oft told me, you have loved me, Junius.
Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.
Pet. And that love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not.
Pet. Dare you swear it?
I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too; forget you.
Jun. What would this man have?—By the gods, I do, sir,
So it be fit to grant you.
Pet. 'Tis most honest.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Pet. Kill me.
Jun. How!
Pet. Pray kill me.
Jun. Kill you?
Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly;
Now kill me.
Jun. On what reason? You amaze me!
Pet. If you do love me, kill me; ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me!
What ails this man? Petillius!
Pet. Pray you dispatch me;
You are not safe, whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.
Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.
Pet. I am disgraced, my service
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly,
I dare not trust myself with: Prithee, kill me!
Jun. All these may be redeemed as easily
As you would heal your finger.
Pet. Nay——
Jun. Stay, I'll do it;
You shall not need your anger. But first, Petillius,
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.
Pet. There's my sword,
And do it handsomely.

Jun. Yes, I will kill you;
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before you
The most extreme fool you have played in this,
The honour purposed for you, the great honour
The general intended you.
Pet. How?
Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was given me, but 'till time
Called you to do some worthy deed, might stop
The peoples' ill thoughts of you for lord Penius,
I mean his death. How soon this time's come to you,
And hasted by Suetonius! Go, says he,
Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,
(Distinctly, *thou Petillius*) and draw up,
To take stout Caratach; there's the deed purposed,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
And thou, Petillius, mark it! there's the honour;
And that done, all made even.
Pet. Stay!
Jun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out,
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject——
Pet. Hark you, Junius!
I will live now.
Jun. By no means—wooed thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sunk'st, and shewed thee
How honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,
Since you will die an ass.
Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?
Jun. By heaven, but I will, sir. I'll have no man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die, however he carry it)
Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief; how are we paid then?
Come, if you'll pray, dispatch it.
Pet. Is there no way?
Jun. Not any way to live.
Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myself at any price: Good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a soldier!
Jun. You will seek then
To out-do every man.
Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies?
Pet. Dare you trust me?
By all that's good and honest——
Jun. There's your sword then;
And now, come on, a new man: Virtue guide thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARATACH, *and* HENGO, *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: Look, Hengo,
Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: Cheer up, boy;
Do not forsake me now!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart-whole,
And would live.
Car. Thou shalt, long, I hope.
Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS.

Macer. Mark them well, Judas.
Judas. Peace, as you love your life!
Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?
Car. Of bells, boy? 'Tis thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind.
Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state: Nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle! you will kill me sooner.
Car. Oh, my poor chicken!
Hengo. Fy! faint-hearted, uncle?
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, boy.
Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle!
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come, child,
My valiant child!
Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train: And you must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry——
Car. Go, i'th' name of Heaven, boy!
Hengo. Quick, quick, quick, uncle! I have it. Oh!
Car. What ail'st thou! [JUDAS *shoots* HENGO.
Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!
Car. I see you, [CAR. *kills* JUDAS *with a stone.*
And heaven direct my hand!—Destruction
Go with thy coward soul! How dost thou, boy?
Oh, villain, pocky villain!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
Oh, how it pricks me—am I preserved for this?—
Extremely pricks me.
Car. Coward, rascal coward!
Dogs eat thy flesh!
Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard; I faint too; out upon it,
How sick I am! The lean rogue, uncle!

Car. Look, boy;
I've laid him sure enough.
Hengo. Have you knocked his brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: Cheer up, child.
Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched fortune,
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!
Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point, to have reveuged my father,
To have beaten them. Oh, hold me hard! But, uncle——
Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?
Hengo. You draw away my soul, then; I would live
A little longer, (spare me, Heavens!) but only
To thank you for your tender love! Good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not!
Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose?
Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this 'scaped me,
Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy?
Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you,
When you come, uncle?
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness,
You told me of.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift them up!
Hengo. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew! Mercy!
Car. Mercy!
You blessed angels, take him!
Hengo. Kiss me! so.
Farewell, farewell! [*Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! Time and death,
You've done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph: Look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to. Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

Enter PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS *on the rock.*

Ha! Dare ye, Romans? Ye shall win me bravely.
Thou'rt mine! [*Fight.*
Jun. Not yet, sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send them—

Enter SUETONIUS, *and all the Roman captains.*

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all the gods,
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.
Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!
Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners.
Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquest, that true happiness,
To be my friend!
Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is!
Had this boy lived———
Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desir'st to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honest——
Car. I do believe. Ye've made me a brave foe;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness,
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in!
Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.
Car. I yield then;
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.
Pet. Thus we conduct, then, to the arms of peace,
The wonder of the world!
Suet. Thus I embrace thee; [*Flourish.*
And let it be no flattery, that I tell thee,
Thou'rt the only soldier!
Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome?
Suet. You must.
Car. Then Rome shall know
The man, that makes her spring of glory grow.
Suet. Petillius, you have shewn much worth this day,
Redeemed much error; you have my love again;
Preserve it. Junius, with you I make him
Equal in the regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler;
I will give place, sir.
Suet. You shew a friend's soul.
March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung!
[*Exeunt.*

THE

FALSE ONE.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

PROLOGUE.

New titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old; and 'tis as true,
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the stage: What borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love to Hecuba? Sure, to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
I' th' Capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious: Nor will such blame
Those who penn'd this, for barrenness, when they find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free;
And how she rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew.
Let reasons then first to your wills give laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Julius Cæsar, *emperor of Rome.*
Ptolomy, *king of Egypt.*
Achoreus, *an honest counsellor, priest of Isis.*
Photinus, *a politician, minion to Ptolomy.*
Achillas, *captain of the guard to Ptolomy.*
Septimius, *a revolted Roman villain.*
Labienus, *a Roman soldier, and nuncio.*
Apollodorus, *guardian to Cleopatra.*
Antony,
Dollabella, } *Cæsar's captains.*
Sceva, *a free speaker, also captain to Cæsar.*
Three lame soldiers.
Guard.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Cleopatra, *queen of Egypt. Cæsar's mistress.*
Arsinoe, *Cleopatra's sister.*
Eros, *Cleopatra's waiting woman.*

Scene,—*Egypt.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Achillas *and* Achoreus.

Achor. I love the king, nor do dispute his power,
For that is not confined, nor to be censured
By me, that am his subject; yet allow me
The liberty of a man, that still would be
A friend to justice, to demand the motives,
That did induce young Ptolomy, or Photinus,
(To whose directions he gives up himself,
And I hope wisely) to commit his sister,
The princess Cleopatra—If I said
The queen, Achillas, 'twere, I hope, no treason,
She being by her father's testament

(Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir
In all he stood possessed of.
Achil. 'Tis confessed,
My good Achoreus, that, in these eastern kingdoms,
Women are not exempted from the sceptre,
But claim a privilege equal to the male;
But how much such divisions have ta'en from
The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,
We have too many and too sad examples:
Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent
The murders, and the massacres, that attend
On disunited government, and to shew
The king without a partner, in full splendour,
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)
Should be committed to safe custody,
In which she is attended like her birth,
Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
Hath found her out a husband.
Achor. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
With the rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down
With this disgrace, though insupportable,
Can you imagine, that Rome's glorious senate,
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,
This government was delivered, or great Pompey,
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian,
As well as Ptolomy's, will e'er approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorize it?
Achil. The civil war,
In which the Roman empire is embarked
On a rough sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.
Achor. What's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superior.
Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the several nations,
From whence he drew his powers; but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And Pompey being master of the sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place, on which they are entrenched,
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius joined
To make a public feast. They at Dirachium
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,
Cæsar himself confessed.
Achor. Where are they now?
Achil. In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains;
Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
Fleshed in the spoils of Germany and France,
Inured to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome: And though that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
Bread made of roots, forbid the use of man,
(Which they, with scorn, threw into Pompey's camp,
As in derision of his delicates)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better cause.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Achor. May victory
Attend on it, where'er it is.
Achil. We every hour
Expect to hear the issue.
Sept. Save my good lords!
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,
And the four hundred gods and goddesses,
Adored in Rome, I am your honours' servant.
Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.
Achil. You're cruel;
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.
Sept. Your honour's bitter.
Confound me, where I love, I cannot say it,
But I must swear it: Yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;
I think, (and I can find no other reason)
Because I am a Roman.
Achor. No, Septimius?
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her virtues.
Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.
Achor. Any thing honest;
That I believe without an oath.
Sept. I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that
Invites this sad discourse; 'twill make you old
Before your time. Oh, these virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I've brought you a new song will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers.
Achor. What is the subject?
Be free, Septimius.
Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does relate
Who sells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tissue robe; whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself: Harmless conceits,
Though fools say they are dangerous. I sang it
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.
Achor. How? as a fiddler?
Sept. No, sir, as a guest,

A welcome guest too; and it was approved of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touched in it:
For, look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty,
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens crest-fallen appetite.
Achor. New doctrine!
Achil. Was't of your own composing?
Sept. No, I bought it
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolomies;
But the hints were mine own: The wretch was fearful;
But I have damned myself, should it be questioned,
That I will own it.
Achor. And be punished for it?
Take heed, for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
Against religion, that your great maintainers,
Unless they would be thought copartners with you,
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
Remember there are whips.
Sept. For whores, I grant you,
When they are out of date; 'till then they're safe too,
Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.
And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,
To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,
Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,
Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you
To your pious thoughts. [*Exit.*
Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence
This fellow does put on.
Achor. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.
Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as virtues do for others.
'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones still have graced,
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
Observers of all kinds.

Enter PHOTINUS *and* SEPTIMIUS.

Achor. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive
From Pompey's army, and now in a danger,
When he should use his service.
Achil. See how he hangs
On great Photinus' ear.
Sept. Hell, and the furies,
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,
You are my god on earth! and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!
Pho. Thou art believed; dost thou want money?
Sept. No, sir.
Pho. Or hast thou any suit? These ever follow
Thy vehement protestations.
Sept. You much wrong me;
How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
Unless employment to express my zeal
To do your greatness service. Do but think
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below, against me;
Command me, I will on.
Pho. When I have use,
I'll put you to the test.
Sept. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger. You are cold,
And know not your own powers: this brow was fashioned
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgement
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs. The people's eye's upon you,
The soldier courts you: Will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?
Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou saidst as much to him.
Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
In the ocean of your bounties: I've no friend,
Project, design, or country, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.
Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;
So, leave me for a while.
Sept. Ever your creature! [*Exit.*
Pho. Good day, Achoreus. My best friend Achillas,
Hath fame delivered yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?
Achil. That we are
To enquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolomy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter PTOLOMY, LABIENUS, *and guard.*

Pho. I'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me; but ere long
You shall know more. The king! with him a Roman.
Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dyed deeply on his face.
Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But, since these civil jars, he turned to Pompey,
And, though he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.
Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise.
But more of that hereafter.
Lab. In a word, sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what fury
His soldiers came on, as if they had been

So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome:
How fathers killed their sons, or sons their fathers;
Or how the Roman piles on either side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
(The sword) succeeded, which, in civil wars,
Appoints the tent, on which winged victory
Shall make a certain stand: then, how the plains
Flowed o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures,
And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies,
Attending, when their ready servitors,
The soldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all sense of reason and of pity,
Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast;
How Cæsar, with his javelin, forced them on,
That made the least stop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up against some known friend's face;
Then, coming to the body of the army,
He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them
To waste their force upon the common soldier,
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,
He would have spared)——
Ptol. The reason, Labienus?
Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To pass to empire, and that through their bowels
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty o' th' world.
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
The famed Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,
Names, next to Pompey's, most renowned on earth.
The nobles, and the commons, lay together,
And Pontic, Punic, and Assyrian blood,
Made up one crimson lake: Which Pompey seeing,
And that his, and the fate of Rome, had left him,
Standing upon the rampier of his camp,
Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them, whose fortunes are embarked
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too,
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves:
That he desired not so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes: And then, taking horse,
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
And, with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,
He has touched upon your shore. The king of Parthia,
Famous in his defeature of the Crassi,
Offered him his protection; but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
'Till he may recollect his scattered powers,
And try a second day. Now, Ptolomy,
Though he appear not like that glorious thing,
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquered nations, and made crowns his gift,
(As this of yours, your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declined estate, as the straightest pine
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourself.
Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravished from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witness for me: Yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of myself,
Let not a few hours, borrowed for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
Which, next to hell, I hate. Pray you retire,
And take a little rest; and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carved on my flesh. Good Labienus, think
The little respite I desire shall be
Wholly employed to find the readiest way
To do great Pompey service.
Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you! [*Exit.*
Ptol. Sit, sit all;
It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.
Achor. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel. To be honest,
Religious, and thankful, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the persuader; your kept faith,
Though Pompey never rise to th' height he's fallen from,
Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion
Is, still committing it to graver censure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.
Ptol. What's yours, Photinus?
Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolomy, hath counselled,
Like a religious and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being priest to Isis. But, alas,
What in a man sequestered from the world,
Or in a private person, is preferred,
No policy allows of in a king:
To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty;
And faith, though praised, is punished, that supports
Such as good fate forsakes: Join with the gods,
Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched;
The stars are not more distant from the earth,
Than profit is from honesty; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
Are lost, if he descend once but to steer
His course, as what's right guides him: Let him leave
The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
Since kingdoms are maintained by force and blood.
Achor. Oh, wicked!
Ptol. Peace!—Go on.
Pho. Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns your youth,
In thinking, that you cannot keep your own
From such as are o'ercome. If you are tired
With being a king, let not a stranger take
What nearer pledges challenge: Resign rather
The government of Egypt, and of Nile,
To Cleopatra, that has title to them;

At least, defend them from the Roman gripe;
What was not Pompey's, while the wars endured,
The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
Forsaken and despised, your gentle guardian,
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
What nation he shall fall with; and, pursued
By their pale ghosts, slain in this civil war,
He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,
Of which the greater part have cloyed the hunger
Of sharp Pharsalian fowl; he flies the nations,
That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates
Are sunk in his; and, in no place received,
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruined.
And Ptolomy, things considered, justly may
Complain of Pompey: Wherefore should he stain
Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,
Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
Doubted of Cæsar? Wherefore should he draw
His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
Or chuse this place to suffer in? Already
We have offended Cæsar, in our wishes,
And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of Pompey.
Achor. Great Osiris,
Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude!
Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of state.
This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath,
I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquished;
I grant, it rather should have passed through Cæsar,
But we must follow where his fortune leads us:
All provident princes measure their intents
According to their power, and so dispose them.
And think'st thou, Ptolomy, that thou canst prop
His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirmed?
Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,
Serve him, that's overcome? No, no, he's lost.
And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engaged:
Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.
Achor. Most execrable counsel!
Achil. To be followed;
'Tis for the kingdom's safety.
Ptol. We give up
Our absolute power to thee: Dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.
Pho. Good Achillas,
Seek out Septimius: Do you but soothe him;
He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch
To me of Labienus: 'Tis determined
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,
But that this hour to Pompey is his last!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter APOLLODORUS, EROS, *and* ARSINOE.

Apol. Is the queen stirring, Eros?
Eros. Yes; for in truth
She touched no bed to-night.
Apol. I'm sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with any hazard,
To give her ease.
Ars. Sir, she accepts your will,
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,
So far, as if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it.
Apol. Did you tell her
O' th' sports I have prepared to entertain her?
She was used to take delight, with her fair hand
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive them,
Contended to be taken: Other times,
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his tears in death, and, kneeling, thanks her
To his last gasp; then prouder of his fate,
Than if, with garlands crowned, he had been chosen
To fall a sacrifice before the altar
Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Photinus,
Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit,
In which she is confined, gladly affords
Variety of pastimes, which I would
Encrease with my best service.
Eros. Oh, but the thought
That she, that was born free, and to dispense
Restraint or liberty to others, should be
At the devotion of her brother, (whom
She only knows her equal) makes this place,
In which she lives, though stored with all delights,
A loathsome dungeon to her.
Apol. Yet, howe'er
She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting
To do my best to serve her: I've prepared
Choice music near her cabinet, and composed
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,
In the praise of imprisonment. Begin, boy.

THE SONG.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your body be confined,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Even the fetters, that you wear.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. But that we are assured this tastes of duty
And love in you, my guardian, and desire
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness,
Offered our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: Alas, you wash an Ethiop!
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
I suffer in the name!) and that, in justice,
There is no place in Egypt, where I stand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her, that is her queen;

Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
Bondman Achillas, and all other monsters,
That reign o'er Ptolomy, make that a court,
Where they reside; and this, where I, a prison?
But there's a Rome, a senate, and a Cæsar,
Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolomy,
May think of Cleopatra.
Apol. Pompey, madam——
Cleo. What of him? Speak! If ill, Apollodorus,
It is my happiness; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour, kings have kneeled in vain for,
And kiss my hand.
Apol. He's lost.
Cleo. Speak it again!
Apol. His army routed, he fled, and pursued
By the all-conquering Cæsar.
Cleo. Whither bends he?
Apol. To Egypt.
Cleo. Ha! In person?
Apol. 'Tis received
For an undoubted truth.
Cleo. I live again;
And if assurance of my love and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge
To do me right! But how to free myself,
And get access? The guards are strong upon me;
This door I must pass through.—Apollodorus,
Thou often hast professed, to do me service,
Thy life was not thine own.
Apol. I am not altered;
And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the least assistance,
That may restore you to that you were born to,
Though it call on the anger of the king,
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmoved,
Offer my throat to serve you; ever provided,
It bear some probable show to be effected:
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
Not loyal duty.
Cleo. Stand off!—To thee alone,
I will discover what I dare not trust
My sister with. Cæsar is amorous,
And taken more with the title of a queen,
Than feature or proportion; he loved Eunoe,
A moor, deformed too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her husband was a king; on both
He did bestow rich presents: Shall I, then,
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
Despair his favour? Art thou mine?
Apol. I am.
Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I prosper,
As I am confident I shall, expect
Things greater than thy wishes.—Though I purchase
His grace with loss of my virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home majesty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SEPTIMIUS, *with a head,* ACHILLAS, *and guard.*

Sept. 'Tis here, 'tis done! Behold, you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength! Look, look again; 'tis finished!
That, that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, winged with their fears and terrors;
That steel war waited on, and fortune courted,
That high-plumed honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my Achillas;
Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,
And all the conquered nations.
Achil. Peace, Septimius;
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)
Think not she's bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman;
It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,
Not heave a thought.
Sept. It was?
Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,
I'll make thee blush: it was thy general's;
That man's, that fed thee once, that man's that bred thee;
The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warmed thee,
From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll shew thee,
Because I'll make thee sensible of thy baseness,
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
There was no piece of earth, thou put'st thy foot on,
But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion!
He triumphed three times: Who durst touch his person?
The very walls of Rome bowed to his presence!
Dear to the gods he was; to them, that feared him,

A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?
Armed, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, sword to sword.
Sept. I killed him on commandment,
If kings commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look———
Achil. On deeds so barbarous.
What hast thou got?
Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service; which though you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;
And I shall live———
Achil. A miserable villain.
What reputation and reward belongs to it,
Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine:
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay; read in mine eyes the reason!
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own;
Inherit those rewards; they are fitter for thee.
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks: Go out basely!
Sept. The king will yet consider. [*Exit.*

Enter PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, *and* PHOTINUS.

Achil. Here he comes.
Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great sir!
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet severed
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You are young, be provident; fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt;
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows,
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.
Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done. See Achillas,
And in his hand the head.
Ptol. Stay; come no nearer!
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!
I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!
Pho. The king is troubled.—Be not frighted, sir;
Be not abused with fears: His death was necessary,
If you consider, sir, most necessary,
Not to be missed: And humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hands.
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arrived,
And entered Alexandria with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?
I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.
Give me the head; and be you confident.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA.

Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,
Now this head's off!
Cæsar. Ha!
Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolomy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood no recompence;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life: here they inherit honour,
Grow fixed, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolomy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for't, all Egypt.
Achil. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit, that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got; it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he opposed no strength of swords to win this,
Nor laboured through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expelled
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthened, and cherished it, and set it right again:
This was a love to Cæsar.
Sce. Give me hate, gods!
Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touched his throat, what that way!
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible! Let the worst be rendered,
We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.
Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head! see, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!
Sce. He was basely ruined;
But let the gods be grieved, that suffered it,

And be you Cæsar.
Cæsar. Oh, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee, and plucked thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome, to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shewed what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!
Thou'st most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy.
Ant. Oh, how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!
Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.
Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
'Built to out-dare the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be blessed to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.
Sce. If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look, if Pompey were alive again;
But how he'd set his face.
Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you, that have been agents in this glory,
For our special favour?
Ptol. We desire it.
Cæsar. And, doubtless, you expect rewards?
Sce. Let me give them:
I'll give them such as nature never dreamed of;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.
Cæsar. Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompence.
You are young, and ignorant; that pleads your pardon,
And fear, it may be, more than hate, provoked you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they erred: I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful: Be you most thankful;
That bounty share amongst you. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you loved, though't were your brightest sister's,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind you.
Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar!
Cæsar. I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:
You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man, that could not recompence the benefits,
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it:
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environed with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you shewed to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix,
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!
Ptol. We will do all.
Cæsar. You've robbed him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth, that thought to cover him,
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
'Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey lived,
He used you nobly; now he's dead, use him so.
[*Exit.*
Ptol. Now, where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,
The oracles, and fair favours from the conqueror,
You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure;

The death of him, you urged a sacrifice
To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin!
Where are your counsels now?
Achor. I told you, sir,
And told the truth, what danger would fly after:
And, though an enemy, I satisfied you
He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,
I told you, that the foulness of his death,
The impious baseness——
Pho. Peace; you are a fool!
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to them;
Cæsar I know is pleased, and for all his sorrows,
Which are put on for forms, and mere dissemblings,
I'm confident he's glad: To have told you so,
And thanked you outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.
Be confident, and proud you have done this service;
You have deserved, and you will find it, highly.
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
You keep your sister, the high-souled Cleopatra,
Both close and short enough, she may not see him.
The rest, if I may counsel, sir——
Ptol. Do all;
For in thy faithful service rests my safety.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the court;
Men's faces are of other sets and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now,
As though I were a rascal: no man knows me,
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,
Their doors shut close against me, and I wondered at,
Because I've done a meritorious murder:
Because I've pleased the time, does the time plague me?
I've known the day they would have hugged me for it;
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,
Opened their hearts, and secret closets to me,
Their purses and their pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villainy
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
That do them service, and spout them out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water, that are lost i'th' ocean.
I was loved once for swearing and for drinking,
And for other principal qualities, that became me;
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That set me on. And he comes: now, Fortune!

Enter PHOTINUS.

Pho. Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,
A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud Roman;
Provoke me not, stir not mine anger further!
I may find out a way unto thy life too,
Though armed in all thy victories, and seize it!
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.
Sept. May't please your lordship——
Pho. Oh, Septimius!
Sept. Your lordship knows my wrongs?
Pho. Wrongs?
Sept. Yes, my lord;
How th' captain of the guard, Achillas, slights me?
Pho. Think better of him; he has much befriended thee,
Shewed thee much love, in taking the head from thee.
The times are altered, soldier; Cæsar's angry,
And our design to please him, lost and perished:
Be glad, thou'rt unnamed; 'tis not worth the owning.
Yet, that thou mayest be useful——
Sept. Yes, my lord,
I shall be ready.
Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time shall serve; say, that it be a brother,
Or a hard father?
Sept. 'Tis most necessary;
A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir.
Pho. Or to betray a noble friend?
Sept. 'Tis all one.
Pho. I know thou'lt stir for gold.
Sept. 'Tis all my motion.
Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell!
I have greater business now.
Sept. I'm still your own, sir.
Pho. One thing I charge thee; see me no more, Septimius,
Unless I send. [*Exit.*
Sept. I shall observe your hour.
So! this brings something in the mouth, some favour:
This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,
My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance,
Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,
And shun me for my deed; bring but this to them,
Let me be damned for blood, yet still I'm honourable:
This god creates new tongues, and new affections;
And, though I'd killed my father, give me gold,
I'll make men swear I've done a pious sacrifice.
Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants,
And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA.

Cæsar. Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes, my friends;
There is no trusting to these base Egyptians:
They, that are false to pious benefits,
And make compelled necessities their faiths,
Are traitors to the gods.
Ant. We'll call ashore

A legion of the best,
Cæsar. Not a man, Antony;
That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness:
No; 'tis enough my name's ashore.
Sce. Too much too;
A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.
There are some two or three malicious rascals,
Trained up in villainy, besides that Cerberus,
That Roman dog, that licked the blood of Pompey.
Dol. 'Tis strange; a Roman soldier?
Sce. You are cozened;
There be of us, as be of all other nations,
Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains him,
But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!
Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,
That's now become a natural crocodile,
Must be with care observed.
Ant. And 'tis well counselled;
No confidence nor trust——
Sce. I'll trust the sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politic lions
Conceal their claws; I'll trust the devil first;
The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.
Cæsar. Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts; pray no more compliment;
Once more, strong watches.
Dol. All shall be observed, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Cæsar.

Cæsar. I'm dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.
How happy was I, in my lawful wars
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany!
When every night with pleasure I set down
What the day ministered, the sleep came sweetly:
But, since I undertook this home-division,
This civil war, and passed the Rubicon,
What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman,
A good, great man? I've entered Rome by force,
And on her tender womb, that gave me life,
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample:
The dear veins of my country I have opened,
And sailed upon the torrents, that flowed from her,
The bloody streams, that in their confluence
Carried before them thousand desolations:
I robbed the treasury; and at one gripe
Snatched all the wealth so many worthy triumphs
Placed there as sacred to the peace of Rome:
I raised Massilia in my wanton anger;
Petreius and Afranius I defeated;
Pompey I overthrew; what did that get me?
The slubbered name of an authorized enemy. [*Noise within.*
I hear some noise; they are the watches, sure.
What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions?
Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
Is now passed into Africk to affront me;
Juba, that killed my friend, is up in arms too;
The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
And, from the relics of their scattered faction,
A new head's sprung: Say, I defeat all these too?
I come home crowned an honourable rebel.
I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.
Are the guards fast? Who waits there?

Enter Sceva, *with a packet,* Cleopatra *in it.*

Sce. Are you awake, sir?
Cæsar. In the name of wonder——
Sce. Nay, I'm a porter,
A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir;
An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with them.
Cæsar. What hast thou there?
Sce. Ask them, which stay without,
And brought it hither. Your presence I denied them,
And put them by, took up the load myself.
They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom;
I'm sure 'tis heavy: If you like to see it,
You may; if not, I'll give it back.
Cæsar. Stay, Sceva;
I would fain see it.
Sce. I'll begin to work then.
No doubt, to flatter you, they have sent you something
Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure,
May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:
I pray you stand further off; if there be villainy,
Better my danger first; he shall 'scape hard too.
Ha! what art thou?
Cæsar. Stand further off, good Sceva!
What heavenly vision? Do I wake or slumber?
Further off, that hand, friend!
Sce. What apparition,
What spirit, have I raised? Sure, 'tis a woman;
She looks like one; now she begins to move too.
A tempting devil, o' my life! Go off, Cæsar,
Bless thyself! off! a bawd grown in mine old days?
Bawdry advanced upon my back? 'Tis noble!
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;
She's sent to dispossess you of your honour;
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.
An she'd be cooled, sir, let the soldiers trim her;
They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch her.
Be loyal to yourself!—Thou damned woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners?
And am I made the instrument of bawdry?
I'll find a lover for you, one that shall hug you!
Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou beast!
Sce. Thou beast?
Cæsar. Couldst thou be so inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?
Sce. Divine, or human,
They're never better pleased, nor more at heart's ease,
Than when we draw with full intent upon them.
Cæsar. Move this way, lady: Pray you let me speak to you.
Sce. And, woman, you had best stand——
Cæsar. By the gods,
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love!—

Sce. Oh, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You'd best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too (she'll lose no time),
Carries her litter to lie soft; do you see that?
Invites you like a gamester; note that impudence.
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush!
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia
Mingle with base embraces! Am I he
That have received so many wounds for Cæsar?
Upon my target, groves of darts still growing;
Have I endured all, hungers, colds, distresses,
And, as I had been bred that iron that armed me,
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?
To ban the blood I lost for such a general?
Cæsar. Offend no more; be gone!
Sce. I will, and leave you,
Leave you to women's wars, that will proclaim you:
You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,
With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, Cæsar!
Cleo. Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to you;
But thus low first, for as a god I honour you!
Sce. Lower you'll be anon.
Cæsar. Away.
Sce. And privater;
For that you covet all. [*Exit*.
Cæsar. Tempt me no farther!
Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, Cæsar:
I am a queen, and co-heir to this country,
The sister to the mighty Ptolomy;
Yet one distressed, that flies unto thy justice,
One, that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
As on a holy altar, to preserve me.
Cæsar. Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.
Cleo. I dare not;
'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity, to help me,
Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.
And, if it be not in thy will to right me,
And raise me, like a queen, from my sad ruins;
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
And waken, with their murmurs, thy compassions;
Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,
And, if thou be'st a man, for despised beauty,
For honourable conquest, which thou dotest on,
Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,
Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,
The other a base bondman, thus reign over me,
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
Nothing of what he should be, but the title!
As thou art wonder of the world——
Cæsar. Stand up then,
And be a queen; this hand shall give it to you:
Or, chuse a greater name, worthy my bounty;
A common love makes queens: Chuse to be worshipped,
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
That hath adventured thus to see great Cæsar,
Must never be denied. You have found a patron,
That dare not, in his private honour, suffer
So great a blemish to the heaven of beauty:
The god of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows,
Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,
Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous;
To whom, and to your service, I devote me!

Enter SCEVA.

Cleo. He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him;
The conqueror of the world will I lead captive.
Sce. Still with this woman? tilting still with babies?
As you are honest, think the enemy,
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these—
Cæsar. Hear me,
But tell me true; if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou not
Most greedily accept?
Sce. Not as an emperor,
A man that first should rule himself, then others:
As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir;
Yet that's a weakness too. Hear me, thou tempter!
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me.
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) inhabits!
Cæsar. Fy! thou blasphem'st.
Sce. I do, when she's a goddess.
Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume
To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities?
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,
To thy imperious looks, that kings have followed,
Proud of their chains, have waited on? I shame, sir!
Cæsar. Alas, thou'rt rather mad! Take thy rest, Sceva;
Thy duty makes thee err; but I forgive thee.
Go, go, I say! shew me no disobedience!
[*Exit* SCEVA.
'Tis well; farewell! The day will break, dear lady;
My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,
And think upon your servant?
Cleo. Pray you, sir, know me,
And what I am.
Cæsar. The greater, I more love you;
And you must know me too.
Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave, sir. You're too violent.
Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.
Cleo. Swear to me,
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred),
You'll right me as a queen——
Cæsar. These lips be witness!

And, if I break that oath——
Cleo. You make me blush, sir;
And in that blush interpret me.
Cæsar. I will do.
Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one word,
You shall believe.
Cleo. I must; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy *and* Photinus.

Pho. Good sir, but hear!
Ptol. No more! you have undone me!
That, that I hourly feared, is fallen upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.
Pho. Hear a remedy.
Pho. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your secure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruined me!
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;
All night she has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.
Pho. 'Would that were the worst, sir!
That will repair itself: But I fear mainly,
She has made her peace with Cæsar.
Ptol. 'Tis most likely;
And what am I then?
Pho. Plague upon that rascal,
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye—

Enter Achillas.

Ptol. Curse on you all, ye're wretches!
Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.
Achil. Pardon me.
Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful!
Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for it.
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of household furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst,
Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it?
I was abused.

Enter Achoreus.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.
Let us consider timely what we must do,
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no power to sever her,
Nor force conditions.
Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.
Achor. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions—
Pho. Speak your mind, sir.
Achor. Let us chuse Cæsar (and endear him to us)
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister; this is safe now,
And will shew off, most honourable.
Pho. Base,
Most base and poor; a servile, cold submission!
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout counsellors;
Since we are sensible this Cæsar loathes us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind.
Achor. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,
And if I say most bloodily, I lie not:
The law of hospitality it poisons,
And calls the gods in question, that dwell in us.
Be wise, oh king!
Ptol. I will be. Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service;
To my fair sister my commends negociate;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.
Achor. Crowned with fair peace, I go. [*Exit.*
Ptol. My love go with thee;
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus. [*Exit.*
Pho. This for our service? Princes do their pleasures,
And they, that serve, obey in all disgraces.
The lowest we can fall to is our graves;
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achillas!
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——
Achil. Photinus,
Whate'er it be, I shall make one, and zealously;
For better die attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgraced.
Pho. Thou lov'st me, and I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antony, Dolabella, *and* Scæva.

Dol. Nay, there's no rousing him; he's bewitched sure,
His noble blood curdled, and cold within him;
Grown now a woman's warrior.
Sce. And a tall one;
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The bulwark of her chastity.
Ant. Be not too angry,
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman;
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatched sweetness——
Dol. But why should he be fooled so?
Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour——
Ant. Say it were your own case,
Or mine, or any man's, that has heat in him:
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut through,

I do not hold it so discreet: But a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes, that are the winningest orators,
A youth, that opens like perpetual spring,
And, to all these, a tongue, that can deliver
The oracles of love——
Sce. I would you had her,
With all her oracles, and miracles;
She were fitter for your turn.
Ant. 'Would I had, Sceva,
With all her faults too! let me alone to mend them;
On that condition I made thee mine heir.
Sce. I would rather have your black horse than your harlots.
Dol. Cæsar writes sonnets now; the sound of war
Is grown too boisterous for his mouth; he sighs too.
Sce. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—it would make your ears prick up to hear him, gentlemen.
Shortly she'll make him spin; and 'tis thought he'll prove
An admirable maker of bonelace;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general!
Ant. I would he could abstain!
Sce. She is a witch sure,
And works upon him with some damned enchantment.
Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends!
Sce. She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy, overjoyed, and seem to die,
All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him:
I make no doubt she will be drunk too, damnably,
And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.
Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in!
Sce. 'Twas my blind fortune.
My soldiers told me, by the weight, 'twas wicked.
'Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf! He has advanced me,
From an old soldier to a bawd of memory:
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honoured Cato and fierce Juba with them,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouse him;
That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances
Might shake him, like an earthquake!

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Ant. What's this fellow?
Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes.
Ant. By my faith, he is brave indeed! He is no commander?
Sce. Yes, he has a Roman face; he has been at fair wars,
And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings shew it.
Sept. An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me.
Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? Ha?
Am I not totally a span-new gallant,
Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold,
The friendship of the world? If they shun me now,
(Though I were the arrantest rogue, as I'm well forward)
Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.
Ant. Is it not Septimius?
Sce. Yes.
Dol. He that killed Pompey?
Sce. The same dog scab; that gilded botch, that rascal!
Dol. How glorious villainy appears in Egypt!
Sept. Gallants, and soldiers! sure they do admire me.
Sce. Stand further off; thou stinkest.
Sept. A likely matter:
These clothes smell mustily, do they not, gallants?
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!
By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes,
That went to trimming these clothes, cost me—
Sce. Thou stinkest still.
Sept. The powdering of this head too—
Sce. If thou hast it,
I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.
Ant. I smell him now: Fy, how the knave perfumes him!
How strong he scents of traitor!
Dol. You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat; you should have washed off that, sir;
Fy, how it choaks! too little of your loyalty,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers,
I smell the rotten smell of a hired coward;
A dead dog's sweeter.
Sept. Ye are merry, gentlemen,
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too.
You speak like good blunt soldiers! and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I've done ye simple service on your Pompey;
You might have looked him yet this brace of twelvemonths,
And hunted after him, like foundered beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand——
Ant. He brags on't too,
By the good gods, rejoices in't! Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave!
Sce. Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murdering mischief, in the shape of soldier,
To make all soldiers hateful! thou disease,
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!
Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.

Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus; I've found your melancholy:
Ye all want money, and ye are liberal captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately.
Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave commander:
And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have partners?
I do consider all your wants, and weigh them;
He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;
I'll bring them to ye, to your arms.
Ant. I blush,
All over me, I blush, and sweat to hear him;
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,
Through them I should blush too: Pray ye let's be walking.
Sce. Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave this lesson,
And let him study it: First, rogue! then, pandar!
Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's presence,
And, where the name of soldier has been heard of,
Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desart,
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience;
And that, in all the shapes of all thy villanies,
Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhor thee,
And even the sun will shame to give thee light,
Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter,
Go hang thyself!
Dol. Hark to that clause.
Sce. And that speedily,
That Nature may be eased of such a monster!
[*Exeunt.*

Manet SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;
I keep my gold still, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;
Rude valours, so I let them pass, rude honours!
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king; a young plump villain,
That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me;

Enter EROS.

And here she comes: I'm sure of her at midnight.—
My pretty Eros, welcome!
Eros. I have business.
Sept. Above my love, thou canst not.
Eros. Yes, indeed, sir,
Far, far above.
Sept. Why, why so coy? Pray you tell me,
We are alone.
Eros. I'm much ashamed we are so.
Sept. You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,
A scarf, and some odd toys: I've gold here ready;
Thou shalt have any thing.
Eros. I want your absence.
Keep on your way; I care not for your company.
Sept. How? how? you're very short: D'you know me, Eros?
And what I have been to you?
Eros. Yes, I know you,
And I hope I shall forget you: Whilst you were honest,
I loved you too.
Sept. Honest? come, prithee kiss me.
Eros. I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed them;
I hate their looks; and though I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me;
I'd rather touch the plague, than one unworthy!
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company; she's too good for you.
[*Exit.*
Sept. Marry, this goes near! now I perceive I'm hateful:
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows dangerous;
For money, seldom they refuse a leper;
But sure I am more odious, more diseased too:

Enter three lame Soldiers.

It sits cold here. What are these? three poor soldiers?
Both poor and lame: Their misery may make them
A little look upon me, and adore me.
If these will keep me company, I'm made yet.
1 *Sold.* The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in makes us miserable:
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laughed at;
He banquets, and we beg.
2 *Sold.* He was not wont
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.
Sept. Save ye, good soldiers; good poor men, heaven help ye!
Ye've borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.
1 *Sold.* Some new commander, sure.
Sept. You look, my good friends,
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.
2 *Sold.* To Cæsar, for our means, sir.
Sept. And 'tis fit, sir.
3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.
Sept. I grieve for it;
Good soldiers should have good rewards, and favours.
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you,
And freely speak to Cæsar.
All. Oh, we honour you!
1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are; the gods preserve you!
Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold, soldiers! [*Gives money.*

Nay, 'tis no dream; 'tis good gold; take it freely;
'Twill keep you in good heart.
2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you!
Sept. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be merry;
And every day I'll see you.
1 *Sold.* You're a soldier,
And one sent from the gods, I think.
Sept. I'll cloath ye,
Ye're lame, and then provide good lodging for you;
And at my table, where no want shall meet you.

Enter SCEVA.

All. Was never such a man!
1 *Sold.* Dear honoured sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship you.
2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank——
Sept. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.
Sce. A cunning thief! Call him Septimius, soldiers,
The villain, that killed Pompey!
All. How!
Sce. Call him the shame of men! [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to beat thy brains out! Fling all;
And fling our curses next; let them be mortal!
Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy charity, to poison us?
2 *Sold.* I know him now: May never father own thee,
But as a monstrous birth shun thy base memory!
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden) let her womb
Be cursed of women for a bed of vipers!
3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour this rascal,
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious mists, to crown his villainies:
Thou mayest go wander like a thing heaven-hated!
1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to remember!
The hangman will not keep thee company;
He has an honourable house to thine;
No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life for't,
Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starved, drink with thee!
2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog;
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny. [*Exeunt.*
Sept. Contemned of all? and kicked too! Now I find it!
My valour's fled, too, with mine honesty;
For since I would be knave, I must be coward.
This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me!
How monstrous shews that man, that is ungrateful!
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me;
Inspir'd with what I've done, the winds will blast me!
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
The wages of my fact; my soul's oppressed!
Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS, *and* ACHILLAS.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so!
A preparation I have set on foot,
Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar:
My sister's favours shall seem poor and withered;
Nay, she herself, trimmed up in all her beauties,
Compared to what I'll take his eyes withal,
Shall be a dream.
Pho. D'you mean to shew the glory
And wealth of Egypt?
Ptol. Yes; and in that lustre,
Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
And all her riches, of no note unto it.
Achor. Now you are reconciled to your fair sister,
Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,
A danger of this precipice. But note, sir,
For what Rome ever raised her mighty armies:
First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,
Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt
An armed guest: Feed not an eye, that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.
Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me;
Let all be ready, as I gave direction:
The secret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handsomely; and all about it:
No more dissuading: 'Tis my will.
Achor. I grieve for it.
Ptol. I'll dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.
Pho. I fear you'll curse your will; we must obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA, *above.*

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.
Sce. I'll tell you;
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire them, but possess them:
When they are ours, they're worth our admiration.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. The young queen comes: Give room!
Cæsar. Welcome, my dearest!
Come, bless my side.
Sce. Ay, marry, here's a wonder!

As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I be not readiest to recant.
Cleo. Be merry, sir;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Achillas, Photinus, *and* Apollodorus.

Ptol. Hail to great Cæsar,
My royal guest! First I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
And wait myself upon thee.
[*Treasure brought in.*
Cæsar. What rich service!
What mines of treasure! richer still?
Cleo. My Cæsar,
What d'you admire? Pray you turn, and let me talk to you.
Have you forgot me, sir? How, a new object?
Am I grown old o'th' sudden? Cæsar!
Cæsar. Tell me,
From whence comes all this wealth?
Cleo. Is your eye that way,
And all my beauties banished!
Ptol. I'll tell thee, Cæsar;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus:
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,
Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us;
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus,
All this is nourished; who, to do thee honour,
Comes to discover his seven deities,
His concealed heads, unto thee: See with pleasure.
Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land!
Cleo. Come, you shall hear me.
Cæsar. Away! Let me imagine.
Cleo. How! frown on me?
The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!
Cæsar. I'm sorry:
But let me think——

Music.—Enter Isis, *and three Labourers.*

Isis. *Isis, the goddess of this land,*
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand
And mark our customs, and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play:
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew
His matchless wealth in overflow.
Labourers. *Come, let us help the reverend Nile;*
He's very old; alas the while!
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays:
To delight his streams let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new made beds;
This way let his wanton spawns
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain;
How he tumbles here amain!
How his waters haste to fall
Into our channels! Labour, all,
And let him in; let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty shew.
With incense let us bless the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us gums and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring.
Come, old father, come away!
Our labour is our holiday.

Enter Nilus.

Isis. *Here comes the aged River now,*
With garlands of great pearl his brow
Begirt and rounded: In his flow
All things take life, and all things grow.
A thousand wealthy treasures still,
To do him service at his will,
Follow his rising flood, and pour
Perpetual blessings in our store.
Hear him; and next there will advance
His sacred heads, to tread a dance
In honour of my royal guest;
Mark them too; and you have a feast.

Cleo. A little dross betray me?
Cæsar. I am ashamed I warred at home, my friends,
When such wealth may be got abroad! What honour,
Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchased,
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt!

Nilus. *Make room for my rich waters' fall,*
And bless my flood;
Nilus comes flowing to you all
Encrease and good.
Now the plants and flowers shall spring,
And the merry ploughman sing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and every thing.
Let the damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud, that I may rise:
Your holy feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a sacrifice.
Now my wanton pearls I shew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow.
Now my gold
And treasures, that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,
And after this, to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy head arise. [Dance.

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well: Good night!
Sce. I'm glad you have it:
Now we shall stir again.
Dol. Thou wealth, still haunt him!
Sce. A greedy spirit set thee on! We're happy.
Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance!
Cleo. Well,
I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,
Thou hast wronged her love—The rest here.
Ptol. Lights along still:
Music, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PTOLOMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, *and* ACHOREUS.

Achor. I told you carefully, what this would prove to,
What this inestimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon you: I advised your majesty
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
A bait, to catch a mind, bent by his trade
To make the whole world his.
Pho. I was not heard, sir,
Or, what I said, lost and contemned: I dare say,
And freshly now, 'twas a poor weakness in you,
A glorious childishness! I watched his eye,
And saw how falcon-like it towered, and flew
Upon the wealthy quarry; how round it marked it:
I observed his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he asked from whence it came,
And what commerce we held for such abundance.
The show of Nilus how he laboured at,
To find the secret ways the song delivered!
Achor. He never smiled, I noted, at the pleasures,
But fixed his constant eyes upon the treasure:
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
After the wealth appeared, to hear the music.
Most sure he has not slept since; his mind's troubles
With objects, that would make their own still labour.
Pho. Your sister he ne'er gazed on; that's a main note:
The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.
Achor. Where was his mind the whilst?
Pho. Where was your carefulness,
To shew an armed thief the way to rob you?
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him
To seek the rest: Ambition feels no gift,
Nor knows no bounds; indeed you've done most weakly.
Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?
Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours
Of indiscretion; and your friend has found it.
Had you been trained up in the wants and miseries
A soldier marches through, and known his temperance
In offered courtesies, you would have made
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.
Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would return it:
'Tis more to him to make kings.
Pho. Pray be wiser,
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your loved liberty:
To be a king still at your own discretion,
Is like a king; to be at his, a vassal.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to you
The freedom of a prince.
Achil. 'Twill be too late else:
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himself, to view again
The glory of your wealth.
Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.
Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus?
Achor. I'll go pray, sir,
(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help you. [*Exit.*
Pho. I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited;
A most secure way: Whither will you fly now?
Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your power must follow.
Pho. And that diminished also, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?
Ptol. You say true.
Achil. What eye
Will look upon king Ptolomy? If they do look,
It must be in scorn; for a poor king's a monster:
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesy,
A noble one, to take your life too from you:
But if reserved, you stand to fill a victory;
As who knows conquerors' minds, though outwardly
They bear fair streams? Oh, sir, does not this shake ye?
If to be honied on to these afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a fool!
Pho. For then, sir,
Your country's cause falls with you too, and fettered:
All Egypt shall be ploughed up with dishonour.
Ptol. No more; I'm sensible: And now my spirit
Burns hot within me.
Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.
Pho. And last, be counselled.
Ptol. I will, though I perish.
Pho. Go in: We'll tell you all, and then we'll execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, *and* EROS.

Ars. You're so impatient!
Cleo. Have I not cause?
Women of common beauties, and low births,
When they are slighted, are allowed their angers:
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?
Ars. Yes, 'tis fit:
But then again, you know, what man——

Cleo. He is no man!
The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: He's no conqueror,
Has suffered under the base dross of nature;
Poorly delivered up his power to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason;
Against the truth of love he has raised rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.
Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.
Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shewed
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
The lustre of a little trash, Arsinoe,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier;
All honourable soldiers are love's servants;
He is a merchant, a mere wandering merchant,
Servile to gain: He trades for poor commodities,
And makes his conquests, thefts! Some fortunate captains,
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of happy Cæsar on him;
Himself ne'er won it: He's so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold.
Ars. This is too bitter.
Cleo. Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper.
I had trash enough to have cloyed his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread on,
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting;
Had I known he had stooped at that, I'd saved mine honour,
I had been happy still! But let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded;
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies:
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too! I lose my health; I will not,
I will not cry; I will not honour him
With tears diviner than the gods he worships;
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing!
Eros. Do not; you shall not need.
Cleo. 'Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him!
I will love any man, to break the heart of him!
Any, that has the heart and will to kill him!
Ars. Take some fair truce.
Cleo. I will go study mischief,
And put a look on, armed with all my cunnings,
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him!
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him!

Enter Apollodorus.

Apol. Cæsar commends his service to your grace.
Cleo. His service? what's his service?
Eros. Pray you be patient:
The noble Cæsar loves still.
Cleo. What is his will?
Apol. He craves access unto your highness.
Cleo. No;
Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.
Ars. Good sister!
Cleo. None, I say; I will be private.
'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,
When first thou gav'st consent, to bring my body
To this unthankful Cæsar!
Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honoured you.
You know what danger I endured.
Cleo. Take this, [*Giving a jewel.*
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind: Bid him make love to it;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer—

Enter Cæsar.

Apol. He enters.
Cleo. How!
Cæsar. I do not use to wait, lady;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.
Cleo. I guess so, by your rudeness.
Cæsar. You're not angry?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.
Why do you frown? Good Gods, what a set anger
Have you forced into your face! Come, I must temper you.
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful!
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you!
Defend me, Love! Sweet, who has angered you?
Cleo. Shew him a glass! That false face has betrayed me,
That base heart wronged me!
Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry.
I wronged you, fair?
Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries;
They are too gross! But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to you.
Cæsar. Pray you undo this riddle,
And tell me how I've vexed you?
Cleo. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience,
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you!
Let that begin the story: Now, I'll tell you.
Cæsar. But do it milder: In a noble lady
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweetness,
Shews blessed, like herself.
Cleo. And that great blessedness

You first reaped of me: Till you taught my nature,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgraced me,
When in the pride I appeared of all my beauty,
Appeared your mistress; took into your eyes
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,
Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
And minds adorned with noble love, would kick at!
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase;
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at.
I spake to you then, I courted you, and wooed you,
Called you 'dear Cæsar,' hung about you tenderly,
Was proud to appear your friend—
Cæsar. You have mistaken me.
Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
Was I blessed back withal, but shook off rudely;
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treasure,
And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood slighted,
Forgotten and condemned; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you called Elysium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remembered;
The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laughed at, and made a story to your captains!
Shall I endure?
Cæsar. You are deceived in all this;
Upon my life you are: 'tis your much tenderness.
Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are cozened:
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror;
And, where I love, will triumph!
Cæsar. So you shall;
My heart shall be the chariot, that shall bear you;
All, I have won, shall wait upon you.—By the gods,
The bravery of this woman's mind has fired me!—
Dear mistress, shall I but this night—
Cleo. How, Cæsar?
Have I let slip a second vanity,
That gives thee hope?
Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen; you shall be any thing!
Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee;
Examine all thy art of war to do that,
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:
'Till when, farewell, unthankful!
Cæsar. Stay!
Cleo. I will not.
Cæsar. I command!
Cleo. Command, and go without, sir.
I do command thee, be my slave for ever,
And vex, while I laugh at thee.
Cæsar. Thus low, beauty—
Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee absolute,
The man, that fame reports thee, and to me,
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror! [*Exit.*
Cæsar. She mocks me too! I will enjoy her beauty;
I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!
Love is best pleased, when roundly we compel him;
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.
Stay, fool, and be advised; that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.
By heaven she is a miracle! I must use
A handsome way to win—How now? What fear
Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.

Enter SCEVA, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you're secure here,
And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
And most lasciviously die in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.
Dol. The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Armed all, and ready to assault.
Ant. Led on
By the false and base Photinus, and his ministers.
No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed dart.
Sce. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger.
They swear they'll flay us, and then dry our quarters;
A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
Or will the giant god of love fight for you?
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?
Bring out the lady! she can quell this mutiny,
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;
She can destroy and build again the city;
Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew them her fair breasts,
Th' impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there; she will laugh at 'em!
They're not above a hundred thousand, sir,
A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will fly before her heats!
Cæsar. Begirt with villains?
Sce. They come to play you and your love a hunts-up.
You were told what this same whoreson wenching long ago would come to:
You are taken napping now! Has not a soldier
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you'd think—
Dol. And time too; or you'll find else
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.
Ant. Look out, and then believe.

Sce. No, no, hang danger;
Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour.
Charge her whole body!—When the sword's in your throat, sir,
You may cry, 'Cæsar!' and see, if that will help you.

Cæsar. I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some shift, Sceva,
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter them.

Sce. Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to th' hazard.
Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
She'll spoil your sword-hand.

Cæsar. Go. Come, let's to counsel,
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence?

2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I too looked upon him, and observed it;
He is the strangest Septimius now—

1 *Sold.* I heard he was altered,
And had given away his gold to honest uses,
Cried monstrously.

2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;
He is blind almost with weeping.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,
Should have so much kind moisture. When his mother died,
He laughed aloud, and made the wickedest ballads!

1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough: he never loved his parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er loved him.
His mother dreamed, before she was delivered,
That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and ever after
She whistled him up to the world. His brave clothes, too,
He has flung away, and goes like one of us now;
Walks with his hands in his pockets, poor and sorrowful,
And gives the best instructions!

2 *Sold.* And tells stories
Of honest and good people, that were honoured,
And how they were remembered; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful person,
A bloody or betraying man.

3 *Sold.* If it be possible,
That an arch-villain may e'er be recovered,
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth our labour
To see him once again.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.

Sept. Bless ye, my honest friends,
Bless ye from base unworthy men! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your company.

1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?

2 *Sold.* What book's that?

1 *Sold.* No doubt,
Some excellent salve for a sore heart. Are you
Septimius, that base knave that betrayed Pompey?

Sept. I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,
You, that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood;
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude!
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs.
Take heed of pride; 'twas that, that brought me to it.

2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the gallows.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hanged to edify us.

Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient;
Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye;
Pray, that ye may be strong in honesty,
As in the use of arms; labour, and diligently,
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,
Pride and ambitious wantonness; those spoiled me:
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty;
You're never lame indeed, till loss of credit
Benumb ye through; scars, and those maims of honour,
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity!

1 *Sold.* I cry.

2 *Sold.* And so do I.

3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!

1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave, I never heard yet.

2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Who's this? a priest?

Sept. Oh, stay, most holy sir!
And, by the gods of Egypt, I conjure ye,
Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly,
With what most humble sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers, that hate me?

Take from my heart those thousand thousand furies,
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!
Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
Yet at the holy altar he was pardoned.
Achor. Orestes out of madness did his murder,
And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst of all men,
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
Slewest thine own feeder! Come not near the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice;
Thou art marked for shame eternal! [*Exit.*
Sept. Look all on me,
And let me be a story, left to time,
Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
How monstrous my hoped grace at court! Good soldiers,
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessedness!
1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?
Sept. Nothing but your prayers.
2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his worst;
We've gods as well as they, and they will hear us.
3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Thou hast wept out twenty Pompeys.

Enter PHOTINUS *and* ACHILLAS.

Pho. So penitent!
Achil. It seems so.
Pho. Yet for all this
We must employ him.
1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:
Away, and let's to the fort; we shall be snapt else. [*Exeunt.*
Pho. How now? Why thus? What cause of this dejection?
Achil. Why dost thou weep?
Sept. Pray leave me; you have ruined me,
You've made me a famous villain!
Pho. Does that touch thee?
Achil. He will be hard to win; he feels his lewdness.
Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our right hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be heartened.—
Art thou so poor to blench at what thou'st done?
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?
Achil. It is not that; it may be some disgrace,
That he takes heavily, and would be cherished.
Septimius ever scorned to shew such weakness.
Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;
I'm now a new man.
Pho. We have new affairs for thee;
Those, that will raise thy head.
Sept. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough
Already in my breast.
Pho. Thou shalt be noble;
And who dares think then, that thou art not honest?
Achil. Thou shalt command in chief all our strong forces;
And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it?
Sept. I am rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more and baser;
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?
'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own sacrifice,
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thyself glorious still, though ne'er so stained,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,
Like a poor girl that had betrayed her maidenhead——
Sept. I'll stop mine ears.
Achil. Will shew so in a soldier,
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——
Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty;
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,
(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty;
If they'd allow thy foolery, there were some hope.
Sept. My foolery?
Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.
Achil. He begins to hearken.——
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.
Sept. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering Cæsar
Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword? to cry for it?
Thou kill'dst great Pompey: He'll kill all his kindred,
And justify it; nay, raise up trophies to it.
When thou hear'st him repent (he's held most holy too),
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness;
Call up the thing, thou namest thy conscience,
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.
Sept. He does all this.
Achil. Yes, and is honoured for it;
Nay, called the honoured Cæsar: So mayst thou be;

Thou wert born as near a crown as he.
Sept. He was poor.
Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.
Sept. I am afraid you will once more——
Pho. Help to raise thee.
Off with thy pining black; it dulls a soldier,
And put on resolution like a man:
A noble fate waits on thee.
Sept. I now feel
Myself returning rascal speedily.
Oh, that I had the power——
Achil. Thou shalt have all;
And do all through thy power. Men shall admire thee,
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.
Sept. Off, off! thou must off; off, my cowardice!
Puling repentance, off!
Pho. Now thou speak'st nobly.
Sept. Off, my dejected looks, and welcome, impudence!
My daring shall be deity, to save me.
Give me instructions, and put action on me,
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,
And let my wit and valour work. You'll raise me,
And make me out-dare all my miseries.
Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.
Sept. Use me, then.
Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt more.
Lead on to some great thing, to wake my spirit!
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæsar, too.
Pho. Now thou sing'st sweetly,
And Ptolomy shall crown thee for thy service.
Achil. He's well wrought; put him on apace, before cooling. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Ant. The tumult still encreases.
Cæsar. Oh, my fortune!
My lustful folly rather! But 'tis well,
And worthily I'm made a bondman's prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I passed so many seas of dangers,
When all the elements conspired against me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power; so blind and stupid,
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaimed
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me!
Dol. Be still Cæsar,
Who ever loved to exercise his fate,
Where danger looked most dreadful.
Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone: let the king and his sister
Be buried in your ruins: On my life,
They both are guilty! Reason may assure you,
Photinus nor Achillas durst attempt you,
Or shake one dart, or sword, aimed at your safety,
Without their warrant.
Cæsar. For the young king, I know not
How he may be misled; but for his sister,
Unequalled Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
Of blasphemy to doubt her: Ugly treason
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building;
Nor can so clear and great a spirit as her's is
Admit of falsehood.
Ant. Let us seize on him then;
And leave her to her fortune.
Dol. If he have power,
Use it to your security, and let
His honesty acquit him; if he be false,
It is too great an honour he should die
By your victorious hand.
Cæsar. He comes, and I
Shall do as I find cause.

Enter PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, *and* APOLLODORUS.

Ptol. Let not great Cæsar
Impute the breach of hospitality
To you my guest, to me! I am contemned,
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
Against my head; and 'would they aimed no further,
Provided that I fell a sacrifice
To gain you safety! That this is not feigned,
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
To their bad cause, by being present with them;
But I, that yet taste of the punishment
In being false to Pompey, will not make
A second fault to Cæsar, uncompelled:
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,
I yield myself to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.
Cæsar. This pleads your excuse,
And I receive it.
Achor. If they've any touch
Of justice, or religion, I will use
The authority of our gods, to call them back
From their bad purpose.
Apol. This part of the palace
Is yet defensible; we may make it good
'Till your powers rescue us.
Cæsar. Cæsar besieged?
Oh, stain to my great actions! 'Twas my custom
An army routed, as my feet had wings,
To be first in the chase; nor walls, nor bulwark
Could guard those, that escaped the battle's fury
From this strong arm; and I to be enclosed!
My heart! my heart! But 'tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it by some glorious way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pho. There's no retiring now; we are broke in;
The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,
'Twill be stiled lawful, and we shall give laws
To those, that now command us: Stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.
Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolomy's death.
Pho. The better;
The globe of empire must be so manured.
Sept. Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,
Had her walls watered with a crimson shower,
Drained from a brother's heart; nor was she raised
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth, that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds,
By the sack of neighbour cities, not made hers
'Till they were cemented with the blood of those,
That did possess them: Cæsar, Ptolomy,
Now I am steeled, to me are empty names,
Esteemed as Pompey's was.
Pho. Well said, Septimius!
Thou now art right again.
Achil. But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra?
Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us sport; she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But, our triumvirate government once confirmed,
She bears her brother company: That's my province;
Leave me to work her.
Achil. I will undertake
For Ptolomy.
Sept. Cæsar shall be my task;
And as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar!

Enter above, CÆSAR, PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Pho. 'Tis resolved then;
We'll force our passage.
Achil. See, they do appear,
As they desired a parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought them to capitulate.
Ptol. Now, Photinus?
Pho. Now, Ptolomy!
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equal,
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale,
In which our worth is weighed.
Cæsar. Presumptuous villain!
Upon what grounds hast thou presumed to raise
Thy servile hand against the king? or me,
That have a greater name?
Pho. On those, by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon
Against the laws of Rome; and, at the name
Of traitor, smile, as thou didst, when Marcellus,
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronounced thee for an enemy to thy country:
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause
Was crowned with fair success. Why should we fear, then?
Think on that, Cæsar!
Cæsar. Oh, the gods! be braved thus?
And be compelled to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior!
Achil. Thy glories now have touched the highest point,
And must descend.
Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.
Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans,
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.
Ant. Darest thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey?
Pho. There's no hope to 'scape us!
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches! I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.
Ant. Let us die nobly;
[*Exeunt* PHO. ACHIL. SEPT
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands.
Cæsar. That fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,
Though for a while she cloathe her brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me: Who will pay her
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
Through the whole western world, and Rome acknowledged
Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously
A life admired by all? The threaten'd danger
Must, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
And the rich magazines that neighbour it,
In which the wealth of Egypt is contained!
Start not; it shall be so; that while the people
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,
Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,
Through fire, and swords, I force a passage to
My conquering legions. King, if thou darest, follow,
Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die, a freeman!
If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,
And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
In all my purposes. This devil Photinus
Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,
Will shake me off again: He told me so,
When I killed Pompey; nor can I hope better,
When Cæsar is dispatched. Services done
For such as only study their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are returned
With deadly hate: I learned this principle
In his own school. Yet still he fools me; well;
And yet he trusts me: Since I in my nature
Was fashioned to be false, wherefore should I,
That killed my general, and a Roman, one
To whom I owed all nourishments of life,
Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,
And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
(As it is in my power) redeem my credit,
And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,
Oh, 'twere a master-piece! Ha! curse me! Cæsar?
How's he got off?

Enter Cæsar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dolabella, Achoreus, Apollodorus, *and Soldiers.*

Cæsar. The fire has took,
And shews the city like a second Troy;
The navy too is scorched; the people greedy
To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
Make spoil of all: Only Achillas' troops
Make good their guard; break through them, we are safe.
I'll lead you like a thunderbolt!
Sept. Stay, Cæsar.
Cæsar. Who's this? the dog Septimius?
Ant. Cut his throat.
Dol. You barked but now; fawn you so soon?
Sept. Oh, hear me!
What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,
For all your good.
Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
That never belched but blasphemy and treason,
On festival days!
Sept. I'm an altered man,
Altered indeed; and I will give you cause
To say I am a Roman.
Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.
Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth and easy,
For your escape.
Ant. I'll trust the devil sooner,
And make a safer bargain.
Sept. I am trusted
With all Photinus' secrets.
Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be false.
Sept. Still to be true to you.
Dol. And very likely.
Cæsar. Be brief; the means?
Sept. Thus, Cæsar:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath revealed
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the city: In this cave
Lie but two hours concealed.
Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.
Dol. I'll fly in th' air first.
Sept. Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and Achillas, and the rest
Of their commanders, close at counsel.
Cæsar. Good;
What follows?
Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats:
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.
Cæsar. Oh, devil! away with him!
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæsar scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor! I have towered
For victory, like a falcon in the clouds,
Not digged for't, like a mole. Our swords, and cause,
Make way for us: And that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane, this sword makes for you. [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Here's a belt;
Though I die for it, I'll use it.
2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good
To truss a cur in.
Sept. Save me! here is gold.
1 *Sold.* If Rome
Were offered for thy ransom, it could not help thee.
2 *Sold.* Hang not an arse!
1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy sword!
Thou dost deserve a worser end; and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter severally, Arsinoe, Eros, *and* Cleopatra.

Ars. We are lost!
Eros. Undone!
Ars. Confusion, fire and swords,
And fury in the soldiers' face more horrid,
Circle us round!
Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.
Ars. My brother seized on
By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forced to bear him company, as marked out
For his protection, or revenge.
Eros. They've broke
Into my cabinet; my trunks are ransacked.
Ars. I've lost my jewels too; but that's the least:
The barbarous rascals, against all humanity

Or sense of pity, have killed my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.
Eros. They rifled me:
But that I could endure, and tire them too,
Would they proceed no further.
Ars. Oh, my sister!
Eros. My queen, my mistress!
Ars. Can you stand unmoved, when
The earthquake of rebellion shakes the city,
And the court trembles?
Cleo. Yes, Arsinoe,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress: Then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults; I'm still myself,
And though disrobed of sovereignty, and ravished
Of ceremonious duty, that attends it:
Nay, grant they had slaved my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.
Think of thy birth, Arsinoe; common burdens
Fit common shoulders: Teach the multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch,
Their dim eyes, darkned by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.
Ars. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you, best sister;
For now I feel you have infused into me
Part of your fortitude.
Eros. I still am fearful:
I dare not tell a lie: You, that were born
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble handmaid,
Must not presume to rival.
Cleo. Yet, my Erds,
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearless mistress.

Enter PHOTINUS.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms!
His weapon drawn too!
Cleo. Though upon the point
Death sat, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.
Pho. Keep the watch strong; and guard the passage sure,
That leads unto the sea.
Cleo. What sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
Are duty and obedience fled to heaven,
And, in their room, ambition and pride
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee Photinus,
A thing, thy mother brought into the world
My brother's and my slave: But thy behaviour,
Opposed to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that sovereignty, thou shouldst bow to!
If in the gulph of base ingratitude,
All loyalty to Ptolomy the king
Be swallowed up, remember who I am,
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
(Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate madness
From running headlong on to thy confusion.
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
And let me read submission in thine eyes;
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To Cæsar and my brother.
Pho. Plead my pardon!
To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop thus
To Ptolomy, to Cæsar, nay the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my essence with a sensual beast:
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,
Were aimed to purchase you.
Cleo. How durst thou, being
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought!
Pho. They, that have power, are royal; and those base,
That live at the devotion of another.
What birth gave Ptolomy, or fortune Cæsar,
By engines fashioned in this Protean anvil,
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts;
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read
The story of a supreme monarchy,
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
Photinus' name had long since been as great
As Ptolomy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose
The knot of loyalty, that chained my freedom,
And slight the fear, that Cæsar's threats might cause;
That I and they might see no sun appear,
But Cleopatra, in the Egyptian sphere.
Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to
Cymerian darkness! Inconsiderate fool!
Though flatter'd with self-love, could'st thou believe,
Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
And that, by kings, set on thy head; all sceptres
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchsafe to kiss a no-man?
A gelded eunuch?
Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
And shews it is no sensual appetite,
But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,
That, when that you are mine, shall yield me pleasures
Hymen, tho' blessing a new married pair,
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
The glorious splendor of dread majesty;
Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the world.
My wants in that kind others shall supply,
And I give way to't.
Cleo. Baser than thy birth!
Can there be gods and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the earth!
Pho. They are asleep,

And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloyed by me:
Or, if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.
Cleo. Most impious!
Pho. They are dreams,
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful
Than Styx is to your gods) weak Ptolomy dead,
And Cæsar, both being in my toil, remov'd,
The poorest rascals that are in my camp
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat
In thee, and young Arsinoe, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods,
That you think can protect you!
Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the mistress of my fate,
So hope I of my sister: to confirm it,
I spit at thee, and scorn thee!
Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.
Cleo. Never!
I was born to command, and I will die so.

Enter Achillas, *and Soldiers, with the body of* Ptolomy.

Pho. The king dead? This is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.
Ars. Oh, my dear brother!
Cleo. Weep not, Arsinoe, (common women do so)
Nor lose a tear for him; it cannot help him;
But study to die nobly.
Pho. Cæsar fled?
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart;
It choaks my vital spirits! Where was your care?
Did the guards sleep?
Achil. He roused them with his sword;
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
Admits of no comparison but itself!)
And, as inspired by him, his following friends,
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey,
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake through our troops, and scattered them. He went on,
But still pursued by us: When, on the sudden,
He turned his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement,
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning,
Hurled from Jove's cloudy brow.
Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæsar!
Achil. We fallen back, he made on; and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we followed: But, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchored, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forged by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made away,
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like
So many Tritons, followed, their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful music. We showered darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reached their ships,
And in their safety we are sunk; for Cæsar
Prepares for war.
Pho. How fell the king?
Achil. Unable
To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoreus.
Ars. May the earth
Lie gently on their ashes!
Pho. I feel now,
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man
To alter their decrees.
Cleo. I laugh at thee!
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs and scorns
Against the gods? I see calamity
Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist. [*Shout within.*
Pho. Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die,
That placed his heaven on earth, is an assurance
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting. [*Exit.*

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, *and* Dolabella.

Cæsar. Look on your Cæsar! banish fear, my fairest;
You now are safe!
Sce. By Venus, not a kiss
'Till our work be done! The traitors once dispatched,
To it, and we'll cry aim.
Cæsar. I will be speedy.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and train.*
Cleo. Farewell again!—Arsinoe! How now, Eros?
Ever faint-hearted?
Eros. But that I am assured
Your excellency can command the general,
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibbling too.
Cleo. He is all honour;
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deserved him.

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella, *and Soldiers, with the heads.*

Ars. He's come back.
Cæsar. Pursue no further; curb the soldiers' fury!
See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us.
Sce. Furies plague them!
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:
Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halter
Should have dispatched them.
Cæsar. All's but death, good Sceva;
Be therefore satisfied. And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appeared,

A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king
Entombed with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar
Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

I now should wish another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace;
And, but express some sign that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd.
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say
I'th' favour of ourselves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assur'd, the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

THE

BONDMAN.

BY

MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

TIMOLEON, *the general of Corinth.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *the Prætor of Syracusa.*
DIPHILUS, *a senator of Syracusa.*
CLEON, *a fat impotent lord.*
PISANDER *(disguised) a gentleman of Thebes, named Marullo.*
POLIPHRON *(disguised) friend to Pisander.*
LEOSTHENES, *a gentleman of Syracusa, enamoured of Cleora.*
ASOTUS, *a foolish lover, and the son of Cleon.*
TIMAGORAS, *the son of Archidamus.*
GRACCULO, } *bondmen.*
CIMBRIO, }
A Jailor.

WOMEN.

CLEORA, *Daughter of Archidamus.*
CORISCA, *a proud wanton lady, wife to Cleon.*
OLYMPIA, *a rich widow.*
STATILIA, *sister to Pisander, slave to Cleora, and named Timandra.*
ZANTHIA, *slave to Corisca.*
Other Slaves, Officers, Senators.

SCENE,—*Syracuse and the adjacent country.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of Timoleon near Syracuse.*

Enter TIMAGORAS *and* LEOSTHENES.

Timag. Why should you droop, Leosthenes, or despair
My sister's favour? What, before, you purchased
By courtship, and fair language, in these wars
(For, from her soul, you know, she loves a soldier)
You may deserve by action.
Leost. Good Timagoras,
When I have said my friend, think all is spoken
That may assure me yours; and pray you, believe,
The dreadful voice of war, that shakes the city,
The thundering threats of Carthage, nor their army,
Raised to make good those threats, affright not me.
If fair Cleora were confirmed his prize,
That has the strongest arm and sharpest sword,
I'd court Bellona in her horrid trim,
As if she were a mistress, and bless fortune
That offers my young valour to the proof,
How much I dare do for your sister's love.
But, when that I consider how averse
Your noble father, great Archidamus,
Is, and hath ever been, to my desires,
Reason may warrant me to doubt and fear,
What seeds soever I sow in these wars
Of noble courage, his determinate will
May blast, and give my harvest to another,
That ne'er toiled for it.
Timag. Prithee, do not nourish
These jealous thoughts; I'm thine, and, pardon me
Though I repeat it, that Timagoras
That, for thy sake, when the bold Theban sued,
Far-famed Pisander, for my sister's love,
Sent him disgraced and discontented home;

I wrought my father then; and I, that stopped not
In the career of my affection to thee,
When that renowned worthy, that brought with him
High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd advocates
To mediate for him, never will consent,
A fool, that only has the shape of man,
Asotus, though he be rich Cleon's heir,
Shall bear her from thee.
Leost. In that trust I love.
Timag. Which never shall deceive you.

Enter PISANDER.

Pis. Sir, the general,
Timoleon, by his trumpets hath given warning
For a remove.
Timag. 'Tis well; provide my horse.
Pis. I shall, sir. [*Exit* PISANDER.
Leost. This slave has a strange aspect?
Timag. Fit for his fortune; 'tis a strong limbed knave;
My father bought him for my sister's litter.
O pride of women! Coaches are too common;
They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
And ladies think they keep not state enough,
If, for their pomp and ease, they are not borne
In triumph on mens' shoulders.
Leost. Who commands
The Carthaginian fleet?
Timag. Gisco's their admiral,
And, 'tis our happiness, a raw young fellow,
One never trained in arms, but rather fashioned
To tilt with ladies lips than crack a lance,
Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan,
And wear it as a favour. A steel helmet,
Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack
His woman's neck.
Leo. No more of him.—The motives
That Corinth gives us aid?
Timag. The common danger:
For Sicily being on fire, she is not safe;
It being apparent that ambitious Carthage,
(That to enlarge her empire strives to fasten
An unjust gripe on us, that live free lords
Of Syracusa) will not end, till Greece
Acknowledge her their sovereign.
Leost. I'm satisfied.
What think you of our general?
Timag. He is a man
Of strange and reserved parts; but a great soldier.
[*A Trumpet sounds.*
His trumpets call us; I'll forbear his character:
To-morrow, in the senate-house, at large
He will express himself.
Leost. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Syracuse. A room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter CLEON, CORISCA, *and* GRACCULO.

Coris. Nay, good-chuck.
Cleon. I've said it; stay at home.
I cannot brook your gadding; you're a fair one,
Beauty invites temptations, and short heels
Are soon tripp'd up.
Coris. Deny me! by my honour,
You take no pity on me; I shall swoon
As soon as you are absent; ask my man else,
You know he dares not tell a lie.
Grac. Indeed,
You are no sooner out of sight, but she
Does feel strange qualms; then sends for her young doctor,
Who ministers physic to her on her back,
Her ladyship lying as she were entranced:
(I've peep'd in at the key-hole, and observed them:)
And sure his potions never fail to work,
For she's so pleasant in the taking them,
She tickles again.
Coris. And all's to make you merry
When you come home.
Cleon. You flatter me; I'm old,
And wisdom cries, Beware.
Coris. Old, duck! to me
You are a young Adonis.
Grac. Well said, Venus;
I am sure she Vulcan's him.
Coris. I will not change thee
For twenty boisterous young things without beards.
These bristles give the gentlest titillations,
And such a sweet dew flows on them, it cures
My lips without pomatum. Here's a round belly!
'Tis a down pillow to my back; I sleep
So quietly by it: and this tunable nose,
Faith, when you hear it not, affords such music,
That I curse all night-fiddlers.
Grac. This is gross.
Not find she flouts him!
Coris. As I live, I'm jealous.
Cleon. Jealous of me, wife?
Coris. Yes; and I have reason;
Knowing how lusty and active a man you are.
Cleon. Hum, hum!
Grac. This is no cunning quean! 'slight, she will make him
To think that, like a stag, he has cast his horns,
And is grown young again.
Coris. You have forgot
What you did in your sleep, and, when you waked,
Called for a caudle.
Grac. It was in his sleep;
For, waking, I durst trust my mother with him.
Coris. I long to see the man of war: Cleora,
Archidamus' daughter, goes, and rich Olympia;
I will not miss the show.
Cleon. There's no contending:
For this time I am pleased, but I'll no more on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Senate House.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, CLEON, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, CORISCA, CLEORA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Arch. So careless we have been, my noble lords,
In the disposing of our own affairs,
And ignorant in the art of government,
That now we need a stranger to instruct us.
Yet we are happy that our neighbour Corinth

(Pitying the unjust gripe Carthage would lay
On Syracusa) hath vouchsafed to lend us
Her man of men, Timoleon, to defend
Our country and our liberties.
Diph. 'Tis a favour
We are unworthy of, and we may blush
Necessity compells us to receive it.
Arch. O shame! that we, that are a populous nation,
Engaged to liberal nature for all blessings
An island can bring forth; we that have limbs,
And able bodies, shipping, arms and treasure,
The sinews of the war, now we are called
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce
One, fit to be our general!
Cleon. I'm old and fat;
I could say something else.
Arch. We must obey
The time and our occasions; ruinous buildings,
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,
Must use supporters: We are circled round
With danger; o'er our heads with sail-stretched wings
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us,
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,
Roused up by brave Timoleon.
Cleon. When arrives he?
Diph. He is expected every hour.
Arch. The braveries
Of Syracusa, among whom my son
Timagoras, Leosthenes, and Asotus,
(Your hopeful heir, lord Cleon) two days since
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The city; every minute we expect
To be blessed with his presence.
Cleon. What shout's this? [*Shout at a distance.*
Diph. 'Tis seconded with loud music.
[*Trumpets flourish within.*
Arch. Which confirms
His wished-for entrance. Let us entertain him
With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From slavery and oppression.
Cleon. I'll lock up
My doors, and guard my gold; these lads of Corinth
Have nimble fingers, and I fear them more,
Being within our walls, than those of Carthage;
They are far off.
Arch. And, ladies, be it your care
To welcome him and his followers with all duty.
For rest resolved, their hands and swords must keep you
In that full height of happiness you live:
A dreadful change else follows.
(*Exeunt* ARCH. CLEON, *and* DIPH.
Olym. We are instructed.
Coris. I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,
With any she in Corinth.
Olymp. Were he a courtier,
I've sweetmeat in my closet shall content him,
Be his palate ne'er so curious.
Coris. And, if need be,
I have a couch and a banqueting-house in my orchard,
Where many a man of honour has not scorn'd
To spend an afternoon.
Olymp. These men of war,
As I have heard, know not to court a lady.
They cannot praise our dressings, kiss our hands,
Usher us to our litters, tell love-stories,
Commend our feet and legs, and so search upwards;
A sweet becoming boldness! They are rough,
Boisterous, and saucy, and at the first sight
Ruffle and touze us, and, as they find their stomachs,
Fall roundly to it.
Coris. 'Troth, I like them the better:
I can't endure to have a perfumed sir
Stand cringing in the hams, licking his lips
Like a spaniel over a furmety-pot, and yet
Has not the boldness to come on, or offer
What they know we expect.
Olymp. We may commend
A gentleman's modesty, manners, and fine language,
His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,
The wearing of his clothes, his fair complexion;
Take presents from him, and extol his bounty:
Yet, though he observe, and waste his state upon us,
If he be staunch, and bid not for the stock
That we were born to traffick with; the truth is,
We care not for his company.
Coris. Musing, Cleora?
Olymp. She's studying how to entertain these strangers,
And to engross them to herself.
Cleo. No, surely;
I will not cheapen any of their wares,
Till you have made your market; you will buy,
I know, at any rate.
Coris. She has given it to you.
Olymp. No more, they come; the first kiss
For this jewel.

Enter TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, ASOTUS, TIMOLEON *in black, led in by* ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CLEON; *followed by* PISANDER, GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, *and other Slaves.*

Arch. It is your seat,
Which with a general suffrage,
As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders,
And prays Timoleon to accept.
Timol. Such honours,
To one ambitious of rule or title,
Whose heaven on earth is placed in his command,
And absolute power o'er others, would with joy,
And veins swoln high with pride be entertained.
They take not me; for I have ever loved
An equal freedom, and proclaim all such
As would usurp another's liberties,
Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings
All men lay claim as true legitimate sons.
But such as have made forfeit of themselves
By vicious courses, and their birthright lost,

'Tis not injustice they are marked for slaves
To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know
Honours and great employments are great burdens,
And must require an Atlas to support them.
He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endued
With depth of understanding, height of courage,
And those remarkable graces which I dare not
Ascribe unto myself.
Arch. Sir, empty men
Are trumpets of their own deserts; but you,
That are not in opinion, but in proof,
Really good, and full of glorious parts,
Leave the report of what you are to fame,
Which, from the ready tongues of all good men,
Aloud proclaims you.
Diph. Besides, you stand bound,
Having so large a field to exercise
Your active virtues offered you, to impart
Your strength to such as need it.
Timol. 'Tis confessed:
And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,
For you, and for the liberty of Greece,
I am most ready to lay down my life;
But yet consider, men of Syracusa,
Before that you deliver up the power
(Which yet is yours) to me, to whom 'tis given;
To an impartial man, with whom nor threats
Nor prayers shall prevail; for I must steer
An even course.
Arch. Which is desired of all.
Timol. Timophanes, my brother, for whose death
I'm tainted in the world, and foully tainted;
In whose remembrance I have ever worn,
In peace and war, this livery of sorrow,
Can witness for me, how much I detest
Tyrannous usurpation: with grief
I must remember it: For when no persuasion
Could win him to desist from his bad practice,
To change the aristocracy of Corinth
Into an absolute monarchy, I chose rather
To prove a pious and obedient son
To my country, my best mother, than to lend
Assistance to Timophanes, tho' my brother,
That, like a tyrant, strove to set his foot
Upon the city's freedom.
Timag. 'Twas a deed
Deserving rather trophies than reproof.
Leost. And will be still remembered to your honour,
If you forsake not us.
Diph. If you free Sicily
From barbarous Carthage yoke, it will be said
In him you slew a tyrant.
Arch. But giving way
To her invasion, not vouchsafing us
(That fly to your protection) aid and comfort,
'Twill be believed, that for your private ends
You killed a brother.
Timol. As I then proceed,
To all posterity may that act be crowned
With a deserved applause, or branded with
The mark of infamy—Stay yet; ere I take
This seat of justice, or engage myself
To fight for you abroad, or to reform
Your state at home, swear all upon my sword,
And call the gods of Sicily to witness
The oath you take; that whatsoe'er I shall
Propound for safety of your commonwealth,
Not circumscribed or bound in, shall by you
Be willingly obeyed.
Arch. Diph. Cleon. So may we prosper,
As we obey in all things!
Timag. Leos. Asa. And observe
All your commands as oracles!
Timol. Do not repent it. [*Takes the State.*
Olymp. He ask'd not our consent.
Coris. He's a clown, I warrant him.
Olymp. I offer'd myself twice, and yet the churl
Would not salute me.
Coris. Let him kiss his drum!
I'll save my lips, I rest on it.
Olymp. He thinks women
No part of the republic.
Coris. He shall find
We are a commonwealth.
Cleo. The less your honour.
Timol. First then, a word or two, but without bitterness,
(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer)
Concerning your ill government of the state,
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,
Stand, in the first file, guilty.
Cleon. Ha! how's this?
Timol. You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends;
Factious among yourselves, preferring such
To offices and honours, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skill'd in all the principles,
That usher to destruction.
Leost. Sharp.
Timag. The better.
Timol. Your senate-house, which used not to admit
A man, however popular, to stand
At the helm of government, whose youth was not
Made glorious by action; whose experience,
Crowned with grey hairs, gave warrant to his counsels,
Heard and received with reverence; is now filled
With green heads, that determine of the state
Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
Afford them leisure; or supplied by those
Who, rising from base arts and sordid thrift,
Are eminent for their wealth, not for their wisdom:
Which is the reason that to hold a place
In council, which was once esteemed an honour,
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
Lustre and reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.
Timag. He speaks home.
Leost. And to the purpose.
Timol. From whence it proceeds
That the treasure of the city is ingrossed

By a few private men, the public coffers
Hollow with want; and they, that will not spare
One talent for the common good, to feed
The pride and bravery of their wives, consume
In plate, in jewels, and superfluous slaves,
What would maintain an army.
Cor. Have at us!
Olym. We thought we were forgot.
Cleora. But it appears
You will be treated of.
Timol. Yet in this plenty,
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were trained
In martial discipline, and your ships unrigged
Rot in the harbour: no defence prepared,
But thought unuseful; as if that the gods,
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,
No change feared or expected. Now you find
That Carthage, looking on your stupid sleeps,
And dull security, was invited to
Invade your territories.
Arch. You've made us see, sir,
To our shame, the country's sickness: Now from you,
As from a careful and a wise physician,
We do expect the cure.
Timol. Old festered sores
Must be lanced to the quick and cauterized:
Which borne with patience, after I'll apply
Soft unguents: For the maintenance of the war
It is decreed all monies in the hand
Of private men, shall instantly be brought
To the public treasury.
Timag. This bites sore.
Cleon. The cure
Is worse than the disease; I'll never yield to it:
What could the enemy, though victorious,
Inflict more on us? All that my youth had toiled for,
Purchased with industry, and preserved with care,
Forced from me in a moment!
Diph. This rough course
Will never be allowed of.
Timol. O blind men!
If you refuse the first means that is offered
To give you health, no hope's left to recover
Your desperate sickness. Do you prize your muck
Above your liberties; and rather choose
To be made bondmen, than to part with that
To which already you are slaves? Or can it
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,
You can capitulate with the conqueror,
And keep that yours which they come to possess,
And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?
But take your own ways; brood upon your gold,
Sacrifice to your idol, and preserve
The prey entire, and merit the report
Of careful stewards: Yield a just account
To your proud masters, who with whips of iron
Will force you to give up what you conceal,
Or tear it from your throats: Adorn your walls
With Persian hangings wrought of gold and pearl;
Cover the floors on which they are to tread,
With costly Median silks; perfume the rooms
With cassia and amber, where they are
To feast and revel, while, like servile grooms,
You wait upon their trenchers; feed their eyes
With massy plate, until your cupboards crack
With the weight that they sustain; set forth your wives
And daughters in as many varied shapes
As there are nations, to provoke their lusts,
And let them be embraced before your eyes,
The object may content you; and, to perfect
Their entertainment, offer up your sons,
And able men, for slaves; while you, that are
Unfit for labour, are spurned out to starve,
Unpitied, in some desert, no friend by,
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate tear,
In the remembrance of what once you were.
Leost. The blood turns.
Timag. Observe how old Cleon shakes,
As if in picture he had shown him what
He was to suffer.
Cor. I am sick; the man
Speaks poniards and diseases.
Olymp. Oh! my doctor!
I never shall recover.
Cleora. If a virgin, [*Coming forward.*
Whose speech was ever yet ushered with fear;
One knowing modesty and humble silence
To be the choicest ornaments of our sex,
In the presence of so many reverend men,
Struck dumb with terror and astonishment,
Presume to clothe her thought in vocal sounds,
Let her find pardon. First, to you, great sir!
A bashful maid's thanks, and her zealous prayers
Winged with pure innocence bearing them to heaven,
For all prosperity that the gods can give
To one whose piety must exact their care,
Thus low I offer.
Timol. 'Tis a happy omen.
Rise, blest one, and speak boldly: On my virtue
I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring
Sweet rivers ever flow.
Cleora. Then thus to you,
My noble father, and these lords, to whom
I next owe duty; no respect forgotten
To you, my brother, and these bold young men
(Such I would have them) that are, or should be,
The city's sword and target of defence;
To all of you I speak; and if a blush
Steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove
Your paleness (willingly I would not say
Your cowardice or fear). Think you all treasure
Hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwrecked
In Neptune's watry kingdom, can hold weight,
When liberty and honour fill one scale,
Triumphant justice sitting on the beam?
Or dare you but imagine that your gold is
Too dear a salary for such as hazard
Their blood and lives in your defence? For me,
An ignorant girl, bear witness, heaven! so far

I prize a soldier, that, to give him pay,
With such devotion as our Flamens offer
Their sacrifices at the holy altar,
I do lay down these jewels, will make sale
Of my superfluous wardrobe, to supply
The meanest of their wants.
Timol. Brave masculine spirit!
Diph. We are shown, to our shame, what we
in honour
Should have taught others.
Arch. Such a fair example
Must needs be followed.
Timag. Ever my dear sister,
But now our family's glory.
Leost. Were she deformed,
The virtues of her mind would force a stoick
To sue to be her servant.
Cleon. I must yield;
And, though my heart-blood part with it, I will
Deliver in my wealth.
Asot. I would say something;
But, the truth is, I know not what.
Timol. We have money;
And men must now be thought on.
Arch. We can press
Of labourers in the country (men inured
To cold and heat) ten thousand.
Diph. Or, if need be,
Inrol our slaves, lusty and able varlets,
And fit for service.
Cleon. They shall go for me;
I will not pay and fight too.
Cleora. How! your slaves?
O stain of honour! Once more, sir, your pardon;
And to their shames let me deliver what
I know in justice you may speak.
Timol. Most gladly:
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ
Than your tongue to express them.
Cleora. Are you men?
(For age may qualify, though not excuse,
The backwardness of these) able young men?
Yet, now your country's liberty's at the stake;
Honour and glorious triumph made the garland
For such as dare deserve them; a rich feast
Prepared by Victory, of immortal viands,
Not for base men, but such as with their swords
Dare force admittance, and will be her guests;
And can you coldly suffer such rewards
To be proposed to labourers and slaves?
While you, that are born noble (to whom these,
Valued at their best rate, are next to horses,
Or other beasts of carriage) cry aim!
Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth
Make them become your masters?
Timol. By my hopes,
There's fire and spirit enough in this to make
Thersites valiant.
Cleora. No; far, far be it from you:
Let these of meaner quality contend,
Who can endure most labour; plow the earth,
And think they are rewarded when their sweat
Brings home a fruitful harvest to their lords;
et them prove good artificers, and serve you
use and ornament; but not presume
To touch at what is noble: if you think them
Unworthy to taste of those cates you feed on,
Or wear such costly garments, will you grant
them
The privilege and prerogative of great minds,
Which you were born to? Honour won in war,
And to be styled preservers of their country,
Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,
And not for bondmen. Had I been born a
man,
And such ne'er-dying glories made the prize
To bold heroic courage, by Diana,
I would not to my brother, nay, my father,
Be bribed to part with the least piece of honour
I should gain in this action.
Timol. She's inspired,
Or in her speaks the genius of your country,
To fire your blood in her defence: I am rapped
With the imagination.—Noble maid,
Timoleon is your soldier, and will sweat
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and, though youthful heats,
That look no farther than your outward form,
Are long since buried in me, while I live,
I am a constant lover of your mind,
That does transcend all precedents.
Cleora. 'Tis an honour, [*Gives her scarf.*
And so I do receive it.
Cor. Plague upon it!
She has got the start of us: I could even burst
With envy at her fortune.
Olym. A raw young thing!
We've too much tongue sometimes, our husbands
say;
And she outstrip us!
Leost. I am for the journey.
Timag. May all diseases sloth and letchery
bring,
Fall upon him that stays at home!
Arch. Though old,
I will be there in person.
Diph. So will I.
Methinks I am not what I was: Her words
Have made me younger by a score of years,
Than I was when I came hither.
Cleo. I am still
Old Cleon, fat and unwieldy; I shall never
Make a good soldier, and therefore desire
To be excused at home.
Aso. 'Tis my suit too:
I am a gristle, and these spider fingers
Will never hold a sword. Let us alone
To rule the slaves at home, I can so yerk them;
But in my conscience I shall never prove
Good justice in the war.
Timol. Have your desires;
You would be burdens to us, no way aids.—
Lead, fairest, to the temple; first we'll pay
A sacrifice to the gods for good success:
For all great actions the wished course do run,
That are, with their allowance, well begun.
[*Exeunt all but the slaves.*
Pis. Stay, Cimbrio and Graculo.
Cimb. The business?

Pis. Meet me to-morrow night near to the grove,
Neighbouring the east part of the city.
Grac. Well.
Pis. And bring the rest of our condition with you.
I've something to impart may break our fetters,
If you dare second me.
Cimb. We'll not fail.
Grac. A cart-rope
Shall not bind me at home.
Pis. Think on't and prosper. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS; TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, *with gorgets, and* PISANDER.

Arch. So, so, 'tis well: How do I look?
Pis. Most sprightfully.
Arch. I shrink not in the shoulders; though I'm old.
I'm tough; steel to the back: I have not wasted
My stock of strength in feather beds. Here's an arm too;
There's stuff in't, and I hope will use a sword
As well as any beardless boy of you all.
Timag. I'm glad to see you, sir, so well prepared
To endure the travail of the war.
Arch. Go to, sirrah!
I shall endure, when some of you keep your cabins,
For all your flaunting feathers. Nay, Leosthenes,
You're welcome too, all friends and fellows now.
Leost. Your servant, sir.
Arch. Pish! leave these compliments,
They stink in a soldier's mouth; I could be merry,
For, now my gown's off, farewel gravity!
And must be bold to put a question to you,
Without offence, I hope.
Leost. Sir, what you please.
Arch. And you will answer truly?
Timag. On our words, sir.
Arch. Go to, then; I presume you will confess
That you are two notorious whoremasters.
Nay, spare your blushing, I've been wild myself,
A smack or so for physic does no harm;
Nay, it is physic if used moderately:
But to lie at rack and manger——
Leost. Say we grant this,
(For if we should deny it you'll not believe us)
What will you infer upon it?
Arch. What you'll groan for,
I fear, when you come to the test. Old stories tell us,
There's a month called October, which brings in
Cold weather; there are trenches too, 'tis rumoured,
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,
In gallants breeds the toothach; there's a sport too,
Named *lying perdue*, do you mark me? 'tis a game,
Which you must learn to play at; now in these seasons,
And choice variety of exercises,
(Nay, I come to you,) and fasts, not for devotion,
Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations;
And in a frosty morning looks as if
He could with ease creep in a pottle-pot,
Instead of his mistress' placket. Then he curses
The time he spent in midnight visitations,
And finds what he superfluously parted with,
To be reported good at length, and well breath'd,
If but retrieved into his back again,
Would keep him warmer then a scarlet waistcoat,
Or an armour lined with fur——

Enter DIPHILUS *and* CLEORA.

O welcome, welcome!
You've cut off my discourse, but I will perfect
My lecture in the camp.
Diph. Come, we are stayed for;
The general's afire for a remove,
And longs to be in action.
Arch. 'Tis my wish too.
We must part. Nay, no tears, my best Cleora;
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of blessings on thee! All that's mine
I give up to thy charge; and, sirrah, look [*To* PISANDER.
You with that care and reverence observe her,
As you would pay to me. A kiss; farewell, girl!
Diph. Peace wait upon you, fair one!
[*Exeunt* ARCH. DIPH. *and* PIS.
Timag. 'Twere impertinence
To wish you to be careful of your honour,
That ever keep in pay a guard about you
Of faithful virtues. Farewell: friend, I leave you
To wipe our kisses off; I know that lovers
Part with more circumstance and ceremony;
Which I give way to. [*Exit* TIMAG.
Leost. 'Tis a noble favour,
For which I ever owe you. We're alone:
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I'm yet to learn.
Cleora. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.
Leost. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slackness: You have fired me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you;
And the least spark of honour that took life

From your sweet breath, still fanned by it and cherished,
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I
Am much unworthy.
Cleora. May it yet burn here,
And, as a sea-mark, serve to guide true lovers
(Tossed on the ocean of luxurious wishes)
Safe from the rocks of lust, into the harbour
Of pure affection! rising up an example
Which after-times shall witness to our glory,
First took from us beginning!
Leost. 'Tis a happiness
My duty to my country, and mine honour,
Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion,
And strength of reason, for the general good,
That I should go.
Cleora. Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fixed
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended
To look into the vale of certain dangers,
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.
Leost. I'll stay at home, then.
Cleora. No, that must not be;
For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain
A petty wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,
Or Virtue's turned a hand-maid to blind Fortune.
How is my soul divided! to confirm you
In the opinion of the world most worthy
To be beloved (with me you're at the height,
And can advance no farther,) I must send you
To court the goddess of stern war, who, if
She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamoured of you.
Leost. Sweet, take comfort!
And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
Or I am wretched: All the dangers that
I can encounter in the war are trifles;
My enemies abroad to be contemned;
The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,
I leave at home with you.
Cleora. With me?
Leost. Nay, in you,
In every part about you; they are armed
To fight against me.
Cleora. Where?
Leost. There's no perfection
That you are mistress of, but musters up
A legion against me, and all sworn
To my destruction.
Cleora. This is strange!
Leost. But true, sweet:
Excess of love can work such miracles.
Upon this ivory forehead are intrenched
Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips,
A rich exchequer to assure their pay;
This hand, Sibylla's golden bough to guard them
Through hell and horror to the Elysian springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name
Such as the virtues of your mind invite,
Their numbers would be infinite.
Cleora. Can you think
I may be tempted?
Leost. You were never proved.
For me, I have conversed with you no farther
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich presents
For my artillery, to batter down
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavoured
To make your blood run high at solemn feasts,
With viands that provoke; the speeding philtres:
I worked no bawds to tempt you; never practised
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,
That wander in the wild maze of desire;
Honest simplicity and truth were all
The agents I employed; and when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the altars of the gods;
And Love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his arrows, and his torch behind,
Quenched in my fear to give offence.
Cleora. And 'twas
That modesty that took me and preserves me,
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;
Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,
Loses both scent and beauty.
Leost. But, Cleora,
When I am absent, as I must go from you,
(Such is the cruelty of my fate,) and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent assaults
Of loose temptations; when the memory
Of my so many years of love and service
Is lost in other objects; when you are courted
By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests
Won upon credulous virgins; when nor father
Is here to owe you, brother to advise you,
Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,
By lust instructed how to undermine
And blow your chastity up; when your weak senses,
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue;
How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The judge, before whom you then stood accused,
I should acquit you.
Cleora. Will you then confirm
That love and jealousy, though of different natures,
Must of necessity be twins; the younger
Created only to defeat the elder,
And spoil him of his birthright? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
Nor with one syllable or tear, express
How deeply I am wounded with the arrows
Of your distrust: But when that you shall hear,
At your return, how I have borne myself,
And what an austere penance I take on me,
To satisfy your doubts; when, like a vestal,
I shew you, to your shame, the fire still burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people joining with you in the wonder;
When, by the glorious splendour of my sufferings,
The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,
The monster, too, that feeds on fears, even starved
For want of seeming matter to accuse me,
Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof

From my just anger.
Leost. What will you do?
Cleora. Obey me,
Or from this minute you're a stranger to me;
And do it without reply.—All-seeing sun,
Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,
'Till the return of this distrustful man!
[*He binds her eyes.*
Now bind them sure;—nay, do it: if uncompelled
I loose this knot, until the hands that made it
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues
Fall heavy on me! Pray you, guide me to your lips.
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin,
To bid you welcome:—Nay, I have not done yet:
I will continue dumb; and, you once gone,
No accent shall come from me. Now to my chamber;
My tomb, if you miscarry: There I'll spend
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory,
And you confess it, whether I live or die,
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter ASOTUS, *driving in* GRACCULO.

Asot. You slave! You dog! down, cur.
Grac. Hold, young master,
For pity's sake!
Asot. Now am I in my kingdom:—
Who says I am not valiant? I begin
To frown again: quake, villain.
Grac. So I do, sir;
Your looks are agues to me.
Asot. Are they so, sir!
'Slight, if I had them at this bay that flout me,
And say I look like a sheep and an ass, I'd make them
Feel that I am a lion.
Grac. Do not roar, sir,
As you are a valiant beast: but do you know
Why you use me thus?
Asot. I'll beat thee a little more,
Then study for a reason. Oh! I have it:
One brake a jest on me, and then I swore,
Because I durst not strike him, when I came home
That I would break thy head.
Grac. Plague on his mirth!
I'm sure I mourn for't.
Asot. Remember too, I charge you,
To teach my horse good manners; yet this morning,
As I rode to take the air, the untutor'd jade
Threw me, and kick'd me.
Grac. I thank him for't.
Asot. What's that?
Grac. I say, sir, I will teach him to hold his heels,
If you will rule your fingers.
Asot. I'll think upon't.
Grac. I am bruised to jelly: better be a dog,
Than slave to a fool or coward.
Asot. Here's my mother,

Enter CORISCA *and* ZANTHIA.

She is chastising too: how brave we live,
That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath
When we want exercise!
Coris. Careless harlotry, [*Striking her.*
Look to't; if a curl fall, or wind or sun
Take my complexion off, I will not leave
One hair upon thy head.
Grac. Here's a second show
Of the family of pride.
Coris. Fie on these wars!
I'm starved for want of action; not a gamester left
To keep a woman play. If this world last
A little longer with us, ladies must study
Some new-found mystery to cool one another;
We shall burn to cinders else. I have heard there have been
Such arts, in long vacation; would they were
Revealed to me! they have made my doctor too
Physician to the army; he was used
To serve the turn at a pinch; but I am now
Quite unprovided.
Asot. My mother-in-law is, sure,
At her devotions.
Coris. There are none but our slaves left,
Nor are they to be trusted. Some great women,
Which I could name, in a dearth of visitants,
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
At small game; but I am so queasy-stomach'd,
And from my youth have been so used to dainties,
I cannot taste such gross meat. Some that are hungry
Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall
From such as mend mats in their galleries;
Or when a tailor settles a petticoat on,
Take measure of his bodkin; fie upon't!
'Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with
A gallant's breeches, and conceive upon them,
Than stoop so low.
Asot. Fair madam, and my mother.
Coris. Leave the last out, it smells rank of the country,
And shews coarse breeding: your true courtier knows not
His niece, or sister, from another woman,
If she be apt and cunning. I could tempt now
This fool, but he will be so long a working!
Then he's my husband's son:—the fitter to
Supply his wants; I have the way already,
I'll try if it will take. When were you with
Your mistress, fair Cleora?
Asot. Two days sithence;
But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can
Speak a penn'd speech I have bought and studied for her,
Her woman calls her away.
Coris. Here's a dull thing!
But better taught, I hope. Send off your man.
Asot. Sirrah, be gone.
Grac. This is the first good turn
She ever did me. [*Exit.*
Coris. We'll have a scene of mirth;

I must not have you shamed for want of practice.
I stand here for Cleora, and, do you hear, minion,
That you may tell her what her woman should do,
Repeat the lesson over that I taught you,
When my young lord came to visit me; if you miss
In a syllable or posture——
Zant. I am perfect.
Asot. Would I were so! I fear I shall be out.
Coris. If you are, I'll help you in. Thus I walk musing:
You are to enter, and, as you pass by,
Salute my woman; be but bold enough,
You'll speed, I warrant you. Begin.
Asot. Have at it——
Save thee, sweet heart! a kiss.
Zant. Venus forbid, sir,
I should presume to taste your honour's lips
Before my lady.
Coris. This is well on both parts.
Asot. How does thy lady?
Zant. Happy in your lordship,
As oft as she thinks on you.
Coris. Very good:
This wench will learn in time.
Asot. Does she think of me?
Zant. O sir! and speaks the best of you; admires
Your wit, your clothes, discourse; and swears, but that
You are not forward enough for a lord, you were
The most complete and absolute man,—I'll shew
Your lordship a secret.
Asot. Not of thine own?
Zant. Oh! no, sir,
'Tis of my lady; but upon your honour,
You must conceal it.
Asot. By all means.
Zant. Sometimes
I lie with my lady; as the last night I did:
She could not say her prayers for thinking of you:
Nay, she talk'd of you in her sleep, and sigh'd out,
O sweet Asotus, sure thou art so backward,
That I must ravish thee! and in that fervour
She took me in her arms, threw me upon her,
Kiss'd me, and hugg'd me, and then waked, and wept,
Because 'twas but a dream.
Coris. This will bring him on,
Or he's a block. A good girl!
Asot. I am mad,
'Till I am at it.
Zant. Be not put off, sir,
With, *Away, I dare not;—fie, you are immodest:——*
My brother's up;—my father will hear.—Shoot home, sir,
You cannot miss the mark.
Asot. There's for thy counsel.
This is the fairest interlude,—if it prove earnest,
I shall wish I were a player.
Coris. Now my turn comes.
I am exceeding sick, pray you send my page
For young Asotus, I cannot live without him;
Pray him to visit me; yet, when he's present,
I must be strange to him.
Asot. Not so, you are caught;
Lo, whom you wish; behold Asotus here!
Coris. You wait well, minion; shortly I shall not speak
My thoughts in my private chamber, but they must
Lie open to discovery.
Asot. 'Slid, she's angry.
Zant. No, no, sir, she but seems so. To her again.
Asot. Lady, I will descend to kiss your hand,
But that 'tis gloved, and civet makes me sick;
And to presume to taste your lip 's not safe,
Your woman by.
Coris. I hope she's no observer
Of whom I grace. [Zanthia *looks on a book.*
Asot. She's at her book, O rare! [*Kisses her.*
Coris. A kiss for entertainment is sufficient;
Too much of one dish cloys me.
Asot. I would serve in
The second course; but still I fear your woman.
Coris. You are very cautelous.
[Zanthia *seems to sleep.*
Asot. 'Slight, she's asleep!
'Tis pity these instructions are not printed;
They would sell well to chamber-maids. 'Tis no time now
To play with my good fortune, and your favour;
Yet to be taken, as they say:—a scout,
To give the signal when the enemy comes,
[*Exit* Zanthia.
Were now worth gold.—She's gone to watch.
A waiter so trained up were worth a million
To a wanton city madam.
Coris. You are grown conceited.
Asot. You teach me. Lady, now your cabinet——
Coris. You speak as it were yours.
Asot. When we are there,
I'll shew you my best evidence.
Coris. Hold! you forget,
I only play Cleora's part.
Asot. No matter,
Now we've begun, let's end the act.
Coris. Forbear, sir;
Your father's wife!—
Asot. Why, being his heir, I am bound,
Since he can make no satisfaction to you,
To see his debts paid.

Enter Zanthia *running.*

Zant. Madam, my lord!
Coris. Fall off;
I must trifle with the time too; hell confound it!
Asot. Plague on his toothless chaps! he cannot do't
Himself, yet hinders such as have good stomachs.

Enter Cleon.

Cleon. Where are you, wife? I would fain go abroad,
But cannot find my slaves that bear my litter;
I am tired. Your shoulder, son;—nay, sweet, thy hand too;
A turn or two in the garden, and then to supper, and so to bed.
Asot. Never to rise, I hope, more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove near Syracuse.*

Enter PISANDER *and* POLIPHRON, *bringing forth a Table.*

Pis. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.
Pol. You may do your pleasure;
But, in my judgment, better to make use of
The present opportunity.
Pis. No more.
Pol. I'm silenced.
Pis. More wine; prythee drink hard, friend,
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

Enter CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other Slaves.*

Second with vehemency.—Men of your words, all welcome!
Slaves use no ceremony; sit down, here's a health.
Pol. Let it run round, fill every man his glass.
Grac. We look for no waiters;—this is wine!
Pis. The better,
Strong, lusty wine. Drink deep; this juice will make us [*Drinks.*
As free as our lords.
Grac. But, if they find we taste it,
We are all damned to the quarry during life,
Without hope of redemption.
Pis. Pish! for that
We'll talk anon: Another rouze, we lose time; [*Drinks.*
When our low blood's wound up a little higher,
I'll offer my design:—nay, we are cold yet,
These glasses contain nothing;—do me right, [*Takes the bottle.*
As e'er you hope for liberty. 'Tis done bravely;
How do you feel yourselves now?
Cim. I begin
To have strange conundrums in my head.
Grac. And I
To loath base water. I would be hanged in peace now,
For one month of such holidays.
Pis. An age, boys,
And yet defy the whip; if you are men,
Or dare believe you've souls.
Cim. We are no brokers.
Grac. Nor whores, whose marks are out of their mouths, they have none;
They hardly can get salt enough to keep them
From stinking above ground.
Pis. Our lords are no gods—
Grac. They are devils to us, I am sure.
Pis. But subject to
Cold, hunger, and diseases.
Grac. In abundance:
Your lord, that feels no ach in his chine at twenty,
Forfeits his privilege; how should their surgeons build else,
Or ride on their foot-cloths?
Pis. Equal Nature fashioned us
All in one mould: The bear serves not the bear,
Nor the wolf the wolf; 'twas odds of strength in tyrants,
That plucked the first link from the golden chain
With which that thing of things bound in the world.
Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,
To love our liberty, if not command,
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair deformed ones?
Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute
To ignorant fools? All's but the outward gloss
And politic form that does distinguish us.
Cimbrio, thou art a strong man; if, in place
Of carrying burthens, thou hadst been trained up
In martial discipline, thou might'st have proved
A general, fit to lead and fight for Sicily,
As fortunate as Timoleon.
Cim. A little fighting
Will serve a general's turn.
Pis. Thou, Gracculo,
Hast fluency of language, quick conceit;
And, I think, covered with a senator's robe,
Formally set on the bench, thou wouldst appear
As brave a senator———
Grac. Would I had lands,
Or money to buy a place; and if I did not
Sleep on the bench with the drowsiest of 'em,
Play with my chain,
Look on my watch when my guts chim'd twelve, and wear
A state beard, with my barber's help, rank with them
In their most choice peculiar gifts; degrade me,
And put me to drink water again, which (now
I've tasted wine) were poison.
Pis. 'Tis spoke nobly,
And like a gown-man:—None of these, I think too,
But would prove good burghers.
Grac. Hum! the fools are modest:
I know their insides.—Here's an ill-faced fellow
(But that will not be seen in a dark shop,)
If he did not in a month learn to out-swear,
In the selling of his wares, the cunningest tradesman
In Syracusa, I've no skill.—Here's another,
Observe but what a cozening look he has!—
Hold up thy head, man; if, for drawing gallants
Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heirs
With your new counterfeit gold thread, and gummed velvets,
He does not transcend all that went before him,
Call in his patent. Pass the rest; they'll all make
Sufficient beccos, and with their brow-antlers
Bear up the cap of maintenance.
Pis. Is't not pity, then,
Men of such eminent virtues should be slaves?
Cim. Our fortune.
Pis. 'Tis your folly; daring men
Command, and make their fates. Say, at this instant,
I marked you out a way to liberty;
Possessed you of those blessings our proud lords
So long have surfeited in; and, what is sweetest,
Arm you with power, by strong hand to revenge
Your stripes, your unregarded toil, the pride,
The insolence, of such as tread upon
Your patient sufferings; fill your famished mouths
With the fat and plenty of the land; redeem you
From the dark vale of servitude, and seat you
Upon a hill of happiness; what would you do
To purchase this, and more?
Grac. Do! any thing:

To burn a church or two, and dance by the light on't,
Were but a May-game.
Pol. I have a father living;
But, if the cutting of his throat could work this,
He should excuse me.
Cim. 'Slight, I would cut mine own,
Rather than miss it, so I might but have
A taste on't ere I die.
Pis. Be resolute men,
You shall run no such hazard; nor groan under
The burthen of such crying sins.
Cim. The means?
Grac. I feel a woman's longing.
Pol. Do not torment us
With expectation.
Pis. Thus then: Our proud masters,
And all the able freemen of the city
Are gone unto the wars—
Pol. Observe but that.
Pis. Old men, and such as can make no resistance,
Are only left at home.
Grac. And the proud young fool,
My master—If this take, I'll hamper him.
Pis. Their arsenal, their treasure's in our power,
If we have hearts to seize them. If our lords fall
In the present action, the whole country's ours.
Say they return victorious, we have means
To keep the town against them; at the worst,
To make our own conditions. Now, if you dare
Fall on their daughters and their wives, break up
Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,
And carve yourselves of all delights and pleasures
You have been barred from, with one voice cry with me,
Liberty, liberty!
All. Liberty, liberty!
Pis. Go then, and take possession: Use all freedom;
But shed no blood.—So, this is well begun;
But not to be commended till 't be done.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

PISANDER, *and* TIMANDRA.

Pis. Why, think you that I plot against myself?
Fear nothing; you are safe: These thick-skinned slaves
I use as instruments to serve my ends,
Pierce not my deep designs; nor shall they dare
To lift an arm against you.
Timan. With your will:
But turbulent spirits, raised beyond themselves
With ease, are not so soon laid: They oft prove
Dangerous to him that called them up.
Pis. 'Tis true,
In what is rashly undertook. Long since
I have considered seriously their natures,
Proceeded with mature advice, and know
I hold their will and faculties in more awe
Than I can do my own. Now, for their licence,
And riot in the city, I can make
A just defence and use: It may appear, too,
A politic prevention of such ills
As might with greater violence and danger
Hereafter be attempted; though some smart for it
It matters not:—However, I am resolved;
And sleep you with security. Holds Cleora
Constant to her rash vow?
Timan. Beyond belief;
To me, that see her hourly, it seems a fable.
By signs, I guess at her commands, and serve them
With silence; such her pleasure is made known
By holding her fair hand thus. She eats little,
Sleeps less, as I imagine; once a-day
I lead her to this gallery, where she walks
Some half a dozen turns, and, having offered
To her absent saint a sacrifice of sighs,
She points back to her prison.
Pis. Guide her hither,
And make her understand the slaves' revolt;
And with your utmost eloquence enlarge
Their insolence and rapes done in the city.
Forget not, too, I am their chief; and tell her
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,
As I am Marullo, caused this sudden uproar,
To make way to enjoy her.
Timan. Punctually
I will discharge my part. [*Exit* TIMANDRA.

Enter POLIPHRON.

Pol. O, sir, I sought you:
You have missed the best sport! Hell, I think, is broke loose,
There's such variety of all disorders,
As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,
Among the slaves; answered with crying, howling,
By the citizens and their wives; such a confusion
(In a word, not to tire you), as I think
The like was never read of.
Pis. I share in
The pleasure, though I'm absent. This is some
Revenge for my disgrace.
Pol. But, sir, I fear,
If your authority restrain them not,
They'll fire the city, or kill one another,
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with so much.
Pis. I will among them;
But must not long be absent.
Pol. At your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Shouts within. Enter CLEORA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Timan. They're at our gates, my heart! affrights and horrors

Increase each minute. No way left to save us,
No flattering hope to comfort us, or means
By miracle to redeem us from base lust
And lawless rapine! are there gods, yet suffer
Such innocent sweetness to be made the spoil
Of brutish appetite? Or, since they decree
To ruin Nature's masterpiece (of which
They have not left one pattern), must they chuse,
To set their tyranny off, slaves to pollute
The spring of chastity, and poison it
With their most loathed embraces? And, of those,
He, that should offer up his life to guard it,
Marullo, cursed Marullo, your own bondman,
Purchased to serve you, and fed by your favours?— [CLEORA *starts.*
Nay, start not: it is he; he, the grand captain
Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left
One cruel act undone, that barbarous conquest
Yet ever practised in a captive city.
He, doating on your beauty, and to have fellows
In his foul sin, hath raised these mutinous slaves,
Who have begun the game by violent rapes
Upon the wives and daughters of their lords:
And he, to quench the fire of his base lust,
By force comes to enjoy you: Do not wring
[CLEORA *wrings her hands.*
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootless; use the means
That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break
A vow when you are forced to it; shew your face,
And with the majesty of commanding beauty
Strike dead his loose affections. If that fail,
Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;
There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood,
Or heart so made of flint, but must receive
Impression from your words; or eyes so stern,
But from the clear reflection of your tears,
Must melt, and bear them company: will you not
Do these good offices to yourself? Poor I, then,
Can only weep your fortune:—Here he comes.

Enter PISANDER, *speaking at the door.*

Pis. He that advances
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword.
You have had your ways, disturb not mine.
Timan. Speak gently,
Her fears may kill her else.
Pis. Now Love inspire me!
Still shall this canopy of envious night
Obscure my suns of comfort? And those dainties,
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, denied my famished senses?
The organs of your hearing yet are open;
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them warrant to convey unto
Your understanding parts, the story of
A tortured and despairing lover, whom
Not fortune, but affection, marks your slave:—
[CLEORA *shakes.*
Shake not, best lady! for, believe it, you are
As far from danger as I am from force:
All violence I shall offer, tends no farther
Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not
Presume to do, till by some gracious sign
You shew you're pleased to hear me.
Timan. If you are,
Hold forth your right hand.
[CLEORA *holds forth her right hand.*
Pisan. So, 'tis done; and I
With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,
My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours
I made exchange of, to become your servant:
And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love
You have endured so much) to be my rival;
When rage and jealousy counselled me to kill him,
(Which then I could have done with much more ease,
Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it)
Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me,
The man I hated, fair Cleora favoured:
And that was his protection. [CLEORA *bows*
Timan. See, she bows
Her head, in sign of thankfulness.
Pisan. He removed
By the occasion of the war (my fires increasing
By being closed and stopt up), frantic affection
Prompted me to do something in his absence,
That might deliver you into my power,
Which you see is effected; and even now,
When my rebellious passions chide my dulness,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes,
Now it is in my power to bear you hence,
[CLEORA *starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,
True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,)
I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,
But when they're freely offered: Only thus much,
Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause,
And think it worthy your consideration,
(I have loved truly, cannot say deserved,
Since duty must not take the name of merit,)
That I so far prize your content, before
All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,
That willingly I entertain despair,
And for your sake embrace it. For I know,
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour
The like can be recovered. To conclude,
Forget not that I lose myself to save you:
For what can I expect but death and torture,
The war being ended? And (what is a task
Would trouble Hercules to undertake,)
I do deny you to myself, to give you
A pure unspotted present to my rival.
I've said: If it distaste not, best of virgins,
Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,
Though you contemn my person.
[CLEORA *kneels, then pulls off her glove and offers her hand to* PISANDER.
Timan. See, she kneels,
And seems to call upon the gods to pay
The debt she owes your virtue: To perform which
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you
Her fair right hand.
Pis. I am paid for all my sufferings.
Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber;
My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you
From all disturbance; and when you are sated

With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.
[*Exeunt.* Cleora *makes a low courtesy as she goes off.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

Enter Gracculo, *leading* Asotus *in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck;* Zanthia *in* Corisca's *clothes, she bearing up her train.*

Grac. Come on, sir.
Asot. Oh!
Grac. Do you grumble? You were ever
A brainless ass; but, if this hold, I'll teach you
To come aloft, and do tricks like an ape.
Your mornings lesson: If you miss——
Asot. O no, sir.
Grac. What for the Carthaginians? [Asotus *makes moppes.*] A good beast.
What for ourself, your lord? [*Dances.*] Exceeding well.
There's your reward. Not kiss your paw! So, so, so,
Zant. Was ever lady the first day of her honours,
So waited on by a wrinkled crone? She looks now,
Without her painting, curling, and perfumes,
Like the last day of January; and stinks worse
Than a hot brache in the dog-days. Further off!
So—stand there like an image; if you stir,
Till, with a quarter of a look, I call you,
You know what follows.
Coris. O, what am I fallen to!
But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride,
Justly return'd upon me.
Grac. How dost thou like
Thy ladyship, Zanthia?
Zant. Very well; and bear it
With as much state as your lordship.
Grac. Give me thy hand;
Let us, like conquering Romans, walk in triumph,
Our captives following; then mount our tribunals,
And make the slaves our footstools.
Zant. Fine, by Jove!
Are your hands clean, minion?
Coris. Yes, forsooth.
Zant. Fall off then.
So, now come on; and having made your three duties——
Down, I say—are you stiff in the hams?—now kneel,
And tie our shoe: Now kiss it, and be happy.
Grac. This is state, indeed.
Zant. It is such as she taught me;
A tickling itch of greatness, your proud ladies
Expect from their poor waiters: We have chang'd parts;
She does what she forced me to do in her reign;
And I must practise it in mine.
Grac. 'Tis justice:
Oh! here come more.

Enter Cimbrio, Cleon, Polipheron, *and* Olympia.

Cimb. Discover to a drachma,
Or I will famish thee.
Cleon. Oh! I am pined already.
Cimb. Hunger shall force thee to cut off the brawns
From thy arms and thighs, then broil them on the coals
For carbonadoes.
Poliph. Spare the old jade, he's founder'd.
Grac. Cut his throat then,
And hang him out for a scarecrow.
Poliph. You have all your wishes
In your revenge, and I have mine. You see
I use no tyranny: When I was her slave,
She kept me as a sinner, to lie at her back
In frosty nights, and fed me high with dainties,
Which still she had in her belly again ere morning;
And in requital of those courtesies,
Having made one another free, we are married:
And, if you wish us joy, join with us in
A dance at our wedding.
Grac. Agreed; for I have thought of
A most triumphant one, which shall express
We are lords, and these our slaves.
Poliph. But we shall want
A woman.
Grac. No, here's Jane-of-apes shall serve;
Carry your body swimming—Where's the musick?
Poliph. I have placed it in yon window.
Grac. Begin then sprightly.
[*Musick, and then a dance.*

Enter Pisander *behind.*

Poliph. Well done on all sides! I have prepared a banquet;
Let's drink and cool us.
Grac. A good motion.
Cimb. Wait here;
You have been tired with feasting, learn to fast now.
Grac. I'll have an apple for Jack, and may be some scraps
May fall to your share.
[*Exeunt* Grac. Zant. Cimb. Poliph. *and* Olymp.
Coris. Whom can we accuse
But ourselves, for what we suffer? Thou art just,
Thou all-creating power! and misery
Instructs me now, that yesterday acknowledged
No deity beyond my lust and pride,
There is a heaven above us, that looks down
With the eyes of justice, upon such as number
Those blessings freely given, in the accompt
Of their poor merits; else it could not be,
Now miserable I, to please whose palate
The elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd
Of nature, as not liberal enough
In her provision of rarities
To sooth my taste, and pamper my proud flesh,
Should wish in vain for bread,

Cleon. Yes, I do wish too,
For what I fed my dogs with.
Coris. I that forgot
I was made of flesh and blood, and thought the silk
Spun by the diligent worm, out of their entrails,
Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest down
Too hard to sleep on; that disdain'd to look
On virtue being in rags, that stopp'd my nose
At those that did not use adulterate arts
To better nature; that from those that served me
Expected adoration, am made justly
The scorn of my own bondwoman.
Asot. I am punish'd
For seeking to cuckold mine own natural father:
Had I been gelded then, or used myself
Like a man, I had not been transform'd, and forced
To play an overgrown ape.
Cleon. I know I cannot
Last long, that's all my comfort. Come, I forgive both;
'Tis in vain to be angry; let us, therefore,
Lament together like friends.
Pisan. What a true mirror
Were this sad spectacle for secure greatness!
Here they, that never see themselves, but in
The glass of servile flattery, might behold
The weak foundation upon which they build
Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's school!
For, as these bondmen, by their actions, shew
That their prosperity, like too large a sail
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with
A fort-night gale of liberty, ere they reach
The port they long to touch at: so these wretches,
Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired;
That did believe they could with giants arms
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,
Those borrow'd helps, that did support them, vanish'd,
Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,
Betray their proper weakness, and make known
Their boasted greatness was lent, not their own.
Cleon. Oh for some meat! They sit long.
Coris. We forgot,
When we drew out intemperate feasts till midnight;
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watchings;
Nor did we hold ourselves served to the height,
But when we did enact and force their duties
Beyond their strength and power.
Asot. We pray for't now:
I now could be content to have my head
Broke with a rib of beef, or, for a coffin,
Be buried in the dripping pan.

Re-enter POLIPHRON, CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, ZANTHIA *and* OLYMPIA, *drunk and quarrelling.*

Cimb. Do not hold me:
Not kiss the bride!
Poliph. No, sir.
Cimb. She's common good,
And so we'll use her.
Grac. We'll have nothing private.
Pisan. [*Coming forward.*] Hold!
Zant. Here's Marullo.
Olymp. He's your chief.
Cimb. We are equals;
I will know no obedience.
Grac. Nor superior—
Nay, if you are lion-drunk, I will make one;
For lightly ever he that parts the fray,
Goes away with the blows.
Pisan. Art thou mad too?
No more, as you respect me.
Poliph. I obey, sir.
Pisan. Quarrel among yourselves!
Cimb. Yes, in our wine, sir,
And for our wenches.
Grac. How could we be lords else?
Pisan. Take heed: I've news will cool this heat, and make you
Remember what you were.
Cimb. How!
Pisan. Send off these,
And then I'll tell you. [ZANTHIA *beats* CORISCA.
Olymp. This is tyranny,
Now she offends not.
Zant. 'Tis for exercise,
And to help digestion. What is she good for else?
To me it was her language.
Pisan. Lead her off,
And take heed, madam minx, the wheel may turn.
Go to your meat, and rest; and from this hour
Remember, he, that is a lord to-day,
May be a slave to-morrow.
Cleon. Good morality!
[*Exeunt* CLEON, ZANT. ASOT. OLYMP. *and* CORIS.
Cimb. But what would you impart?
Pisan. What must invite you
To stand upon your guard, and leave your feasting;
Or but imagine what it is to be
Most miserable, and rest assured you are so.
Our masters are victorious.
All. How!
Pisan. Within
A day's march of the city, flesh'd with spoil,
And proud of conquest; the armado sunk;
The Carthaginian admiral, hand to hand,
Slain by Leosthenes.
Cleon. I feel the whip
Upon my back already.
Grac. Every man
Seek a convenient tree, and hang himself.
Poliph. Better die once, than live an age, to suffer
New tortures every hour.
Cimb. Say we submit,
And yield us to their mercy?—
Pisan. Can you flatter
Yourselves with such false hopes? Or dare you think

That your imperious lords, that never fail'd
To punish with severity petty slips
In your neglect of labour, may be won
To pardon those licentious outrages
Which noble enemies forbear to practise
Upon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,
That may call on their just revenge with horror,
And studied cruelty? We have gone too far
To think now of retiring; in our courage,
And daring, lies our safety: If you are not
Slaves in your abject minds, as in your fortunes,
Since to die is the worst, better expose
Our naked breasts to their keen swords, and sell
Our lives with the most advantage, than to trust
In a forestall'd remission, or yield up
Our bodies to the furnace of their fury,
Thrice heated with revenge.
Grac. You led us on.
Cimb. And 'tis but justice you should bring us off.
Grac. And we expect it.
Pisan. Hear then, and obey me;
And I will either save you, or fall with you:
Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports;
Boldly deny their entrance, and rip up
Your grievances, and what compell'd you to
This desperate course: If they disdain to hear
Of composition, we have in our powers
Their aged fathers, children, and their wives,
Who, to preserve themselves, must willingly
Make intercession for us. 'Tis not time now
To talk, but do: a glorious end, or freedom,
Is now proposed us; stand resolved for either,
And, like good fellows, live or die together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Camp of* TIMOLEON.

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

Timag. I am so far from envy, I am proud
You have outstripped me in the race of honour.
Oh! 'twas a glorious day, and bravely won!
Your bold performance gave such lustre to
Timoleon's wise directions, as the army
Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most engaged
For their so great success.
Leost. The gods first honoured,
The glory be the general's; 'tis far from me
To be his rival.
Timag. You abuse your fortune,
To entertain her choice and gracious favours
With a contracted brow; plumed victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look,
Equally distant from proud insolence,
And base dejection.
Leost. O Timagoras!
You only are acquainted with the cause,
That loads my sad heart with a hill of lead;
Whose ponderous weight, neither my new-got honour,
Assisted by the general applause
The soldier crowns it with, nor all war's glories,
Can lessen or remove: and, would you please,
With fit consideration, to remember,
How much I wronged Cleora's innocence
With my rash doubts; and what a grievous penance
She did impose upon her tender sweetness,
To pluck away the vulture jealousy,
That fed upon my liver, you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit justice on myself,
Though I resolve to be a stranger to
The thought of mirth or pleasure.
Timag. You have redeemed
The forfeit of your fault with such a ransom
Of honourable action, as my sister
Must of necessity confess her sufferings
Weighed down by your fair merits; and, when she views you,
Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through
The streets of Syracusa, the glad people
Pressing to meet you, and the senators
Contending who shall heap most honours on you;
The oxen, crowned with garlands, led before you,
Appointed for the sacrifice; and the altars
Smoaking with thankful incence to the gods;
The soldiers chaunting loud hymns to your praise;
The windows filled with matrons and with virgins,
Throwing upon your head, as you pass by,
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking
The queen of love, with their particular vows,
To be thought worthy of you; can Cleora,
(Though in the glass of self-love she behold
Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowledge,
What she endured was but a noble trial
You made of her affection? and her anger,
Rising from your too amorous cares, soon drenched
In Lethe, and forgotten.
Leost. If those glories
You so set forth, were mine, they might plead for me:
But I can lay no claim to the least honour
Which you with foul injustice ravish from her.
Her beauty in me wrought a miracle,
Taught me to aim at things beyond my power,
Which her perfections purchased, and gave to me
From her free bounties; she inspired me with
That valour which I dare not call mine own;
And, from the fair reflection of her mind,
My soul received the sparkling beams of courage.
She, from the magazine of her proper goodness,
Stocked me with virtuous purposes; sent me forth
To trade for honour: and, she being the owner
Of the bark of my adventures, I must yield her
A just account of all, as fits a factor:
And, howsoever others think me happy,
And cry aloud, I have made a prosperous voyage,
One frown of her dislike at my return,
(Which, as a punishment for my fault, I look for)
Strikes dead all comfort.
Timag. Tush! these fears are needless;
She cannot, must not, shall not be so cruel.
A free confession of a fault wins pardon,
But, being seconded by desert, commands it.
The general is your own, and sure my father
Repents his harshness: for myself, I am
Ever your creature; one day shall be happy
In your triumph and your marriage.
Leost. May it prove so,
With her consent and pardon.

Timag. Ever touching
On that harsh string? she is your own, and you
Without disturbance seize on what's your due.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Syracuse.* *A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

Pis. She has her health, then?
Timan. Yes, sir; and, as often
As I speak of you, lends attentive ear
To all that I deliver; nor seems tired,
Though I dwell long on the relation of
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise
On your unequalled temperance, and command
You hold o'er your affections.
Pis. To my wish:
Have you acquainted her with the defeature
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours
Leosthenes comes crowned home with?
Timan. With all care.
Pis. And how does she receive it?
Timan. As I guess,
With a seeming kind of joy; but yet appears not
Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.
But when I tell her of the certain ruin
You must encounter with at their arrival
In Syracusa, and that death with torments
Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,
Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom,
And a reward of pure unspotted love,
Preserved in the white robe of innocence,
Though she were in your power; and, still spurred on
By insolent lust, you rather chose to suffer
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession
You have called on the fury of your lord,
Than that she should be grieved or tainted in
Her reputation—
Pis. Doth it work compunction?
Pities she my misfortune?
Timan. She expressed
All signs of sorrow, which, her vow observed,
Could witness a grieved heart. At the first hearing,
She fell upon her face, rent her fair hair,
Her hands held up to heaven, and vented sighs,
In which she silently seemed to complain
Of heaven's injustice.
Pis. 'Tis enough. Wait carefully,
And, on all watched occasions, continue
Speech and discourse of me: 'Tis time must work her.
Timan. I'll not be wanting; but still strive to serve you. [*Exit* TIMAND.

Enter POLIPHRON.

Pis. Now, Poliphron, the news?
Pol. The conquering army
Is within ken.
Pis. How brook the slaves the object?
Pol. Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no labour,
And seem to scoff at danger: 'Tis your presence
That must confirm them; with a full consent
You're chosen to relate the tyranny
Of our proud masters; and what you subscribe to
They gladly will allow of, or hold out
To the last man.
Pis. I'll instantly among them:
If we prove constant to ourselves, good fortune
Will not, I hope, forsake us.
Pol. 'Tis our best refuge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Walls of Syracuse.*

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, LEOSTHENES, TIMAGORAS, *and others.*

Timol. Thus far we are returned victorious; crowned
With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood, and death,
Banished your peaceful confines) and bring home
Security and peace. 'Tis therefore fit
That such as boldly stood the shock of war,
And with the dear expence of sweat and blood
Have purchased honour, should with pleasure reap
The harvest of their toil; and we stand bound
Out of the first file of the best deservers,
(Though all must be considered to their merits)
To think of you, Leosthenes, that stand,
And worthily, most dear in our esteem,
For your heroic valour.
Arch. When I look on
The labour of so many men and ages,
This well-built city, not long since designed
To spoil and rapine, by the favour of
The gods, and you their ministers, preserved,
I cannot, in my height of joy, but offer
These tears for a glad sacrifice.
Diph. Sleep the citizens?
Or are they overwhelmed with the excess
Of comfort that flows to them?
Leost. We receive
A silent entertainment.
Timag. I long since
Expected that the virgins and the matrons,
The old men striving with their age, the priests,
Carrying the images of their gods before them,
Should have met us with procession. Ha! the gates
Are shut against us!
Arch. And upon the walls
Armed men seem to defy us!

Enter above, PISANDER, POLIPHRON, CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *&c.*

Diph. I should know
These faces.—They are our slaves.
Timag. The mystery, rascals?

Open the ports, and play not with an anger
That will consume you.
Timol. This is above wonder!
Arch. Our bondmen stand against us?
Grac. Some such things
We were in man's remembrance. The slaves are turned
Lords of the town, or so—nay, be not angry:
Perhaps, upon good terms, giving security
You will be quiet men, we may allow you
Some lodgings in our garrets or out-houses:
Your great looks cannot carry it.
Cimb. The truth is,
We've been bold with your wives, toyed with your daughters—
Leost. O my prophetic soul!
Grac. Rifled your chests,
Been busy with your wardrobes.
Timag. Can we endure this?
Leost. O! my Cleora!
Grac. A caudle for the gentleman!
He'll die of the pip else.
Timag. Scorned too! Are you turned stone?
Hold parley with our bondmen? Force our entrance,
Then, villains, expect——
Timol. Hold! you wear men's shapes,
And if, like men, you've reason, shew a cause
That leads you to this desperate course, which must end
In your destruction
Grac. That, as please the fates:
But we vouchsafe.—Speak, captain.
Timag. Hell and furies!
Arch. Bayed by our own curs!
Cimb. Take heed you be not worried.
Pol. We are sharp set.
Cimb. And sudden.
Pis. Briefly thus then,
Since I must speak for all.—Your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they numbered
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours
Were cherished and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance! all things ordered
With such decorum, as wise law-makers,
From each well-governed private house, derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That in his fiery youth from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and broke through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble hewed for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
Since pride stepped in and riot, and o'erturned
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command; who, grown unuseful,
Are less esteemed than beasts.—This you have practised,
Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
Of these just grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
What we are now possessed of.
Grac. And not leave
One house unfired.
Cimb. Or throat uncut of those
We have in our power.
Pol. Nor will we fall alone;
You shall buy us dearly.
Timag. O the gods!
Unheard of insolence!
Timol. What are your demands?
Pis. A general pardon, first, for all offences
Committed in your absence: Liberty
To all such as desire to make return
Into their countries; and to those that stay,
A competence of land freely allotted
To each man's proper use; no lord acknowledged;
Lastly, with your consent, to chuse them wives
Out of your families.
Timag. Let the city sink first.
Leost. And ruin seize on all, ere we subscribe
To such conditions.
Arch. Carthage, though victorious,
Could not have forced more from us.
Leost. Scale the wall!
Capitulate after.
Timol. He that wins the top first,
Shall wear a mural wreath. [*Exeunt.*
Pis. Each to his place. [*Flourish and arms.*
Or death or victory!—Charge them home, and fear not. [*Exeunt* PIS. *and Slaves.*

Re-enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, *and Senators.*

Timol. We wrong ourselves, and we are justly punished,
To deal with bondmen, as if we encountered
An equal enemy.
Arch. They fight like devils;
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts
Were proof beyond their armour.

Re-enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

Timag. Make a firm stand.
The slaves, not satisfied they've beat us off,
Prepare to sally forth.
Timol. They are wild beasts,
And to be tamed by policy. Each man take
A tough whip in his hand, such as you used
To punish them with, as masters: In your looks
Carry severity and awe; 'twill fright them
More than your weapons: Savage lions fly from
The sight of fire; and these, that have forgot

That duty you ne'er taught them with your swords;
When, unexpected, they behold those terrors
Advanced aloft, that they were made to shake at,
'Twill force them to remember what they are,
And stoop to due obedience.

Enter CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other Slaves.*

Arch. Here they come.
Cimb. Leave not a man alive; a wound is but
a flea-biting,
To what we suffered, being slaves.
Grac. O, my heart!
Cimbrio, what do we see? the whip! our masters!
Timag. Dare you rebel, slaves!
[*Senators shake their whips, the Slaves throw away their weapons, and run off.*
Cimb. Mercy! mercy! where
Shall we hide us from their fury?
Grac. Fly! they follow.
Oh! we shall be tormented!
Timol. Enter with them,
But yet forbear to kill them. Still remember
They are part of your wealth; and being disarmed,
There is no danger.
Arch. Let us first deliver
Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure
Determine of their punishment.
Leost. Friend, to you
I leave the disposition of what's mine:
I cannot think I am safe without your sister,
She's only worth my thought: and till I see
What she has suffered, I am on the rack,
And furies my tormentors. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Syracuse. A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

Pis. I know I am pursued; nor would I fly,
Although the ports were open, and a convoy
Ready to bring me off: The baseness of
These villains, from the pride of all my hopes,
Has thrown me to the bottomless abyss
Of horror and despair. Had they stood firm,
I could have bought Cleora's free consent
With the safety of her father's life and brother's;
And forced Leosthenes to quit his claim,
And kneel a suitor for me.
Timan. You must not think
What might have been, but what must now be
practised,
And suddenly resolve.
Pis. All my poor fortunes
Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.
Unseen, convey me to Cleora's chamber;
For, in her sight, if it were possible,
I would be apprehended. Do not enquire
The reason why, but help me.
Timan. Make haste—One knocks.
[*Exit* PISANDER.

Enter LEOSTHENES.

Jove turn all to the best!—You are welcome, sir.
Leost. Thou givest it in a heavy tone.
Timan. Alas! sir,
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued fears,
Comfort's a stranger to us.
Leost. Fears! Your sufferings:—
For which I am so overgone with grief,
I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,
The villain's name that robbed thee of thy honour;
For being trained up in chastity's cold school,
And taught by such a mistress as Cleora,
'Twere impious in me to think Timandra
Fell with her own consent.
Timan. How mean you? Fell, sir!
I understand you not.
Leost. I would thou did'st not,
Or that I could not read upon thy face,
In blushing characters, the story of
Libidinous rape.—Confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a sin, against whose strength
Your overmatched innocence could make no resistance:
Under which odds I know Cleora fell too,
Heaven's help in vain invoked; the amazed sun,
Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,
Not daring to look on it! In her sufferings
All sorrow's comprehended: What Timandra,
Or the city, has endured, her loss considered,
Deserves not to be named.
Timan. Pray you, do not bring, sir,
In the chimeras of your jealous fears,
New monsters to affright us.
Leost. O Timandra,
That I had faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a joy beyond
Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,
Or all the blessings in this life a mother
Could wish her children crowned with; but I
must not
Credit impossibilities; yet I strive
To find out that, whose knowledge is a curse,
And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover
What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure)
That when hereafter I behold a stranger
But near him in aspect, I may conclude,
Though men and angels should proclaim him
honest,
He is a hell-bred villain.
Timan. You are unworthy
To know she is preserved, preserved untainted.
Sorrow, but ill bestowed, hath only made
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.
[*Exit, and returns with* CLEORA.
Come forth, dear madam.
Leost. Ha! [*Kneels.*
Timan. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your heart, that, to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a vestal
(Though the infringing it had called upon her
A living funeral) must of force have shrunk at.
No danger could compel her to dispense with
Her cruel penance; though hot lust came armed
To seize upon her; when one look or accent
Might have redeemed her.

Leost. Might! O do not shew me
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.
The means by which she was freed?—Speak, O speak quickly!
Each minute of delay's an age of torment:
O! speak, Timandra!
Timan. Free her from her oath;
Herself can best deliver it. [*Takes off the scarf.*
Leost. O blest office!
Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,
Or look on his redemption from the oar,
With such true feeling of delight as now
I find myself possessed of.—Now I behold
True light indeed: For since these fairest stars
(Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will)
Denied their influence to my optic sense,
The splendour of the sun appeared to me
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams
Conveyed into a dungeon, to remember
The dark inhabitants there how much they wanted.
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears
With music more harmonious than the spheres
Yield in their heavenly motions: And, if ever
A true submission for a crime acknowledged
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,
To sign my wished-for pardon.
Cleora. I forgive you.
Leost. How greedily I receive this! Stay, best lady,
And let me by degrees ascend the height
Of human happiness! All at once delivered,
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me;—
So, now a little more; and pray excuse me,
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire
The pleasant taste these cakes of comfort yield me,
Should not too soon be swallowed. Have you not
(By your unspotted truth I do conjure you
To answer truly) suffered in your honour,
(By force, I mean, for in your will I free you)
Since I left Syracusa?
Cleora. I restore
This kiss, (so help me, goodness!) which I borrowed
When I last saw you.
Leost. Miracle of virtue!
One pause more, I beseech you:—I am like
A man, whose vital spirit consumed and wasted
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom
Too much of a strong cordial at once taken,
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but must enquire the man to whom
I stand indebted for a benefit,
Which to requite at full, though in this hand
I grasped all sceptres the world's empire bows to,
Would leave me a poor bankrupt. Name him, lady;
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with
My utmost fortunes to him; but if noble,
In thankful duty study how to serve him;
Or, if of higher rank, erect him altars,
And as a god adore him.
Cleora. If that goodness
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,
Bridling rebellious passions (to whose sway
Such as have conquered nations have lived slaves)
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven,
He, that preserved mine honour, may hope boldly
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off
Our frail corruption.
Leost. Forward.
Cleora. Or if ever
The powers above did mask in human shapes,
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples,
To imitate their pureness, and draw near
To their celestial natures, I believe
He's more than man.
Leost. You do describe a wonder.
Cleora. Which will increase, when you shall understand
He was a lover.
Leost. Not yours, lady?
Cleora. Yes;
Loved me, Leosthenes; nay more, so doted,
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires
May without wrong be styled so) that he durst not
With an immodest syllable or look,
In fear it might take from me, whom he made
The object of his better part, discover
I was the saint he sued to.
Leost. A rare temper!
Cleora. I cannot speak it to the worth: All praise
I can bestow upon it, will appear
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the miracle full, though, of all men,
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival;
So high yet he prized my content, that, knowing
You were a man I favoured, he disdained not
Against himself to serve you.
Leost. You conceal still
The owner of these excellencies.
Cleora. 'Tis Marullo,
My father's bondman.
Leost. Ha, ha, ha!
Cleora. Why do you laugh?
Leost. To hear the labouring mountain of your praise
Delivered of a mouse.
Cleora. The man deserves not
This scorn, I can assure you.
Leost. Do you call
What was his duty, merit?
Cleora. Yes, and place it
As high in my esteem, as all the honours
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly,
And, I could add, as I desired;—but that
I fear 'twould make you proud.
Leost. Why, lady, can you
Be won to give allowance that your slave
Should dare to love you?

Cleora. The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars that are raised
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gums,
Offered in ostentation.—Are you sick [*Aside.*
Of your old disease? I'll fit you.
Leost. You seem moved.
Cleora. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured
A penance for your sake above example,
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your devotion, but I may
Cherish desert in others where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possessed of
That, which is only yours in expectation,
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?
Leost. One kiss, and I am silenced.
Cleora. I vouchsafe it;
Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask: No; when the city
Bowed humbly to licentious rapes and lust,
And when I was, of men and gods forsaken,
Delivered to his power, he did not press me
To grace him with one look or syllable,
Or urged the dispensation of an oath,
Made for your satisfaction. The poor wretch,
Having related only his own sufferings,
And kissed my hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my favours.
Leost. Pray you, end;
The story does not please me.
Cleora. Well, take heed
Of doubts and fears;—for know, Leosthenes,
A greater injury cannot be offered
To innocent chastity than unjust suspicion.
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any power in you, to stand
Between him and all punishment, and oppose
His temperance to his folly; if you fail———
No more; I will not threaten. [*Exit.*
Leost. What a bridge
Of glass I walk upon, over a river
Of certain ruin! Mine own weighty fears
Cracking what should support me! and those helps,
Which confidence yields to others, are from me
Ravished by doubts and wilful jealousy. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter TIMAGORAS, CLEON, ASOTUS, CORISCA, *and* OLYMPIA.

Cleon. But are you sure we're safe?
Timag. You need not fear:
They are all under guard, their fangs pared off:
The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cured
With the balm of your revenge.
Asot. And shall I be
The thing I was born, my lord?
Timag. The same wise thing.
'Slight, what a beast they have made thee! Africk never
Produced the like.
Asot. I think so: nor the land
Where apes and monkeys grow, like crabs and walnuts
On the same tree. Not all the catalogue
Of conjurers or wise women, bound together,
Could have so soon transformed me, as my rascal
Did with his whip; For not in outside only,
But in my own belief, I thought myself
As perfect a baboon———
Timag. An ass thou wert ever.
Asot. And would have given one leg, with all my heart,
For good security to have been a man
After three lives, or one and twenty years,
Though I had died on crutches.
Cleon. Never varlets
So triumphed o'er an old fat man—I was famished.
Timag. Indeed you're fallen away.
Asot. Three years of feeding
On cullises and jelly, though his cooks
Lard all he eats with marrow, or his doctors
Pour in his mouth restoratives as he sleeps,
Will not recover him.
Timag. But your ladyship looks
Sad on the matter, as if you had miss'd
Your ten-crown amber possets, good to smooth
The cutis, as you call it, and prepare you
Active, and high, for an afternoon's encounter
With a rough gamester, on your couch. Fie on't!
You are grown thrifty, smell like other women;
The college of physicians have not sat,
As they were used, in council, how to fill
The crannies in your cheeks, or raise a rampire
With mummy, ceruses, or infants' fat,
To keep off age and time.
Coris. Pray you, forbear;
I am an alter'd woman.
Timag. So it seems;
A part of your honour's ruff stands out of rank too.
Coris. No matter, I have other thoughts.
Timag. O strange!
Not ten days since it would have vex'd you more
Than the loss of your good name: pity, this cure
For your proud itch came no sooner! Marry, Olympia
Seems to bear up still.
Olymp. I complain not, sir;
I have born my fortune patiently.
Timag. Thou wert ever
An excellent bearer; so is all your tribe,
If you may choose your carriage.

Enter LEOSTHENES, *and* DIPHILUS, *with a guard.*

Timag. How now, friend?

Looks our Cleora lovely?
Leost. In my thoughts, sir.
Timag. But why this guard?
Diph. It is Timoleon's pleasure;
The slaves have been examined, and confess,
Their riot took beginning from your house;
And the first mover of them to rebellion,
Your slave Marullo.
Leost. Ha! I more than fear.
Timag. They may search boldly.

Enter TIMANDRA.

Timan. You are unmannered grooms
To pry into my lady's private lodgings;
There's no Marullos there.

Enter DIPHILUS *with* PISANDER.

Timag. Now I suspect too;
Where found you him?
Diph. Close hid in your sister's chamber.
Timag. Is that the villain's sanctuary?
Leost. This confirms
All she delivered, false.
Timag. But that I scorn
To rust my good sword in thy slavish blood,
Thou now wert dead.
Phi. He's more a slave than fortune
Or misery can make me, that insults
Upon unweaponed innocence.
Timag. Prate you, dog!
Pis. Curs snap at lions in the toil, whose looks
Frighted them, being free.
Timag. As a wild beast,
Drive him before you.
Pis. O divine Cleora!
Leost. Darest thou presume to name her?
Pis. Yes, and love her;
And may say, have deserved her.
Timag. Stop his mouth;
Load him with irons too.
[*Exit Guard with* PISAND.
Cleon. I am deadly sick
To look on him.
Asot. If he get loose, I know it,
I caper like an ape again—I feel
The whip already.
Timan. This goes to my lady. [*Aside.*
Timag. Come, cheer you, sir; we will urge his punishment
To the full satisfaction of your anger.
Leost. He is not worth my thoughts. No corner left
In all the spacious rooms of my vexed heart,
But is filled with Cleora: and the rape
She has done upon her honour, with my wrong,
The heavy burthen of my sorrow's song. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS *and* CLEORA.

Arch. Thou art thine own disposer. Were his honours
And glories centupled, (as I must confess,
Leosthenes is most worthy) yet I will not,
However I may counsel, force affection.
Cleora. It needs not, sir; I prize him to his worth,
Nay, love him truly; yet would not live slaved
To his jealous humours; since, by the hopes of heaven,
As I am free from violence, in a thought
I am not guilty.
Arch. 'Tis believed, Cleora;
And much the rather (our great gods be praised for't,)
In that I find, beyond my hopes, no sign
Of riot in my house, but all things ordered
As if I had been present.
Cleora. May that move you
To pity poor Marullo!
Arch. 'Tis my purpose
To do him all the good I can, Cleora:
But this offence, being against the state,
Must have a public trial. In the mean time,
Be careful of yourself, and stand engaged
No further to Leosthenes, than you may
Come off with honour; for, being once his wife,
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must
Resolve to serve and suffer his commands,
And not dispute them; ere it be too late,
Consider it duly. I must to the senate.
[*Exit* ARCH.
Cleora. I am much distracted; in Leosthenes
I can find nothing justly to accuse,
But this excess of love, which I have studied
To cure with more than common means; yet still
It grows upon him. And, if I may call
My sufferings merit, I stand bound to think on
Marullo's dangers; though I save his life,
His love is unrewarded. I confess,
Both have deserved me; yet of force must be
Unjust to one—such is my destiny.

Enter TIMANDRA.

How now? whence flow these tears?
Timan. I have met, madam,
An object of such cruelty, as would force
A savage to compassion.
Cleora. Speak! What is it?
Timan. Men pity beasts of rapine, if o'ermatched,
Though baited for their pleasure: but these monsters,
Upon a man that can make no resistance,
Are senseless in their tyranny. Let it be granted,
Marullo is a slave, he's still a man;
A capital offender, yet in justice
Not to be tortured, till the judge pronounce

His punishment.
Cleora. Where is he?
Timan. Dragged to prison
With more than barbarous violence; spurned and spit on
By the insulting officers, his hands
Pinioned behind his back; loaden with fetters;
Yet, with a saint-like patience, he still offers
His face to their rude buffets.
Cleora. O my grieved soul!
By whose command?
Timan. It seems, my lord your brother's,
For he is a looker on: and it takes from
Honoured Leosthenes to suffer it,
For his respect to you, whose name in vain
The grieved wretch loudly calls on.
Cleora. By Diana,
'Tis base in both, and to their teeth I'll tell them
That I am wronged in it.
Timan. What will you do? [*As going forth.*
Cleora. In person
Visit and comfort him.
Timan. That will bring fuel
To the jealous fires, which burn too hot already
In lord Leosthenes.
Cleora. Let them consume him!
I am mistress of myself. Where cruelty reigns,
There dwells nor love, nor honour. [*Exit* CLEORA.
Timan. So! it works.
Though hitherto I have run a desperate course
To serve my brother's purposes, now 'tis fit

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

I study mine own ends. They come;—assist me
In these my undertakings, Love's great patron,
As my intents are honest!
Leost. 'Tis my fault:
Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,
From diffidence in ourselves. But I will strive,
With the assurance of my worth and merits,
To kill this monster, jealousy.
Timag. 'Tis a guest,
In wisdom, never to be entertained
On trivial probabilities; but when
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not fashioned
By idle doubts and fears, to be received.
They make their own horns that are too secure,
As well as such as give them growth and being
From mere imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's honour equal with mine own,
And know what large additions of power
This match brings to our family, I prefer
Our friendship, and your peace of mind, so far
Above my own respects, or hers, that if
She hold not her true value in the test,
'Tis far from my ambition for her cure,
That you should wound yourself.
Timan. This argues for me. [*Aside.*
Timag. Why she should be so passionate for a bondman,
Falls not in compass of my understanding,
But for some nearer interest: or he raise
This mutiny, if he loved her (as, you say,
She does confess he did,) but to enjoy,
By fair or foul play, what he ventured for,
To me is a riddle.
Leost. Pray you, no more; already
I have answered that objection, in my strong
Assurance of her virtue.
Timag. 'Tis unfit, then,
That I should press it farther.
Timan. Now I must
Make in, or all is lost.
[*Rushes forward distractedly.*
Timag. What would Timandra?
Leost. How wild she looks! How is it with thy lady?
Timag. Collect thyself, and speak.
Timan. As you are noble,
Have pity, or love piety.—Oh!
Leost. Take breath.
Timag. Out with it boldly.
Timan. Oh! the best of ladies,
I fear, is gone for ever.
Leost. Who, Cleora?
Timag. Deliver, how. 'Sdeath, be a man, sir!—speak.
Timan. Take it, then, in as many sighs as words.
My lady——
Timag. What of her?
Timan. No sooner heard
Marullo was imprisoned, but she fell
Into a deadly swoon.
Timag. But she recovered?
Say so, or he will sink too:—hold, sir! fie,
This is unmanly.
Timan. Brought again to life,
But with much labour, she awhile stood silent,
Yet in that interim vented sighs, as if
They laboured, from the prison of her flesh,
To give her grieved soul freedom. On the sudden,
Transported on the wings of rage and sorrow,
She flew out of the house, and, unattended,
Entered the common prison.
Leost. This confirms
What but before I feared.
Timan. There you may find her;
And, if you love her as a sister——
Timag. Damn her!
Timan. Or you respect her safety, as a lover,
Procure Marullo's liberty.
Timag. Impudence
Beyond expression!
Leost. Shall I be a bawd
To her lust, and my dishonour?
Timan. She'll run mad, else,
Or do some violent act upon herself.
My lord, her father, sensible of her sufferings,
Labours to gain his freedom.
Leost. O, the devil!
Has she bewitched him too?
Timag. I'll hear no more.
Come, sir; we'll follow her; and if no persuasion
Can make her take again her natural form,
Which by lust's powerful spell she has cast off,
This sword shall disenchant her.
Leost. O my heart-strings!
[*Exeunt* LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

Timan. I knew it would take. Pardon me, fair Cleora,
Though I appear a traitress; which thou wilt do,
In pity of my woes, when I make known
My lawful claim, and only seek mine own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter CLEORA, *Jailor, and* PISANDER.

Cleora. There's for your privacy. Stay, unbind his hands.
Jailor. I dare not, madam.
Cleor. I will buy thy danger:
Take more gold;—do not trouble me with thanks,
I do suppose it done. [*Exit Jailor.*
Pis. My better angel
Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely;
Since, from the choice of all celestial figures,
He could not take a visible form, so full
Of glorious sweetness. [*Kneels.*
Cleora. Rise—I am flesh and blood,
And do partake thy tortures.
Pis. Can it be,
That charity should persuade you to descend
So far from your own height as to vouchsafe
To look upon my sufferings! How I bless
My fetters now, and stand engaged to fortune
For my captivity—no, my freedom rather!
For who dare think that place a prison, which
You sanctify with your presence? Or believe,
Sorrow has power to use her sting on him,
That is in your compassion armed, and made
Impregnable, though tyranny raise at once
All engines to assault him?
Cleora. Indeed virtue,
With which you have made evident proofs that you
Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken
With the shock of fierce temptations; but still triumphs
In spite of opposition. For myself,
I may endeavour to confirm your goodness,
(A sure retreat which never will deceive you)
And with unfeigned tears express my sorrow
For what I cannot help. [*Weeps.*
Pis. Do you weep for me?
O! save that precious balm for nobler uses!
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,
Which, in your prodigality of pity,
You throw away on me. Ten of these pearls
Were a large ransom to redeem a kingdom
From a consuming plague, or stop heaven's vengeance,
Called down by crying sins, though at that instant
In dreadful flashes falling on the roofs
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punished
For my intent of violence to such pureness;
And all the torments flesh is sensible of,
A soft and gentle penance.
Cleora. Which is ended
In this your free confession.

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS *unseen.*

Leost. What an object
Have I encountered!
Timag. I am blasted too:
Yet hear a little further.
Pis. Could I expire now,
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes thus,
'Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dream
To be transported, without the help of Charon,
To the Elysian shades. You make me bold;
And, but to wish such happiness, I fear,
May give offence.
Cleora. No; for believe it, Marullo,
You've won so much upon me, that I know not
That happiness in my gift but you may challenge.
Leost. Are you yet satisfied?
Cleora. Nor can you wish
But what my vows will second, though it were
Your freedom first; and then in me full power
To make a second tender of myself,
And you receive the present. By this kiss
(From me a virgin bounty) I will practise
All arts for your deliverance; and, that purchased,
In what concerns your further aims, I speak it,
Do not despair, but hope.
Timag. To have the hangman,
When he is married to the cross, in scorn
To say, Gods give you joy!
Leost. But look on me, [*To* CLEORA.
And be not too indulgent to your folly;
And then, but that grief stops my speech, imagine
What language I should use.
Cleora. Against thyself.
Thy malice cannot reach me.
Timag. How?
Cleora. No, brother,
Though you join in the dialogue to accuse me,
What I have done, I'll justify; and these favours,
Which you presume will taint me in my honour,
Though jealousy use all her eyes to spy out
One stain in my behaviour, or envy
As many tongues to wound it, shall appear
My best perfections. For, to the world,
I can, in my defence, alledge such reasons,
As my accusers shall stand dumb to hear them;
When, in his fetters, this man's worth and virtues,
But truly told, shall shame your boasted glories,
Which fortune claims a share in.
Timag. The base villain
Shall never live to hear it.
[*Offers to stab* PISANDER, CLEORA *interposes.*
Cleora. Murder! help!
Through me you shall pass to him.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and Officers.*

Arch. What's the matter?
On whom is your sword drawn? Are you a judge?
Or else ambitious of the hangman's office
Before it be designed you? You are bold too;
Unhand my daughter.
Leost. She's my valour's prize.

Arch. With her consent, not otherwise. You may urge
Your title in the court; if it prove good,
Possess her freely: Guard him safely off too.
Timag. You'll hear me, sir?
Arch. If you have aught to say,
Deliver it in public; all shall find
A just judge of Timoleon.
Diph. You must
Of force now use your patience.
[*Exeunt* ARCH. DIPH. *and Guards.*
Timag. Vengeance rather!
Whirlwinds of rage possess me: you are wronged
Beyond a stoic's sufferance; yet you stand
As you were rooted.
Leost. I feel something here,
That boldly tells me, all the love and service
I pay Cleora is another's due,
And therefore cannot prosper.
Timag. Melancholy;
Which now you must not yield to.
Leost. 'Tis apparent:
In fact your sister's innocent, however
Changed by her violent will.
Timag. If you believe so,
Follow the chace still; and in open court
Plead your own interest. We shall find the judge
Our friend, I fear not.
Leost. Something I shall say,
But what——
Timag. Collect yourself as we walk thither.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEORA, *and Officers.*

Timol. 'Tis wondrous strange! nor can it fall within
The reach of my belief, a slave should be
The owner of a temperance, which this age
Can hardly parallel in free-born lords,
Or kings, proud of their purple.
Arch. 'Tis most true;
And, though at first it did appear a fable,
All circumstances meet to give it credit;
Which works so on me, that I am compelled
To be a suitor, not to be denied,
He may have equal hearing.
Cleora. Sir, you graced me
With the title of your mistress; but my fortune
Is so far distant from command, that I
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the preserver of my fame and honour.
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,
That, since I had ability of speech,
My tongue hath been so much inured to truth,
I know not how to lie.
Timol. I'll rather doubt
The oracles of the gods, than question what
Your innocence delivers; and, as far
As justice and mine honour can give way,
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:
[*Exeunt Officers.*
And, though Leosthenes may challenge from me,
For his late worthy service, credit to
All things he can alledge in his own cause,
Marullo (so I think you call his name)
Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,

Enter CLEON, ASOTUS, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, *and* CORISCA.

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places:
The right of this fair virgin first determined,
Your bondmen shall be censured.
Cleon. With all rigour
We do expect——
Cor. Tempered, I say, with mercy.

Enter at one door LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS; *at the other, Officers with* PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

Timol. Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt,
You, that have been victorious in the war,
Should, in a combat fought with words, come off
But with assured triumph.
Leost. My deserts, sir,
(If without arrogance I may style them such)
Arm me from doubt and fear.
Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken.——
Nor be thou daunted (howsoe'er thy fortune
Has marked thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more
Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.
Pis. I'd rather fall under so just a judge,
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt,
And partial in his censure.
Arch. Note his language;
It relishes of better breeding than
His present state dares promise.
Timol. I observe it.——
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,
Teach Hermes eloquence.
Leost. Am I fallen so low?
My birth, my honour, and, what's dearest to me,
My love, and witness of my love, my service,
So undervalued, that I must contend
With one, where my excess of glory must
Make his o'erthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness
Supply defects in such a thing, that never
Knew any thing but want and emptiness,
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this
Unequal competition? If my pride,
Or any bold assurance of my worth,
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,
I'm justly punish'd, and submit; but if
I have been modest, and esteemed myself
More injured in the tribute of the praise,
Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,
Ever exacted, may this cause and minute
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,

Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such,
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
And what I have deserved.
Cleora. Neglect and scorn
From me, for this proud vaunt.
Leost. You nourish, lady,
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,
And almost prove, what some hold of your sex,
You're all made up of passion: For, if reason
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,
Or that you would distinguish of the objects
You look on in a true glass, not seduced
By the false light of your too violent will,
I should not need to plead for that which you
With joy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish?
Or does my wealth, which all the vain expence
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?
The honours, I can call mine own, thought scandals?
Am I deformed, or, for my father's sins,
Mulcted by Nature? If you interpret these
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself
Most miserably guilty. But, perhaps,
(Which yet I would not credit) you have seen
This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burden
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman;
Or any other boisterous exercise,
Assuring a strong back, to satisfy
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.
Cleora. You are foul-mouthed.
Arch. Ill-mannered too.
Leost. I speak
In the way of supposition, and entreat you,
With all the fervour of a constant lover,
That you would free yourself from these aspersions,
Or any imputation black-tongued slander
Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness;
To which there is no easier way, than by
Vouchsafing him your favour; him, to whom,
Next to the general, and the gods, and fautors,
The country owes her safety.
Timag. Are you stupid?
'Slight, leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—
Oh! you expect your slave's reply; no doubt
We shall have a fine oration: I will teach
My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,
And keep a better method.
Arch. You forget
The dignity of the place.
Diph. Silence!
Timol. Speak boldly.
Pis. 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,
I should be dumb else; and I am secure,
I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear
Equal, if not above, my low condition.
I need no bombast language, stolen from such
As make nobility from prodigious terms
The hearers understand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits;
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her discretion, that looks on me
As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.
How I have loved, and how much I have suffered,
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen
Of my ambitious hopes (in aiming at
The glad possession of a happiness,
The abstract of all goodness in mankind
Can at no part deserve,) with my confession
Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure desires, not blended with
Foul thoughts, that like a river keeps his course,
Retaining still the clearness of the spring
From whence it took beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never
Durst doubt her constancy, that, like a rock,
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waves; nor from my jealous fears
Question that goodness, to which, as an altar
Of all perfection, he, that truly loved,
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,
Than raze it with the engines of suspicion;
Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
But, till then, never.
Timag. Bold, presumptuous villain!
Pis. I will go farther, and make good upon him,
In the pride of all his honours, birth and fortunes,
He's more unworthy than myself.
Leost. Thou liest.
Timag. Confute him with a whip, and, the doubt decided,
Punish him with a halter.
Pis. O the gods!
My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain
My heart, swoln big with rage—The lie! A whip!
[*Plucks off his disguise.*
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which
I long have marched, disguised; that, when they know
Whom they have injured, they may faint with horror
Of my revenge, which, wretched men! expect,
As sure as fate, to suffer!
Leost. Ha! Pisander?
Timag. 'Tis the bold Theban!
Asot. There's no hope for me then!
I thought I should have put in for a share,
And borne Cleora from them both: But now,
This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.
Pis. Now, as myself,
Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.—
For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were born
Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.
But I lose time.—The base lie cast upon me,
I thus return: Thou art a perjured man,
False and perfidious, and hast made a tender
Of love and service to this lady, when

Thy soul (*if* thou hast any) can bear witness,
That thou were not thine own. For proof of this,
Look better on this virgin, and consider,
This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing
In a Greekish dress, such as when first you saw her,
If she resemble not Pisander's sister,
One called Statilia?
Leost. 'Tis the same! my guilt
So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny
My falsehood, nor excuse it.
Pis. This is she,
To whom thou wert contracted: This the lady,
That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken
In the Spartan war, that begged thy liberty,
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!
Statil. No more, sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True sorrow in his looks, and a consent
To make me reparation in mine honour;
And then I am most happy.
Pis. The wrong done her
Drew me from Thebes with a full intent to kill thee:
But this fair object met me in my fury,
And quite disarmed me. Being denied to have her
By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able
To live far from her, love (the mistress of
All quaint devices) prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate, sold me
For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister
As a present to Cleora.
Timol. Strange meanders!
Pis. There how I bare myself needs no relation.
But, if so far descending from the height
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a man, to have means only
To feed my eye with the sight of what I honoured;
The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings;
The clearness of my interest, may deserve
A noble recompence in your lawful favour;
Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes
Can claim no interest in you, you may please
To think upon my service.
Cleora. Sir, my want
Of power to satisfy so great a debt,
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that,
Out of the bounty of your mind, you think
A free surrender of myself full payment,
I gladly tender it.
Arch. With my consent too,
All injuries forgotten.
Timag. I will study,
In my future service, to deserve your favour
And good opinion.
Leost. Thus I gladly fee
This advocate to plead for me. [*Kissing* STATILIA.
Pis. You will find me
An easy judge. When I have yielded reasons
Of your bondmen's falling off from their obedience.
Then after, as you please, determine of me.
I found their natures apt to mutiny
From your too cruel usage, and made trial
How far they might be wrought on; to instruct you
To look with more prevention and care,
To what they may hereafter undertake
Upon the like occasions. The hurt's little
They have committed, nor was ever cure
But with some pain effected. I confess,
In hope to force a grant of fair Cleora,
I urged them to defend the town against you:
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that
I was preparing for defence elsewhere,
So soon got entrance: in this I am guilty;
Now, as you please, your censure.
Timol. Bring them in;
And, though you've given me power, I do entreat
Such as have undergone their insolence,
It may not be offensive, though I study
Pity more than revenge.
Cor. 'Twill best become you.
Cleon. I must consent.
Asot. For me, I'll find a time
To be revenged hereafter.

Enter GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, POLIPHRON, ZANTHIA, *and the other Slaves, with halters about their necks.*

Grac. Give me leave;
I'll speak for all.
Timol. What canst thou say, to hinder
The course of justice?
Grac. Nothing. You may see
We are prepared for hanging, and confess
We have deserved it. Our most humble suit is,
We may not twice be executed.
Timol. Twice! How mean'st thou?
Grac. At the gallows first, and after in a ballad,
Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers
About the town grown fat on these occasions.
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired,
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
Or any such like accident, and before
They are cold in their graves, some damned ditty's made,
Which makes their ghosts walk.—Let the state take order
For the redress of this abuse, recording
'Twas done by my advice, and, for my part,
I'll cut as clean a caper from the ladder
As ever merry Greek did.
Timol. Yet I think
You would shew more activity to delight
Your master for a pardon.
Grac. O! I would dance
As I were all air and fire. [*Capers.*
Timol. And ever be
Obedient and humble?
Grac. As his spaniel,
Though he kicked me for exercise; and the like
I promise for all the rest.
Timol. Rise then, you have it.
All Slaves. Timoleon! Timoleon!
Timol. Cease these clamours.
And now, the war being ended to our wishes,
And such as went the pilgrimage of love,
Happy in full fruition of their hopes,
'Tis lawful, thanks paid to the powers divine,
To drown our cares in honest mirth and wine.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

FATAL DOWRY,

BY

MASSINGER AND FIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ROCHFORT, *ex-premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*
CHARALOIS, *a noble gentleman, son to the deceased marshal.*
ROMONT, *a brave officer, friend to* CHARALOIS.
NOVALL, *senior, premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*
NOVALL, *junior, his son, in love with* BEAUMELLE.
DU CROY, *president of the parliament of Dijon.*
CHARMI, *an advocate.*
BEAUMONT, *secretary to* ROCHFORT.
PONTALIER, }
MALOTIN, } *friends of* NOVALL *junior.*
LILADAM, *a parasite, dependant on* NOVALL *junior.*
AYMER, *a singer, and keeper of a musick-house, also dependant on* NOVALL *junior.*
Advocates.
Three Creditors.
A Priest.
A Taylor.
Barber.
Perfumer.
Page.

WOMEN.

BEAUMELLE, *daughter to* ROCHFORT.
FLORIMEL, }
BELLAPERT, } *servants to* BEAUMELLE; *the latter the secret agent of* NOVALL *junior.*

Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaolers, Bailiffs, Servants,

SCENE,—*Dijon,*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street before the Court of Justice.*

Enter CHARALOIS *with a paper,* ROMONT, *and* CHARMI.

Charmi. SIR, I may move the court to serve your will;
But therein shall both wrong you and myself.
Rom. Why think you so, sir?
Charmi. 'Cause I am familiar
With what will be their answer: They will say,
'Tis against law, and argue me of ignorance,
For offering them the motion.
Rom. You know not, sir,
How, in this cause, they may dispense with law,
And therefore frame not you their answer for them,
But do your parts.
Charmi. I love the cause so well,
As I could run the hazard of a check for it.
Rom. From whom?
Charmi. Some of the bench, that watch to give it,
More than to do the office that they sit for:
But give me, sir, my fee.
Rom. Now you are noble.
Charmi. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving
My lord some council, if he please to hear it,
Than I shall do with pleading.
Rom. What may it be, sir?
Charmi. That it would please his lordship, as the presidents
And counsellors of court come by, to stand

Here, and but shew himself, and to some one
Or two make his request: There is a minute,
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,
More than the tongues of twenty advocates.
Rom. I have urged that.

Enter Rochfort *and* Du Croy.

Charmi. Their lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,
And at your service. [*Exit* Charmi.
Rom. Now, put on your spirits!
Du Croy. The ease that you prepare yourself, my lord,
In giving up the place you hold in court,
Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state,
And that no slight one.
Roch. Pray you, sir, no more.
Rom. Now, sir, lose not this offered means:
Their looks,
Fixed on you with a pitying earnestness,
Invite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpose.—This is such a dulness,
So foolish and untimely, as—
Du Croy. You know him?
Roch. I do; and much lament the sudden fall
Of his brave house. It is young Charalois,
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits
His fame and virtues only.
Rom. Ha! they name you.
Du Croy. His father died in prison two days since.
Roch. Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state;
That such a master in the art of war,
So noble, and so highly meriting
From this forgetful country, should, for want
Of means to satisfy his creditors
The sums he took up for the general good,
Meet with an end so infamous.
Rom. Dare you ever hope for like opportunity?
Du Croy. My good lord!
Roch. My wish bring comfort to you!
Du Croy. The time calls us.
Roch. Good morrow, colonel!
[*Exeunt* Rochfort *and* Du Croy.
Rom. This obstinate spleen,
You think becomes your sorrow, and sorts well
With your black suits: But, grant me wit or judgment,
And, by the freedom of an honest man,
And a true friend to boot, I swear, 'tis shameful;
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak,
No, though the ribbons help, have power to work them
To what you would: For those, that had no eyes
To see the great acts of your father, will not,
From any fashion sorrow can put on,
Be taught to know their duties.
Char. If they will not,
They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them counsel; since, if they partake
The understanding and the hearts of men,
They will prevent my words and tears: If not,
What can persuasion, though made eloquent
With grief, work upon such as have changed nature
With the most savage beast? Blest, blest be ever
The memory of that happy age, when justice
Had no guards to keep off wronged innocence
From flying to her succours, and, in that,
Assurance of redress! Where now, Romont,
The damned with more ease may ascend from hell,
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there
Forbids the passage; in our courts a thousand,
As loud and fertile-headed; and the client,
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats,
Must hope for no access. Why should I, then,
Attempt impossibilities, you, friend, being
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means
To make my entrance that way?
Rom. Would I were not!
But, sir, you have a cause, a cause so just,
Of such necessity, not to be deferred,
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor, within
The house where she was born, ever spake word
Which was not usher'd with pure virgin blushes,
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,
And force corruption to give back the hire
It took against her. Let examples move you.
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,
They would disdain for servants.
Char. And to these can I become a suitor?
Rom. Without loss:
Would you consider, that, to gain their favours,
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,
And men religious part with fame and goodness.
Be therefore won to use the means that may
Advance your pious ends.
Char. You shall overcome.
Rom. And you receive the glory. Pray you now practise.
'Tis well.

Enter Novall *senior*, Liladam, *Advocates, and three Creditors.*

Char. [*Tenders his petition.*] Not look on me!
Rom. You must have patience——Offer it again.
Char. And be again contemned!
Nov. sen. I know what's to be done.
1 *Cred.* And, that your lordship
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first
Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest
To what we will add.
Nov. sen. One word more of this,
I am your enemy. Am I a man,
Your bribes can work on? Ha!
Lilad. Friends, you mistake
The way to win my lord; he must not hear this,
But I, as one in favour in his sight,
May hearken to you for my profit. Sir!
Pray hear them,

Nov. sen. 'Tis well.
Lilad. Observe him now.
Nov. sen. Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,
Without corruption I am your friend;
Speak your desires.
2 Cred. Oh, they are charitable;
The marshal stood engaged unto us three,
Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his death,
We are defeated of. For which great loss
We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh;
Nor is that cruelty.
1 Cred. I have a son
That talks of nothing but of guns and armour,
And swears he'll be a soldier; 'tis an humour
I would divert him from; and I am told,
That if I minister to him, in his drink,
Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,
Provided that the carcass rot above ground,
'Twill cure his foolish frenzy.
Nov. sen. You shew in it
A father's care. I have a son myself,
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful:
And, but I am assured he is not so given,
He should take of it too.
Charal. Sir.
Nov. sen. What are you?
Charal. A gentleman.
Nov. sen. So are many that rake dunghills.
If you have any suit, move it in court:
I take no papers in corners. [*Exit*
Rom. Yes, as the matter may be carried, and whereby
To manage the conveyance—Follow him.
Lilad. You're rude: I say he shall not pass.
[*Exeunt* CHARALOIS, *and Advocates.*
Rom. You say so! On what assurance?
For the well-cutting of his lordship's corns,
Picking his toes, or any office else
Nearer to baseness!
Lilad. Look upon me better;
Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow?
Be well advised.
Rom. Out, rogue! do not I know
These glorious weeds spring from the sordid dunghill
Of thy officious baseness? Wert thou worthy
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,
I would do more than this,—[*Beats him.*] more, you court-spider!
Lilad. But that this man is lawless, he should find
That I am valiant.
1 Cred. If your ears are fast,
'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? As much.
2 Cred. These chastisements as useful are as frequent
To such as would grow rich.
Rom. Are they so, rascals? I will befriend you then— [*Kicks them.*
1 Cred. Bear witness, sirs!
Lilad. Truth, I have borne my part already, friends!
In the court you shall have more. [*Exit.*
Rom. I know you for
The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs
Of what is their inheritance, the dead:
For usurers bred by a riotous peace,
That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom,
By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er prayed,
But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,
To keep their lands out of your parchment toils;
And then, the devil, your father, is called upon,
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.
Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room
Upon your foreheads for your horns to sprout on;
Without a murmur, or I will undo you,
For I will beat you honest.
1 Cred. Thrift forbid!
We will bear this rather than hazard that.
[*Exeunt Creditors.*

Re-enter CHARALOIS.

Rom. I am somewhat eased in this yet.
Char. Only friend,
To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow
Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?
Or teach their pride, from my humility,
To think it has o'ercome? They are determined
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the glory they expect
From my submiss entreaties.
Rom. Think not so, sir:
The difficulties that you encounter with,
Will crown the undertaking—Heaven! you weep,
And I could do so too; but that I know,
There's more expected from the son and friend
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,
Or cunning strumpet, when her knave is hanged,
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,
Let us not do like women. To the court,
And there speak like your birth: Wake sleeping justice,
Or dare the axe. This is a way will sort
With what you are: I call you not to that
I will shrink from myself; I will deserve
Your thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely
That sudden fire of anger shews in you!
Give fuel to it; since you are on a shelf
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter ROCHFORT, NOVALL, *sen. Presidents,* CHARME, DU CROY, BEAUMONT, *Advocates, Officers, and three Creditors.*

Du Croy. Your lordships seated, may this meeting prove
Prosperous to us, and to the general good of Burgundy!
Nov. sen. Speak to the point.
Du Croy—Which is
With honour to dispose the place and power
Of premier president, which this reverend man,
Grave Rochfort (whom for honour's sake I name),
Is purposed to resign; a place, my lords,
In which he hath with such integrity

Performed the first and best parts of a judge,
That, as his life transcends all fair examples
Of such as were before him in Dijon,
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,
A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.
Roch. I may not sit to hear this.
Du Croy. Let the love
And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,
In this o'ercome your modesty.
Roch. My thanks
For this great favour shall prevent your trouble.
The honourable trust that was imposed
Upon my weakness, since you witness for me
It was not ill discharged, I will not mention;
Nor now, if age had not deprived me of
The little strength I had to govern well
The province that I undertook, forsake it.
Nov. sen. That we could lend you of our years!
Du Croy. Or strength!
Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue
The noble exercise of your knowing judgment!
Roch. That may not be; nor can your lordships' goodness,
Since your employments have conferred upon me
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it;
And though old age, when one foot's in the grave,
In many, when all humours else are spent,
Feeds no affection in them, but desire
To add height to the mountain of their riches,
In me it is not so. I rest content
With the honours and estate I now possess:
And, that I may have liberty to use,
What Heaven, still blessing my poor industry,
Hath made me master of, I pray the court
To ease me of my burthen, that I may
Employ the small remainder of my life
In living well, and learning how to die so.

Enter ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS.

Rom. See, sir, our advocate.
Du Croy. The court entreats
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man,
Which you would have your successor, and in me
All promise to confirm it.
Roch. I embrace it
As an assurance of their favour to me,
And name my lord Novall.
Du Croy. The court allows it.
Roch. But there are suitors wait here, and their causes
May be of more necessity to be heard;
I therefore wish that mine may be deferred,
And theirs have hearing.
Du Croy. If your lordship please [*To* NOV. *sen.*
To take the place, we will proceed.
Charmi. The cause
We come to offer to your lordship's censure,
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not
Or rhetoric in me that plead, or favour
From your grave lordships, to determine of it;
Since to the praise of your impartial justice
(Which guilty, nay, condemned men, dare not scandal)
It will erect a trophy of your mercy,
Which married to that justice——
Nov. sen. Speak to the cause.
Charmi. I will, my lord. To say, the late dead marshal,
The father of this young lord here, my client,
Hath done his country great and faithful service,
Might tax me of impertinence, to repeat
What your grave lordships cannot but remember:
He, in his life, became indebted to
These thrifty men, (I will not wrong their credits,
By giving them the attributes they now merit,)
And failing, by the fortune of the wars,
Of means to free himself from his engagements,
He was arrested, and, for want of bail,
Imprisoned at their suit; and, not long after,
With loss of liberty ended his life.
And, though it became a maxim in our laws,
All suits die with the person, these men's malice
In death finds matter for their hate to work on,
Denying him the decent rites of burial,
Which the sworn enemies of the christian faith
Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore please
Your lordships so to fashion your decree,
That, what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity
May give allowance to.
Nov. sen. How long have you, sir, practised in court?
Charmi. Some twenty years, my lord.
Nov. sen. By your gross ignorance, it should appear,
Not twenty days.
Charmi. I hope I have given no cause in this, my lord.
Nov. sen. How dare you move the court
To the dispensing with an act confirmed
By parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts?
Go home! and with more care peruse the statutes:
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,
May force you, sir, to leap (against your will)
Over the place you plead at.
Charmi. I foresaw this.
Rom. Why, does your lordship think the moving of
A cause, more honest than this court had ever
The honour to determine, can deserve
A check like this?
Nov. sen. Strange boldness!
Rom. 'Tis fit freedom:
Or, do you conclude, an advocate cannot hold
His credit with the judge, unless he study
His face more than the cause for which he pleads?
Charmi. Forbear!
Rom. Or cannot you, that have the power
To qualify the rigour of the laws,
When you are pleased, take a little from
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted
In favour of the greedy creditors,
Against the overthrown debtor?
Nov. sen. Sirrah! you that prate

Thus saucily, what are you?
Rom. Why, I'll tell thee,
Thou purple-coloured man! I am one, to whom
Thou owest the means thou hast of sitting there,
A corrupt elder.
Charmi. Forbear.
Rom. The nose thou wear'st is my gift, and those eyes,
That meet no object so base as their master,
Had been long since torn from that guilty head,
And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss,
Had I not worn a sword, and used it better
Than in thy prayers thou ever didst thy tongue.
Nov. sen. Shall such an insolence pass unpunished!
Charmi. Hear me.
Rom. Yet I, that, in my service done my country,
Disdain to be put in the scale with thee,
Confess myself unworthy to be valued
With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal;
Of whose so many glorious undertakings,
Make choice of any one, and that the meanest,
Performed against the subtle fox of France,
The politic Lewis, or the more desperate Swiss,
And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,
Though put in act, that ever gownman practised.
Nov. sen. Away with him to prison!
Rom. If that curses,
Urged justly, and breathed forth so, ever fell
On those that did deserve them, let not mine
Be spent in vain now, that thou, from this instant,
Mayest, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with them.
And for denying of a little earth,
To cover what remains of our great soldier,
May all your wives prove whores, your factors thieves,
And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you!
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,
Of all thy lordships live not to be owner
Of so much dung as will conceal a dog,
Or, what is worse, thyself in! And thy years,
To th' end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave,
May misery in thy life make thee desire one,
Which men, and all the elements, keep from thee!—
I have begun well; imitate, exceed. [*To* CHAR.
Roch. Good counsel, were it a praise-worthy deed. [*Exeunt officers with* ROMONT.
Du Croy. Remember what we are.
Char. Thus low my duty
Answers your lordship's counsel. I will use,
In the few words with which I am to trouble
Your lordship's ears, the temper that you wish me:
Not that I fear to speak my thoughts as loud,
And with a liberty beyond Romont;
But that I know, for me, that am made up
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end,
Would seem to most rather a willingness
To quit the burden of a hopeless life,
Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.
I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise
To your severity, and commend the justice,
That will not, for the many services
That any man hath done the commonwealth,
Wink at his least of ills. What though my father
Writ man before he was so, and confirmed it,
By numbering that day no part of his life,
In which he did not service to his country;
Was he to be free therefore from the laws,
And ceremonious form in your decrees?
Or else, because he did as much as man,
In those three memorable overthrows,
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,
The warlike Charalois (with whose misfortunes
I bear his name) lost treasure, men, and life,
To be excused from payment of those sums
Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal
To serve his country forced him to take up?
Nov. sen. The precedent were ill.
Char. And yet, my lord, this much
I know you'll grant: after those great defeatures,
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

Re-enter Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself,
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,
To yield unto an honourable peace,
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,
To end his own, that was sure proof against
The scalding summer's heat, and winter's frost,
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,
In a most loathsome prison.
Du Croy. 'Twas his fault
To be so prodigal.
Nov. sen. He had from the state
Sufficient entertainment for the army.
Char. Sufficient, my lords? You sit at home,
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,
Are thrifty in the charges of the war—
But your wills be obeyed. To these I turn,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They're only good men that pay what they owe.
2 Cred. And so they are.
1 Cred. 'Tis the city doctrine;
We stand bound to maintain it.
Char. Be constant in it;
And, since you are as merciless in your natures,
As base and mercenary in your means,
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge
The court to take away one scruple from
The right of their laws, or [wish] one good thought
In you to mend your disposition with.
I know there is no music to your ears
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,
And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famished orphans, are the feasts that take you.
That to be in your danger, with more care
Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loathed embraces of diseased women,
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—

Yet, rather than my father's reverend dust
Shall want a place in that fair monument,
In which our noble ancestors lie entombed,
Before the court I offer up myself
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons
That have worn out his life: in my best strength
I'll run to the encounter of cold hunger,
And chuse my dwelling where no sun dares enter,
So he may be released.
1 Cred. What mean you, sir?
2 Advo. Only your fee again: There's so much said
Already in this cause, and said so well,
That, should I only offer to speak in it,
I should be or not heard, or laughed at for it.
1 Cred. 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave back,
Though he said nothing.
Roch. Be advised, young lord,
And well consider it; you throw away
Your liberty and joys of life together:
Your bounty is employed upon a subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise man
Never abused his goodness. The great virtues
Of your dead father vindicate themselves
From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,
Though it contain his body.
Nov. sen. Let him alone:
If he love cords, in God's name, let him wear them,
Provided these consent.
Char. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any way of profit,
As to neglect a possibility
To get their own, by seeking it from that
Which can return them nothing but ill fame,
And curses for their barbarous cruelties.
3 Cred. What think you of the offer?
2 Cred. Very well.
1 Cred. Accept it by all means: Let's shut him up;
He is well shaped, and has a villainous tongue,
And, should he study that way of revenge,
As I dare almost swear he loves a wench,
We have no wives, nor ever shall get daughters,
That will hold out against him.
Du Croy. What's your answer?
2 Cred. Speak you for all.
1 Cred. Why, let our executions,
That lie upon the father, be returned
Upon the son, and we release the body.
Nov. sen. The court must grant you that.
Char. I thank your lordships.
They have in it confirmed on me such glory,
As no time can take from me. I am ready:
Come, lead me where you please: Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.
[*Exeunt* Charalois, Charmi, *Creditors, and Officers.*
Nov. sen. Strange rashness!
Roch. A brave resolution rather,
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,
It is not now to be disputed; therefore
To my own cause. Already I have found
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me;
And that should teach my modesty to end here,
And press your loves no farther.
Du Croy. There is nothing
The court can grant, but with assurance you
May ask it, and obtain it.
Roch. You encourage a bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit
Your favours should be lost: Besides, it has been
A custom many years, at the surrendering
The place I now give up, to grant the president
One boon, that parted with it. And, to confirm
Your grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my actions and life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.
Du Croy. Speak it freely.
Roch. I then desire the liberty of Romont,
And that my lord Novall, whose private wrong
Was equal to the injury that was done
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it,
And now sign his enlargement.
Nov. sen. Pray you demand
The moiety of my estate, or any thing
Within my power but this.
Roch. Am I denied then my first and last request?
Du Croy. It must not be.
2 Pre. I have a voice to give in it.
3 Pre. And I.
And, if persuasion will not work him to it,
We will make known our power.
Nov. sen. You are too violent;
You shall have my consent. But would you had
Made trial of my love in any thing
But this, you should have found then—But it skills not.
You have what you desire.
Roch. I thank your lordships.
Du Croy. The court is up—Make way.
[*Exeunt all but* Rochfort *and* Beaumont.
Roch. I follow you. Beaumont!
Beaum. My lord?
Roch. You are a scholar, Beaumont,
And can search deeper into the intents of men,
Than those that are less knowing. How appeared
The piety and brave behaviour of
Young Charalois to you?
Beaum. It is my wonder,
Since I want language to express it fully;
And sure the colonel—
Roch. Fie! he was faulty. What present money have I?
Beaum. There is no want
Of any sum a private man has use for.
Roch. 'Tis well:
I am strangely taken with this Charalois.
Methinks, from his example, the whole age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his goodness,
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask a courtesy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Prison.*

Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, *and* BEAUMONT.

Malot. 'Tis strange.
Beaum. Methinks so.
Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theorick and practick,
In all humanity, and (to increase the wonder)
Religious, yet a soldier, that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive, for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather chuse to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from christian ceremony.
Malot. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son
To let strong Nature have the better hand,
(In such a case) of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?
Beaum. Twenty-eight;
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appeared his father's father,
And never less than his son; the old man's virtues
So recent in him, as the world may swear,
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.
Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,
And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man in prison, than they should
Rob him of sepulture, considering
These monies borrowed bought the lenders peace,
And all their means they enjoy, nor were diffused
In any impious or licentious path?
Beaum. True! for my part, were it my father's trunk,
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,
Being in my free will (as in his) to shun it.
Pont. Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost:
For in this partial avaricious age
What price bears honour? virtue? Long ago
It was but praised and freezed; but now-a days
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
Did make the heathen far more christian then,
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, christian.
Malot. This morning is the funeral?
Pont. Certainly,
And from this prison,—'twas the son's request,
That his dear father might interment have.
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!
Beaum. They come—observe their order.

Enter funeral. The body borne by four. Captains and soldiers, mourners, 'scutcheons, &c. in very good order. CHARALOIS *and* ROMONT *meet it.* CHARALOIS *speaks.* ROMONT *weeping. Solemn musick. Three Creditors.*

Char. How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
Tears, sighs and blacks filling the simile;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth.—Vouchsafe
To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best, forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love;
[*To* SOLD.
And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or an usurer hath;
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.
Pont, Sir.
Char. Peace! O peace! This scene is wholly mine.
What! Weep ye, soldiers? Blanch not.—Romont weeps.—
Ha! let me see! my miracle is eased,
The jailors and the creditors do weep;
E'en they, that make us weep, do weep themselves,
Be these thy body's balm! These and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive, stinks in his vices, and, being vanished,
The golden calf that was an idol, decked
With marble pillers, jet and porphyry.
Shall quickly both in bone and name consume,
Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth and perfume!
1 *Cred*, Sir.
Char, What? Away, away, for shame! you, prophane rogues,
Must not be mingled with these holy relicks:
This is a sacrifice;—our shower shall crown
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh and bays,
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory;
Your tears would spring but weeds.

1 *Cred.* Would they so?
We'll keep them to stop bottles then.
Rom. No, keep them for your own sins, you rogues,
Till you repent; you'll die else, and be damned.
2 *Cred.* Damned!—ha! ha! ha!
Rom. Laugh ye?
2 *Cred.* Yes, faith, sir; we would be very glad
To please you either way.
1 *Cred.* You are ne'er content,
Crying nor laughing.
Rom. Both with a birth, ye rogues?
2 *Cred.* Our wives, sir, taught us.
Rom. Look, look, you slaves! your thankless cruelty,
And savage manners of unkind Dijon,
Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.
1 *Cred.* 'Slid, sir! what would you, you're so cholerick!
2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so, 'faith.—Let him alone.
They've little else to live on; we have not had
A penny of him, have we?
3 *Cred.* 'Slight, would you have our hearts?
1 *Cred.* We have nothing but his body here in durance,
For all our money.
Priest. On.
Char. One moment more,
But to bestow a *few* poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together:
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold: This other strew
Among the poor;—'tis all I have. Romont,
Wear thou this medal of himself, that, like
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,
E'en in the wildest wilderness of war,
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired themselves:
Wounded and hacked ye were, but never felled.
For me, my portion provide in heaven!—
My root is earthed, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scattered in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolished house.
This would I wear as my inheritance.—
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are both here prisoners!
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep or redeem me from all infamy.

DIRGE.

Fie! cease to wonder,
Though you hear Orpheus, with his ivory lute,
Move trees and rocks,
Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute;
Weak foolish singer, here is one
Would have transformed thyself to stone.

1 *Cred.* No further; look to them at your own peril.
2 *Cred.* No, as they please: Their master's a good man.
I would they were at the Bermudas!
Jailor. You must no farther.
The prison limits you, and the creditors
Exact the strictness.
Rom. Out, you wolfish mongrels!
Whose brains should be knocked out, like dogs in July,
Lest your infection poison a whole town.
Char. They grudge our sorrow. Your ill wills perforce,
Turn now to charity: They would not have us
Walk too far mourning; usurers relief
Grieves if the debtors have too much of grief.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Rochfort's House.*

Enter BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT.

Beaumel. I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do you women marry?

Flor. Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with their husbands.

Bella. You are a fool. She lies, madam; women marry their husbands, to lie with other men.

Flor. 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make. By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you, if you take delight in her licence.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, Florimel; and thou wilt make me too good for a young lady. What an electuary found my father out for his daughter, when he compounded you two my women! For thou, Florimel, art even a grain too heavy, simply, for a waiting-gentlewoman—

Flor. And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

Bella. Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, whom nobody regards. I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out, you know——

Flor. Well said, whirligig.

Bella. You are deceived: I want a peg in the middle.—Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs: go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none; say your prayers twice a day, and, as I take it, you have performed your functions.

Flor. I may be even with you.

Bella. Hark! the court's broke up; go help my old lord out of his caroch, and scratch his head till dinner-time,

Flor. Well. [*Exit.*

Bella. Fie, madam, how you walk! By my maiden-head, you look seven years older than you did this morning. Why there can be nothing under the sun valuable to make you thus a minute.

Beaumel. Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet
To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause
That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

Bella. Uds-light! enjoy your wishes: whilst I live,
One way or other you shall crown your will.
Would you have him your husband that you love,
And can it not be? he is your servant, though,
And may perform the office of a husband.

Beaumel. But there is honour, wench.

Bella. Such a disease
There is indeed, for which ere I would die.—

Beaum. Prithee, distinguish me a maid and wife.

Bella. 'Faith, madam, one may bear any man's children, t'other must bear no man's.

Beaumel. What is a husband?

Bella. Physick, that, tumbling in your belly, will make you sick in the stomach. The only distinction betwixt a husband and a servant is, the first will lie with you when he pleases; the last shall lie with you when you please. Pray tell me, lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel. I would meet love and marriage both at once.

Bella. Why then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemned: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and loved after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would; your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you, you would have further off, is he you love, the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed, than in your bed.

Beaumel. Hum!

Bella. Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulders; now and then under your arm; but seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not the fashion.

Enter NOVALL *junior*, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER.

Nov. jun. Best day to nature's curiosity,
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!—
See! Flora trimmed in her varieties.

Bella. Oh, divine lord!

Nov. jun. No autumn nor no age ever approach
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,
She lost her needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair!

Lilad. Uds-light, my lord, one of the purls of your band
Is, without all discipline, fallen out of his rank.

Nov. jun. How? I would not for a thousand crowns she had seen it. Dear Liladam, reform it.

Bella. Oh, lord *per se*, lord! Quintessence of honour! she walks not under a weed that could deny thee any thing.

Beaumel. Prythee peace, wench! thou dost but blow the fire,
That flames too much already.

[LILADAM *and* AYMER *trim* NOVALL, *whilst* BELLAPERT *her lady.*

Aymer. By gad, my lord, you have the divinest taylor in Christendom; he hath made you look like an angel in your cloth-of-tissue doublet.

Pont. This is a three-legged lord; there is a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus!—See, see how her blood drives to her heart, and strait vaults to her cheeks again!

Malot. What are these?

Pont. One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing; he is master of a music house. The other is his dressing block, upon whom my lord lays all his cloaths and fashions, ere he vouchsafes them his own person; you shall see him in the morning in the galley-foist, at noon in the bullion, in the evening in Quirpo, and all night in—

Malot. A bawdy-house.

Pont. If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: They skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they flatter to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

Malot. Good sir, tell me one thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

Pont. Oh, no, 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

Nov. jun. Mistress, you hear the news? Your father has resigned his presidentship to my lord my father.

Malot. And lord Charalois undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis pity, sir.
A braver hope of so assured a father
Did never comfort France.

Lilad. A good dumb mourner.

Aymer. A silent black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!
As if he had come this Christmas from St Omers,
To see his friends, and returned after twelfth-tide.

Lilad. His colonel looks finely like a drover—

Nov. jun. That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

Aymer. What, he that wears a clout about his neck,
His cuffs in his pocket, and his heart in his mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him!

Beaumel. Servant, tie my hand.

[NOV. *jun. kisses her hand.*

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay
Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way!

Nov. jun. I thus recant; yet now your hand looks white,
Because your lips robbed it of such a right.
Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song
Devoted to my mistress. [*Music.*

SONG.

A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.

Man. *Set, Phœbus! set; a fairer sun doth rise*
From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes
Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;
Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,
The more I strive, the more still I am took.

Wom. *Fair servant! come; the day these eyes do lend*

To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend,
Come, strangle breath.
Man. *What note so sweet as this,*
That calls the spirits to a further bliss?
Wom. *Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume.*
Man. *Let's die; I languish, I consume.*

After the song, enter ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMONT.

Beaum. Romont will come, sir, straight.
Roch. 'Tis well.
Beaumel. My father!
Nov. jun. My honourable lord!
Roch. My lord Novall! this is a virtue in you,
So early up and ready before noon,
That are the map of dressing through all France!
Nov. jun. I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's my saint.
Roch. 'Tis well and courtly;—you must give me leave,—
I have some private conference with my daughter;
Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.
Lilad. We'll wait on you.
Nov. jun. Good morn unto your lordship;
Remember what you have vowed—
[*To* BEAUMELLE.
[*Exeunt all but* ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMELLE.
Beaumel. Perform I must.
Roch. Why how now, Beaumelle? thou look'st not well.
Thou art sad of late;—come cheer thee, I have found
A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits;
A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,
Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.
Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!
My business fills my little time so full,
I cannot stand to talk; I know thy duty
Is handmaid to my will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.
Beaumel. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my fears prove true,
Fate hath wronged love, and will destroy me too.
[*Exit* BEAUMEL.

Enter ROMONT *and Jailor.*

Rom. Sent you for me, sir?
Roch. Yes.
Rom. Your lordship's pleasure?
Roch. Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcoming,
Upon my word:—Sit down, good colonel.
[*Exit Jailor.*
Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
Is to advise you from this iron carriage,
Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear;
To pity, and to counsel you to submit
With expedition to the great Novall:
Recant your stern contempt and slight neglect
Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,
Or you will undergo a heavy censure
In public, very shortly.
Rom. Reverend sir,
I have observed you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my submission to Novall,
Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,
Could it determine me torments and shame.
Submit and crave forgiveness of a beast!—
'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tissue,
Is high fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse,
And bears as rich caparisons. I know
This elephant carries on his back not only
Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic,
And never stoops for it; with his strong-breathed trunk
Snuffs other's titles, lordships, offices,
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws:
What's this unto my freedom? I dare die;
And therefore ask this camel, if these blessings
(For so they would be understood by a man)
But mollify one rudeness in his nature,
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,
At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor
In a just business? Nay, does he not cross
Every deserved soldier and scholar,
As if, when nature made him, she had made
The general antipathy of all virtue?
How savagely and blasphemously he spake
Touching the general, the brave general, dead!
I must weep when I think on't.
Roch. Sir.
Rom. My lord, I am not stubborn: I can melt, you see,
And prize a virtue better than my life:
For though I be not learned, I ever loved
That holy mother of all issues good,
Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file
To polish roughest customs; and in you
She has her right: See! I am calm as sleep.
But when I think of the gross injuries,
The godless wrong done to my general dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;
A soulless dromedary!
Roch. Oh! be temperate.
Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain;
Each man's opinion freely is his own,
Concerning any thing, or any body;
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

Enter BEAUMONT.

Beaum. These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.
Roch. Pay them those sums upon the table; take
Their full releases:—Stay, I want a witness:
Let me intreat you, colonel, to walk in,
And stand but by to see this money paid;
It does concern you and your friend; it was
The better cause you were sent for, though said otherwise.
The deed shall make this my request more plain.
Rom. I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant
To what it tends.
[*Exeunt* ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT.

Enter CHARALOIS.

Roch. Worthiest sir,
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!
You have out-wept a woman, noble Charalois.

No man but has or must bury a father.
Char. Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death
In the grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy men,
Should die alike.
Roch. They do not.
Char. In the manner
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,
And therein differ not: But I have done.
I spied the lively picture of my father,
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water
Into mine eyes: See—foolish that I am,
To let it do so.
Roch. Sweet and gentle nature!
How silken is this well comparatively
To other men! I have a suit to you, sir.
Char. Take it; 'tis granted.
Roch. What?
Char. Nothing, my lord.
Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.
Char. Faith, my lord,
That nothing granted is even all I have,
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.
Roch. Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant
You something, anything.
Char. Nay, surely, I, that can
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.
No man will grant me anything I sue for,
But begging nothing, every man will give it.
Roch. Sir, the love I bore your father, and the worth
I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus send for you:—And tender here
[*Draws a curtain, and discovers a Table, with money and jewels upon it.*
Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,
All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,
Or send your servants: Nor, sir, shall you use,
In aught of this, a poor man's fee, or bribe
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.
Char. How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to mock!
Roch. Mock! thunder strike me then.
Char. You do amaze me:
But you shall wonder too. I will not take
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I
Borrow, that have no means to pay? nay, am
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope
Of ever raising any. All my begging
Is Romont's liberty.

Enter ROMONT, BEAUMONT, *and Creditors loaded with money.*

Roch. Here is your friend,
Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you:
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,
As free a man as he: Your father's debts
Are taken off.
Char. How?
Rom. Sir, it is most true.
I am the witness.
1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.
2 *Cred.* Heaven bless his lordship! I did think him wiser.
3 *Cred.* He a statesman! He an ass. Pay other men's debts?
1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.
Rom. One more such
Would save the rest of pleaders.
Char. Honoured Rochfort—
Lie still my tongue, and blushes scald my cheeks,
That offer thanks in words for such great deeds.
Roch. Call in my daughter: still I have a suit to you, [*Exit* BEAUMONT.
Would you requite me.
Rom. With his life, I assure you.
Roch. Nay, would you make me now your debtor, sir!

Re-enter BEAUMONT, *with* BEAUMELLE.

This is my only child: What she appears,
Your lordship well may see: her education
Follows not any; for her mind, I know it
To be far fairer than her shape, and hope
It will continue so. If now her birth
Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, take
This virgin by the hand, and call her wife,
Endowed with all my fortunes. Bless me so,
Requite me thus, and make me happier,
In joining my poor empty name to yours,
Than if my 'state were multiplied tenfold.
Char. Is this the payment, sir, that you expect!
Why, you precipitate me more in debt,
That nothing but my life can ever pay.
This beauty being your daughter, in which YOURS
I must conceive necessity of her virtue,
Without all dowry is a prince's aim:
Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me
How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont,
That I may know I dreamed, and find this vanished.
Rom. Sure I sleep not.
Roch. Your sentence—life or death.
Char. Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?
Beaumel. Yes, my lord.

Enter NOVALL *jun.* PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER.—*All salute.*

Char. You need not question me if I can you:
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,
And Rochfort is your father.
Nov. jun. What's this change?
Roch. You meet my wishes, gentlemen.
Rom. What make
These dogs in doublets here?
Beaumel. A visitation, sir.
Char. Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my faith,
Thus seal it in the sight of Heaven and men!
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,
In true love-knots, which nought but death shall loose.

And let these tears, an emblem of our loves,
Like crystal rivers individually
Flow into one another; make one source,
Which never man distinguish, less divide!
Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls;
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate;
And, though with little wooing I have won,
My future life shall be a wooing time,
And every day new as the bridal one.
Oh, sir! I groan under your courtesies,
More than my father's bones under his wrongs.
You, Curtius-like, have thrown into the gulf
Of this his country's foul ingratitude,
Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.

Roch. No more, my glory! come, let's in, and hasten
This celebration.

Rom. Mal. Pon. Beau. All fair bliss upon it!
[*Exeunt* ROCHFORT, CHARALOIS, ROMONT, BEAUMONT, *and* MALOTIN.

Nov. jun. Mistress!

Beaum. Oh servant!—Virtue strengthen me!
Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:
You will undo me if you speak again.
[*Exit* BEAUMELLE.

Lilad. Aym. Here will be sport for you. This works. [*Exeunt* LILADAM *and* AYMER.

Nov. jun. Peace! peace!

Pont. One word, my lord Novall!

Nov. jun. What, thou wouldst money?—there!

Pont. No, I'll none, I'll not be bought a slave,
A pander, or a parasite, for all
Your father's worth. Though you have saved my life,
Rescued me often from my wants, I must not
Wink at your follies that will ruin you.
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth:
Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,
Now you do see her made another man's,
And such a man's, so good, so popular!
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.
The benefits you've done me are not lost,
Nor cast away; they are pursed here in my heart;
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way,
Than to defend your vices, or to sooth them.

Nov. jun. Ha, ha! what are my courses unto thee?
Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that
That shall concern thyself. [*Exit* NOVALL.

Pont. No more but scorn?
Move on then, stars, work your pernicious will:
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [*Exit.*

Hautboys.—Here a passage over the stage, while the act is playing for the marriage of CHARALOIS *with* BEAUMELLE, *&c.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CHARALOIS' *House.*

Enter NOVALL *jun. and* BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. FLY not to these excuses; thou hast been
False in thy promise—and, when I have said
Ungrateful, all is spoken.

Bella. Good my lord! but hear me only.

Nov. jun. To what purpose, trifler?
Can any thing that thou canst say make void
The marriage? Or those pleasures but a dream,
Which Charalois (oh Venus!) hath enjoyed?

Bella. I yet could say that you receive advantage
In what you think a loss, would you vouchsafe me;
That you were never in the way till now
With safety to arrive at your desires;
That pleasure makes love to you, unattended
By danger or repentance.

Nov. jun. That I could
But apprehend one reason how this might be!
Hope would not then forsake me.

Bella. The enjoying
Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying,
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.

Nov. jun. Give some relish
How this may appear possible.

Bella. I will,
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.
You say my lady's married—I confess it:
That Charalois hath enjoyed her—'tis most true:
That with her he's already master of
The best part of my old lord's state—still better.
But that the first or last should be your hindrance,
I utterly deny: For, but observe me,
While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin,
What courtesy could she with her honour give,
Or you receive with safety? Take me with you;
When I say courtesy, do not think I mean
A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter,
An hour of private conference; those are trifles.
In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters, point at
The sport direct, where not alone the lover
Brings his artillery, but uses it;
Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy
Do you expect, and sudden.

Nov. jun. But he tasted
The first sweets, Bellapert.

Bell. He wrong'd you shrewdly!
He toil'd to climb up to the phœnix' nest,
And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy.
I do not know, you that are perfect criticks
In woman's books, may talk of maidenheads—

Nov. jun. But for her marriage!

Bella. 'Tis a fair protection
'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever

Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad
That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure,
To say adultery's sweeter, that is stale;
This only—is not the contentment more,
To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival?
More I could say—but, briefly, she doats on you;
If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me
With the next gold you give me.

Enter BEAUMELLE.

Beaumel. How is this, servant? courting my woman?
Bella. As an entrance to
The favour of the mistress. You are together,
And I am perfect in my cue. [*Going.*
Beaumel. Stay, Bellapert.
Bella. In this I must not, with your leave, obey you.
Your taylor and your tire-woman wait without,
And stay my counsel and direction for
Your next day's dressing. I have much to do,
Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious,
Continue idle; this choice lord will find
So fit employment for you! [*Exit* BELLAPERT.
Beaumel. I shall grow angry.
Nov. jun. Not so; you have a jewel in her, madam

Re-enter BELLAPERT.

I had forgot to tell your ladyship,
The closet is private, and your couch there ready;
And, if you please that I shall lose the key,
But say so, and 'tis done. [*Exit.*
Beaumel. You come to chide me, servant, and bring with you
Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly,
My father found too much obedience in me,
By being won too soon; yet, if you please
But to remember, all my hopes and fortunes
Had reference to his liking, you will grant,
That though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for myself.
Nov. jun. With too much fervour
I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress,
To esteem that an injury to me,
Which was to you convenient; that is past
My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady,
In recompence of all my duteous service,
(Provided that your will answer your power)
Become my creditress.
Beaumel. I understand you;
And for assurance the request you make
Shall not be long unanswered, pray you sit;
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find
My passions are much fitter to desire,
Than to be sued to.

Enter ROMONT *and* FLORIMEL *behind.*

Flor. Sir, it is not envy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My lady's good opinion, that is the motive
Of this discovery; but the due payment
Of what I owe her honour.
Rom. So I conceive it.
Flor. I have observed too much, nor shall my silence
Prevent the remedy:—yonder they are;
I dare not be seen with you. You may do
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
The office of a faithful and tried friend
To my young lord. [*Exit* FLORIMEL.
Rom. This is no vision: Ha!
Nov. jun. With the next opportunity?
Beaumel. By this kiss, and this, and this.
Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus!
Rom. [*Comes forward.*] If I seem rude, your pardon, lady;—yours
I do not ask: Come, do not dare to shew me
A face of anger, or the least dislike;
Put on, and suddenly, a milder look;
I shall grow rough else.
Nov. jun. What have I done, sir,
To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you?
Rom. Done, popinjay! Why, dost thou think that, if
I e'er had dream't that thou hadst done me wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?
Beaumel. This is something more
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.
Nov. jun. Your presence and the place make him presume
Upon my patience.
Rom. As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy taylor! and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man,
Than can be hoped from thee: Thou art his creature,
And, did he not each morning new create thee,
Thou'dst stink and be forgotten. I will not change
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some testimony, under good men's hands,
Thou art a Christian: I suspect thee strongly,
And will be satisfied; 'till which time, keep from me.—
The entertainment of your visitation
Has made what I intended one a business.
Nov. jun. So we shall meet—Madam!
Rom. Use that leg again, and I'll cut off the other.
Nov. jun. Very good. [*Exit* NOV.
Rom. What a perfume the muskcat leaves behind him!
Do you admit him for a property,
To save your charges, lady?
Beaumel. 'Tis not useless,
Now you are to succeed him.
Rom. So I respect you,
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,
That I chuse rather not to understand
Your nasty scoff, than——
Beaumel. What, you will not beat me,
If I expound it to you! Here's a tyrant
Spares neither man nor woman!
Rom. My intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay

To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it
To spend on such as know how to admire
Such coloured stuff. In me there now speaks to you
As true a friend and servant to your honour,
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,
As ever man did goodness. But then, lady,
You must endeavour not alone to be,
But to appear, worthy such love and service.
Beaumel. To what tends this?
Rom. Why, to this purpose, lady.
do desire you should prove such a wife
To Charalois (and such a one he merits)
As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at;
Not only innocent from crime, but free
From all taint and suspicion.
Beaumel. They are base that judge me otherwise.
Rom. But yet be careful:
Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
But I'll be plainer with you: had the people
Been learnt to speak but what even now I saw,
Their malice out of that would raise an engine
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,
You used familiarity beyond
A modest entertainment: you embraced him
With too much ardour for a stranger, and
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him; you will find it safer
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.
Beaumel. This pretty rag about your neck shews well,
And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you
As terrible as thrifty.
Rom. Madam!
Beaumel. Yes:
And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour,
Will outlast twenty scarfs.
Rom. What mean you, lady?
Beaumel. And then all else about you cap-a-pee,
So uniform in spite of handsomeness,
Shews such a bold contempt of comeliness,
That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer
Grew mad with love of you.
Rom. Is my free counsel
Answered with this ridiculous scorn?
Beaumel. These objects
Stole very much of my attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak truth,
Delivered gravely, but to little purpose,
That almost would have made me swear, some curate
Had stolen into the person of Romont,
And, in the praise of good-wife honesty,
Had read an homily.
Rom. By this hand——
Beaumel. And sword;
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—
You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the camp, which affords only
The conversation of cast suburb whores,
To set down to a lady of my rank
Limits of entertainment?
Rom. Sure a legion has possest this woman!
Beaumel. One stamp more would do well: yet I desire not
You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.
You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean linen;
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That though a thousand watches were set on me,
And you the master-spy, I yet would use
The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours;
Yet such as live upon my means shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my lord
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this:
You have something to inform him.
[*Exit* Beaumelle.
Rom. And I will;
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, heaven,
But, hearing, pardon me; if these fruits grow
Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it,
As a forbidden sweet. An heir and rich,
Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife,
And I will rather chuse a spittle sinner,
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,
And take it for a blessing, rather than
Be fettered to the hellish slavery
Of such an impudence.

Enter Beaumont *with writings.*

Beaum. Colonel, good fortune
To meet you thus! you look sad, but I'll tell you
Something that shall remove it. O how happy
Is my lord Charalois in his fair bride!
Rom. A happy man indeed!—pray you, in what?
Beaum. I dare swear, you would think so good a lady
A dower sufficient.
Rom. No doubt. But on.
Beaum. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed
All that is excellent!
Rom. Women have no cunning to gull the world!
Beaum. Yet to all these, my lord,
Her father gives the full addition of
All he does now possess in Burgundy:
These writings to confirm it are new sealed,
And I most fortunate to present him with them;
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me?
Rom. You will find him breaking a young horse.
Beaum. I thank you. [*Exit* Beaumont.
Rom. I must do something worthy Charalois' friendship.
If she were well inclined, to keep her so
Deserved not thanks; and yet, to stay a woman,
Spurred headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,

Is harder than to prop a falling tower
With a deceiving reed.

Enter ROCHFORT, *speaking to a Servant within.*

Roch. Some one seek for me,
As soon as he returns.
Rom. Her father! ha!——
How if I break this to him? Sure it cannot
Meet with an ill construction. His wisdom,
Made powerful by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.
It shall be so—my lord!
Roch. Your friend, Romont:
Would you aught with me?
Rom. I stand so engaged
To your so many favours, that I hold it
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,
Though with some imputation to myself,
All doubts that may concern you.
Roch. The performance
Will make this protestation worth my thanks.
Rom. Then, with your patience, lend me your attention;
For what I must deliver, whispered only,
You will with too much grief receive.

Enter BEAUMELLE *and* BELLAPERT, *behind.*

Beaumel. See, wench!
Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his complaint; but be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.
Bella. Fear not me, pox on him!
A captain turned informer against kissing;
Would he were hanged up in his rusty armour!—
But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots
Of such a mouldy murrion on itself,
Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call,
With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us!
Roch. This in my daughter! Do not wrong her.
Bella. Now begin:
The game's afoot, and we in distance.
Beaumel. [*Comes forward.*] 'Tis thy fault, foolish girl! pin on my veil,
I will not wear those jewels. Am I not
Already matched beyond my hopes? Yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Again to please a suitor.
Bella. 'Tis the course
That our great ladies take.
Beaumel. A weak excuse!
Those that are better seen in what concerns
A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.
You wait well! in your absence, my lord's friend,
The understanding, grave, and wise Romont——
Rom. Must I be still her sport! [*Aside.*
Beaumel. Reproved me for it;
And he has travelled to bring home a judgment,
Not to be contradicted. You will say
My father, that owes more to years than he,
Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,
And I must use them: True but not to offend,
Or render me suspected.
Roch. Does your fine story begin from this?
Beaumel. I thought a parting kiss
From young Novall would have displeased so more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I must restrain such favours now: look, therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest course of life that jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour
Shall call my fame in question.
Rom. Ten dissemblers
Are in this subtle devil!—You believe this?
Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a nature.
Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.
Roch. And for you, daughter, off with this, off with it!
I have that confidence in your goodness, I,
That I will not consent to have you live
Like to a recluse in a cloister: Go,
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry
Use all fit liberty.
Bella. Blessing upon you!
If this new preacher, with the sword and feather,
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,
We should have a fine world. [*Exit* BELLAPERT
Roch. Sir, if you please
To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,
The house is at your service; but, if not,
Though you seek company elsewhere, your absence
Will not be much lamented. [*Exit* ROCHFORT.
Rom. If this be
The recompense of striving to preserve
A wanton giglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all mankind panders.—Do you smile,
Good lady looseness? Your whole sex is like you,
And that man's mad that seeks to better any:
What new change have you next?
Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, sir!
I'll shift into a thousand, but I will
Convert your heresy.
Rom. What heresy? speak!
Beaumel. Of keeping a lady that is married,
From entertaining servants.——

Enter NOVALL *jun.* MALOTIN, LILADAM, AYMER, *and* PONTALIER.

O, you're welcome!
Use any means to vex him,
And then with welcome follow me.
[*Exit* BEAUMEL.
Nov. jun. You are tired
With your grave exhortations, colonel!
Lilad. How is it? Faith, your lordship may do well
To help him to some church-preferment: 'Tis
The fashion now for men of all conditions,
However they have lived, to end that way.
Aymer. That face would do well in a surplice.
Rom. Rogues, be silent—or—

Pont. S'death! will you suffer this?
Rom. And you, the master rogue, the coward rascal,
I shall be with you suddenly.
Nov. jun. Pontalier,
If I should strike him, I know I should kill him:
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for
He is good for nothing else.
Lilad. His back
Appears to me, as it would tire a beadle;
And then he has a knotted brow, would bruise
A court-like hand to touch it.
Aymer. He looks like
A currier, when his hides grow dear.
Pont. Take heed he curry not some of you.
Nov. jun. Gads me! he is angry.
Rom. I break no jests, but I can break my sword
About your pates.

Enter Charalois *and* Beaumont.

Lilad. Here's more.
Aymer. Come, let us begone:
We are beleaguered.
Nov. jun. Look, they bring up their troops.
Pont. Will you sit down with this disgrace?
You are abused most grossly.
Lilad. I grant you, sir, we are; and you would have us
Stay, and be more abused.
Nov. jun. My lord, I am sorry
Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.
[*Exeunt all but* Charalois *and* Romont.
Char. Prythee, Romont, what caused this uproar?
Rom. Nothing;
They laughed, and used their scurvy wits upon me.
Char. Come, 'tis thy jealous nature: but I wonder
That you, which are an honest man and worthy,
Should foster this suspicion: No man laughs,
No one can whisper, but thou apprehendest
His conference and his scorn reflect on thee:
For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.
Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such
As are obnoxious to those foolish things
As they can gibe at.
Rom. Well, sir.
Char. Thou art known
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,
Which is as fearing to do injury,
As tender to endure it; not a brabbler,
A swearer—
Rom. Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?
If I be known none such, how vainly you
Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you,
And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor
Fits not so old a soldier as I am:
And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf
I grew enraged thus; yet had rather die
Than open the great cause a syllable further.
Char. In my behalf? Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demeaned himself, to give
The least occasion to the loosest tongue
To throw aspersions on him? Or so weakly
Protected his own honour, as it should
Need a defence from any but himself?
They're fools that judge me by my outward seeming.
Why should my gentleness beget abuse?
The lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every man a coward that can weep.
For God's sake, speak the cause.
Rom. Not for the world.
Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,
Beyond the cure of physick; drink your blood,
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,
Would I had perished in the prison's jaws,
From whence I was redeemed! 'Twill wear you old,
Before you have experience in that art
That causes your affliction.
Char. Thou dost strike
A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,
And shrink'st my liver like the calenture.
Declare this foe of mine and life's, that like
A man I may encounter and subdue it.
It shall not have one such effect in me
As thou denouncest: With a soldier's arm,
If it be strength, I'll meet it;
If a fault belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off
With mine own reason, as a scholar should.
Speak, though it make me monstrous.
Rom. I will die first.
Farewell! continue merry, and high heaven
Keep your wife chaste!
Char. Hum!—Stay, and take this wolf
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or
For ever lose me.
Rom. Lose not, sir, yourself,
And I will venture—so, the door is fast.
[*Locks the door.*
Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself,
Summon your spirits, muster all your strength
That can belong to man; sift passion
From every vein, and, whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter and ruin:
Make me not parent to sin.—You will know
This secret that I burn with?
Char. Devil on't,
What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish
My wife's continuance of chastity.
Rom. There was no hurt in that.
Char. Why, do you know
A likelihood, or possibility, unto the contrary?
Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; these the grounds:
The servant of your wife now, young Novall,
The son unto your father's enemy,
(Which aggravates my presumption the more)
I have been warned of, touching her:—nay, seen them
Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
To pose arithmetic, or whose eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their mouths engender, and their palms

Glewed, as if love had locked them; their words flow
And melt each other's, like two circling flames,
Where chastity, like a phœnix, methought, burned,
But left the world nor ashes nor an heir.—
Why stand you silent thus? What cold dull phlegm,
As if you had no drop of choler mixed
In your whole constitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?
Char. You did not see him on my couch within,
Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed?
Rom. No.
Char. Ha! ha!
Rom. Laugh you! E'en so did your wife,
And her indulgent father.
Char. They were wise:
Would'st have me be a fool?
Rom. No, but a man.
Char. There is no dram of manhood to suspect,
On such thin airy circumstance as this;
Mere compliment and courtship. Was this tale
The hideous monster which you so concealed?
Away, thou curious impertinent,
And idle searcher of such lean, nice, toys!
Go, thou seditious sower of debate!
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom doubts
He holds not worth enough to countervail
The virtue and the beauty of his wife!
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose venom, time nor medicine could assuage,
Thus do I put thee off, and, confident
In mine own innocency and desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,
To put Novall in balance against me;
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.
Hence, busy body! thou'rt no friend to me,
That must be kept to a wife's injury.
Rom. Is't possible?—Farewell, fine honest man!
Sweet-tempered lord, adieu! What apoplexy
Hath knit sense up? Is this Romont's reward?
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,
With what a healthful hope I did administer
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently!
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit.
Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire,
Ere live to have men's marginal fingers point
At Charalois, as a lamented story!
An emperor put away his wife for touching
Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,
And keep her, I think.—Phoh! I am a fire
To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.
Bleed—What a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,
If you will be a cuckold? Here I shew
A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun,
Or that, the peril; if you will run on,
I cannot help it.
Char. Didst thou never see me
Angry, Romont?
Rom. Yes, and pursue a foe
Like lightning.
Char. Prithee, see me so no more.
I can be so again.—Put up thy sword:
And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.
Rom. Come, fright your foes with this, sir; I am your friend,
And dare stand by you thus.
Char. Thou'rt not my friend;
Or being so, thou'rt mad; I must not buy
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,
Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more:
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,
That opened mine to me? Yes; if I do,
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. [*Exit.*
Rom. A dull Dutch rather:—Fall and cool, my blood!
Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,
That is so low, and cold himself in it! woman,
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!
Now wealth, I see, change manners and the man.
Something I must do, mine own wrath to assuage,
And note my friendship to an after-age. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* NOVALL'S *House.*

NOVALL *junior discovered seated before a looking-glass, with a Barber and Perfumer dressing his hair, while a Tailor adjusts a new suit which he wears.* LILADAM, AYMER, *and Page attending.*

Nov. jun. Mend this a little: Pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh! fie upon it!—O lord! he has made me smell, for all the world, like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder, powder!

Perf. Oh, sweet lord!

Page. That's his perfumer.

Tail. Oh, dear lord!

Page. That's his tailor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam! Aymer! how allow you the model of these clothes?

Aymer. Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it is pity the worms should eat thee.

Page. Here is a fine cell! a lord, a taylor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: Three to three, as little wit in the one, as honesty in the other. S'foot, I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants: here I hear nothing all day, but—upon my soul! as I am a gentleman, and an honest man!

Aymer. I vow and affirm, your taylor must needs be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely—Here is a lace laid as directly, as if truth were a taylor.

Page. That were a miracle.

Lilad. With a hair's breadth's error, there is a shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in puncto.

Aymer. You are right, monsieur, his vestments sit as if they grew upon him; or art had wrought them on the same loom, as nature framed his lordship; as if your taylor were deeply read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body, with a Jacob's staff, an ephimerides.

Tayl. I am bound to ye, gentlemen!

Page. You are deceived; they will be bound to you: You must remember to trust them none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable, neat artificer, give the devil his due.

Page. Aye, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

Nov. jun. I now want only my mistress's approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual queen of dressing in all Burgundy—pah! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country. Is it not true, Liladam?

Lilad. True, my lord! as if any thing your lordship could say, could be otherwise than true.

Nov. jun. Nay, o' my soul, it is so; what fouler object in the world, than to see a young, fair, handsome beauty, unhandsomely dighted, and incongruently accoutered; or a hopeful chevalier, unmethodically appointed, in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman,) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habiliment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.

Page. An admirable lecture! ah, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

Aymer. By the lard, sweet lard! thou deservest a pension of the state.

Page. O' the taylors; two such lords were able to spread taylors over the face of a whole kingdom.

Nov. jun. 'Pox o' this glass! It flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

Page. O, save the glass, my lord! and break their heads: They are the greater flatterers, I assure you.

Aymer. Flatters! detracts, impairs.—Yet, put it bye,
Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus-like, should'st doat
Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world
Of Nature's copy, that she works form by.

Lilad. Oh, that I were the Infanta queen of Europe!
Who, but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?

Nov. jun. I marry? Were there a queen of the world, not I.
Wedlock? No, padlock; horse-lock; I wear spurs
(*He capers.*
To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer,
Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows,
I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,
Feed in my neighbour's pastures; pick my choice
Of all their fair-maned mares: But, married once,
A man is staked or poun'd, and cannot graze
Beyond his own hedge.

Enter Pontalier *and* Malotin.

Pont. I have waited, sir,
Three hours to speak with you, and take it not well,
Such magpies are admitted, whilst I dance
Attendance.

Lilad. Magpies! What do ye take me for?

Pont. A long thing, with a most unpromising face.

Aymer. I'll never ask him what he takes me for.

Malot. Do not, sir,
For he'll go near to tell you.

Pont. Art not thou a barber-surgeon?

Barb. Yes, sirrah; why?

Pont. My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.

Lilad. Aymer. Humph———

Pont. I prythee, cure him of them.

Nov. jun. Pish! no more;
Thy gall sure is overflown: These are my council,
And we were now in serious discourse.

Pont. Of perfume and apparel! Can you rise,
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these?

Nov. jun. Thou'dst have me be a dog: Up, stretch, and shake,
And ready for all day.

Pont. Sir, would you be
More curious in preserving of your honour
Trim, it were more manly. I am come to wake
Your reputation from this lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, importune,
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong,
Which, like a burden, he hath laid on you,
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.
'Tis all the town talks; and, believe it, sir,
If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,
Utterly lost; you will be scorned and baffled
By every lacquey: season now your youth

With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour
Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb,
Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this life,
Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine;
I borrowed it of you, and now will pay it:
I tender you the service of my sword
To bear your challenge; if you'll write, your fate
I'll make mine own; whate'er betide you, I,
That have lived by you, by your side will die.
Nov. jun. Ha! ha! wouldst have me challenge poor Romont?—
Fight with close breeches, thou may'st think I dare not:
Do not mistake me, coz, I'm very valiant;
But valour shall not make me such an ass.
What use is there of valour now-a-days?
'Tis sure, or to be killed, or to be hanged.
Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade;
Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont?
No, I'll not fight under a lord.
Pont. Farewell, sir! I pity you.
Such living lords walk their dead honour's graves,
For no companions fit, but fools and knaves.
Come, Malotin.
[*Exeunt* PONTALIER *and* MALOTIN.

Enter ROMONT.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant!
Aymer. He has brought a battle in his face; let's go,
Page. Colbrand, do you call him? He'll make some of you smoke, I believe.
Rom. By your leave, sirs!
Aymer. Are you a consort?
Rom. Do you take me for
A fiddler? you are deceived: Look! I'll pay you.
[*Kicks them.*
Page. It seems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you so.
Lilad. Was there ever so base a fellow?
Aymer. A rascal.
Lilad. A most uncivil groom.
Aymer. Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's chamber! A pox of your manners!
Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone: thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir against thee, hang us.
Page. 'Sfoot, I think they have the better on him, though they be kicked, they talk so.
Lilad. Let us leave the mad ape. [*Going.*
Nov. jun. Gentlemen!
Lilad. Nay, my lord! we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.
Nov. jun, Hark you!
Aymer. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands!
Page. I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats
Man, woman, and child.
[*Exeunt all but* NOVALL *and* ROMONT.

Nov. jun. What mean you, sir? My people!
Rom. Your boy is gone,
[*Locks the doo*
And your door's locked, yet for no hurt to yo
But privacy. Call up your blood again:—Be n
afraid, I do beseech you, sir;
And therefore come, without more circumstanc
Tell me how far the passages have gone
'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.
Tell me the truth, and, by my hope of heaven,
It never shall go farther.
Nov. jun. Tell you! Why, sir,
Are you my confessor?
Rom. I will be your confounder, if you d
not. [*Draws a pocket dagg*
Stir not, nor spend your voice.
Nov. jun. What will you do?
Rom. Nothing but line your brain-pan, si
with lead,
If you not satisfy me suddenly.
I am desperate of my life, and command your
Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow t
Heaven and you,
She's yet untouched, more than her face an
hands.
I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,
On my solicitous wooing she consented,
Where time and place met opportunity,
To grant me all requests.
Rom. But, may I build
On this assurance?
Nov. jun. As upon your faith.
Rom. Write this, sir! nay, you must.
[*Draws inkhorn and pape*
Nov. jun. Pox of this gun!
Rom. Withall, sir, you must swear, and p
your oath
Under your hand, (shake not,) ne'er to freque
This lady's company; nor ever send
Token, or message, or letter, to incline
This, too much prone already, yielding lady.
Nov. jun. 'Tis done, sir.
Rom. Let me see this first is right:
And here you wish a sudden death may light
Upon your body, and hell take your soul,
If ever more you see her but by chance,
Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your hand
Nov. jun. My hand to this!
Rom. Your heart else, I assure you.
Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.
Rom. So, keep this last article
Of your faith given, and 'stead of threatenings, si
The service of my sword and life is yours.
But not a word of it:—'tis fairies' treasure,
Which, but revealed, brings on the blabber's rui
Use your youth better, and this excellent form
Heaven hath bestow'd upon you. So, good mor-
row to your lordship. [*Exit*
Nov. jun. Good devil to your rogueship! N
man's safe——
I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber
Against such roaring rogues.

Enter BELLAPERT *hastily.*

Bella. My lord, away!——

The caroch stays: Now have your wish, and judge
If I have been forgetful.
Nov. jun. Ha!
Bella. Do you stand
Humming and hawing now! [*Exit.*
Nov. jun. Sweet wench, I come.
Hence, fear!
I swore—that's all one; my next oath I'll keep
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No pain is due to lovers' perjury:
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I.
[*Exit* Novall.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* Aymer's *House.*

Enter Charalois *and* Beaumont.

Beaum. I grieve for the distaste, though I have manners
Not to inquire the cause, fallen out between
Your lordship and Romont.
Char. I love a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds
Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps
Too far on what is proper to myself,
And puts the habit of a governor on,
I must and will preserve my liberty.
But speak of something else; this is a theme
I take no pleasure in. What's this Aymer?
Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in
The chiefest parts of music, you bestow
Such praises on?
Beaum. He is a gentleman,
(For so his quality speaks him) well received
Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds
His main dependence from the young lord Novall.
Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,
As all musicians have, and more of him
I dare not author: But, when you have heard him,
I may presume your lordship so will like him,
That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.
Char. I never was an enemy to it, Beaumont;
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old captains, that thought nothing musical,
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums and trumpets:
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,
Affirm the world was made by musical discord,
Or that the happiness of our life consists
In a well-varied note upon the lute:
I love it to the worth of it, and no farther.—
But let us see this wonder.
Beaum. He prevents my calling of him.

Enter Aymer, *speaking to one within.*

Aymer. Let the coach be brought
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up—
My good lord Charalois! I think my house
Much honoured in your presence.
Char. To have means
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither,
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome
In making me a witness to your skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.
Aymer. Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted
With your intent, my lord, you should have found me
Better provided: Now, such as it is,
Pray you grace with your acceptance.
Beaum. You are modest.
Aymer. Begin the last new air.
[*To Musicians within.*
Char. Shall we not see them?
Aymer. This little distance from the instruments
Will to your ears convey the harmony
With more delight.
Char. I'll not contend.
Aymer. You are tedious. [*To the Musicians.*
By this means shall I with one banquet please
Two companies, those within, and these gulls here. [*Music and a song.*

Citizens' Song of the Courtier.

Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this lesson learn to thrive;
If thou match a lady, that
Passes thee in birth and state,
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree;
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her servants, and thee honour.

Beaumel. within. Ha! ha! ha!
Char. How's this! It is my lady's laugh, most certain.
When I first pleased her, in this merry language.
She gave me thanks. [*Aside.*
Beaum. How like you this?
Char. 'Tis rare——
Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly
To write myself in the black list of those
I have declaimed against, and to Romont. [*Aside.*
Aymer. I would he were well off!—Perhaps your lordship
Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;
'Tis called *The Happy Husband.*
Char. Pray you sing it.

Courtier's Song of the Citizens.

Poor citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me
To set thy wife first in thy shop;
A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man up.
What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,
A woman still is current ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But whilst thou art at t'other end,
Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,
Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;
And after supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort though thou wake:
What though the gallants call thee Mome!

Yet with thy lantern light her home;
Then look into the town, and tell
If no such tradesmen there do well.

At the end of the song, BEAUMELLE *within.*

Beaumel. Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom.
Char. Do I hear this,
And yet stand doubtful? [*Exit* CHARALOIS.
Aymer. Stay him! I am undone,
And they discovered.
Beaum. What's the matter?
Aymer. Ah!
That women, when they're pleased, cannot hold,
But must laugh out.

Re-enter CHARALOIS, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* NOVALL *jun.* BEAUMELLE, *and* BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. Help! save me! murder! murder!
Beaumel. Undone, undone for ever!
Char. Oh, my heart!
Hold yet a little—do not hope to 'scape
By flight, it is impossible. Though I might
On all advantage take thy life, and justly,
This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was drawn
But to a noble purpose, shall not now
Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it
To right mine honour, not for a revenge
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off
Thy family, with all that are allied
To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of
All terms of satisfaction. Draw!
Nov. jun. I dare not:
I have already done you too much wrong
To fight in such a cause.
Char. Why, dar'st thou neither
Be honest coward, nor yet valiant knave?
In such a cause! come, do not shame thyself;
Such whose blood's wrongs, or wrong done to themselves,
Could never heat, are yet, in the defence
Of their whores, daring. Look on her again:
You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel, to
Venture your body.
Beaum. No, he fears his clothes
More than his flesh.
Char. Keep from me! Guard thy life,
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt
Die like a sheep.
Nov. jun. Since there is no remedy,
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!
[*They fight.* NOVALL *is slain.*
Char. How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown!
Lend me your hand;
Bear this to the caroch—Come, you have taught me
To say, you must and shall:
[*Exeunt* BEAUMONT *and* BELLAPERT, *with the body of* NOVALL; *followed by* BEAUMELLE.
I wrong you not,
You are but to keep him company you love.

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

—Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care,
All you can apprehend within the house
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?
Beaum. No, sir.
Char. My griefs are now thus to be borne;
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMONT *and* PONTALIER.

Pont. I was bound to seek you, sir.
Rom. And, had you found me
In any place but in the street, I should
Have done, not talked to you. Are you the captain,
The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen
Do in the field such service, as then made you
Their envy that commanded, here at home
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,
And, it may be, the pander?
Pont. Without this,
I come to call you to account for what
Is past already. I, by your example
Of thankfulness to the dead general,
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so
To my good lord Novall, by whom I live;
Whose least disgrace, that is or may be offered,
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes,
I will make good on you, or any man
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt
You will except against me. You shall meet
With a fair enemy: you understand
The right I look for, and must have?
Rom. I do;
And with the next day's sun you shall hear from me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CHARALOIS' *House.*

Enter CHARALOIS *with a casket,* BEAUMELLE, *and* BEAUMONT.

Char. Pray bear this to my father; at his leisure
He may peruse it: But, with your best language,
Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn
Not to reveal what I have done.
Beaum. Nor will I—but—
Char. Doubt me not; by Heaven, I will do nothing
But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave me [*Exit* BEAUMONT.
To my own thoughts.—If this be to me, rise:
[BEAUMEL. *kneels.*
I am not worth the looking on, but only
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,
Who with the loss of your fair name have caused it,
Were too much cruelty.
Beaumel. I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far
Beyond qualification or excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of mercy; only I presume
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears

Are the true children of my grief,
And not a woman's cunning.
Char. Can you, Beaumelle,
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,
Though I were all credulity, hope again
To get belief? No, no; if you look on me
With pity, or dare practise any means
To make my sufferings less, or give just cause
To all the world to think what I must do
Was called upon by you, use other ways:
Deny what I have seen, or justify
What you have done; and, as you desperately
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,
Use the arms of such a one, and such defence,
And multiply the sin with impudence.
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth,
That you have done but what is warranted
By great examples, in all places where
Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,
Or want in me of merit; tell me how
Your dower, from the low gulf of poverty,
Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are:
That I was purchased by your choice and practice
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin
As boldly as securely; that poor men
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,
One day their husbands, but observers ever.
That when, by this proud usage, you have blown
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,
I then may kill you, and yet say, 'twas done
In heat of blood, and after die myself,
To witness my repentance.
Beaumel. O my fate!
That never would consent that I should see
How worthy you were both of love and duty,
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glass, in which I now behold your virtue!
While I was good I was a part of you,
And of two, by the virtuous harmony
Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I wandered
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,
What was inseparable is by me divided.
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
And from your memory wash the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,
And study to forget.
Char. O Beaumelle!
That you can speak so well, and do so ill!
But you had been too great a blessing, if
You had continued chaste: See, how you force me
To this, because mine honour will not yield
That I again should love you.
Beaumel. In this life
It is not fit you should: Yet you shall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,
That are canonized worthy of our sex,
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.
Char. How pity steals upon me! should I hear her [*Knocks within.*
But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in. [*Exit* BEAUMEL.
That to be merciful should be a sin!

Enter ROCHFORT.

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak,
I must not be denied.—Here are your robes;
As you love justice, once more put them on.
There is a cause to be determined of,
That does require such an integrity
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to
The trial of your constancy and goodness;
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;
I will before you presently. [*Exit.*
Roch. Angels guard me!
To what strange tragedy does this induction
Serve for a prologue?

Enter CHARALOIS, BEAUMELLE, *and* BEAUMONT, *with Servants bearing the body of* NOVALL *junior.*

Char. So, set it down before
The judgment seat,—[*Exeunt Servants.*] and stand you at the bar:
For me, I am the accuser.
Roch. Novall slain!
And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place
Of one to be arraigned!
Char. O, are you touched?
I find that I must take another course.
[*He hoodwinks* ROCHFORT.
Fear nothing; I will only blind your eyes,
For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet
An object, that may sway her equal doom
From what it should be aimed at. Good my lord,
A day of hearing.
Roch. It is granted, speak—You shall have justice.
Char. I then here accuse,
Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter
For whom I owed so much to you; your daughter,
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth
Set forth by yours, (to whose so rare perfections,
Truth witness with me, in the place of service,
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,)
To be a false adultress.
Roch. With whom?
Char. With this Novall, here dead.
Roch. Be well advised,
And, ere you say adulteress again,
Her fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.
Char. I took them in the act:
I know no proof beyond it.
Roch. O my heart!
Char. A judge should feel no passions.
Roch. Yet, remember
He is a man, and cannot put off nature.
What answer makes the prisoner?
Beaumel. I confess

The fact I am charged with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.
Roch. Heaven take mercy
Upon your soul, then! It must leave your body.—
Now free mine eyes; I dare unmoved look on her,
And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.
[CHAR. *unbinds his eyes.*
Since that the politic law provides that servants,
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die,
If they abuse our trust; what can you look for,
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
All he received from his brave ancestors,
Or he could leave to his posterity,
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety
All his life's joys and comforts were locked up,
Which thy hot lust, a thief, hath now stolen from him;
And therefore———
Char. Stay, just judge;—may not what's lost
By her one fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair life hereafter?
Roch. Never, sir.
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed
Repentant tears can never expiate;
And be assured, to pardon such a sin,
Is an offence as great as to commit it.
Char. I may not then forgive her?
Roch. Nor she hope it.
Nor can she wish to live: No sun shall rise,
But ere it set shall shew her ugly lust
In a new shape, and every one more horrid.
Nay, even those prayers, which with such humble fervour
She seems to send up yonder, are beat back;
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out
Of all the courts of mercy.
Char. Let her die, then. [*He stabs her.*
Better prepared, I am sure, I could not take her,
Nor she accuse her father as a judge,
Partial against her.
Beaumel. I approve his sentence,
And kiss the executioner: My lust
Is now run from me in that blood, in which
It was begot and nourished. [*Dies.*
Roch. Is she dead, then?
Char. Yes, sir, this is her heart-blood, is it not?
I think it be.
Roch. And you have killed her?
Char. True, and did it by your doom.
Roch. But I pronounced it
As a judge only, and a friend to justice,
And, zealous in defence of your wronged honour,
Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off,
The love and soft affection of a father.
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe
Of red-dyed cruelty; but, in return,
You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.
I looked on you as a wronged husband; but
You closed your eyes against me as a father.
O Beaumelle! my daughter!
Char. This is madness.
Roch. Keep from me!—Could not one good thought rise up,
To tell you that she was my age's comfort,
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,
To urge my many merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,
Flint-hearted Charalois!
Char. Nature does prevail above your virtue.
Roch. No; it gives me eyes
To pierce the heart of your design against me:
I find it now, it was my state was aimed at.
A nobler match was sought for, and the hours
I lived, grew tedious to you: my compassion
Towards you hath rendered me most miserable,
And foolish charity undone myself.
But there's a heaven above, from whose just wreak
No mists of policy can hide offenders.
Nov. sen. [*within.*] Force ope the doors!—

Enter NOVALL *sen. with Officers.*

O monster! cannibal!
Lay hold on him. My son! my son!—O Rochfort,
'Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf,
To worry all our comforts:—But this is
No time to quarrel; now give your assistance
For the revenge.
Roch. Call it a fitter name,
Justice for innocent blood.
Char. Though all conspire
Against that life which I am weary of,
A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,
To shew, in spite of malice and their laws,
His plea must speed, that hath an honest cause.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Tailor, and two Bailiffs with LILADAM.

Lilad. Why, it is both most unconscionable and untimely,
To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before
He has worn them out. Besides, you said you asked
My name in my lord's bond but for form only,
And now you'll lay me up for it. Do not think
The taking measure of a customer
By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a fashion
Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man
Would follow willingly.
Tail. There I believe you.
But, sir, I must have present monies, or

Assurance to secure me when I shall;
Or I will see to your coming forth.
Lilad. Plague on it!
You have provided for my entrance in:
That coming forth you talk of concerns me.
What shall I do? You have done me a disgrace
In the arrest, but more in giving cause
To all the street to think I cannot stand
Without these two supporters for my arms.
Pray you, let them loose me: For their satisfaction
I will not run away.
Tail. For theirs you will not;
But for your own you would. Look to him, fellows!
Lilad. Why do you call them fellows? Do not wrong
Your reputation so. As you are merely
A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,
You are a companion at a ten-crown supper
For cloth of bodkin, and may with one lark
Eat up three manchets, and no man observe you,
Or call your trade in question for it. But, when
You study your debt-book, and hold correspondence
With officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,
The learn'd conclude, the taylor and the serjeant,
In the expression of a knave and thief,
To be synonyma. Look, therefore, to it,
And let us part in peace; I would be loth
You should undo yourself.

Enter Old Novall *and* Pontalier.

Tail. To let you go
Were the next way. But, see! here's your old lord;
Let him but give his word I shall be paid,
And you are free.
Lilad. 'Slid! I'll put him to it;
I can be but denied: or—what say you?
His lordship owing me three times your debt,
If you arrest him at my suit, and let me
Go run before, to see the action entered,
'Twould be a witty jest!
Tail. I must have earnest:
I cannot pay my debts so.
Pont. Can your lordship
Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,
Your son's death shall be unrevenged?
Nov. sen. I know not
One reason why you should not do like others:
I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign
Of sorrow for him.
Pont. All his bounties yet
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'Tis true,
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from;
And, though none soothed them less than I, (for now,
To say that I foresaw the dangers that
Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely,)
I yet could wish the justice, that you seek for
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,
And not the uncertain issue of the laws:
It has robbed me of a noble testimony
Of what I durst do for him.—But, however,
My forfeit life redeemed by him, though dead,
Shall do him service.
Nov. sen. As far as my grief
Will give me leave, I thank you.
Lilad. O, my lord!
Oh, my good lord! deliver me from these furies.
Pont. Arrested! This is one of them, whose base
And abject flattery helped to dig his grave:
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.—
Go to the basket, and repent.
Nov. sen. Away! I only know now to hate thee deadly:
I will do nothing for thee.
Lilad. Nor you, captain?
Pont. No: to your trade again; put off this case:
It may be, the discovering what you were
When your unfortunate master took you up,
May move compassion in your creditor.
Confess the truth.
[*Exeunt* Novall *sen. and* Pontalier.
Lilad. And, now I think on't better,
I will. Brother, your hand; your hand, sweet brother:
I am of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,
Out of which these two fearful apparitions,
Against my will, have waked me. This rich sword
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;
These hangers from my vails and fees in hell;
And where as now this beaver sits, full often
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,
Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat
Cross-legged, and yet ungartered, hath been seen
Our breakfasts, famous for the buttered loaves,
I have with joy been oft acquainted with;
And therefore use a conscience, though it be
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
To me, that, as I have been, will again
Be of the brotherhood.
Officer. I know him now;
He was a 'prentice to Le Robe at Orleance.
Lilad. And from thence brought by my young lord, now dead,
Unto Dijon; and with him, till this hour,
Have been received here for a complete monsieur:
Nor wonder at it; for, but tithe our gallants,
Even those of the first rank, and you will find,
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,
The pantofle or pressing-iron:—But hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
My suits again; there cannot be much loss:
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants
I will work out.
Tail. Then here our quarrel ends:

The gallant is turned tailor, and all friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT.

Rom. You have them ready?
Beaum. Yes; and they will speak
Their knowledge in this cause, when thou think'st fit
To have them called upon.
Rom. 'Tis well; and something
I can add to their evidence, to prove
This brave revenge, which they would have called murder,
A noble justice.
Beaum. In this you express
(The breach, by my lord's want of you, new made up)
A faithful friend.
Rom. That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been:—But do you know
Who are to sit on him?
Beaum. Monsieur Du Croy,
Assisted by Charmi.
Rom. The advocate,
That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,
And was checked for it by Novall?
Beaum. The same.
Rom. How fortunes that?
Beaum. Why, sir, my lord Novall,
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge;
Nor would grieved Rochfort, but lord Charalois
(However he might wrong him by his power)
Should have an equal hearing.
Rom. By my hopes
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament
That reverend old man's fortune.
Beaum. Had you seen him,
As to my grief I have, now promise patience,
And ere it was believed, though spake by him
That never brake his word, enraged again
So far as to make war upon those hairs,
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,
As something sacred;—and then curse his daughter,
But with more frequent violence himself,
As if he had been guilty of her fault,
By being incredulous of your report,
You would not only judge him worthy pity,
But suffer with him.—But here comes the prisoner;

Enter Officers, with CHARALOIS.

I dare not stay to do my duty to him;
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me
To do him service, keeps you company.
Rom. It is not doubted. [*Exit* BEAUMONT.
Char. Why, yet, as I came hither,
The people, apt to mock calamity,
And tread on the oppressed, made no horns at me,
Though they are too familiar I deserve them.
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,
In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear
To shake their heads, or to revile me for
A murderer; they rather all put on
(As for great losses the old Romans used)
A general face of sorrow, waited on
By a sad murmur, breaking through their silence,
And no eye but was readier with a tear
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could
Discern a face made up with scorn against me.
Why should I, then, though for unusual wrongs.
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,
Condemn myself, as over partial
In my own cause?—Romont!
Rom. Best friend, well met!
By my heart's love to you, and join to that,
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,
I look upon you now with more true joy,
Than when I saw you married.
Char. You have reason
To give you warrant for it. My falling off
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered
Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my death,
A fit encounter for that hate, which justly
I have deserved from you.
Rom. Shall I still, then,
Speak truth, and be ill understood?
Char. You are not.
I'm conscious I have wronged you; and allow me
Only a moral man, to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,
Than any death the judges can pronounce
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.
Rom. Passion transports you.
Char. For what I have done
To my false lady, or Novall, I can
Give some apparent cause; but touching you,
In my defence, childlike, I can say nothing
But, I am sorry for it; a poor satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Than I will speak, to have my pardon signed
For all I stand accused of.
Rom. You much weaken
The strength of your good cause, should you but think,
A man for doing well could entertain
A pardon, were it offered. You have given
To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes,
To see and overtake impieties,
Which from a cold proceeding had received
Indulgence or protection.
Char. Think you so?
Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood you challenged,
And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple
In your soft conscience, than if your sword
Had been sheathed in a tyger or she-bear,
That in their bowels would have made your tomb.
To injure innocence is more than murder:

But when inhuman lusts transform us, then
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever
Perform an act so worthy the applause
Of a full theatre of perfect men,
As he hath done in this. The glory got
By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own:
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love,
Our reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,
That's a true victory! which, were great men
Ambitious to achieve by your example,
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery
Out of their families; and make lust appear
As loathsome to us in the first consent,
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.
Char. You have confirmed me. Who would love a woman,
That might enjoy, in such a man, a friend!
You've made me know the justice of my cause,
And marked me out the way how to defend it.
Rom. Continue to that resolution constant,
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,
Come off with honour.—Here they come.
Char. I am ready.

Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORT, NOVALL *sen.* PONTALIER, *and* BEAUMONT.

Nov. sen. See, equal judges, with what confidence
The cruel murderer stands, as if he would
Out-face the court and justice!
Roch. But look on him,
And you shall find (for still methinks I do,
Though guilt hath dyed him black) something good in him,
That may perhaps work with a wiser man
Than I have been, again to set him free,
And give him all he has.
Charm. This is not well.
would you had lived so, my lord, that I,
Might rather have continued your poor servant,
Than sit here as your judge.
Du Croy. I am sorry for you.
Roch. In no act of my life I have deserved
This injury from the court, that any here
Should thus uncivily usurp on what
s proper to me only.
Du Croy. What distaste
Receives my lord?
Roch. You say you are sorry for him;
A grief in which I must not have a partner.
Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised
The building of my life, for seventy years,
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices
Practised to ruin man, though brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no way left
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,
Virtue, that was my patroness, betrayed me:
For, entering, nay, possessing, this young man,
It lent him such a powerful majesty,
To grace whate'er he undertook, that freely
I gave myself up with my liberty,
To be at his disposing. Had his person,
Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,
Or any other seeming good, that yet
Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on me,
I might have borne it better: But, when goodness
And piety itself, in her best figure,
Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to suffer like a man,
Or rather act a woman?
Beaum. Good my lord!—
Nov. sen. You hinder our proceeding.
Charmi. And forget
The parts of an accuser.
Beaum. Pray you, remember
To use the temper, which to me you promised.
Roch. Angels themselves must break, Beaumont, that promise
Beyond the strength and patience of angels.
But I have done:—My good lord, pardon me,
A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,
A miserable father; yet be careful
That your compassion of my age, nor his,
Move you to any thing, that may mis-become
The place on which you sit.
Charmi. Read the indictment.
Char. It shall be needless; I myself, my lords,
Will be my own accuser, and confess
All they can charge me with, nor will I spare
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance,
They seek to load me with; only I pray,
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,
I may not be denied it for myself,
When I shall urge by what unanswerable reasons
I was compelled to what I did, which yet,
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.
Roch. The motion's honest.
Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.
Char. Then I confess, my lords, that I stood bound,
When, with my friends, even hope itself had left me,
To this man's charity for my liberty;
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:
For, after my enlargement, cherishing
The good he did, he made me master of
His only daughter and his whole estate.
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge;
Could any one, fee'd by you, press this further?—
But yet consider, my most honour'd lords,
If to receive a favour make a servant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him that gives,
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.
Can it be called magnificence in a prince,

To pour down riches, with a liberal hand,
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he saved my hand,
Presume my head and heart are at his service?
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom
(When my captivity was honourable)
By making myself here, and fame hereafter,
Bond-slaves to men's scorn, and calumnious tongues?—
Had his fair daughter's mind been like her features,
Or, for some little blemish, I had sought
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others
My body and her dower; my forehead then
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude:
But if obsequious usage, and fair warning,
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me,
What should I do? Let any free-born spirit
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,
Choice form, with the whole world given for a dowry,
Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,
As with a willing neck to undergo
The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol!
Charmi. What proof have you she did play false, besides
Your oath?
Char. Her own confession to her father.
I ask him for a witness.
Roch. 'Tis most true.
I would not willingly blend my last words
With an untruth.
Char. And then to clear myself,
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold
Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose possession
Brought with it ruin to himself and army,
Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent
All grants and writings back which made it mine,
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,
As freely as, unasked, he gave it to me.
Beaum. They are here to be seen.
Charmi. Open the casket.
Peruse that deed of gift.
Rom. Half of the danger
Already is discharged: The other part
As bravely, and you are not only free,
But crowned with praise for ever.
Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.
Charmi. Your state, my lord, again is yours.
Roch. Not mine;
I am not of the world. If it can prosper,
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal) do you bestow it
On pious uses: I'll go seek a grave.
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon
I ask; and, as you grant it me, may Heaven,
Your conscience, and these judges, free you from
What you are charged with! So, farewell for ever! [*Exit* ROCHFORT.
Nov. sen. I'll be mine own guide. Passion, nor example,
Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son,
A son, grave judges! I require his blood
From his accursed homicide.
Charmi. What reply you,
In your defence, for this?
Char. I but attended
Your lordship's pleasure.—For the fact, as of
The former, I confess it; but with what
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few words there are some other proofs,
To witness this for truth. When I was married,
(For there I must begin) the slain Novall
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,
A most devoted servant; but yet aimed at
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,
His heart being never warmed by lawful fires,
As mine was, lords: and though, on these presumptions,
Joined to the hate between his house and mine,
I might, with opportunity and ease,
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;
But still he had the freedom as before,
When all was mine: and, told that he abused it
With some unseemly licence, by my friend,
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit
To the reporter, but reproved him for it,
As one uncourtly and malicious to him.
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,
He did continue in his first pursuit,
Hotter than ever, and at length obtained it;
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,
I dare not say.
Nov. sen. If all may be believed
A pasionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish,
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?
No, my grave lords; in his impunity
But give example unto jealous men
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.
Charmi. You must find other proofs to strengthen these
But mere presumptions.
Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
Allow your innocence.
Char. All your attempts
Shall fall on me, like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves; or waves against a rock,
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury
But foam and splinters: my innocence like these
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest.
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.
Rom. May it please the court, I may be heard?
Nov. sen. You come not
To rail again? But do—you shall not find
Another Rochfort.
Rom. In Novall I cannot;

But I come furnished with what will stop
The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?
Nov. sen. Yes, 'tis my son's.
Rom. May it please your lordships, read it,
And you shall find there, with what vehemency
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he got
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;
How after he abjured her company,
And yet—but that 'tis fit I spare the dead—
Like a damned villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that oath: To make this manifest,
Produce his bawds and her's.

Enter Officers with AYMER, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT.

Charmi. Have they ta'en their oaths?
Rom. Th[illegible] have, and, rather than endure the rack,
Confess the time, the meeting, nay the act;
What would you more? Only this matron made
A free discovery to a good end;
And therefore I sue to the court, she may not
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.
Pont. I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,
And I shall do—
Charmi. 'Tis evident.
Nov. sen. That I
Till now was never wretched: Here's no place
To curse him or my stars. [*Exit* NOVALL *sen.*
Charmi. Lord Charalois,
The injuries you have sustained appear
So worthy of the mercy of the court,
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.
Pont. But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus.
[*Stabs him.*
Char. I am slain!
Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!
Thy challenge now I answer. So! die with him.
[*Stabs* PONTALIER.
Charmi. A guard! disarm him.
Rom. I yield up my sword
Unforced—Oh, Charalois!
Char. For shame, Romont!
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived,
Still constant and unmoved; what's fallen upon me,
Is by Heaven's will, because I made myself
A judge in my own cause without their warrant:
But he, that lets me know thus much in death,
With all good men—forgive me! [*Dies.*
Pont. I receive
The vengeance, which my love, not built on virtue,
Has made me worthy, worthy of. [*Dies.*
Charmi. We're taught
By this sad precedent, how just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We're yet to leave them to their will and power,
That to that purpose have authority.
For you, Romont, although in your excuse
You may plead what you did was in revenge
Of the dishonour done unto the court,
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,
We banish you the state: For these, they shall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [*Exeunt.*

THE
BROKEN HEART.

BY

FORD.

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES FITTED TO THEIR QUALITIES.*

AMYCLAS,	*Common to the kings of Laconia.*
ITHOCLES,	*Honour of loveliness*, a favorite.
ORGILUS,	*Angry*, son to Crotolon.
BASSANES,	*Vexation*, a jealous nobleman.
ARMOSTES,	*An appeaser*, a counsellor of state.
CROTOLON,	*Noise*, another counsellor.
PROPHILUS,	*Dear*, friend to Ithocles.
NEARCHUS,	*Young Prince*, prince of Argos.
TECNICUS,	*Artist*, a philosopher.
HEMOPHIL,	*Glutton*, } Two courtiers.
GRONEAS,	*Tavernhunter*, }
AMELUS,	*Trusty*, friend to Nearchus.
PHULAS,	*Watchful*, servant to Bassanes.
CALANTHA,	*Flower of beauty*, the king's daughter.
PENTHEA,	*Complaint*, sister to Ithocles.
EUPHRANEA,	*Joy*, a maid of honour.
CHRISTALLA,	*Christall*, } Maids of honour.
PHILEMA,	*A Kiss*, }
GRAUSIS,	*Old Beldam*, overseer of Penthea.
PERSONS INCLUDED.	
THRASUS,	*Fierceness*, father of Ithocles.
APLOTES,	*Simplicity*, Orgilus so disguised.

SCENE.—*Sparta.*

PROLOGUE.

OUR scene is Sparta. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it 'The Broken Heart.'
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
Tun'd to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin sisters then deserv'd fresh bays,
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays:
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we kept in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow;
What may be here thought a fiction, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth:
In which, if words have cloath'd the subject right,
You may partake a pity with delight.

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* This whimsical enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ has been carefully preserved from the old copy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of* CROTOLON.

Enter CROTOLON *and* ORGILUS.

Crot. Dally not further; I will know the reason,
That speeds thee to this journey.
Org. Reason, good sir?
I can yield many.
Crot. Give me one, a good one,
Such I expect, and e'er we part must have:
Athens? pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read theologic lecture, or become
An areopagite; and judge in causes
Touching the commonwealth? for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.
Org. All this I acknowledge.
Crot. You do? Then, son, if books and love of knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.
Org. 'Tis not that, sir.
Crot. Not that, sir? As a father, I command thee
To acquaint me with the truth.
Org. Thus I obey you:
After so many quarrels, as dissentions,
Fury, and rage, had broach'd in blood, and sometimes
With death to such confederates, as sided
With now dead Thrasus, and yourself, my lord,
Our present king Amyclas reconciled
Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace:
Friends you profess'd yourselves, which to confirm,
A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families was entertain'd,
By joining, in a Hymenean bond,
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.
Crot. What of this?
Org. Much, much, dear sir.
A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fixt our souls
In a firm growth of holy union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge; we had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasus his untimely death.
Crot. Most certain.
Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous stalk
Of aconite, whose ripen'd fruit hath ravished
All health, all comfort, of a happy life:
For Ithocles her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely
The memory of former discontents,
To glory in revenge; by cunning partly,
Partly by threats, he wooes, at once, and forces,
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes.
Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure.
Org. Now it follows,
Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly
Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
To him, who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine, is now so yok'd
To a most barbarous thraldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
In hearing but her name.
Crot. As how, pray?
Org. Bassanes,
The man that calls her wife, considers tru
What heaven of perfections he is lord of,
By thinking fair Penthea his: This thought
Begets a kind of monster love, which love
Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,
As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle;
Some one, he is assur'd, may now and then
(If opportunity but sort) prevail;
So much out of a self unworthiness
His fears transport him: not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.
Crot. You spin out your discourse.
Org. My griefs are violent;
For, knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courted by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues; which the gods
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of: hence, from hence
I undertake a voluntary exile.
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth;
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.
Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough: To Athens
I give a full consent: Alas, good lady!—
We shall hear from thee often?
Org. Often.
Crot. See,
Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANIA.

Euph. Brother!
Org. Euphrania, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss, more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit t' you.
Euph. You may stile it,

My brother, a command.
Org. That you will promise
To pass never to any man, however worthy,
Your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.
Crot. An easy motion;
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.
Org. Your pardon;
Euphrania's oath must yield me satisfaction.
Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.
Crot. And I,
By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow,
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any living.
Org. Dear Euphrania,
Mistake me not; far, far, 'tis from my thought,
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honourable bed,
Or fitting fortune; thou art young and handsome,
And t'were injustice, more, a tyranny,
Not to advance thy merit. Trust me, sister,
It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
As may become thy choice, and our contents:
I have your oath.
Euph. You have; but mean you, brother,
To leave us, as you say?
Crot. Aye, aye, Euphrania:
He has just grounds direct him: I will prove
A father and a brother to thee.
Euph. Heaven
Does look into the secrets of all hearts:
Gods, you have mercy with ye! else—
Crot. Doubt nothing,
Thy brother will return in safety to us.
Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without them;
They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace. A Flourish.*

Enter AMYCLAS *the king*, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS, *and attendants.*

Amy. The Spartan gods are gracious; our humility
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering
Into his youth again. I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;
Our heart leaps in new vigour.
Armo. May old time
Run back to double your long life, great sir!
Amy. It will, it must, Armostes; thy bold nephew,
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedemon's royalty: O 'twas
A glorious victory, and doth deserve
More than a chronicle! a temple, lords,
A temple to the name of Ithocles.
Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?
Pro. At Pephon,
Most gracious sovereign; twenty of the noblest
Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
For such conditions as you shall propose,
In settling peace, and liberty of life.
Amy. When comes your friend, the general?
Pro. He promis'd
To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CROTOLON, CALANTHA, CHRYSTALLA, PHILEMA *and* EUPHRANIA.

Amy. Our daughter?—Dear Calantha, the happy news,
The conquest of Messene, hath already
Enrich'd thy knowledge?
Calan. With the circumstance
And manner of the fight, related faithfully
By Prophilus himself. But, pray, sir, tell me,
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes?
Pro. Excellent princess,
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds and limits
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
Such amplitude of his success, as would
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance them to comparison with heaven.
But Ithocles—
Cal. Your friend.
Proph. He is so, madam,
In which the period of my fate consists;
He, in this firmament of honour, stands
Like a star, fixt, not mov'd with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion: He hath serv'd his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.
Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.
Amy. Such, Crotolon,
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him:
Hark, warning of his coming; all attend him!
[*Flourish.*

Enter ITHOCLES; HEMAPHIL, *and* GRONEAS, *and the rest of the Lords, ushering him in.*

Amy. Return into these arms, thy home, thy sanctuary,
Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!
Itho. Your humble subject.
Armo. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.
Itho. Sir, your love's too partial.
Crot. Our country speaks by me, who, by thy valour,
Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action;
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.
Itho. You exceed in bounty.
Cal. Chrystalla, Philema, the chaplet!—Ithocles,
Upon the wings of fame, the singular
And chosen fortune of an high attempt

Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought,
To crown thy temples, this provincial garland:
Accept, wear, and enjoy it, as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchas'd!
Itho. You're a royal maid.
Amy. She is, in all, our daughter.
Itho. Let me blush,
Acknowledging how poorly I have served,
What nothings I have done, compar'd with the honours
Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind;
In that lay mine ability, that only.
For who is he, so sluggish from his birth,
So little worthy of a name, or country,
That owes not, out of gratitude for life,
A debt of service, in what kind soever
Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth,
Requires for payment?
Cal. He speaks truth.
Itho. Whom heaven
Is pleas'd to stile victorious, there, to such,
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason;
Voicing the leader on a demi-god;
When as indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,
As his, whose much more delicate condition
Hath suck'd the milk of ease: judgment commands,
But resolution executes. I use not,
Before this royal presence, these fit sleights
As in contempt of such as can direct:
My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strengthen'd
By many hands. For instance, here is Prophilus,
A gentleman, (I cannot flatter truth,)
Of much desert; and, though in other rank,
Both Hemophil and Groneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.
Amy. Courtiers turn soldiers? We vouchsafe our hand;
Observe your great example.
Hemo. With all diligence.
Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.
Amy. Some repose
After these toils is needful; we must think on
Conditions for the conquer'd; they expect them.—
On!—Come, my Ithocles!
Euphr. [*To Prophilus.*] Sir, with your favour,
I need not a supporter.
Proph. Fate instructs me.
[*Exeunt. Manent* HEMOPHIL, *detaining* CHRISTALLA, *and* GRONEAS, PHILEMA.
Christ. With me?
Phil. Indeed, I dare not stay.
Hemo. Sweet lady,
Soldiers are blunt; your lip.
Christ. Fye, this is rudeness:
You went not hence such creatures.
Gron. Spirit of valour
Is of a mounting nature.
Phil. It appears so.—
Pray, in earnest, how many men a-piece
Have you two been the death of?
Gron. Faith, not many;
We were compos'd of mercy.
Hemo. For our daring,
You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.
Christ. You wish'd your country peace;
That shew'd your charity: where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for?
Phil. They are coming.
Christ. By the next carrier, are they not?
Gron. Sweet Philema,
When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—
Phil. And altogether.
Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember thee,
And cry, "dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!" Dost not love me
With all thy heart now?
Phil. Now, as heretofore;
I have not put my love to use, the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.
Gron. By Mars,
I'll marry thee!
Phil. By Vulcan, you're forsworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.
Gron. One word.
Christ. You lie beyond all modesty; forbear me!
Hemo. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis
Mine own by conquest.
Christ. By petition; sue for't
In *forma pauperis.*—City? kennell.—Gallants,
Off with your feathers; put on aprons, gallants,
Learn to reel thrums or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!
Hemo. Christalla!
Christ. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in th' acorns—Soldiers? corn cutters;
But not so valiant; they oft-times draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have practised
More wit, or more civility, we'll rank ye
I'th' list of men: till then, brave things at arms,
Dare not to speak to us, most potent Groneas!—
Phil. And Hemophil the hardy! At your services.
Gron. They scorn us, as they did before we went.
Hemo. Hang them! let us scorn them and be reveng'd. [*Exeunt* CHRIST. *and* PHILEMA.
Gron. Shall we?
Hemo. We will; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us;
It is a woman's nature.
Gron. 'Tis a scurvy one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of the Palace.*

Enter TECNICUS, *a Philosopher, and* ORGILUS, *disguised like a scholar of his.*

Tec. Tempt not the stars, young man; thou canst not play

With the severity of fate; this change
Of habit, and disguise in outward view,
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick piercing eyes, which dive at all times
Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.
Org. Give me leave,
Grave Tecnicus, without fore-dooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oraculous lectures: if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back, and set my footings straight:
I will not court the world.
Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harms to others, who contemn their own.
Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so much
At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
Of any true deserver, nor doth malice
Of present hopes so check them with despair,
As that I yield to thought of more affliction
Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impute not this retired course of living
Some little time, to any other cause
Than what I justly render, the information
Of an unsettled mind; as the effect
Must clearly witness.
Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
On these conditions I conceal thy change,
And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
I'll to my study. [*Exit.*
Org. I to contemplations,
In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphos'd,
I may without suspicion hearken after
Penthea's usage, and Euphrania's faith.
Love! thou art full of mystery: the deities
Themselves are not secure, in searching out
The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
A breast, made tributary to the laws
Of beauty; physic yet hath never found
A remedy to cure a lover's wound.
Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk
Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?
[PROPHILUS *passeth over, supporting* EUPHRANIA, *and whispering.*
My sister, O my sister! 'tis Euphrania
With Prophilus, supported too; I would
It were an apparition! Prophilus
Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me—
Again help me, my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open. [*Walks by, reading.*

Re-enter PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANIA.

Proph. Do not waste
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphrania,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires—
Org. Desires?
Proph. My service, my integrity—
Org. That's better.
Proph. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter but thine eyes.
My love is honourable—
Org. So was mine
To my Penthea: chastely honourable.
Proph. Nor wants there more addition to my wish
Of happiness, than having thee a wife,
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.
Org. But a brother
More cruel than the grave.
Euph. What can you look for,
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?
Org. Hold out, Euphrania! [*Aside.*
Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never undervalued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person: it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars, that offer'd me the grace
Of so much blissfulness. For, to speak the truth,
The law of my desires kept equal pace
With your's, nor have I left that resolution;
But only, in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
Consent, both from my father and my brother,
Ere he can own me his.
Org. She is forsworn else—
Proph. Leave me that task.
Euph. My brother, ere he parted
To Athens, had my oath.
Org. Yes, yes, he had sure.
Proph. I doubt not, with the means the court supplies,
But to prevail at pleasure.
Org. Very likely.
Proph. Mean time, best, dearest, I may build my hopes
On the foundation of thy constant sufferance
In any opposition.
Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
Than my chaste vows from truth.
Proph. On thy fair hand
I seal the like.
Org. There is no faith in woman—
Passion! O be contain'd: my very heart-strings
Are on the tenters!
Euph. Sir, we are overheard.
Cupid protect us! 'twas a stirring, sir,
Of some one near.
Proph. Your fears are needless, lady;
None have access into these private pleasures,
Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his oratory; granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.
Euph. Methinks
I hear one talking to himself: I see him.
Proph. 'Tis a poor scholar, as I told you, lady

Org. I am discover'd—Say it, is it possible—
[*To himself, as if studying.*
With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason—I come t'you, sir,
To turn or to appease the raging sea?
Answer to that—Your art? what art to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?—
No, no; they'll out, they'll out; ye may as easily
Out-run a cloud, driven by a northern blast,
As fiddle-faddle so. Peace, or speak sense!
Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he's lunatic!
Proph. Observe him, sweet, 'tis but his recreation.
Org. But will you hear a little? you're so tetchy,
You keep no rule in argument; philosophy
Works not upon impossibilities,
But natural conclusions.—Mew!—absurd!
The metaphysics are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents
As, not mixt perfectly, in the air engender'd,
Appear to us unnatural; that's all.
Prove it;—yet with a reverence to your gravity,
I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.
Proph. Now let us fall in with him.
Org. Ha, ha, ha!
These apish boys, when they but task the grammars,
The principles of theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.
Proph. By your leave, sir.
Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?
Org. I am, gay creature,
With pardon of your deities, a mushroom,
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then:
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams;
Sometimes I feel their warmth, and eat and sleep.
Proph. Does Tecnicus read to thee?
Org. Yes, forsooth;
He is my master surely: yonder door
Opens upon his study.
Proph. Happy creatures!
Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness: Their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty:
Their love is love of virtues.—What's thy name?
Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.
Euph. Dost thou want any thing?
Org. Books, Venus, books.
Proph. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.
Euph. My lord?
Proph. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily, at some certain hours, attend
What notice I can write of my success,
Here in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me: so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence;
And thus our hearts may talk, when our tongues cannot.
Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it.
Proph. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice-a-day
At nine i'th' morning, and at four at night,
Here in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,
Safely and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.
Org. Jove make me thankful! thankful, I beseech thee,
Propitious Jove!—I will prove sure and trusty.
You will not fail me books?
Proph. Nor aught besides,
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphrania,
Mine Prophilus.
Org. I have a pretty memory,
It must prove my best friend. I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.
Proph. Write
The books thou would'st have brought thee in a note,
Or take thyself some money.
Org. No, no money;
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it: or books, or nothing.
Proph. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget
Our names.
Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.
Proph. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our desires!
We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires.
[*Exeunt* PROPH. *and* EUPH.
Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night.
Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits!
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purpos'd by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own stories:
They die too basely, who out-live their glories.
[*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at Bassanes' House.*

Enter BASSANES *and* PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street damm'd up;
It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-whelp,
Adultery, be lick'd into the act,

The very act. That light shall be damm'd up;
D'ye hear, sir?
Phul. I do hear, my lord; a mason
Shall be provided suddenly.
Bass. Some rogue,
Some rogue of your confederacy, factor
For slaves and strumpets, to convey close packets
From this spruce springal, and the t'other youngster;
That gaudy earwig, or my lord, your patron,
Whose pensioner you are. I'll tear thy throat out,
Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
A scroll but half as big as what can cover
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,
Directed to my lady: it may prove
A mystical preparative to lewdness.
Phul. Care shall be had; I will turn every thread
About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life!
Bass. The city house-wives, cunning in the traffic
Of chamber merchandise, set all at price
By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and simper,
Cull, kiss, and cry sweetheart, and stroke the head
Which they have branch'd, and all is well again.
Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs
Struck on their foreheads!
Phul. 'Tis a villainous world,
One cannot hold his own in't.
Bass. Dames at court,
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias:
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Upon the stilts of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't:
Poor Honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to death
By such unlawful hire. The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt;
But all are false. On this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall, and doth or would.—
Now for the newest news about the city;
What blab the voices, sirrah?
Phul. O my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news
That ever——
Bass. Hey-day! Up and ride me!—rascal,
What is't?
Phul. Forsooth, they say, the king has mow'd
All his grey beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet.
Bass. Ignorant block!
Phul. Yes, truly; and 'tis talk'd about the streets,
That, since lord Ithocles came home, the lions
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danc'd their very hearts out.
Bass. Dance out thine too.
Phul. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought
He never can return.
Bass. Grant it, Apollo!
Phul. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis reported
For certain, that whoever is found jealous,
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton,
Shall be divorced: but this is but she-news;
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.
Bass. Antick, no more! ideots and stupid fools
Grate my calamities. Why, to be fair,
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul?
Look to the doors!
Phul. The horn of plenty crest him!
[*Exit* PHULAS.
Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts
In rare distemper. Beauty! O it is
An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse.

Enter PENTHEA, *and* GRAUSIS, *an old Lady.*

She comes, she comes; so shoots the morning forth,
Spangled with pearls of transparent dew!
The way to poverty is to be rich;
As I in her am wealthy, but for her,
In all contents a bankrupt.—Lov'd Penthea,
How fares my heart's best joy?
Gra. In sooth not well,
She is so over sad.
Bass. Leave chattering, magpye.——
Thy brother is return'd, sweet; safe, and honour'd
With a triumphant victory: thou shall visit him;
We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre
Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshin'd,
Shall hide them in their closets, and, unseen,
Fret in their tears; while every wond'ring eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.
Choose thine own recreations, be a queen
Of what delights thou fancies best, what company,
What place, what times; do any thing, do all things
Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these clouds
From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.
Gra. Now, 'tis well said, my lord. What, lady? laugh,
Be merry, time is precious.
Bass. Furies whip thee!
Penth. Alas, my lord! this language to your handmaid
Sounds as would music to the deaf: I need
No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence.
Let such, if any such there are, who covet
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gawdy outsides; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;
From which, if your opinion, nobly plac'd,
Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.
Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat too much inward;
It is too melancholy, we'll remove
Nearer the court; or, what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish.

Penth. I am no mistress,
Whither you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.
Gra. Island! prison:
A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands.
Marry, out upon 'em! Whom shall we see there?
Seagulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mewes, and dog-fish! goodly gear
For a young lady's dealings, or an old one's.
On no terms islands; I'll be stew'd first.
Bass. Grausis,
You are a juggling bawd!—This sadness, sweetest,
Becomes not youthful blood.—I'll have you pounded;— [*Aside to* GRAUSIS.
For my sake put on a more chearful mirth;
Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.
Damnable bitch-fox! [*To* GRAUSIS.
Gra. I am thick of hearing,
Still when the wind blows southerly. What think ye
If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord?
Would not a chopping boy d'ye good at heart?—
But, as you said—
Bass. I'll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops!
Gra. Pray, speak louder.
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.
Penth. Thou prat'st madly.
Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.—Now?—

Enter PHULAS.

Phul. A herd of lords, sir.
Bass. Ha?
Phul. A flock of ladies.
Bass. Where?
Phul. Shoals of horses.
Bass. Pleasant! how?
Phul. Caroches
In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without, sir;
And now I vanish. [*Exit* PHUL.

Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONEAS, CHRISTALLA, and PHILEMA.

Proph. Noble Bassanes.
Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus: ladies, gentlemen,
To all my heart is open; you all honour me,—
A tympany swells in my head already.— [*Aside.*
Honour me bountifully.—How they flatter,
Wagtails and jays together! [*Aside.*
Proph. From your brother,
By virtue of your love to him, I require
Your instant presence, fairest.
Penth. He is well, sir?
Proph. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear beauty,
I find some alteration in him lately,
Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,
I pray, use no delay.
Bass. We had not needed
An invitation, if his sister's health
Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea!
Slack not a minute: lead the way, good Prophilus,
I'll follow step by step.
Proph. Your arm, fair madam.
[*Exeunt all but* BASS. *and* GRAU.
Bass. One word with your old bawdship: thou'dst been better
Rail'd at the sins thou worship'st, than have thwarted
My will: I'll use thee cursedly.
Gra. You dote,
You are beside yourself. A politician
In jealousy? No, you're too gross, too vulgar!
Pish! teach not me my trade; I know my cue:
My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
By which I shall know all: my trade's a sure one.
Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 'twas consideration
I relish'd not; but have a care now.
Gra. Fear not:
I am no new-come-to't.
Bass. Thy life's upon it,
And so is mine. My agonies are infinite.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment of* ITHOCLES.

Enter ITHOCLES.

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws
A passage through the womb, that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher, still to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance.
But this is form of books and school-tradition,
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts and means;
Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

Enter ARMOSTES *and* CROTOLON.

Arm. You stick, lord Crotolon, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary. Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.
Crot. Yet not so ripe,
My lord Armostes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.
Ith. Not yet
Resolved, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta. The king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to't.
Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Crotolon
For a dispatch.
Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be question'd.
Ith. By this marriage
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me, and mine to y

As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.
Crot. My lord, my lord!—
Ith. What, good sir? speak your thought.
Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride bed.
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus liv'd—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.
Arm. You're bold and bitter.
Ith. He presses home the injury, it smarts:
No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.—
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to; 'twas a fault,
A capital fault, for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love:
Since when experience, by th' extremities in others,
Hath forc'd me to collect. And trust me, Crotolon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.
Arm. Thy acknowledgment is satisfaction.
What would you more?
Crot. I'm conquer'd: if Euphrania
Herself admit the motion, let it be so.
I doubt not my son's liking.
Ith. Use my fortunes;
Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA, EUPHRANIA, CHRYSTALLA, PHILEMA, *and* GRAUSIS.

Arm. The princess, with your sister.
Cal. I present ye
A stranger here in court, my lord: for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.
Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedlock
Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume,
T' immure her in a chamber.
Bass. 'Tis her will,
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare.
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.
Ith. How does Penthea now?
Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.
Bass. [*Aside.*] I like the answer well; 'tis sad and modest.
There may be tricks yet, tricks——Have an eye, Grausis!
Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must not
Fall by too long demur.
Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
For my part.
Arm. With condition, that his son;
Favour the contract.
Cal. Such delay is easy.
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert.
Proph. Most sweetly gracious.
Bass. The joys of marriage are the heavens on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures; no restoratives
Like to a constant woman;——[*Aside*] but where is she?
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster:—I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.
Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd, (speak freely,)
In your affections to this gentleman?
Euph. No more nor less than as his love assures me,
Which, (if your liking with my brother's warrants,)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.
Crot. So, so: I know your answer.
Ith. 'T had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your presence;
And, fairest princess, yours.
Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gro. Where are the lords? All must unto the king
Without delay; the prince of Argos——
Cal. Well, sir?
Gro. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.
Cal. How?
The prince of Argos?
Gro. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.
Ith. Penthea.
Pen. Brother?
Ith. Let me an hour hence
Meet you alone, within the palace grove;
I have some secret with you.—Prythee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.
Proph. I shall.
Bass. How's that?
Ith. Alone, pray be alone.——
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.
[*Exeunt all but* BASS.
Bass. Alone! alone! What means that word alone?
Why might not I be there?—Hum!—He's her brother.
Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,
And this same whoreson court-ease is temptation
To a rebellion in the veins:—Besides
His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian.
Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly
Before the other come? Or pand'ring, pand'ring

For one another? be't to sister, mother,
Wife, cousin, any thing, 'mongst youths of metal
Is in request; it is so——stubborn fate!
But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,
I will be fell, and fell.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gro. My lord, you're call'd for.
Bass. Most heartily I thank ye. Where's my wife, pray?
Gro. Retir'd amongst the ladies.
Bass. Still I thank ye;
There's an old waiter with her; saw you her too?
Gro. She sits i'th' presence-lobby, fast asleep, sir.
Bass. Asleep? Sleep, sir?
Gro. Is your lordship troubled?
You will not to the king?
Bass. Your humblest vassal.
Gro. Your servant, my good lord.
Bass. I wait your footsteps. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Palace.*

Enter PROPHILUS *and* PENTHEA.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find you;
And, with your favour, give me leave a little
To work a preparation: in his fashion
I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as [his] nature
And custom did delight in: sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,
And less good manners.
Pen. Sir, I'm not inquisitive
Of secrecies without an invitation.
Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift——

Enter ORGILUS, *habited as a Scholar.*

Do thy best [*To* ORGILUS.
To make this lady merry for an hour. [*Exit.*
Org. Your will shall be a law, sir.
Pen. Pr'ythee, leave me,
I have some private thoughts I would account with;
Use thou thine own.
Org. Speak on, fair nymph; our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres
As any's who have feasted with the gods.
Pen. Your school terms are too troublesome.
Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection!
Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion.
Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame perfum'd with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking
The holiest altars, virgin-tears (like those
On Vesta's odours) sprinkled dews to feed them,
And to increase their fervour.
Pen. Be not frantic.
Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food:
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;
No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.
Pen. Away! Some fury hath bewitch'd thy tongue:
The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Above all sufferance. Thing of talk, begone!
Begone, without reply!
Org. Be just, Penthea,
In thy commands. When thou send'st forth a doom,
A banishment, know first on whom it lights;
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up, from view of common eyes.
[*Taking off his cloak.*
What is thy sentence next?
Pen. Rash man, thou lay'st
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life: yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforc'd
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart:
Why would you fall from goodness thus?
Org. Oh, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say
I have been much, much wrong'd; 'tis for thy sake
I put on this imposture. Dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.
Pen. Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. [*They kneel.*
Org. You instruct my duty.
Pen. We may stand up. Have you aught else to urge
Of new demand? As for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever. What more would ye?
Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.
Pen. Is that all?
Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.
Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me; at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.
Org. You are obey'd: 'tis done.
Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise I was thine,
The heavens do witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth; how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,

By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents:
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue:
And, oh! when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt. I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.
Now let us part.
Org. Part! yet advise thee better:
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.
Pen. Never shall, nor will.
Org. How!
Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why:
The virgin dowry, which my birth bestow'd,
Is ravish'd by another: my true love
Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserv'd
No better favours than a second bed.
Org. I must not take this reason.
Pen. To confirm it:
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
Another worse than this, and less desir'd,
If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch
My lip or hand again.
Org. Penthea, now
I tell ye, you grow wanton in my sufferance;
Come, sweet, thou'rt mine.
Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message or letter, to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise and walks,
To hide thy shame: this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes.
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more.—Go from me!
Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do:
Action, not words, shall shew me.—Oh Penthea!
[*Exit.*

Pen. He sigh'd my name, sure, as he parted from me:
I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,
How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee!

Enter BASSANES *and* GRAUSIS.

Bass. Fie on thee! Damn thee, rotten maggot, damn thee!
Sleep? Sleep at court? And now? Aches, convulsions,
Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy bones
A dozen years more yet! [*To* GRAUSIS.
Gra. Now you're in humours.
Bass. She's by herself? There's hope of that; she's sad too,
She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fixed:
The signs are wholesome.
Gra. Very wholesome, truly.
Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare!——Lady, come: your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.
Pen. Not well, my lord?
Bass. A sudden fit; 'twill off;
Some surfeit or disorder. How dost, dearest?
Pen. Your news is none o'th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Proph. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.
Bass. We are hasting to him.
Proph. In vain we labour in this course of life,
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath; our home is in the grave.
Bass. Perfect philosophy; then let us care
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.
Proph. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds: sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady: be all gentle;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Cell of* TECNICUS.

Enter TECNICUS *and* ORGILUS, *in his own dress.*

Tec. Be well advis'd; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choak the breath of reason.
Org. It shall not, most sage master.
Tec. I am jealous;
For if the borrow'd shape, so late put on,
Inferr'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shock'd that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution: Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrowded unlawful plots; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your hearts, the gods
Are only privy to them.
Org. Learned Tecnicus

Such doubts are causeless; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit, the present state commands me:
The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir; besides, mine only sister
Euphrania is dispos'd to Prophilus;
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court:
Please to accept these reasons.
Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted: yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation; no fair colours
Can fortify a building, faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to't!
I might add, certain.
Org. My aspect! Could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not sift
An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.
Tec. I believe it;
But know then, Orgilus, what honour is:
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk: But real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice or by valour, which, for basis,
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre of revenge,
Commits thefts, murder, treasons, or adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by justice.
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion,—for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth,—
I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.
Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend oracle,
And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty!
[*Exit.*
Tec. I thank thy wish:—much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes: curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts;
But let the gods be moderators still,
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES.

From whence come ye?
Arm. From king Amyclas.—Pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure, dear
To him as his crown: he prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every title
The scroll within contains.
Tec. What is't, Armostes?
Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth,
The sum of what the oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.
Tec. Apollo
Inspire my intellect!—The prince of Argos
Is entertain'd?
Arm. He is; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.
Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes!
Arm. Like to Tecnicus! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Chamber of* ITHOCLES. *A Curtain drawn across the Stage.*

[*Soft Music.—A Song, during which* PROPHILUS, BASSANES, PENTHEA, GRAUSIS *pass over the stage;* BASSANES *and* GRAUSIS *re-enter softly, and listen in different places.*]

SONG.

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than, by any praise display
Beauty's beauty, such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—Grausis, no creaking?
No noise? dost hear nothing?
Gra. Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the wind.
Bass. The floor is matted,
The bed-posts, sure, are steel or marble. Soldiers
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate.
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury; they heighten
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.
Gra. What do you mean, my lord? Speak low: that gabbling
Of your's will but undo us.
Bass. Chamber-combats
Are felt, not heard.
Proph. [*Behind the curtain.*] He wakes.
Bass. What's that?
Ith. [*Behind the curtain.*] Who's there?

Sister? All quit the room else.
Bass. 'Tis consented.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Proph. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be private;
We must forbear; his sleep hath newly left him.
Please ye, withdraw.
Bass. By any means; 'tis fit.
Proph. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.
Gra. Yes, I will, sir.
[*The curtain is drawn, and* ITHOCLES *discovered in a chair, and* PENTHEA *beside him.*
Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me; nearer yet:
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
At distance, like two strangers. I could wish
That the first pillow, whereon I was cradled,
Had prov'd to me a grave.
Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.
Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust,
For which mine's now a-breaking.
Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee! first let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherished
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!
Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.
Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!
Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass,
Yet cannot die.
Pen. The handmaid to the wages,
The untroubled [but] of country toil, drinks streams
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst, secure; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.
Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lies him down to sleep;
Whilst every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.
Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband,
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray: nay, will ye?
Ith. How doth thy lord esteem thee?
Pen. Such an one
As only you have made me; a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore: forgive me; I am one
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.
Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend
Pen. I do not, Ithocles;
For she, that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reproachful match.
Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous: thou shalt stand
A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom: wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles crown'd with myrtle, if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure, tend
One finger but to ease it.
Pen. Oh, no more!
Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And, till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.
Pen. Who is the saint you serve?
Ith. Friendship or [nearness]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd that question, as a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.
Pen. Let me
(By your new protestations I conjure ye!)
Partake her name.
Ith. Her name?—'tis,—'tis,—I dare not.
Pen. All your respects are forg'd.
Ith. They are not.—Peace!
Calantha 'tis; the princess, the king's daughter,
Sole heir of Sparta——Me, most miserable!—
Do I now love thee? For my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears. Do!—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.
Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the prince of Argos?
Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story;
I sweat in blood for't.
Pen. We are reconcil'd.——
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide:
Have comfort, you may find it.
Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine!
Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll chear invention for an active strain.
Ith. Madman! why have I wrong'd a maid so excellent?

Enter BASSANES, *with a poniard,* PROPHILUS, GRONEAS, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRAUSIS.

Bass. I can forbear no longer: more, I will not:—
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point:

Patience is tir'd, for, like a slow-pac'd ass,
Ye ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach and property.
Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?
Proph. He's distracted.
Pen. Oh, my griev'd lord!
Gra. Sweet lady, come not near him:
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand,
To prick a' cares not whom, nor where—See, see, see!
Bass. My birth is noble; though the popular blast
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or progress in the chariot of thy sun,
I am no clod of trade to lackey pride;
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.
Gra. Fine humours! they become him.
Hem. How he stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats! most admirable lunacy!
Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your sob'rer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.
Pen. Dear brother!
Bass. Unmannerly!—mew kitling!—smooth formality
Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But impudence bears up the train: Indeed, sir,
Your fiery metal, or your springall blaze
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, cuckold.
Ith. His jealousy has robb'd him of his wits;
He talks he knows not what.
Bass. Yes, and he knows
To whom he talks; to one, that franks his lust
In swine security of bestial incest.
Ith. Ha, devil!
Bass. I will haloo't, though I blush more
To name the filthiness, than thou to act it.
Ith. Monster! [*draws.*]
Proph. Sir, by our friendship——
Pen. By our bloods!
Will you quite both undo us, brother?
Gra. Out on him!
These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.
Hem. Well said, old touchhole.
Gra. Kick him out at doors.
Pen. With favour, let me speak.—My lord, what slackness
In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?
Except humility and silent duty
Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity
Ne'er studied your vexation.
Bass. Light of beauty,
Deal not ungently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make war with her,
Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm.
Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition
As in devotion!
Pen. Sir, may every evil,
Lock'd in Pandora's box, show'r, in your presence,
On my unhappy head, if, since you made me
A partner in your bed, I have been faulty
In one unseemly thought against your honour.
Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.
Bass. Yes, say on,
Excellent creature!—Good, be not a hindrance
To peace and praise of virtue. [*To* ITH.]—Oh, my senses
Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on!—
I never gave you one ill word: say, did I?
Indeed I did not.
Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.
Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.
Gra. Alas, kind animal!
Ith. No; but for penance.
Bass. Noble sir, what is it?
With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.
Ith. When you shall shew good proof, that manly wisdom,
Not oversway'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead your judgment; then this lady,
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you: but, till first
I can, out of clear evidence, approve it,
She shall be my care.
Bass. Rip my bosom up;
I'll stand the execution with a constancy:
This torture is insufferable.
Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.
Bass. But
Penthea says not so?
Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purpos'd wrong.
Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind.
Gron. The court wants not your diligence.
[*Exeunt all but* BASS. *and* GRAU.
Gra. What will you do, my lord? my lady's gone,
I am denied to follow.
Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more.
Gra. And feel her too, man;
Be of good chear, she's your own flesh and bone.
Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike:
She swore she has been true.
Gra. True, on my modesty.
Bass. Let him want truth, who credits not her vows:
Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus. Some way I must try,
To outdo art, and try a jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUS, *leading* CALANTHA, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, EUPHRANIA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA *and* AMELUS.

Amy. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have pleas'd,
In their unchanging counsels, to conclude
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to:
Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,

Sent us a daughter, in whose birth our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd
Not to enforce affection by our will,
But, by her own choice, to confirm it gladly.
Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.
I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thraldom, but to free mine own:
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was published
By constant truth; from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction,
This lady must command it.
Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.
Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.
Amy. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty,
Use thine own opportunities.—Armostes,
We must consult with the philosophers;
The business is of weight.
Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.
Amy. You told me, Crotolon, your son's returned
From Athens; wherefore comes he not to court,
As we commanded?
Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.
Amy. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphrania
Tastes of too much delay.
Crot. My lord—
Amy. Some pleasures,
At celebration of it, would give life
To th' entertainment of the prince, our kinsman:
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.
Arm. Yet the Heavens smile on all your high attempts,
Without a cloud.
Crot. So may the gods protect us!
Cal. A prince a subject?
Near. Yes; to beauty's sceptre
As all hearts kneel, so mine.
Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter Ithocles, Orgilus, Prophilus.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.
Org. Your lordship may command me your poor servant.
Ith. So amorously close? close?—so soon?—my heart! [*Aside.*
Proph. What sudden change is next?
Ith. Life to the king!
To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.
Crot. My son preferr'd by Ithocles? [*Aside.*
Amy. Our bounties
Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,
Hark, in thine ear! if out of those inventions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engross'd
Some rarity of wit to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit: think on't.
Org. Your highness honours me.
Near. My tongue and heart are twins.
Cal. A noble birth,
Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wished for.
Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess.
Ith. Euphrania's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.
Near. We embrace him,
Proud of so dear acquaintance.
Amy. All prepare
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight
All mists of dulness: crown the hours with gladness;
No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth.
Cal. Thine arm, I pr'ythee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.
Near. I dare not disobey.
Ith. Most heavenly lady! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* CROTOLON.

Enter Crotolon *and* Orgilus.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.
Org. His will he hath:
But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such under-shrubs as subjects sometimes might
Borrow of nature justice, to inform
That licence sovereignty holds without check
Over a meek obedience.
Crot. How resolve you,
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.
Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it;
Could wish him thrift in all his best desires,
And with a willingness inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touched on any wrong that malic'd
The honour of our house, nor stirred our peace;
Yet, with your favour, let me not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live so.
Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition,
No courtesy can win it; 'tis too rancorous.
Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construction,
I am no stranger to such easy calms

As sit in tender bosoms: Lordly Ithocles
Hath grac'd my entertainment in abundancce;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaimed
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning:
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.
Crot. Since I will have it so? Friend, I will have it so
Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir; have ye? a familiar
That posts i'th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.
Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.
Crot. Sure, your business
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind altered quickly.
Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health, cut short my journey;
For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.
Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with thee,
Infection of thy mind; which, as thou sayst,
Threatens the desolation of our family.
Org. Forbid it, our dear genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,
Than woo a father's curse: My sister's marriage
With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd:
May I live hated, may I die despised,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concern me!
Crot. I have been too rough,
My duty to my king made me so earnest;
Excuse it, Orgilus.
Org. Dear sir!

Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANIA, ITHOCLES, GRONEAS, HEMOPHIL.

Crot. Here comes
Euphrania, with Prophilus and Ithocles.
Org. Most honoured, ever famous!
Ith. Your true friend,
On earth not any truer. With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple, your consent
Can only make them one.
Org. They have it.—Sister,
Thou pawn'd'st to me an oath, of which engagement
I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.
Euph. Dear brother,
At him, or none.
Crot. To which my blessing's added.
Org. Which till a greater ceremony perfect,
Euphrania, lend thy hand;—here take her, Prophilus,
Live long a happy man and wife; and, further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

SONG.

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs' by custom bedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth:
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this bridegroom and this bride.

Proph. You have seal'd joy close to my soul: Euphrania,
Now I may call thee mine.
Ith. I but exchange
One good friend for another.
Org. If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention,
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.
Hem. With thankful willingness
I offer my attendance.
Gro. No endeavour
Of mine shall fail to shew itself.
Ith. We will
All join to wait on thy direction, Orgilus.
Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow towards
A too unworthy worm; but as you please,
I am what you will shape me.
Ith. A fast friend.
Cro. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgement,
It is a sight of gladness.
Org. But my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CALANTHA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, *and* PHILEMA.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his entrance;
Be careful of our charge.
Chris. We shall, madam.
Cal. Except the king himself, give none admittance,
Not any.
Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.
[*Exeunt* CHRIST. *and* PHIL.
Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.
Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are inconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind.
Cal. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner of the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have a humble suit.
Cal. Speak: enjoy it.
Pen. Vouchsafe then to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy,
Heaven will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live:
I hope I cannot.
Cal. Now beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me to much woman.
Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion; then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. [*Aside.*] In this paper
My will was character'd, which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal. Talk on, pr'ythee;
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal. To whom that?
Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love,
Rather than raging of their blood: and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young!
Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with.
Pen. 'Tis my fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour.
Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! speak the last,
I strangely like thy will.
Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me: you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.
Cal. Do not doubt me.
Pen. 'Tis long agone since first I lost my heart;
Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother, Ithocles.
Cal. What sayst thou?
Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd
He moves before you!
Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly!
Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service.
Yet this lost creature loves ye. Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.
Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?
Pen. I must leave the world
To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here;
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh, most unkind!
Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye!—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.
Cal. I think ye sleep, you drones: wait on Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles! wronged lady!
Pen. My reckonings are made even: death or fate
Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of* ITHOCLES.

Enter ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition: curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature,
In fears of love too quick; too slow of credit.
I am not what you doubt me.
Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish; all is not right. Good Heaven
Confirm your resolutions for dependence
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet!
Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more: I now repent it;
Now, uncle, now; this now is now too late:
So provident is folly in sad issue,
That after-wit, like bankrupt's debts, stand tallied
Without all possibilities of payment.
Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman;
A man of single meaning.
Arm. I believe it:
Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward:—but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.
Ith. The princess? ha!
Arm. With her the prince of Argos.

Enter NEARCHUS, *leading* CALANTHA, AMELUS, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA.

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance
Of livery from the allowance of your favour;
This little spark.
Cal. A toy.
Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.
Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap:
So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop for't,
And give it at next meeting to a mistress;
She'll thank him for't perhaps.
[*Casts the ring to* ITHOCLES.
Ame. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.
Ith. Learn manners, pr'ythee.—To the blessed owner,
Upon my knees. [*Kneels before* CAL.
Near. You're saucy
Cal. This is pretty;
I am, belike, a mistress!—Wondrous pretty;
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't.—On, cousin!
Ith. Follow, spaniel:
I'll force ye to a fawning else.
Ame. You dare not.
[*Exeunt* NEAR. CAL. AME. CHRIST. *and* PHIL.
Arm. My lord, ye were too forward.
Ith. Look ye, uncle:
Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures:
Pleasures, (observe me uncle!) of rare object:
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours;
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance;
Yet these are still but dreams: give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers;
A real, visible, material happiness:
And then too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.—
I saw it, sir, I saw it; for it came
From her own hand.
Arm. The princess threw it to you.
Ith. True, and she said—well I remember what!—
Her cousin prince would beg it?
Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on't.
Ith. Penthea,
Oh! thou hast pleaded with a powerful language:
I want a fee to gratify thy merit.
But I will do—
Arm. What is't you say?
Ith. In anger?
In anger let him part; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine; it should not;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be any thing
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth, or title.
Arm. Contain yourself, my lord: Ixion aiming
To embrace Juno, bosomed but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs: 'tis an useful moral;
Ambition, hatched in clouds of mere opinion,
Proves but in birth a prodigy.
Ith. I thank ye;
Yet, with your licence, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if, relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.
Arm. He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy counsellor to himself.

Enter NEARCHUS, ORGILUS, *and* AMELUS.

Near. Brave me?
Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper;
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection.
Ame. Was't your modesty

Term'd any of the prince's servants spaniel?
Your nurse sure taught you other language.
Ith. Language?
Near. A gallant man at arms is here: a doctor
In feats of chivalry; blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which rash spirits stile good manners.
Ith. Manners?
Org. No more, illustrious sir, 'tis matchless Ithocles.
Near. You might have understood who I am.
Ith. Yes,
I did,—else—but the presence calmed th' affront;
You're cousin to the princess.
Near. To the king too;
A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your colossic greatness;—to that king too
You might have added.
Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.
Arm. O fye, fye!
Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretick in loyalty.
Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars.
[*Exeunt* NEARCHUS *and* AMELUS.
Ith. Come back! what pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at? Come back!—
Let him come back and echo once again
That scornful sound of mushroom: painted colts,
Like heralds coats, gilt o'er with crowns and sceptres,
May bait a muzzled lion.
Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.
Org. In point of honour
Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me
'Twas all about a little ring.
Ith. A ring
The princess threw away, and I took up:
Admit she threw't to me; what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the hoop
To powder, he might sooner reach my heart
Than steal and wear one dust on't.—Orgilus,
I am extremely wronged.
Org. A lady's favour
Is not to be so slighted.
Ith. Slighted?
Arm. Quiet
These vain unruly passions, which will render ye
Into a madness.
Org. Griefs will have their vent.

Enter TECNICUS.

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend man,
To pour the balsam of a supple patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.
Org. What makes he here?
Tec. The hurts are yet but mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king,
Armostes, see in safety thou deliver
This sealed up counsel; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the gods.—Oh Sparta!
Oh Lacedemon! double named, but one
In fate: when kingdoms reel, (mark well my saw!)
Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the king
That henceforth he no more must enquire after
My aged head; Apollo wills it so:
I am for Delphos.
Arm. Not without some conference
With our great master?
Tec. Never more to see him:
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,
When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless trunk shall wed the broken heart.
Ith. What's this, if understood?
Tec. List, Orgilus;
Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.
Arm. Alas, good man!
Tec. *Let craft with courtesy awhile confer,*
Revenge proves its own executioner.
Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests:
I am not Oëdipus.
Tec. My hour is come;
Cheer up the king: farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon! [*Exit* TECNICUS.
Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might construe
His words to fatal sense.
Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us, the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lies within me. Servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha!
Arm. The gods be still propitious.
[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES.
Org. Something oddly
The bookman prated; yet he talked it weeping:
Let craft with courtesy awhile confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.
Con it again;—For what? It shall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Penthea
Forbade me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill: Why see her then I may,
When, if I faint to speak, I must be silent. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BASSANES.

Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, *and* PHULAS.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye:
Take liberty at home, abroad at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods,
Whom I with my distractions have offended.
Gra. Fair blessings on thy heart!
Phu. Here's a rare change!
My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;
The cuckold in conceit hath cast his horns. [*Aside.*
Bass. Betake ye to your several occasions;
And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,
Let your constructions mildly pass it over;
Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more
I have not for employment.
Gra. Oh, sweet man!

Thou art the very honeycomb of honesty.
Phu. The garland of good-will:—Old lady, hold up
Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a moil of ancient carriage.
[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Phu.
Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness:
Such silly creatures with a grudging kick not
Against the portion nature hath bestowed:
But men, endowed with reason, and the use
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,
Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,
Repining at these glories of creation,
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
The worst am I: I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish, of a chaste wife,
Endeavoured what in me lay, to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,
And level in the dust of causeless scandal.
But to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall pour before the deities:
I have incensed a largess of more patience
Than their displeased altars can require.
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calms of my composure.

Enter Orgilus.

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
Of manhood, hooped about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,
Cursed by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
Is left a prey to words.
Bass. Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance:
I am resolv'd.
Org. Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne. But, what's the miracle
More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live.
Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment:
'Tis anchor'd into a firm resolution;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:
Practise no further.
Org. May the death of love to her
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From every joy of life! Thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

Enter Penthea, *with her hair flying*, Ithocles, Philema *and* Chrystalla.

Ith. Sister, look up; your Ithocles, your brother,
Speaks to you: Why do you weep? Dear, turn not from me!
Here is a killing sight; to Bassanes
A lamentable object!
Org. Man, dost see't?
Sports are more gamesome: am I yet in merriment?
Why dost not laugh?
Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage: mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared, impostor, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.
Org. Was I in earnest?
Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing pitifully;
And 'twere a comely musick, when in parts
One sung another's knell: the turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
He must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream: indeed I've slept
With mine eyes open a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head, but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave. I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.
Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.
Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapped up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly formed
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal.
Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave:—art thou mad too, antiquity?
Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes:
They would have smil'd, when I smil'd; and, for certain,
I should have cried when they cried. Truly, brother,
My father would have picked me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards:
But 'tis too late for me to marry now.
I am past child-bearing: 'tis not my fault.
Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Etna,
And bury me in flames; sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores! Affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.
Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining, gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; shew justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatched this thraldom first
With thine own poniard: every antick rapture
Can roar as thine does.
Ith. Orgilus, forbear.
Bass. Disturb him not: it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To baudy passion? Ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.
Pen. I loved you once. [*To* Orgilus.
Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature, in despite of malice;
For it I love thee ever.
Pen. Spare your hand;

Believe me, I'll not hurt it.
Org. Pain my heart too!
Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard: I'll kiss it;
Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm.—Hark in thine ear!
Like whom do I look, pr'ythee? Nay, no whispering.
Goodness! we had been happy: too much happiness
Will make folk proud, they say.—But that is he:— [*Pointing to* ITHOCLES.
And yet he paid for't home. Alas! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember
When we last gathered roses in the garden,
I found my wits, but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he.
Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue!
Bass. Keep in vexation,
And break not into clamour. [*Aside.*
Org. She has tutor'd me:
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness.
Now let me kiss your hand, grieved beauty.
Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wond'rous cold;
Dear soul, he's lost his colour: Have ye seen
A straying heart? All crannies, every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married batchelors hang in their ears.
Org. Peace usher her into Elysium!
If this be madness, madness is an oracle.
[*Exit* ORG.
Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister?
Her ravings are so wild!
Christ. Sir, not these ten days.
Phi. We watch by her continually; besides,
We cannot any way pray her to eat.
Bass. Oh, misery of miseries!
Pen. Take comfort,
You may live well, and die a good old man:
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
If you had joined our hands once in the temple,
('Twas since my father died, for had he lived
He would have done't,) I must have called you father.
Oh, my wreck'd honour, ruin'd by those tyrants,
A cruel brother and a desperate dotage!
There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife
Widowed by lawless marriage; to all memory,
Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:
But since her blood was seasoned by the forfeit
Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
Her blood—'tis just,—be henceforth never heightened
With taste of sustenance. Now let that fulness
Whose pleurisy hath fevered faith and modesty—
Forgive me!—Oh! I faint.
Arm. Be not so wilful,
Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.
Ith. Nature
Will call her daughter monster. What? not eat?
Refuse the only ordinary means
Which are ordained for life? Be not, my sister,
A murtheress to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bassanes?
Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts
Enough to think. All shall be well anon;
'Tis tumbling in my head: there is a mastery
In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside;
Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—
Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone! I'll search out
The trick on't.
Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.
Griefs are sure friends; they leave, without controul,
Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.
[*Exit* PENTHEA, *supported by* CHRIST. *and* PHIL.
Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice instantly
What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderful,
'Tis supersingular, not to be matched:
Yet, when I've done't, I've done't; ye shall all thank me. [*Exit.*
Arm. The sight is full of terror.
Ith. On my soul
Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.
See, uncle! the angry thing returns again;
Shall's welcome him with thunder? We are haunted,
And must use exorcising to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.
Arm. Mildly, nephew.

Enter NEARCHUS *and* AMELUS.

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder;
Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
The custom of the war in hours of leisure:
Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
Who in her private gallery expects it
From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger
But to her pleasure.
Ith. Excellent Nearchus,
Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour ye.
Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed;
Physicians are called for: 'twere fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.
Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.
[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES.
Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her; young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant
Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashioned.
Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rivall'd,
Considering the inequality of the persons?

Near. I can, Amelus; for affections, injured
By tyranny or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threatened trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for instance,
Life-spent Penthea, and unhappy Orgilus.
Ame. How does your grace determine?
Near. To be jealous
In public of what privately I'll further;
And, though they shall not know, yet they shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Royal Apartment.*

Enter AMYCLAS, *led by* HEMOPHIL *and* GRONEAS, *and is placed in a chair; followed by* ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, *and* PROPHILUS.

Amy. Our daughter is not near?
Arm. She is retired, sir,
Into her gallery.
Amy. Where's the prince, our cousin?
Proph. New walked unto the grove, my lord.
Amy. All leave us,
Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon:
We would be private.
Proph. Health unto your majesty.
[*Exeunt* PROPH. HEM. *and* GRO.
Amy. What? Tecnicus is gone?
Arm. He is, to Delphos;
And to your royal hands presents this box.
Amy. Unseal it, good Armostes; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle: out with it;
Apollo live our patron! Read, Armostes.
Arm. [*Reads.*] "The plot in which the vine takes root,
Begins to dry from head to foot;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape:
But from the neighbouring elm a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew."
Amy. That is the oracle; what exposition
Makes the philosopher?
Arm. This brief one only:
[*Reads.*] "The plot is Sparta, the dried vine the king;
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the elm: the rest conceal'd.
TECNICUS."
Amy. Enough: although the opening of this riddle
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest:
But must Calantha quail to that young grape,
Untimely budded? I could mourn for her;
Her tenderness hath yet deserved no rigour
So to be crost by fate.
Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense: I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the dew
Of which befriending elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.
Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of oracles
Is to be then digested, when th' events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As utter'd; truth is child of time: and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.
Amy. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation!—Where is Ithocles?
Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither'd vine
Of my frail carcase on the funeral pile
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.
Arm. All attend here.

Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS, EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!
Ith. Oh, my royal master!
Amy. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my life's solace,
With your fore-judging fears: there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty: I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness.
Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?
Crot. This morning, gracious lord.
Org. This very morning,
Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe too.
Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly;
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle; maids know only that they know not.
Pish! prythee, blush not: 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business,—is't not, sister?
Euph. You are pleasant.
Amy. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth becomes thee.
But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.
Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.
Amy. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting. Mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.
Ith. You've built me
To the full height I stand in.
Cal. Now or never!—
May I propose a suit?
Amy. Demand, and have it.
Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no farther

Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.
Amy. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart! Give me thine hand;
Calantha, take thine own; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute: I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.
Ith. A change, great king, most wished for, cause the same.
Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I kept my word?
Ith. Divinely.
Org. Rich fortune's guard, the favour of a princess,
Rock thee, brave man, in every crowned plenty!
You're minion of the time; be thankful for it.—
Ho, here's a swing in destiny!—Apparent,
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble. [*Aside.*
Amy. On to your recreations!—Now convey me
Unto my bed-chamber: none on his forehead
Wear a distemper'd look.
All. The gods preserve ye!
Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.
Ith. My whole felicity!
[Amyclas *is led out.* *Exeunt all but* Ithocles, *detained by* Orgilus.
Org. Shall I be bold, my lord?
Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus:
Call me thine own, for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.
Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great lord,
My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.
Ith. Royal? a subject royal?
Org. Why not, pray, sir?
The sovereignty of kingdoms in their nonage
Stoop'd to desert, not birth: there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation: you have conquer'd love,
Even in the loveliest; if I greatly err not,
The son of Venus hath bequeathed his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is open'd.
Ith. Can't be possible?
Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too; so forward,
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark ye!)
My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing, (by your leave) as any's
Now at this very instant—but—
Ith. 'Tis granted:
And for a league of privacy between us,
Read o'er my bosom, and partake a secret:
The princess is contracted mine.
Org. Still, why not?
I now applaud her wisdom; when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch;
Greece must admire and tremble.
Ith. Then the sweetness
Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus!
It is to banquet with the gods.
Org. The glory
Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on.
Ith. With a friendship
So dear, so fast as thine!
Org. I am unfitting
For office, but for service.
Ith. We'll distinguish
Our fortunes merely in the title; partners
In all respects else, but the bed.
Org. The bed?
Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy, till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together,
And there our beds are equal, save some monument
To shew this was the king, and this the subject.— [*Soft sad music.*
List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad ones.
Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.
Org. Hark! a voice too.

A SONG.—*Sung behind the Scene.*

Oh no more, no more! too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out; no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
Lock'd in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes
Open no more, for now love dies;
Now love dies, implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. Oh, my misgiving heart!
Org. A horrid stilness
Succeeds this deathful air. Let's know the reason:
Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Chamber of* PENTHEA.

PENTHEA *discovered in a chair veiled; two servants place two other chairs, one with an engine; the maids* CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA *sit down at her feet, mourning.*

Enter ITHOCLES *and* ORGILUS.

Serv. 'Tis done; that on her right hand. [*Placing the chairs.*
Org. Good: begone. [*Exeunt servants.*
Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!
Org. How fares the lady?

Phil. Dead.
Christ. Dead.
Phil. Starv'd.
Christ. Starv'd.
Ith. Me miserable!
Org. Tell us,
How parted she from life?
Phil. She called for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs: Christalla touched the lute;
I wept the funeral song.
Christ. Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath sealed up these hollow sounds:
"Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus!"
So down she drew her veil, so died.
Ith. So died!
Org. Up! you are messengers of death: go from us; [CHRIST. *and* PHIL. *rise.*
Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.
Away! and,—hark ye,—till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.—My lord! [*To* ITHOCLES.
[*Exeunt* CHRIST. *and* PHIL.
Ith. Mine only sister!
Another is not left me.
Org. Take that chair,
I'll seat me here in this: between us sits
The object of our sorrows; some few tears
We'll part among us; I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare them.—
There, there! sit there, my lord.
Ith. Yes, as you please.
[*Sits down, and is caught in the engine.*
What means this treachery?
Org. Caught; you are caught,
Young master: 'tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness. See, I take this veil off:
Survey a beauty withered by the flames
Of an insulting Phæton, her brother.
Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely.
Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and trained thee hither
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dreamt of kingdoms, did ye? how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess,
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touched upon your thought? As for my injuries,
Alas! they were beneath your royal pity;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound thee.
Behold thy fate: this steel! [*Draws his sword.*
Ith. Strike home! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome.
But pr'ythee faint not; if the wound close up,
Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compassion,
As loath to leave the newness of my glories:
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour; neither could I,
With equal trial of unequal fortune,
By hazard of a duel; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors!
Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly.
And take this peace along: some few short minutes
Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand: be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality. Thus, thus I free it.
[*Stabs him.*
Ith. Yet, yet I scorn to shrink.
Org. Keep up thy spirit:
I will be gentle even in blood; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.
Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow
Safety, with best success: oh may it prosper!
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds,
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forc'd faith.
Thoughts of ambition or delicious banquet,
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long look'd for peace——now—moves—to Heaven. [*Dies.*
Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood; henceforth welcome
Best expectation of a noble sufferance!
I'll look the body's safe, till what must follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for ever!—
In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame;
No monument lasts but a happy name. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* BASSANES.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nursery
Of Greece for learning, and the fount of knowledge;
For here in Sparta, there's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct; we're all turn'd madcaps.
'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs;
Then certainly he knows the virtue of them:
To Delphos I have sent too; if there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Honour
Attend thy counsels ever.
Bass. I beseech thee,
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;
I will not aught to do with thee, of all men.
The doublers of a hare, or in a morning
Salutes from a splay-footed witch, to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no more,
Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
Are not so boding mischief as thy crossing
My private meditations: shun me, pr'ythee:
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I'll love thee as well as I can.
Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mislike me not.
Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled:
Thou wert ordain'd my plague; Heaven make me thankful!
And give me patience too, Heaven, I beseech thee!
Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable
Never to speak vexation: I will study
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards ye.
Bass. Heyday! good words, good words?—I must believe 'em,
And be a coxcomb for my labour.
Org. Use not
So hard a language: your misdoubt is causeless:
For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience; such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mentioned,
As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder and a theme for imitation,
The first, the index pointing to a second,
I will acquaint ye with an unmatch'd secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.
Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus; 'tis in the power
Of the gods only: yet for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,
Unforc'd and naturally free, be resolute;
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
With a more careless danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation. Could it move
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock. I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.
Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.
Bass. A scull hid in the earth a treble age
Shall sooner prate.
Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.
Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.
Org. With manly courage
Please then to follow me.
Bass. Where'er; I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Loud music. Enter EUPHRANEA, *led by* GRONEAS *and* HEMOPHIL; PROPHILUS, *led by* CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA; NEARCHUS, *supporting* CALANTHA; CROTOLON *and* AMELUS. [*Music ceases.*]

Cal. We miss our servants, Ithocles and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?
Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whispered some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher; wherein, I conceive,
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.
Cal. A fair excuse for absence. As for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome. Armostes
Is with the king?
Crot. He is.
Cal. On to the dance!
Dear cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom must be
Intrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance!

[*Music.* NEARCHUS *dances with* EUPHRANEA, PROPHILUS *with* CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA *with* HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA *with* GRONEAS. *They dance the first change. During which enter* ARMOSTES.

Arm. [*In a whisper to* CALANTHA.] The king your father's dead.
Cal. To the other change!
Arm. Is't possible!

Another Dance. Enter BASSANES.

Bass. [*In a whisper to* CALANTHA.] Oh, madam,
Penthea, poor Penthea's starved.
Cal. Beshrew thee!—
Lead to the next!
Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

Another Dance. Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly. [*Aside to* CALANTHA.
Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly:
Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.
Org. I am thunderstruck.

The last Change. Music ceases.

Cal. So: let us breathe awhile.—Hath not this motion
Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks?
Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.
Cal. We all look cheerfully:
And, cousin, 'tis, methinks, a rare presumption
In any who prefers our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt

The custom of this ceremony bluntly.
Near. None dares, lady.
Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to me
How that the king was dead.
Arm. The king is dead:
That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and, with his crown, bequeath'd ye
Your mother's wedding-ring, which here I tender.
Crot. Most strange!
Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen then.
Near. Long live Calantha, Sparta's sovereign queen!
All. Long live the queen!
Cal. What whispered Bassanes?
Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starved to death.
Cal. She's happy: she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.
Org. That Ithocles
Was murthered, rather butchered, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaimed his last act triumph over ruin.
Arm. How? murther'd?
Cal. By whose hand?
Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge: the reasons
Are just and known: quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom.
Crot. Fye, Orgilus!
Euph. Fye, brother!
Cal. You have done it?
Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinc'd. Armostes, rent not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities: thou'st lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors:
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And enter'd into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly. Mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea.
Excellent misery!
Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice. Thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son: Euphranea, take a farewell,
And both be gone.
Crot. [*To* ORGILUS.] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution!
Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.
Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye!
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus. My vengeance
Aimed never at thy prejudice.
Cal. Now withdraw.
[*Exeunt* CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, *and* EUPHRANEA.
Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him,
With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best; there's all our bounty:
But, to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution
Instant before ye part.
Near. Your will commands us.
Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.
Cal. To their wisdoms,
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference: those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now died of necessity,
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords,
We'll suddenly prepare our coronation.
[*Exeunt* CALANTHA, PHILEMA, *and* CHRISTALLA.
Arm. 'Tis strange these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.
Bass. She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.
Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice.
Org. To bleed to death.
Arm. The executioner?
Org. Myself: no surgeon.
I am well skill'd in letting blood: bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream: here's a skilful instrument,
Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.
Bass. I am for ye.
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit.
Quick fillet both his arms.
[*The arms of* ORGILUS *are bared, and pieces of tape tied round the elbows. He receives a stick in each arm.*
Org. Gramercy, friendship:
Such courtesies are real, which flow chearfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand: If a proneness
Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betrayed fame to ignoble flight,

And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune, which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.
We trifle time in words: thus I shew cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.
[*Opens a vein in his arm.*

Arm. Desperate courage!
Org. Honourable infamy.
Hem. I tremble at the sight.
Gro. 'Would I were loose!
Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broached;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.
Grasp hard this other stick; I'll be as nimble.
But, pr'ythee, look not pale; have at ye! Stretch out
Thine arm with vigour, and unshook virtue.
[*Opens the vein in the other arm of* ORGILUS.
Good: oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities; this pastime
Appears majestical: some high-tun'd poem
Hereafter shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.
How is't, man? Droop not yet!
Org. I feel no palsies.
On a pair-royal do I wait in death;
My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant, and on Ithocles,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy:
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning; but for that I durst not
Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfac'd my vengeance.
Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire,
I call to mind thy augury; 'twas perfect:
Revenge proves its own executioner.
When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters.
[*Falling.*
Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.
Org. So falls the standard
Of my prerogative in being a creature.
A mist hangs o'er mine eyes; the sun's bright splendour
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow.
Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,
No heat can ever thaw thee. [*Dies.*
Near. Speech hath left him.
Bass. He hath shook hands with time: his funeral urn
Shall be my charge. Remove the bloodless body.
The coronation must require attendance:
That past, my few days can be but one mourning. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE III.—*A Temple.*

An altar, covered with white; two lights of virgin wax placed upon it. Music of Recorders, during which enter four, bearing ITHOCLES *on a hearse, in a rich robe, with a crown on his head; they place him on the one side of the altar. After him enter* CALANTHA, *in a white robe, and crowned;* EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA *and* CHRISTALLA, *in white;* NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS. CALANTHA *goes and kneels before the altar, the women kneeling behind her; the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft music—*CALANTHA *and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the altar.*

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.
Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties or obedience is to render
Subjection to the scepter of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition?
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanours, passions and divisions.
A nation, warlike and inur'd to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminate authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.
Near. Royal lady,
Your law is in your will.
Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.
Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,
By your own judgment both allow'd and lik'd of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height.
Cal. Hold you the same mind?
Bass. Alas, great mistress, reason is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravished
By some untimely fate; of friends divided
By churlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughtered carcases;
Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,
And I can dwell there, and with these keep concert
As musical as their's. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,
But craziness of age?
Cal. Cousin of Argos.
Near. Madam!
Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on
Before our marriage.
Near. Name them, virtuous lady.
Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos

Armostes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes——
Bass. I, queen? Alas! What I!
Cal. Be Sparta's marshal.
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your chamber.
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus;
She'll prove a constant wife: and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.
Bass. This is a testament;
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.
Near. All this should be perform'd.
Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus:
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments,
Which his dear friends, and my neglected husband,
Too short a time enjoy'd.
Proph. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.
Euph. Excellent lady!
Near. Madam, what means that word, neglected husband?
Cal. Forgive me.—Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest:
[*Places a ring upon the finger of* ITHOCLES.
Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death and death; still I danc'd forward,
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and out-live them:
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings;
Let me die smiling.
Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.
Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last: crack, crack!—
Argos, now Sparta's king, command the voices
Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song
Fitted for my end.
Near. Sirs, the song!

SONG.

All. *Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,*
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
Is not troubled, or by peace refin'd.
First voice. *Crowns may flourish and decay,*
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Second. *Youth may revel, yet it must*
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Third. *Earthly honours flow and waste,*
Time alone doth change and last.
All. *Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare*
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death: though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.
[CALANTHA *dies.*

Arm. Look to the queen!
Bass. Her heart is broke indeed.
Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part!
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.
Arm. Wise Tecnicus, thus said he:
When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.
'Tis here fulfill'd.
Near. I am your king.
All. Long live
Nearchus, king of Sparta!
Near. Her last will
Shall never be digress'd from. Wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as become us.—
The councils of the gods are never known,
Till men can call th' effects of them their own.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fixed
To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mixed
With ignorance: those censures may command
Belief, which talk not, till they understand.
Let some say, *this was flat*; some, *Here the scene*
Fell from its height; another, *That the mean*
Was ill observ'd in such a growing passion,
As it transcended either state or fashion;
Some few may cry, *'Twas pretty well*, or so,
But——and there shrug in silence: yet we know
Our writer's aim was in the whole addrest
Well to deserve of all, but please the best;
Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,
The Broken Heart may be piec'd up again.

THE
RIVAL QUEENS;
OR,
THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY

NATHANIEL LEE.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY SIR CAV. SCROOP, BART.

How hard the fate is of the scribbling drudge,
Who writes to all, when yet so few can judge!
Wit, like religion, once divine was thought,
And the dull crowd believ'd as they were taught;
Now each fanatic fool presumes t' explain
The text, and does the sacred writ prophane;
For while your wits each other's fall pursue,
The fops usurp the power belongs to you.
Ye think y'are challeng'd in each new play-bill,
And here you come for trial of your skill,
Where, fencer-like, you one another hurt,
While with your wounds you make the rabble sport.
Others there are that have the brutal will
To murder a poor play, but want the skill;
They love to fight, but seldom have the wit
To spy the place where they may thrust and hit;
And, therefore, like some bully of the town,
Ne'er stand to draw, but knock the poet down.
With these, like hogs in gardens, it succeeds,
They root up all, and know not flowers from weeds.
As for you, sparks, that hither come each day
To act your own, and not to mind our play,
Rehearse your usual follies to the pit,
And with loud nonsense crown the stage's wit;
Talk of your cloathes, your last debauches tell,
And witty bargains to each other sell;
Glout on the silly she, who, for your sake,
Can vanity and noise for love mistake,
Till the coquette, sung in the next lampoon,
Is by her jealous friends sent out of town;
For in this duelling, intriguing age,
The love you make, is like the war you wage,
Y'are still prevented ere you come t' engage:
But it is not such trifling foes as you
The mighty Alexander deigns to sue;
Ye Persians of the pit he does despise,
But to the men of sense for aid he flies;
On their experienc'd arms he now depends,
Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his friends.
For as he once a little handful chose
The numerous armies of the world t' oppose;
So, back'd by you, who understand the rules,
He hopes to rout the mighty host of fools.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Alexander the Great.
Clytus, *master of the horse.*
Lysimachus, *prince of the blood.*
Hephestion, *Alexander's favourite.*
Cassander, *son of Antipater*,
Polyperchon, *commander of the phalanx*, } *conspirators.*
Philip, *brother to Cassander*,
Thessalus *the Median*,
Perdiccas,
Eumenes, } *great commanders.*
Meleager,
Aristander, *a soothsayer.*

WOMEN.

Sysigambis, *mother of the royal family.*
Statira, *daughter of Darius, married to Alexander.*
Roxana, *daughter of Cohortanus, first wife of Alexander.*
Parisatis, *sister to Statira, in love with Lysimachus.*
Attendants, Slaves, Ghost, Dancers Guards.

Scene,—*Babylon.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter **Hephestion**, **Lysimachus**, *fighting*; **Clytus** *parting them.*

Cly. What, are you madmen? ha! Put up, I say——
Then, mischief's in the bosom of you both.
Lys. I have his sword.
Cly. But must not have his life.
Lys. Must not, old Clytus?
Cly. Mad Lysimachus, you must not.
Heph. Coward flesh! O feeble arm!
He dallied with my point, and when I thrust,
He frowned and smiled, and foiled me like a fencer.
O reverend Clytus, father of the war,
Most famous guard of Alexander's life,
Take pity on my youth, and lend a sword!
Lysimachus is brave, and will but scorn me;
Kill me, or let me fight with him again.
Lys. There, take thy sword, and since thou art resolved
For death, thou hast the noblest from my hand.
Cly. Stay thee, Lysimachus; Hephestion, hold;
I bar you both, my body interposed.
Now let me see, which of you dares to strike!
By Jove, ye have stirred the old man; that rash arm,
That first advances, moves against the gods,
Against the wrath of Clytus, and the will
Of our great king, whose deputy I stand.
Lys. Well, I shall take another time.
Heph. And I.
Cly. 'Tis false.
Another time, what time? what foolish hour?
No time shall see a brave man do amiss.
And what's the noble cause, that makes this madness?
What big ambition blows this dangerous fire?
A Cupid's puff, is't not, a woman's breath?
By all your triumphs in the heat of youth,
When towns were sacked, and beauties prostrate lay,
When my blood boiled, and nature worked me high,
Clvtus ne'er bowed his body to such shame:
The brave will scorn the cobweb arts——The souls
Of all that whining, smiling, cozening sex,
Weigh not one thought of any man of war.
Lys. I confess our vengeance was ill-timed.
Cly. Death! I had rather this right arm were lost,
To which I owe my glory, than our king
Should know your fault——what, on this famous day!
Heph. I was to blame.
Cly. This memorable day,
When our hot master, that would tire the world,
Out-ride the labouring sun, and tread the stars,
When he, inclined to rest, comes peaceful on,
Listening to songs; while all his trumpets sleep,
And plays with monarchs, whom he used to drive;
Shall we begin disorders, make new broils?
We, that have temper learnt, shall we awake
Hushed Mars, the lion that had left to roar?

Lys. 'Tis true; old Clytus is an oracle.
Put up, Hephestion——did not passion blind
My reason, I on such occasion too
Could thus have urged.
Heph. Why is it then we love?
Cly. Because unmanned.
Why, is not Alexander grown example?
O that a face should thus bewitch a soul,
And ruin all that's right and reasonable!
Talk be my bane, yet the old man must talk:
Not so he loved, when he at Issus fought,
And joined in mighty duel great Darius,
Whom from his chariot, flaming all with gems,
He hurled to earth, and crushed the imperial crown;
Nor could the gods defend their images,
Which with the gaudy coach lay overturned:
'Twas not the shaft of love, that did the feat;
Cupid had nothing there to do; but now
Two wives he takes, two rival queens disturb
The court; and while each hand does beauty hold,
Where is there room for glory?
Heph. In his heart.
Cly. Well said;
You are his favourite, and I had forgot
Who I was talking to. See Sysigambis comes,
Reading a letter to your princess; go,
Now make your claim, while I attend the king. [*Exit.*

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, PARISATIS.

Par. Did not you love my father? Yes, I see
You did; his very name but mentioned brings
The tears, howe'er unwilling, to your eyes.
I loved him too; he would not thus have forced
My trembling heart, which your commands may break,
But never bend.
Sys. Forbear thy lost complaints;
Urge not a suit, which I can never grant.
Behold the royal signet of the king,
Therefore resolve to be Hephestion's wife,
Par. No! since Lysimachus has won my heart,
My body shall be ashes, e'er another's.
Sys. For sixty rolling years who ever stood
The shock of state so unconcern'd as I?
This, whom I thought to govern, being young,
Heaven, as a plague to power, has rendered strong;
Judge my distresses, and my temper prize,
Who, though unfortunate, would still be wise.
Lys. To let you know, that misery doth sway [*Both kneel.*
An humbler fate than yours, see at your feet
The lost Lysimachus: O mighty queen,
I have but this to beg,—impartial stand,
And, since Hephestion serves by your permission,
Disdain not me, who ask your royal leave
To cast a throbbing heart before her feet.
Heph. A blessing, like possession of the princess,
No services, not crowns, nor all the blood
That circles in our bodies, can deserve:
Therefore I take all helps, much more the king's,
And what your majesty vouchsafed to give;
Your word is past, where all my hopes must hang.
Lys. There perish too—all words want sense in love;
But love and I bring such a perfect passion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her eyes,
Which, without blushing, she may justly prize.
Heph. Such arrogance, should Alexander woo,
Would lose him all the conquests he has won.
Lys. Let not a conquest once be named by you,
Who this dispute must to my mercy owe.
Sys. Rise, brave Lysimachus, Hephestion rise:
'Tis true Hephestion first declared his love;
And 'tis as true, I promised him my aid;
Your glorious king turned mighty advocate.
How noble, therefore, were the victory,
If we could vanquish this disordered love?
Heph. 'Twill never be.
Lys. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from Alexander's mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.
Sys. I grieve,
And fear the boldness, which your love inspires;
But lest her sight should haste your enterprize,
'Tis just I take the object from your eyes. [*Exeunt* SYS. *and* PAR.
Lys. She's gone, and see, the day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is lost, now she is vanished.
Heph. A sudden gloominess and horror come
About me.
Lys. Let's away to meet the king;
You know my suit.
Heph. Yonder Cassander comes,
He may inform us.
Lys. No, I would avoid him;
There's something in that busy face of his,
That shocks my nature.
Heph. Where and what you please. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CASSANDER.

Cass. The morning rises black, the lowering sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on;
The face of day now blushes scarlet deep,
As if it feared the stroke which I intend,
Like that of Jupiter.—Lightning and thunder!
The lords above are angry, and talk big,
Or rather walk the mighty cirque like mourners
Clad in long clouds, the robes of thickest night,
And seem to groan for Alexander's fall.
'Tis as Cassander's soul could wish it were,
Which, whensoe'er it flies at lofty mischief,
Would startle fate, and make all heaven concerned.
A mad Chaldean, in the dead of night,
Came to my bed-side with a flaming torch;
And bellowing o'er me, like a spirit damned,

He cried, 'Well had it been for Babylon,
'If cursed Cassander never had been born.'

Enter THESSALUS, *and* PHILIP, *with letters.*

Thess. My lord Cassander.
Cass. Ha! who's there?
Phil. Your friends.
Cass. Welcome, dear Thessalus, and brother Philip.
Papers——with what contents?
Phil. From Macedon
A trusty slave arrived——great Antipater
Writes, that your mother laboured with you long,
Your birth was slow, and slow is all your life.
Cass. He writes, dispatch the king—Craterus comes,
Who in my room must govern Macedon;
Let him not live a day—he dies to-night;
And thus my father but forestalls my purpose:
Why am I slow then? If I rode on thunder,
I must a moment have to fall from heaven,
Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.
Thess. The haughty Polyperchon comes this way;
A mal-content, on whom I lately wrought,
That for a slight affront, at Susa given,
Bears Alexander most pernicious hate.
Cass. So, when I mocked the Persians, that adored him,
He struck me in the face, and by the hair
He swung me to his guards to be chastised;
For which and for my father's weighty cause,
When I abandon what I have resolved,
May I again be beaten like a slave!
But lo, where Polyperchon comes: now fire him
With such complaints, that he may shoot to ruin.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

Pol. Sure I have found those friends, dare second me;
I hear fresh murmurs as I pass along:
Yet, rather than put up, I'll do't alone.
Did not Pausanias, a youth, a stripling,
A beardless boy, swelled with inglorious wrong,
For a less cause his father Philip kill?
Peace then, full heart! move like a cloud about,
And when time ripens thee to break, O shed
The stock of all thy poison on his head!
Cass. All nations bow their heads with homage down,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man:
The name, the shout, the blast from every mouth,
Is Alexander: Alexander bursts
Your cheeks, and with a crack so loud
It drowns the voice of Heaven; like dogs ye fawn,
The earth's commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind starts up to hear his blasphemy:
And if this hunter of this barbarous world
But wind himself a God, you echo him
With universal cry.
Pol. I echo him?
I fawn, or fall, like a far eastern slave,
And lick his feet? Boys hoot me from the palace,
To haunt some cloister with my senseless walk,
When thus the noble soul of Polyperchon
Lets go the aim of all his actions, honour.
Thess. The king shall slay me, cut me up alive,
Ply me with fire and scourges, rack me worse
Than once he did Philotas, e'er I bow.
Cass. Curse on thy tongue for mentioning Philotas!
I had rather thou hadst Aristander been,
And to my soul's confusion raised up hell,
With all the furies brooding upon horrors,
Than brought Philotas' murder to remembrance.
Phil. I saw him racked, a sight so dismal sad
My eyes did ne'er behold.
Cass. So dismal? peace!
It is unutterable: let me stand,
And think upon the tragedy you saw;
By Mars it comes! ay! now the rack's set for
Bloody Craterus, his inveterate foe,
With pitiless Hephestion standing by:
Philotas, like an angel seized by fiends,
Is straight disrobed, a napkin ties his head,
His warlike arms with shameful cords are bound,
And every slave can now the valiant wound.
Pol. Now, by the soul of royal Philip fled,
I dare pronounce young Alexander, who
Would be a god, is cruel as a devil.
Cass. Oh, Polyperchon, Philip, Thessalus,
Did not your eyes rain blood, your spirits burst,
To see your noble fellow-soldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a tear, endure
The torments of the damned? O barbarians,
Could you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer?
Ye saw him bruised, torn, to the bones made bare;
His veins wide lanced, and the poor quivering flesh
With pincers from his manly bosom ript,
Till ye discovered the great heart lie panting.
Pol. Why killed we not the king, to save Philotas?
Cass. Asses! fools! but asses will bray, and fools be angry.
Why stood ye then like statues? there's the case,
The horror of the sight had turned ye marble.
So the pale Trojans, from their weeping walls,
Saw the dear body of the godlike Hector,
Bloody and soiled, dragged on the famous ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn weapons ran,
To save the great remains of that prodigious man.
Phil. Wretched Philotas! bloody Alexander!
Thess. Soon after him the great Parmenio fell,
Stabbed in his orchard by the tyrant's doom.
But where's the need to mention public loss,
When each receives particular disgrace?
Pol. Late I remember, to a banquet called,
After Alcides' goblet swift had gone
The giddy round, and wine had made me bold,
Stirring the spirits up to talk with kings,
I saw Craterus with Hephestion enter
In Persian robes; to Alexander's health
They largely drank; then, turning eastward, fell
Flat on the pavement, and adored the sun.

Straight to the king they sacred reverence gave,
With solemn words, ‘ O son of thundering Jove,
Young Ammon, live for ever!’ then kissed the ground.
I laughed aloud, and scoffing, asked them why
They kissed no harder;—but the king leapt up,
And spurned me to the earth, with this reply:—
‘ Do thou!’——whilst with his foot he prest my neck,
Till from my ears, my nose, and mouth, the blood
Gushed forth, and I lay foaming on the earth—
For which I wish this dagger in his heart.
Cass. There spoke the spirit of Calisthenes!
Remember he's a man, his flesh as soft
And penetrable as a girl's: we have seen him wounded,
A stone has struck him, yet no thunderbolt:
A pebble felled this Jupiter along:
A sword has cut him, a javelin pierced him,
Water will drown him, fire burn him,
A surfeit, nay a fit of common sickness,
Brings this immortal to the gate of death.
Pol. Why should we more delay the glorious business?
Are your hearts firm?
Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
To any ruin, than I to the king's.
Thess. And I.
Pol. Behold my hand; and if you doubt my truth,
Tear up my breast, and lay my heart upon it.
Cass. Join then, O worthy, hearty, noble hands,
Fit instruments for such majestic souls!
Remember Hermolaus, and be hushed.
Pol. Still as the bosom of the desert night,
As fatal planets, or deep-plotting fiends.
Cass. To-day he comes from Babylon to Susa,
With proud Roxana.
Ah! who's that?——look there!

Enter the Ghost of King Philip, *shaking a truncheon at them, walks over the Stage.*

Cass. Now by the gods, or furies, which I ne'er
Believed,———there's one of them arrived to shake us.
What art thou? glaring thing, speak! What, the spirit
Of our king Philip, or of Polyphemus?
Nay hurl thy truncheon, second it with thunder;
We will abide——Thessalus, saw you nothing?
Thess. Yes, and am more amazed than you can be.
Phil. 'Tis said, that many prodigies were seen
This morn, but none so horrible as this.
Pol. What! can you fear? though the earth yawned so wide,
That all the labours of the deep were seen,
And Alexander stood on the other side,
I'd leap the burning ditch to give him death,
Or sink myself for ever: Pray, to the business.
Cass. As I was saying, this Roxana, whom,
To aggravate my hate to him, I love,
Meeting him as he came triumphant from
The Indies, kept him revelling at Susa;
But as I found, a deep repentance since
Turns his affections to the queen Statira,
To whom he swore (before he could espouse her)
That he would never bed Roxana more.
Pol. How did the Persian queen receive the news
Of his revolt?
Thess. With grief incredible:
Great Sysigambis wept, but the young queen
Fell dead among her maids;
Nor could their care
With richest cordials, for an hour or more,
Recover life.
Cass. Knowing how much she loved,
I hoped to turn her all into Medea;
For, when the first gust of her grief was past,
I entered, and with breath prepared did blow
The dying sparks into a towering flame,
Describing the new love he bears Roxana,
Conceiving, not unlikely, that the line
Of dead Darius in her cause might rise.
Is any panther's, lioness's rage
So furious, any torrent's falls so swift,
As a wronged woman's hate? Thus far it helps
To give him troubles; which perhaps may end him,
And set the court in universal uproar.
But see! it ripens more than I expected:
The scene works up; kill him, or kill thyself;
So there be mischief any way, 'tis well;
Now change the vizor, every one disperse,
And with a face of friendship meet the king.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sysigambis, Statira, Parisatis, *Attendants.*

Stat. Give me a knife, a draught of poison, flames!
Swell heart, break, break, thou stubborn thing!
Now, by the sacred fire, I'll not be held;
Why do ye wish my life, yet stifle me
For want of air? pray give me leave to walk.
Sys. Is there no reverence to my person due!
Darius would have heard me; trust not rumour.
Stat. No, he hates,
He loaths the beauties, which he has enjoyed.
O, he is false, that great, that glorious man
Is tyrant midst of his triumphant spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the gods forsworn:
Yet, who would think it! no, it cannot be,
It cannot——What, that dear protesting man!
He, that has warmed my feet with thousand sighs,
Then cooled them with his tears, died on my knees,
Outwept the morning with his dewy eyes,
And groaned and swore the wandering stars away!
Sys. No, 'tis impossible, believe thy mother,
That knows him well.
Stat. Away, and let me die:
O 'tis my fondness, and my easy nature,
That would excuse him; but I know he's false,

'Tis now the common talk, the news of the world,
False to Statira, false to her that loved him;
That loved him, cruel victor as he was,
And took him, bathed all o'er in Persian blood;
Kissed the dear cruel wounds, and washed them o'er
And o'er in tears——then bound them with my hair,
Laid him all night upon my panting bosom,
Lulled like a child, and hushed him with my songs.
Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
A man again!
Stat. A man! a man! my Parisatis;
Thus with thy hand held up, thus let me swear thee—
By the eternal body of the sun,
Whose body, O forgive the blasphemy,
I loved not half so well as the least part
Of my dear precious faithless Alexander;
For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
Not the spring's mouth, nor breath of jessamin,
Nor violet's infant-sweets, nor opening buds,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breast;
From every pore of him a perfume falls,
He kisses softer than a southern wind,
Curls like a vine, and touches like a god.
Sys. When will thy spirits rest, these transports cease?
Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my sister?
As I was saying—but I told his sweetness;
Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!
Even when the joy he sighed for is possest,
He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with such passion, swears with so much grace,
That 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.
Par. But what was it, that you would have me swear?
Stat. Alas, I had forgot! let me walk by
And weep awhile, and I shall soon remember.
Sys. Have patience, child, and give her liberty;
Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows:
Yet, while I see her thus, not all the losses
We have received, since Alexander's conquest,
Can touch my hardened soul; her sorrow reigns
Too fully there.
Par. But what if she should kill herself?
Stat. Roxana then enjoys my perjured love,
Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms:
Doats on my conqueror, my dear lord, my king,
Devours his lips, eats him with hungry kisses:
She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she!
By heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis too much;
I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture.
I will have remedy, I will, I will,
Or go distracted; madness may throw off
The mighty load, and drown the flaming passion.
Madam, draw near, with all that are in presence,
And listen to the vow, which here I make.
Sys. Take heed, my dear Statira, and consider,
What desperate love enforces you to swear.
Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
And here I bid adieu to all mankind.
Farewell, ye cozeners of the easy sex,
And thou the greatest, falsest, Alexander!
Farewell, thou most beloved, thou faithless dear!
If I but mention him, the tears will fall;
Sure there is not a letter in his name,
But is a charm to melt a woman's eyes.
Sys. Clear up thy griefs; thy king, thy Alexander,
Comes on to Babylon.
Stat. Why, let him come,
Joy of all eyes but the forlorn Statira's.
Sys. Wilt thou not see him?
Stat. By heaven I never will,
This is my vow, my secret resolution; [*Kneels.*
And when I break it—
Sys. Ah, do not ruin all!
Stat. May I again be flattered and deluded,
May sudden death, and horrid, com instead
Of what I wished, and take me unprepared!
Sys. Still kneel, and with the same breath call again
The woeful imprecation thou hast made.
Stat. No, I will publish it through all the court,
Then, in the bowers of great Semiramis,
For ever lock my woes from human view.
Sys. Yet be persuaded.
Stat. Never urge me more,
Lest, driven to rage, I should my life abhor,
And in your presence put an end to all
The fast calamities, that round me fall.
Par. O angry heaven! what have the guiltless done!
And where shall wretched Parisatis run!
Sys. Captives in war, our bodies we resigned;
But now made free, love does our spirits bind.
Stat. When to my purposed loneness I retire,
Your sight I through the grates shall oft desire,
And after Alexander's health enquire.
And if this passion cannot be removed,
Ask how my resolution he approved,
How much he loves, how much he is beloved?
Then, when I hear that all things please him well,
Thank the good gods, and hide me in my cell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Noise of trumpets sounding far off.—The scene draws, and discovers a battle of crows and ravens in the air; an eagle and a dragon meet and fight; the eagle drops down with all the rest of the birds, and the dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off, shaking their heads. The conspirators come forward.

Cass. He comes, the fatal glory of the world,
The headlong Alexander, with a guard
Of thronging crowns, comes on to Babylon,
Though warned, in spite of all the powers above,
Who, by these prodigies, foretel his ruin.
Pol. Why all this noise, because a king must die?
Or does heaven fear, because he swayed the earth,
His ghost will war with the high Thunderer?
Curse on the babbling fates, that cannot see
A great man tumble, but they must be talking!
Cass. The spirit of king Philip, in those arms
We saw him wear, passed groaning through the court,
His dreadful eye-balls rolled their horror upwards;
He waved his arms, and shook his wondrous head.
I have heard, that, at the crowing of the cock,
Lions will roar, and goblins steal away;
But this majestic air stalks stedfast on,
Spite of the morn, that calls him from the east,
Nor minds the opening of the ivory door.
Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never day like this.
Cass. Late as I musing walked behind the palace,
I met a monstrous child, that with his hands
Held to his face, which seemed all over eyes,
A silver bowl, and wept it full of blood;
But having spied me, like a cockatrice,
He glared a while; then, with a shriek so shrill
As all the winds had whistled from his mouth,
He dashed me with the gore he held, and vanished.
Pol. That, which befel me, though 'twas horrid, yet,
When I consider it, appears ridiculous:
For as I passed through a bye, vacant place,
I met two women, very old and ugly,
That wrung their hands, and howled and beat their breasts,
And cried out, poison! When I asked the cause,
They took me by the ears, and with strange force
Held me to the earth, then laughed, and disappeared.
Cass. O how I love destruction with a method,
Which none discern, but those that weave the plot!
Like silk-worms we are hid in our own web,
But we shall burst at last through all the strings;
And, when time calls, come forth in a new form,
Not insects to be trod, but dragons winged.
Thess. The face of all the court is strangely altered:
There's not a Persian I can meet, but stares
As if he were distracted. Oxyartes,
Statira's uncle, openly declaimed
Against the perjury of Alexander.
Phil. Others, more fearful, are removed to Susa,
Dreading Roxana's rage, who comes i'th' rear
To Babylon.
Cass. It glads my rising soul,
That we shall see him racked before he dies:
I know he loves Statira more than life,
And on a crowd of kings in triumph borne,
Comes big with expectation to enjoy her.
But when he hears the oaths, which she has taken,
Her last adieu made public to the world,
Her vowed divorce, how will remorse consume him,
Prey, like the bird of hell, upon his liver!
Pol. To baulk his longing, and delude his lust,
Is more than death, 'tis earnest for damnation.
Cass. Then comes Roxana, who must help our party;
I know her, jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the likeness of her heart to mine,
And sympathy of natures, caused me love her:
'Tis fixed, I must enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty first.
Pol. To see two rival queens of different humours,
With a variety of torments vex him!

Enter Lysimachus, *and* Hephestion.

Cass. Of that anon: But see Lysimachus,
And the young favourite. Sort, sort yourselves,
And, like to other mercenary souls,
Adore this mortal god, that soon must bleed.
Lys. Here I will wait the king's approach, and stand
His utmost anger, if he do me wrong.
Heph. That cannot be, from power so absolute
And high as his.
Lys. Well, you and I have done.
Pol. How the court thickens!
[*Trumpets sound.*
Cass. Nothing to what it will—Does he not come.
To hear a thousand, thousand embassies,
Which from all parts to Babylon are brought;
As if the parliament of the world
Had met, and he came on, a god, to give
The infinite assembly glorious audience,

Enter CLYTUS, ARISTANDER *in his robes, with a wand.*

Arist. Haste, reverend Clytus, haste and stop the king!

Cly. He is already entered: Then the press
Of princes, that attend so thick about him,
Keep all, that would approach, at certain distance.

Arist. Though he were hemmed with deities I'd speak to him,
And turn him back from this highway to death.

Cly. Here place yourself within this trumpet's sound.
Lo the Chaldean priests appear; behold
The sacred fire, Nearchus and Eumenes,
With their white wands, and dressed in eastern robes,
To soothe the king, who loves the Persian mode:
But see, the master of the world appears.

Enter ALEXANDER; *all kneel but* CLYTUS.

Heph. O son of Jupiter, live for ever!

Alex. Rise all; and thou my second self, my love,
O my Hephestion, raise thee from the earth
Up to my breast, and hide thee in my heart.
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine arms at distance?
Hug me, or, by Heaven, thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love, my lord! break not the heart you framed,
And moulded up to such an excellence,
Then stamped on it your own immortal image.
Not love the king? such is not woman's love;
So fond a friendship, such a sacred flame,
As I must doubt to find in breasts above.

Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me, crown of all my wars,
Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurel:
I know thou lov'st thy Alexander more
Than Clytus does the king. No tears, Hephestion;
I read thy passion in thy manly eyes,
And glory in those planets of my life,
Above the rival lights, that shine in Heaven.

Lys. I see, that death must wait me, yet I'll on.

Alex. I'll tell thee, friend,—and mark it, all ye princes,—
Though never mortal man arrived to such
A height as I, yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my purples, and my conquered crowns,
And die to save this darling of my soul.
Give me thy hand, share all my sceptres while
I live; and, when my hour of fate is come,
I leave thee, what thou merit'st more than I, the world.

Lys. Dread sir, I cast me at your royal feet.

Alex. What! my Lysimachus, whose veins are rich
With our illustrious blood? My kinsman, rise;—
Is not that Clytus?

Cly. Your old faithful soldier.

Alex. Come to my hands, thus double arm the king:
And now, methinks, I stand like the dread God,
Who, while his priests and I quaffed sacred blood,
Acknowledged me his son. My lightning thou,
And thou, my mighty thunder.——I have seen
Thy glittering sword out-fly celestial fire:
And when I cried, 'Begone and execute,'
I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,
Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet;
Swifter than shadows fleeting o'er the fields;
Nay, even the winds, with all their stock of wings,
Have puffed behind, as wanting breath to reach him.

Lys. But if your majesty——

Cly. Who would not lose
The last dear drop of blood for such a king?'

Alex. Witness, my elder brothers of the sky,
How much I love a soldier!——O my Clytus,
Was it not when we passed the Granicus,
Thou didst preserve me from unequal force?
'Twas then, when Spithridates and Rhesaces,
Fell both upon me with two dreadful strokes,
And clove my tempered helmet quite in sunder,
Then I remember, then thou didst me service;
I think my thunder split them to the navel.

Cly. To your great self you owe that victory,
And sure your arms did never gain a nobler.

Alex. By Heaven, they never did; for well thou know'st,
And I am prouder to have passed that stream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain:
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood,
Perched on my beaver in the Granick flood;
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore,
When the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appeared the leading god.

Aris. But all the honours, which your youth has won,
Are lost, unless you fly from Babylon;
Haste with your chiefs, to Susa take your way,
Fly for your life, destructive is your stay.
This morning having viewed the angry sky,
And marked the prodigies, that threatened high,
To our bright God I did for succour fly;
But oh——

Alex. What fears thy reverend bosom shake?
Or dost thou from some dream of horror wake?
If so, come grasp me with thy shaking hand,
Or fall behind, while I the danger stand.

Aris. To Orosmades' cave I did repair,
Where I atoned the dreadful God with prayer:
But as I prayed I heard long groans within,
And shrieks as of the damned, that howl for sin:
I knew the omen, and I feared to stay,
But prostrate on the trembling pavement lay.
When he bodes happiness, he answers mild;
'Twas so of old, and the great image smiled:
But now in abrupt thunder he replied,
Loud as rent rocks, or roaring seas, he cried,
'All empires, crowns, glory of Babylon,
Whose head stands wrapped in clouds, must tumble down.'

Alex. If Babylon must fall, what is't to me?
Or can I help immutable decree?
Down then, vast frame, with all thy lofty towers,

Since 'tis so ordered by almighty powers:
Pressed by the fates, unloose your golden bars,
'Tis great to fall, the envy of the stars.

Enter PERDICCAS, MELEAGER.

Mel. O horror!
Per. Dire portents!
Alex. Out with them, then;
What, are ye ghosts, ye empty shapes of men?
If so, the mysteries of hell unfold,
Be all the scrolls of destiny unrolled,
Open the brazen leaves, and let it come;
Point with a thunder-bolt your monarch's doom.
Per. As Meleager and myself in field,
Your Persian horse about the army wheeled,
We heard a noise as of a rushing wind,
And a thick storm the eye of day did blind:
A croaking noise resounded through the air,
We looked, and saw big ravens battling there;
Each bird of night appeared himself a cloud,
They met and fought, and their wounds rained black blood.
Mel. All, as for honour, did their lives expose;
Their talons clashed, and beaks gave mighty blows,
Whilst dreadful sounds did our scared sense assail,
As of small thunder, or huge Scythian hail.
Per. Our augurs shook, when, with a horrid groan,
We thought that all the clouds had tumbled down.
Soldiers and chiefs,—who can the wonder tell!
Struck to the ground, promiscuously fell;
While the dark birds, each ponderous as a shield,
For fifty furlongs hid the fatal field.
Alex. Be witness for me, all ye powers divine,
If ye be angry, 'tis no fault of mine;
Therefore let furies face me with a band
From hell, my virtue shall not make a stand;
Though all the curtains of the sky be drawn,
And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on:
While my Statira shines, I cannot stay,
Love lifts his torch to light me on my way,
And her bright eyes create another day.
Lys. Ere you remove, be pleased, dread sir, to hear
A prince allied to you by blood.
Alex. Speak quickly.
Lys. For all that I have done for you in war,
I beg the princess Parisatis.
Alex. Ha!
Is not my word already past? Hephestion,
I know he hates thee, but he shall not have her;
We heard of this before——Lysimachus,
I here command you nourish no design
To prejudice my person in the man
I love, and will prefer to all the world.
Lys. I never failed to obey your majesty,
Whilst you commanded what was in my power;
Nor could Hephestion fly more swift to serve,
When you commanded us to storm a town,
Or fetch a standard from the enemy:
But, when you charge me not to love the princess,
I must confess I disobey you, as I
Would the gods themselves, should they command.
Alex. You should, brave sir? hear me, and then be dumb!
When by my order curst Calisthenes
Was, as a traitor, doomed to live in torments,
Your pity sped him in despite of me.
Think not I have forgot your insolence;
No, though I pardoned it, yet if again
Thou darest to cross me with another crime,
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.
In the mean time think not of Parisatis;
For if thou dost, by Jupiter Ammon,
By my own head, and by king Philip's soul,
I'll not respect that blood of mine thou sharest,
But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.
Lys. I doubted not at first but I should meet
Your indignation, yet my soul's resolved;
And I shall never quit so brave a prize,
While I can draw a bow, or lift a sword.
Alex. Against my life! Ah! was it so? how now?
'Tis said, that I am rash, of hasty humour;
But I appeal to the immortal gods,
If ever petty poor provincial lord
Had temper like to mine: My slave, whom I
Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats!
Cly. Contain yourself, dread sir; the noble prince,
I see it in his countenance, would die
To justify his truth; but love makes many faults.
Lys. I meant his minion there should feel my arm;
Love asks his blood, nor shall he live to laugh
At my destruction.
Alex. Now be thy own judge;
I pardon thee for my old Clytus' sake;
But, if once more thou mention thy rash love,
Or darest attempt Hephestion's precious life,
I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
Philotus' rack, Calisthenes' disgrace,
Shall be delight to what thou shalt endure.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, PARISATIS.

Heph. My lord, the queen comes to congratulate
Your safe arrival.
Alex. O thou the best of women,
Source of my joy, blest parent of my love!
Sys. Permit me kneel, and give those adorations,
Which from the Persian family are due:
Have you not raised us, from our ruins, high?
And when no hand could help, nor any eye
Behold us with a tear, your's pitied me;
You, like a god, snatched us from sorrow's gulf,
Fixed us in thrones above our former state.
Par. Which, when a soul forgets, advanced so nobly,
May it be drowned in deeper misery!
Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
But still there wants, to crown my happiness,
Life of my empire, treasure of my soul,
My dear Statira: O that heavenly beam,

Warmth of my brain, and fire of my heart!
Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been amongst the gods,
If any extasy can make a height,
Or any rapture hurl us to the heavens.
Cly. Now, who shall dare to tell him the queen's vow?
Alex. How fares my love? ha—neither answer me!
Ye raise my wonder, darkness overwhelms me;—
If royal Sysigambis does not weep!
Trembling and horror pierce me cold as ice.
Is she not well? what, none, none answer me?
Or is it worse? Keep down, ye rising sighs,
And murmur in the hollow of my breast:
Run to my heart, and gather more sad wind;
That, when the voice of fate shall call you forth,
Ye may, at once, rush from the seat of life,
Blow the blood out, and burst like a bladder.
Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails me.
Alex. If she be dead—That if's impossible;
And let none here affirm it, for his soul:
For he that dares but think so damned a lie,
I'll have his body straight impaled before me,
And glut my eyes upon his bleeding entrails.
Cass. How will this engine of unruly passion
Roar when we have rammed him to the mouth with poison? [*Aside.*
Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like the senseless trees, while to the stupid grove
I, like a wounded lion, groan my griefs,
And none will answer—what, not my Hephestion?
If thou hast any love for Alexander,
If ever I obliged thee by my care,
When my quick sight has watched thee in the fight;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth cries,
And, like a mother, washed thee with my tears;
If this be true, if I deserve thy love,
Ease me, and tell the cause of my disaster.
Heph. Your mourning queen (which I had told before,
Had you been calm) has no disease but sorrow,
Which was occasioned first by jealous pangs:
She heard, (for what can 'scape a watchful lover?)
That you at Susa, breaking all your vows,
Relapsed, and conquered by Roxana's charms,
Gave up yourself devoted to her arms.
Alex. I know that subtle creature, in my riot,
My reason gone, seduced me to her bed;
But when I waked I shook the Circe off,
Though that enchantress held me by the arm,
And wept, and gazed with all the force of love;
Nor grieved I less for that, which I had done,
Than when at Thais' suit, enraged with wine,
I set the famed Persepolis on fire.
Heph. Your queen Statira took it so to heart,
That, in the agony of love, she swore
Never to see your majesty again;
With dreadful imprecations she confirmed
Her oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.
Alex. Ha! did she swear? did that sweet creature swear?
I'll not believe it; no, she is all softness,
All melting, mild, and calm as a rocked infant,
Nor can you wake her into cries: By heaven,
She is the child of love, and she was born in smiles.
Par. I and my weeping mother heard her swear.
Sys. And with such fierceness she did aggravate
The foulness of your fault, that I could wish
Your majesty would blot her from your breast.
Alex. Blot her, forget her, hurl her from my bosom,
For ever lose that star that gilds my life,
Guide of my days, and goddess of my nights!
No, she shall stay with me in spite of vows,
My soul and body both are twisted with her.
The god of love empties his golden quiver,
Shoots every grain of her into my heart;
She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here,
Panting and warm, the dearest—O Statira!
Sys. Have patience, son, and trust to Heaven and me.
If my authority, or the remembrance
Of dead Darius, or her mother's soul,
Can work upon her, she again is yours.
Alex. O mother, help me, help your wounded son,
And move the soul of my offended dear;
But fly, haste, ere the sad procession's made.
Spend not a thought in reply—Begone,
If you would have me live—and, Parisatis,
Hang thou about her knees, wash them with tears:
Nay haste, the breath of gods, and eloquence
Of angels, go along with you—Oh my heart!
[*Exeunt* SYS. *and* PAR.
Lys. Now let your majesty, who feels the torments
And sharpest pangs of love, encourage mine.
Alex. Ha——
Cly. Are you a madman? Is this a time?
Lys. Yes; for I see he cannot be unjust to me,
Lest something worse befal himself.
Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing?
Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so:
But know, to thy confusion, that my word,
Like destiny, admits not a reverse;
Therefore in chains thou shalt behold the nuptials
Of my Hephestion——Guards, take him prisoner.
Lys. I shall not easily resign my sword,
Till I have dyed it in my rival's blood.
Alex. I charge you, kill him not, take him alive;
The dignity of kings is now concerned,
And I will find a way to tame this beast.
Cly. Kneel, for I see lightning in his eyes.
Lys. I neither hope nor ask a pardon of him;
But if he should restore my sword, I would
With a new violence run against my rival.

Alex. Sure we at last shall conquer this fierce lion:
Hence from my sight, and bear him to a dungeon!
Perdiccas, give this lion to a lion:
None speak for him! fly! stop his mouth, away!
Cly. The king's extremely moved.
Eum. I dare not speak.
Cly. This comes of love and women; 'tis all madness;
Yet were I heated now with wine, I should
Be preaching to the king for this rash fool.
Alex. Come hither, Clytus, and my dear Hephestion;
Lend me your arms, help, for I'm sick o' th' sudden.
I fear, betwixt Statira's cruel love,
And fond Roxana's arts, your king will fall.
Cly. Better the Persian race were all undone.
Heph. Look up, my lord, and bend not thus your head,
As if you'd leave the empire of the world,
Which you with toil have won.
Alex. Would I had not!
There's no true joy in such unwieldy fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make,
All find my spots, but few my brightness take.
Stand off, and give me air!——
Why was I born a prince, proclaimed a god,
Yet have no liberty to look abroad?
Thus palaces in prospect bar the eye,
Which, pleased and free, would o'er the cottage fly,
O'er flowery lands to the gay distant sky.
Farewell, then, empire, and the racks of love!
By all the gods, I will to wilds remove;
Stretched like a Sylvan god on grass lie down,
And quite forget, that e'er I wore a crown.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter EUMENES, PHILIP, THESSALUS, PERDICCAS, LYSIMACHUS, *Guards.*

Eum. FAREWELL, brave spirit! when you come above,
Commend us to Philotas and the rest
Of our great friends.
Thess. Perdiccas, you are grown
In trust, be thankful for your noble office.
Per. As noble as you sentence me, I'd give
This arm, that Thessalus were so employed.
Lys. Cease these untimely jars, farewell to all.
Fight for the king as I have done, and then
You may be worthy of a death like mine——
Lead on.

Enter PARISATIS.

Par. Ah, my Lysimachus, where are you going?
Whither? to be devoured? O barbarous prince!
Could you expose your life to the king's rage,
And yet remember mine was tied to yours?
Lys. The gods preserve you ever from the ills,
That threaten me: Live, madam, to enjoy
A nobler fortune, and forget this wretch.
I ne'er had worth, nor is it possible
That all the blood, which I shall lose this day,
Should merit this rich sorrow from your eyes.
Par. The king, I know, is bent to thy destruction;
Now by command they forced me from his knees:
But take this satisfaction in thy death,
No power, command, my mother's, sister's tears,
Shall cause me to survive thy cruel loss.
Lys. Live, princess, live, howe'er the king disdain me:
Perhaps, unarmed and fighting for your sake,
I may perform what shall amaze the world,
And force him yet to give you to my arms.
Away, Perdiccas——Dear Eumenes, take
The princess to your charge.
[*Exeunt* PERD. LYS. *Guards.*
Eum. O cruelty!
Par. Lead me, Eumenes, lead me from the light,
Where I may wait till I his ruin hear,
Then free my soul to meet him in the air.
[*Exeunt* PAR. *and* EUM.
Phil. See where the jealous proud Roxana comes!
A haughty vengeance gathers up her brow.
Thess. Peace! they have raised her to their ends; observe.

Enter ROXANA, CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON.

Rox. O you have ruined me, I shall be mad:
Said you, so passionately? is't possible?
So kind to her, and so unkind to me?
Cass. More than your utmost fancy can invent.
He swooned thrice at hearing of her vow,
And when our care as oft had brought back life,
He drew his sword, and offered at his breast.
Pol. Then railed at you with such unheard-of curses!
Rox. Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like dust: avaunt!
Madness but meanly represents my toil.
Roxana and Statira, they are names
That must forever jar: eternal discord,
Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation
Tear my swollen breast, make way for fire and tempest.
My brain is burst, debate and reason quenched,
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack, while passions, like the winds,
Rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars.
What saving hand, or what a mighty arm,

Can raise me sinking?
Cass. Let your own arm save you!
'Tis in your power, your beauty is almighty:
Let all the stars go out, your eyes can light them.
Wake then, bright planet, that should rule the world,
Wake like the moon, from your too long eclipse,
And we, with all the instruments of war,
Trumpets and drums, will help your glorious labour.
Pol. Put us to act, and with a violence,
That fits the spirit of a most wronged woman;
Let not Medea's dreadful vengeance stand
A pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be original.
Cass. Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely bold,
Till you have formed a face of so much horror,
That gaping furies may run frighted back;
That envy may devour herself for madness,
And sad Medusa's head be turned to stone.
Rox. Yes, we will have revenge, my instruments;
For there is nothing you have said of me,
But comes far short, wanting of what I am.
When in my nonage I at Zogdia lived,
Amongst my she-companions I would reign;
Drew them from idleness, and little arts
Of coining looks, and laying snares for lovers,
Broke all their glasses, and their tiers tore,
Taught them, like Amazons, to ride and chase
Wild beasts in desarts, and to master men.
Cass. Her looks, her words, her every motion fires me.
Rox. But when I heard of Alexander's conquests;
How with a handful he had millions slain,
Spoiled all the east, their queens his captives made,
Yet with what chastity and godlike temper
He saw their beauties, and with pity bowed;
Methought I hung upon my father's lips,
And wished him tell the wondrous tale again;
Left all my sports, the woman now returned,
And sighs uncalled would from my bosom fly:
And all the night, as my Adraste told me,
In slumbers groaned, and murmured Alexander.
Cass. Curse on the name! but I will soon remove
That bar of my ambition and my love. [*Aside.*
Rox. At last to Zogdia this triumpher came,
And, covered o'er with laurels, forced our city:
At night I by my father's order stood,
With fifty virgins waiting at a banquet.
But oh! how glad was I to hear his court,
To feel the pressure of his glowing hand,
And taste the dear, the false protesting lips!
Cass. Wormwood and hemlock henceforth grow about them! [*Aside.*
Rox. Gods! that a man should be so great and base!
What said he not, when in the bridal bed,
He clasped my yielding body in his arms!
When with his fiery lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his hand my throbbing breast,
He swore the globe of heaven and earth were vile
To those rich worlds, and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the morning with my blushes.
Cass. Yet after this prove false!
Pol. Horrid perjury!
Cass. Not to be matched!
Pol. O you must find revenge!
Cass. A person of your spirit be thus slighted,
For whose desire all earth should be too little!
Rox. And shall the daughter of Darius hold him?
That puny girl, that ape of my ambition?
That cried for milk when I was nursed in blood!
Shall she, made up of watry elements,
A cloud, shall she embrace my proper god,
While I am cast like lightning from his hand?
No, I must scorn to prey on common things;
Though hurled to earth by this disdainful Jove,
I will rebound to my own orb of fire,
And with the wreck of all the heavens expire.
Cass. Now you appear yourself;
'Tis noble anger.
Rox. May the illustrious blood, that fills my womb,
And ripens to be perfect godhead born,
Come forth a fury; may Barsina's bastard
Tread it to hell, and rule as sovereign lord,
When I permit Statira to enjoy
Roxana's right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, *in mourning.*

Cass. Behold her going to fulfil her vow;
Old Sysigambis, whom the king engaged,
Resists and awes her with authority.
Rox. 'Twas rashly vowed indeed, and I should pity her.
Sys. Oh, my Statira, how has passion changed thee!
Think if thou drive the king to such extremes,
What in his fury may he not denounce
Against the poor remains of lost Darius?
Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,
And to my mourning sister, for my sake;
And tell him, how with my departing breath,
I railed not, but spoke kindly of his person,
Nay, wept to think of our divided loves,
And sobbing sent, at last, forgiveness to him.
Rox. Grant, heaven, some ease to this distracted wretch!
Let her not linger out a life in torments,
Be these her last words, and at once dispatch her.
Sys. No, by the everlasting fire I swear,
By my Darius' soul, I never more
Will dare to look on Alexander's face,
If you refuse to see him.
Rox. Curse on that cunning tongue! I fear her now.
Cass. No, she's resolved.
Stat. I cast me at your feet,
To bathe them with my tears; or, if you please,
I'll let out life, and wash them with my blood,
But still conjure you not to rack my soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness

Should now Darius' awful ghost appear,
And my pale mother stand beseeching by,
I would persist to death, and keep my vow.
Rox. She shews a certain bravery of soul,
Which I should praise in any but my rival.
Sys. Die then, rebellious wretch! thou art not now
That soft beloved, nor durst thou share my blood.
Go hide thy baseness in the lonely grot,
Ruin thy mother and thy royal house,
Pernicious creature! shed the innocent
Blood, and sacrifice to the king's wrath
The lives of all thy people; fly, begone,
And hide thee, where bright virtue never shone:
The day will shun thee, nay the stars, that view
Mischiefs and murders, deeds to thee not new,
Will start at this——Go, go, thy crimes deplore,
And never think of Sysigambis more. [*Exeunt.*
Rox. Madam, I hope you will a queen forgive:
Roxana weeps to see Statira grieve.
How noble is the brave resolve you make,
To quit the world for Alexander's sake!
Vast is your mind, you dare thus greatly die,
And yield the king to one so mean as I:
'Tis a revenge will make the victor smart,
And much I fear your death will break his heart.
Stat. You counterfeit, I fear, and know too well
How much your eyes all beauties else excel:
Roxana, who, though not a princess born,
In chains could make the mighty victor mourn;
Forgetting power when wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preserve him by those arts that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I loved bewail.
Rox. I hope your majesty will give me leave
To wait you to the grove, where you would grieve;
Where, like the turtle, you the loss will moan
Of that dear mate, and murmur all alone.
Stat. No, proud triumpher o'er my falling state,
Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my fate.
Go to the conquest, which your wiles may boast,
And tell the world you left Statira lost;
Go seize my faithless Alexander's hand,
Both hand and heart were once at my command:
Grasp his loved neck, die on his fragrant breast,
Love him like me, whose love can't be exprest,
He must be happy, and you more than blest;
While I in darkness hide me from the day,
That with my mind I may his form survey,
And think so long, till I think life away.
Rox. No, sickly virtue, no,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy love's loss bemoan,
Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run;
That were to make thee blest as I can be:
But thy no-thought I must, I will decree.
As thus: I'll torture thee till thou art mad,
And then no thought to purpose can be had.
Stat. How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind!
We shriek at thunder, dread the rustling wind,
And glittering swords the brightest eyes will blind.
Yet when strong jealousy inflames the soul,
The weak will roar, and calms to tempests roll.
Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far!
My blood may boil, and blushes shew a war.
Rox. When you retire to your romantic cell,
I'll make thy solitary mansion hell:
Thou shalt not rest by day, nor sleep by night,
But still Roxana shall thy spirit fright:
Wanton in dreams, if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
Thy roving ghost may think to steal a kiss;
But when to his sought bed, thy wandering air
Shall for the happiness it wished repair,
How will it groan to find thy rival there!
How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
Through the drawn curtains, that great man and me,
Wearied with laughing, joys shot to the soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth, and howl!
Stat. O barbarous rage! my tears I cannot keep,
But my full eyes in spite of me will weep.
Rox. The king and I in various pictures drawn,
Clasping each other, shaded o'er with lawn,
Shall be the daily presents I will send,
To help thy sorrow to her journey's end.
And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,
My Alexander, my dear love, and I,
Will come and hasten on thy lingering fates,
And smile and kiss thy soul out through the grates.
Stat. 'Tis well, I thank thee; thou hast waked a rage,
Whose boiling now no temper can assuage:
I meet thy tides of jealousy with more,
Dare thee to duel, and dash thee o'er and o'er.
Rox. What would you dare?
Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring thoughts the bloodiest tracts pursue;
I am by love a fury made, like you:
Kill or be killed, thus acted by despair.
Rox. Sure the disdained Statira does not dare?
Stat. Yes, towering proud Roxana, but I dare.
Rox. I tower indeed o'er thee;
Like a fair wood, the shade of kings I stand,
While thou, sick weed, do but infest the land.
Stat. No, like an ivy, I will curl thee round,
Thy sapless trunk of all its pride confound,
Then, dry and withered, bend thee to the ground.
What Sysigambis' threats, objected fears,
My sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,
Could not effect, thy rival rage has done:
My soul, whose start at breach of oaths begun,
Shall to thy ruin violated run.
I'll see the king in spite of all I swore,
Though curst, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter PERDICCAS, ALEXANDER, SYSIGAMBIS, *attendants, &c.*

Per. Madam, your royal mother, and the king.
Alex. O my Statira! O my angry dear!
Turn thine eyes on me, I would talk *to them*:
What shall I say to work upon thy soul?
Where shall I throw me? whither shall I fall?
Stat. For me you shall not fall.

Alex. For thee I will,
Before thy feet I'll have a grave dug up,
And perish quick, be buried straight alive:
Give but, as the earth grows heavy on me,
A tender look, and a relenting word;
Say but, 'twas pity that so great a man,
Who had ten thousand deaths in battles 'scaped,
For one poor fault so early should remove,
And fall a martyr to the god of love.
Rox. Is then Roxana's love and life so poor,
That for another you can chuse to die,
Rather than live for her? what have I done?
How am I altered since at Susa last
You swore, and sealed it with a thousand kisses,
Rather than lose Roxana's smallest charm,
You would forego the conquest of the world?
Alex. Madam, you best can tell what magic drew
Me to your charms, but let it not be told
For your own sake; take that conquered world,
Dispose of crowns and sceptres as you please,
Let me but have the freedom of an hour,
To make account with this wronged innocence.
Stat. You know, my lord, you did commit a fault;
I ask but this, repeat your crime no more.
Alex. O never, never.
Rox. Am I rejected, then?
Alex. Exhaust my treasures,
Take all the spoils of the fair conquered Indies;
But, for the ease of my afflicted soul,
Go, where I never may behold thee more.
Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art,
Bane to my life, thou torment of my days,
Thou murderer of the world! for, as thy sword
Hath cut the lives of thousand thousand men,
So will thy tongue undo all woman-kind.
But I'll be gone; this last disdain hath cured me,
And I am now grown so indifferent,
I could behold you kiss without a pang,
Nay, take a torch and light you to your bed:
But do not trust me! no; for if you do,
By all the furies and the flames of love,
By love, which is the hottest burning hell,
I'll set you both on fire to blaze for ever. [*Exit.*
Stat. O Alexander, is it possible? Good gods,
That guilt can shew so lovely!—Yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear life I do.
Alex. Ha, pardon! saidst thou, pardon me?
Sys. Now all thy mother's blessings fall upon thee,
My best, my most beloved, my own Statira!
Alex. Is it then true, that thou hast pardoned me?
And is it given me thus to touch thy hand,
And fold thy body in my longing arms?
To gaze upon thy eyes, my happier stars,
To taste thy lip, and thy dear balmy breath,
While every sigh comes forth so fraught with sweets,
'Tis incense to be offered to a god.
Stat. Yes, dear impostor, 'tis most true, that I
Have pardoned thee; and 'tis as true, that while
I stand in view of thee, thy eyes will wound,
Thy tongue will make me wanton as thy wishes;
And while I feel thy hand, my body glows:
Therefore be quick, and take your last adieu,
These your last sighs, and these your parting tears:
Farewell, farewell, a long and last farewell!
Alex. O my Hephestion, bear me, or I sink.
Stat. Nay, you may take—Heaven, how my heart throbs!
You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
Take from these trembling lips a parting kiss.
Alex. No, let me starve first—why, Statira, why?
What is the meaning of all this?—O gods!
I know the cause, my working brain divines——
You'll say you pardoned, but with this reserve,
Never to make me blest as I have been,
To slumber by the side of that false man,
Nor give a heaven of beauty to a devil:
Think you not thus? Speak, madam.
Sys. She is not worthy, son, of so much sorrow:
Speak comfort to him, speak, my dear Statira,
I ask thee by these tears: Ah canst thou e'er
Pretend to love, yet with dry eyes behold him?
Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest sounds!
Would she but speak, though death, eternal exile
Hung on her lips, yet, while her tongue pronounces,
There must be music even in my undoing.
Stat. Still, my loved lord, I cannot see you thus;
Nor can I ever yield to share your bed:
O I shall find Roxana in your arms,
And taste her kisses left upon your lips.
Her curst embraces have defiled your body,
Nor shall I find the wonted sweetness there,
But artificial smells, and stinking odours.
Alex. Yes, obstinate, I will; madam, you shall,
You shall, in spite of this resistless passion,
Be served; but you must give me leave to think
You never loved.—O could I see you thus!
Hell has not half the tortures that you raise.
Cly. Never did passions combat thus before.
Alex. O I shall burst,
Unless you give me leave to rave a while.
Sys. Yet e'er destruction sweep us both away,
Relent, and break through all to pity him!
Alex. Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my arms,
If all the rages of the earth would fright him;
Drown him in the deep bowl of Hercules;
Make the world drunk, and then, like Æolus,
When he gave passage to the struggling winds,
I'll strike my spear into the reeling globe
To let it blood, set Babylon in a blaze,
And drive this god of flames with more consuming fire.
Stat. My presence will but force him to extremes;
Besides, 'tis death to me to see his pains,
Yet stand resolved never to yield again——
Permit me to remove.
Alex. I charge ye, stay her!
For if she pass, by all the hell I feel,

Your souls, your naked ghosts, shall wait upon her.
O turn thee! turn! thou barbarous brightness, turn!
Hear my last words, and see my utmost pang:
But first kneel with me, all my soldiers kneel!
[*All kneel.*
Yet lower—prostrate to the earth.——Ah! mother, what,
Will you kneel too? Then let the sun stand still,
To see himself out-worshipped! not a face
Be shewn, that is not washed all o'er in tears,
But weep as if you here beheld me slain.
Sys. Hast thou a heart? or art thou savage turned?
But if this posture cannot move your mercy,
I never will speak more.
Alex. O my Statira!
I swear, my queen, I'll not out-live thy hate.
My soul is still as death—But one thing more,
Pardon my last extremities—the transports
Of a deep wounded breast, and all is well.
Stat. Rise, and may heaven forgive you all, like me.
Alex. You are too gracious.—Clytus, bear me hence;
When I am laid in earth, yield her the world.
There's something here heaves, as cold as ice,
That stops my breath—Farewell, oh gods! for ever.
Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms,
My dear'st, my all, my love, my lord, my king!
You shall not die, if that the soul and body
Of thy Statira can restore thy life:
Give me thy wonted kindness, bend me, break me
With thy embraces.
Alex. O the killing joy!
O extasy! my heart will burst my breast,
To leap into thy bosom; but, by heaven,
This night I will revenge me of thy beauties,
For the dear rack I have this day endured;
For all the sighs and tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning loves;
So swell thy lips, so fill me with thy sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep nor close thy wandering eyes:
The smiling hours shall all be loved away,
We'll surfeit all the night, and languish all the day.
Stat. Nor shall Roxana——
Alex. Let her not be named——
O mother! how shall I requite your goodness!
And you, my fellow warriors, that could weep
For your lost king—But I invite you all,
My equals in the throne as in the grave,
Without distinction to the riot come,
To the king's banquet——
Cly. I beg your majesty
Would leave me out.
Alex. None, none shall be excused;
All revel out the day, 'tis my command.
Gay as the Persian god ourself will stand,
With a crowned goblet in our lifted hand.
Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
While antic measures beat the burden'd ground,
And to the vaulted skies our clangors sound.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter CLYTUS *in his Macedonian habit*; HEPHESTION, EUMENES, MELEAGER, *&c. in Persian robes.*

Cly. Away, I will not wear these Persian robes;
Nor ought the king be angry for the reverence
I owe my country: sacred are her customs,
Which honest Clytus shall preserve to death.
O let me rot in Macedonian rags,
Rather than shine in fashions of the east!
Then for the adorations he requires,
Roast my old body in infernal flames,
Or let him cage me like Calisthenes.
Eum. Dear Clytus, be persuaded.
Heph. You know the king
Is godlike, full of all the richest virtues,
That ever royal heart possessed; yet you
Perverse, but to one humour will oppose him.
Cly. Call you it humour? 'tis a pregnant one;
By Mars there's venom in it, burning pride;
And, though my life should follow, rather than
Bear such a hot ambition in my bowels,
I'd rip them up to give the poison vent.
Mele. Was not that Jupiter, whom we adore,
A man, but, for his more than human acts,
Advanced to heaven, and worshipped for its lord?
Heph. By all his thunder and his sovereign power,
I'll not believe the earth yet ever felt
An arm like Alexander's; not that god
You named, though riding in a car of fire,
And drawn by flying horses, winged with lightning,
Could, in a shorter space, do greater deeds,
Drive all the nations, and lay waste the world.
Cly. There's not a man of war among you all,
That loves the king like me; yet I'll not flatter,
Nor soothe his vanity, 'tis blameable;
And when the wine works, Clytus' thoughts will out.
Heph. Then go not to the banquet.
Cly. I was called,
My minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my friends, in this old habit thus,
And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily;
And while you, blushing, bow your heads to earth,
And hide them in the dust, I'll stand upright,
Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,
And be by so much nearer to the gods——
But see, the king and all the court appear.

Enter ALEXANDER, SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, PARISATIS, *&c.*

Par. Spare him, O spare Lysimachus his life!
I know you will; kings should delight in mercy.
Alex. Shield me, Statira, shield me from her sorrow!
Par. O save him, save him, e'er it be too late!
Speak the kind word, before the gaping lion
Swallow him up; let not your soldier perish
But for one rashness, which despair did cause:
I'll follow thus for ever on my knees,
And make your way so slippery with tears,
You shall not pass—Sister, do you conjure him!
Alex. O mother, take her, take her from me; [*Kneels.*
Her watery eyes assault my very soul,
They shake my best resolve——
Stat. Did I not break
Through all for you! nay, now, my lord, you must.
Sys. Nor would I make my son so bold a prayer,
Had I not first consulted for his honour.
Alex. Honour! what honour! has not Statira said it?
Were I the king of the blue firmament,
And the bold Titans should again make war,
Though my resistless arrows were made ready,
By all the gods she should arrest my hand.
Fly then, even thou, his rival so beloved,
Fly with old Clytus, snatch him from the jaws
Of the devouring beast, bring him adorned
To the king's banquet, fit for loads of honour.
[*Exeunt* HEPH. EUM. PAR. *and* CLY.
Stat. O my beloved lord! let me embrace your knees!
I am not worthy of this mighty passion:
You are too good for goddesses themselves:
No woman, nor the sex, is worth a grain
Of this illustrious life of my dear master.
Why are you so divine, to cause such fondness,
That my heart leaps, and beats, and fain would out,
To make a dance of joy about your feet?
Alex. Excellent woman! no, 'tis impossible
To say how much I love thee—Ha! again!
Such extasies life cannot carry long;
The day comes on so fast, and beamy joy
Darts with such fierceness on me, night will follow.
A pale crowned head flew lately glaring by me,
With two dead hands, which threw a crystal globe
From high, that shattered in a thousand pieces.
But I will lose this boding dream in wine;
Then, warm and blushing for my queen's embraces,
Bear me with all my heat to thy loved bosom.
Stat. Go, my best love, and cheer your drooping spirits;
Laugh with your friends, and talk your grief away,
While, in the bower of great Semiramis,
I dress your bed with all the sweets of Nature,
And crown it as the altar of my love;
Where I will lay me down, and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes till you return.
[*Exeunt* STAT. SYS.
Alex. Is she not more than mortal e'er can wish,
Diana's soul cast in the flesh of Venus!
By Jove, 'tis ominous, our parting is;
Her face looked pale too, as she turned away:
And when I wrung her by the rosy fingers,
Methought the strings of my great heart did crack.
What should it mean?——Forward, Leomedon.

ROXANA *meets him, with* CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON, PHILIP, *and* THESSALUS.

Why, madam, gaze you thus?
Rox. For a last look, [*She holds his hand.*
And that the memory of Roxana's wrongs
May be for ever printed on your mind.
Alex. O madam, you must let me pass.
Rox. I will.
But I have sworn, that you shall hear me speak,
And mark me well, for fate is in my breath:
Love on the mistress you adore, to death;
Still hope, but I fruition will destroy;
Languish for pleasures, you shall ne'er enjoy.
Sill may Statira's image draw your sight,
Like those deluding fires that walk at night;
Lead you through fragrant grots and flow'ry groves,
And charm you through deep grass with sleeping loves;
That when your fancy to its height does rise,
That light, you loved, may vanish from your eyes,
Darkness, despair, and death, your wandering soul surprise.
Alex. Away! lead, Meleager, to the banquet
[*Ex. with* MEL. *&c.*
Rox. So unconcerned! O I could tear my flesh,
Or him, or you, nay all the world to pieces.
Cass. Still keep this spirit up, preserve it still,
Lose not a grain; for such majestic atoms
First made the world, and must preserve its greatness.
Rox. I know I am whatever thou canst say.
My soul is pent, and has not elbow-room;
'Tis swelled with this last slight, beyond all bounds:
O that it had a space might answer to
Its infinite desire, where I might stand,
And hurl the spheres about like sportive balls!
Cass. We are your slaves, admirers of your fury:
Command Cassander to obey your pleasure,
And I will on, swift as your nimble eye
Scales heaven; when I am angry with the fates,
No age, nor sex, nor dignity of blood,
No ties of law nor nature, not the life
Imperial, though guarded by the gods,
Shall bar Cassander's vengeance—he shall die.
Rox. Ha! shall he die? shall I consent to kill him?
To see him clasped in the cold arms of death,
Whom I with such an eagerness have loved!
Do I not bear his image in my womb?
Which, while I meditate and roll revenge,
Starts in my body like a fatal pulse,
And strikes compassion thro' my bleeding bo—

Pol. The scruples which your love would raise might pass,
Were not the empire of the world consider'd;
How will the glorious infant in your womb,
When time shall teach his tongue, be bound to curse you,
If now you strike not for a coronation.
Cass. If Alexander lives, you cannot reign,
Nor shall your child; old Sysigambis' head
Will not be idle—sure destruction waits
Both you and yours: let not your anger cool,
But give the word; say, Alexander bleeds,
Draw dry the veins of all the Persian race,
And hurl a ruin o'er the east, 'tis done.
Pol. Behold the instruments of this great work.
Phil. Behold your forward slave.
Thess. I'll execute.
Rox. And when this ruin is accomplished, where
Shall curst Roxana fly with this dear load?
Where shall she find a refuge from the arms
Of all the successors of this great man?
No barbarous nation will receive a guilt
So much transcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildest beasts will hunt me from their dens,
And birds of prey molest me in the grave.
Cass. No, you shall live—pardon the insolence
Which this almighty love enforces from me—
You shall live safer, nobler than before,
In your Cassander's arms.
Rox. Disgraced Roxana, whither wilt thou fall?
I ne'er was truly wretched till this moment:
There's not one mark of former majesty
To awe my slave, that offers at my honour.
Cass. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my passion
To want of that respect, which I must bear you:
Long have I loved——
Rox. Peace, most audacious villain,
Or I will stab this passion in thy throat!
What, shall I leave the bosom of a deity,
To clasp a clod, a moving piece of earth,
Which a mole heaves? So far art thou beneath me.
Cass. Your majesty shall hear no more folly.
Rox. Nor dare to meet my eyes; for if thou dost
With a love-glance, thy plots are all unravelled,
And your kind thoughts of Alexander told,
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouched.
Cass. I know, dread madam, that Cassander's life
Is in your hands, so cast to do you service.
Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I practised charms
To gain the king, that I had loose desires;
No, 'tis my pride, that gives me height of pleasure:
To see the man, by all the world admired,
Bowed to my bosom, and my captive there,
Then my veins swell, and my arms grasp the poles,
My breasts grow bigger with the vast delight;
'Tis length of rapture and an age of fury.
Cass. By your own life, the greatest oath, I swear,
Cassander's passion from this time is dumb.
Rox. No, if I were a wanton, I would make
Princes the victims of my raging fires:
I, like the changing moon, would have the stars
My followers, and mantled kings by night
Should wait my call; fine slaves to quench my flame,
Who, lest in dreams they should reveal the deed,
Still as they came, successively should bleed.
Cass. To make atonement for the highest crime,
I beg your majesty will take the life
Of queen Statira as a sacrifice.
Rox. Rise, thou hast made ample expiation:
Yes, yes, Statira, rival, thou must die!
I know this night is destined for my ruin,
And Alexander from the glorious revels
Flies to thy arms.
Phil. The bowers of Semiramis are made
The scene this night of their new-kindled loves.
Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, (oh the torment!)
Busy for bliss, and full of expectation:
She adorns her head, and her eyes give new lustre;
Languishes in her glass, tries all her looks,
Steps to the door, and listens for his coming;
Runs to the bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes,
Then lays the pillow easy for his head,
Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her kisses.
Oh, I am lost! torn with imagination!
Kill me, Cassander, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand devils!
Cass. Why do you stop to end her while you may?
No time so proper as the present; now
While Alexander feasts with all his court:
Give me your eunuchs, half your Zogdian slaves,
I'll do the deed; nor shall a waiter 'scape,
That serves your rival, to relate the news.
Pol. She was committed to Eumenes' charge.
Rox. Eumenes dies, and all that are about her,
Nor shall I need your aid; you'll love again:
I'll head the slaves myself, with this drawn dagger,
To carry death, that's worthy of a queen.
A common fate ne'er rushes from my hand;
'Tis more than life to die by my command;
And when she sees,
That to my arm her ruin she must owe,
Her thankful head will straight be bended low,
Her heart shall leap half way to meet the blow.
[*Exit* ROXANA.
Cass. Go thy ways, Semele—she scorns to sin
Beneath a god—We must be swift; the ruin
We intend, who knows, she may discover?
Pol. It must be acted suddenly; to night;
Now, at the banquet. Philip holds his cup.
Phil. And dares to execute—propose his fate.
Cass. Observe in this small phial certain death;
It holds a poison of such deadly force,
Should Æsculapius drink it, in five hours
(For then it works) the god himself were mortal.

I drew it from Nonarris' horrid spring;
A drop infused in wine will seal his death,
And send him howling to the lowest shades.
Phil. Would it were done!
Cass. O we shall have him tear
(Ere yet the moon has half her journey rode)
The world to atoms; for it scatters pains
All sorts, and through all nerves, veins, arteries;
Even with extremity of frost, it burns;
Drives the distracted soul about her house,
Which runs to all the pores, the doors of life,
Till she is forced for air to leave her dwelling.
Pol. By Pluto's self, the work is wondrous brave.
Cass. Now separate: Philip and Thessalus,
Haste to the banquet; at his second call
Give him that fatal draught, that crowns the night,
While Polyperchon and myself retire.
[*Exeunt omnes, prœter* CASSANDER.
Yes, Alexander, now thou pay'st me well;
Blood for a blow is interest indeed.
Methinks I am grown taller with the murder,
And, standing straight on this majestic pile,
I hit the clouds, and see the world below me!
Oh, 'tis the worst of racks to a brave spirit,
To be born base, a vassal, a cursed slave.
Now, by the project labouring in my brain,
'Tis nobler far to be a king in hell,
To head infernal legions, chiefs below,
To let them loose for earth, to call them in,
And take account of what dark deeds are done,
Than be a subject-god in heaven, unblest,
And, without mischief, have eternal rest! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scene draws, ALEXANDER *is seen standing on a throne, with all his commanders about him, holding goblets in their hands.*

Alex. To our immortal health, and our fair queen's;
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and Bellona join to make us music.
A hundred bulls be offered to the Sun,
White as his beams—speak the big voice of war,
Beat all our drums, and blow our silver trumpets,
Till we provoke the gods to act our pleasure,
In bowls of nectar and replying thunder!
[*Sound while they drink.*

Enter HEPHESTION, CLYTUS, *leading* LYSIMACHUS *in his shirt, bloody;* PERDICCAS, *Guard.*

Cly. Long live the king, and conquest crown his arms
With laurels ever-green! Fortune's his slave,
And kisses all that fight upon his side.
Alex. Did not I give command you should preserve
Lysimachus?
Heph. You did.
Alex. What, then, portend those bloody marks?
Heph. Your mercy flew too late: Perdiccas had,
According to the dreadful charge you gave,
Already placed the prince in a lone court,
Unarmed, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gauntlets; such was his desire,
To shew in death the difference betwixt
The blood of the Æacides, and common men.
Cly. At last the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appeared:
The flames, which from his eyes shot glooming red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death.
Heph. When we arrived, just as the valiant prince
Cried out, 'O Parisatis, take my life;
'Tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus,
To be devoured by this most dreadful creature,'—
Cly. Then walking forward, the large beast descried
His prey, and with a roar, that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active prince
Starting aside, avoided his first shock,
With a slight hurt, and as the lion turned,
Thrust gauntlet, arm and all, into his throat,
And, with Herculean force, tore forth by the roots
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the savage,
Faint with that loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plough it with his teeth, your conquering soldier
Leaped on his back, and dashed his skull to pieces.
Alex. By all my laurels, 'twas a godlike act!
And 'tis my glory, as it shall be thine,
That Alexander could not pardon thee.
O my brave soldier, think not all the prayers
Of the lamenting queens could move my soul
Like what thou hast performed! Grow to my breast. [*Embraces him.*
Lys. However love did hurry my wild arm,
When I was cool, my feverish blood did 'bate,
And as I went to death, I blest the king.
Alex. Lysimachus, we both have been transported;
But from this hour be certain of my heart;
A lion be the impress of thy shield,
And that golden armour, we from Porus won,
The king presents thee: but retire to bed,
Thy toils ask rest.
Lys. I have no wounds to hinder,
Of any moment; or if I had, though mortal,
I'd stand to Alexander's health, till all
My veins were dry, and fill them up again
With that rich blood, which makes the gods immortal.
Alex. Hephestion, thy hand, embrace him close:
Though next my heart you hang, the jewel there
For scarce I know whether my queen be nearer
Thou shalt not rob me of my glory, youth,
That must to ages flourish—Parisatis
Shall now be his, that serves me best in war:
Neither reply, but mark the charge I give,
And live as friends—sound, sound my armies honour;

Health to their bodies, and eternal fame
Wait on their memory, when those are ashes!
Live all! you must, 'tis a god gives you life.
[*Sound.*
[Lysimachus *offers* Clytus *a Persian robe, which he refuses.*
Cly. O vanity!
Alex. Ha! what says Clytus?
Who am I?
Cly. The son of good king Philip.
Alex. No, 'tis false;
By all my kindred in the skies,
Jove made my mother pregnant.
Cly. I have done.
[*Here follows an entertainment of Indian singers and dancers: The music flourishes.*]
Alex. Hold, hold; Clytus, take the robe.
Cly. Sir, the wine,
The weather's hot; besides you know my humour.
Alex. O 'tis not well: I'd burn rather than be
So singular and froward.
Cly. So would I,
Burn, hang, or drown, but in a better cause;
I'll drink or fight for sacred majesty
With any here—Fill me another bowl!
Will you excuse me?
Alex. You will be excused;
But let him have his humour, he is old.
Cly. So was your father, sir—This to his memory:
Sound all the trumpets there!
Alex. They shall not sound
Till the king drinks—By Mars, I cannot take
A moment's rest for all my years of blood,
But one or other will oppose my pleasure.
Sure I was formed for war;
All, all are Alexander's enemies;
Which I could tame——Yes, the rebellious world
Should feel my wrath—But let the sports go on.
[*The Indians dance.*
Lys. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise——
Alex. Forbear;
Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Sullen and dazzled, 'mongst the noble souls,
Like an infernal spirit, that had stole
From hell, and mingled with the laughing gods.
Cly. When gods grow hot, where's the difference
'Twixt them and devils? Fill me greek wine! yet fuller,
For I want spirits.
Alex. Ha! let me hear a song.
Cly. Music for boys—Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying persons, and the horses' neighings;
Or, if I must be tortured with shrill voices,
Give me the cries of matrons in sacked towns.
Heph. Lysimachus, the king looks sad; let us awake him:—
Health to the son of Jupiter Ammon!
Every man take his goblet in his hand,
Kneel all, and kiss the earth with adoration.
Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may hear!
That I could speak like Jove, to tell abroad
The kindness of my people—Rise, O rise,
My hands, my arms, my heart is ever yours.
[*Comes from his throne, all kiss his hand.*
Cly. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand;
I am unworthy, sir.
Alex. I know thou art,
Thou enviest my great honour—Sit, my friends;
Nay, I must have room—Now let us talk
Of war, for what more fits a soldier's mouth?
And speak, speak freely, or you do not love me:—
Who, think you, was the bravest general
That ever led an army to the field?
Heph. I think the sun himself ne'er saw a chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As Alexander: not the famed Alcides,
Nor fierce Achilles, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conquering arms, the famous Troy.
Lys. Such was not Cyrus.
Alex. O, you flatter me!
Cly. They do indeed, and yet you love them for it,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man more brave than you,
A better general, and more expert soldier?
Alex. I should be glad to learn; instruct me, sir.
Cly. Your father Philip. I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where
The stoutest at the table would have trembled:
Nay, frown not, sir; you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war!
The laboured battle sweat, and conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a truth more noble
Than e'er your father, Jupiter Ammon, told you?
Philip fought men, but Alexander women.
Alex. Spite! by the gods, proud spite, and burning envy!
Is then my glory come to this at last,
To vanquish women? Nay, he said the stoutest here
Would tremble at the dangers he has seen.
In all the sickness and the wounds I bore,
When from my reins the javelin head was cut,
Lysimachus, Hephestion, speak, Perdiccas,
Did I e'er tremble? O the cursed liar!
Did I once shake or groan? or bear myself
Beneath my majesty, my dauntless courage?
Heph. Wine has transported him.
Alex. No, 'tis plain mere malice:
I was a woman too at Oxydrace,
When planting at the walls a scaling ladder,
I mounted, spite of showers of stones, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thundered down,
When you beneath cried out, and spread your arms,
That I should leap among you. Did I so?
Lys. Turn the discourse, my lord, the old man raved.

Alex. Was I a woman, when, like Mercury,
I left the walls to fly amongst my foes,
And, like a baited lion, dyed myself
All over with the blood of those bold hunters;
Till, spent with toil, I battled on my knees,
Plucked forth the darts, that made my shield a forest,
And hurled them back with most unconquered fury!

Cly. 'Twas all bravado, for before you leaped,
You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Alex. Did I then turn me, like a coward, round,
To seek for succour? Age cannot be so base;
That thou wert young again! I would put off
My majesty, to be more terrible,
That, like an eagle, I might strike this hare
Trembling to earth; shake thee to dust, and tear
Thy heart for this bold lye, thou feeble dotard!

Cly. What, do you pelt me, like a boy, with apples? [*He tosses fruit at him as they rise.*
Kill me, and bury the disgrace I feel!
I know the reason that you use me so,
Because I saved your life at Granicus;
And, when your back was turned, opposed my breast
To bold Rhesaces' sword; you hate me for it,
You do, proud prince.

Alex. Away! your breath's too hot. [*Flings him from him.*

Cly. You hate the benefactor, though you took
The gift, your life, from this dishonoured Clytus;
Which is the blackest, worst ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the banquet: Thus far I forgive thee.

Cly. Forgive yourself for all your blasphemies,
The riots of a most debauched and bloated life;
Philotas' murder——

Alex. Ha! What said the traitor?

Lys. Eumenes, let us force him hence.

Cly. Away!

Heph. You shall not tarry: Drag him to the door.

Cly. No, let him send me, if I must be gone,
To Philip, Attalus, Calisthenes;
To great Parmenio, to his slaughtered sons;
Parmenio, who did many brave exploits
Without the king—the king, without him, nothing.

Alex. Give me a javelin! [*Takes one from the guards.*

Heph. Hold, sir!

Alex. Off, sirrah! lest
At once I strike it through his heart and thine.

Lys. O sacred sir, have but a moment's patience!

Alex. Preach patience to another lion!—What,
Hold my arms? I shall be murdered here,
Like poor Darius, by my own barbarous subjects.
Perdiccas, sound my trumpets to the camp,
Call my soldiers to the court; nay haste,
For there is treason plotting against my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to rescue.

Lys. and Heph. Let us all die, ere think so damned a deed. [*Kneel.*

Alex. Where is the traitor?

Cly. Sure there is none about you;
But here stands honest Clytus, whom the king
Invited to his banquet.

Alex. Begone, and sup with Philip, [*Strikes him through.*
Parmenio, Attalus, Calisthenes!
And let bold subjects learn, by thy sad fate,
To tempt the patience of a man much above them.

Cly. The rage of wine is drowned in gushing blood:
O Alexander, I have been to blame;
Hate me not after death, for I repent,
That so I urged your noblest, sweetest nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? say on, my dying soldier.

Cly. I should have killed myself, had I but lived
To be once sober—Now I fall with honour,
My own hand would have brought foul death.—
O pardon! [*Dies.*

Alex. Then I am lost; what has my vengeance done?
Who is it thou hast slain? Clytus; what was he?
The faithfullest subject, worthiest counsellor,
Who for saving thy life, when
Thou foughtst bare-headed at the river Granicus,
Has now a noble recompense for speaking rashly;
For a forgetfulness, which wine did work,
The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain.
Are these the laws of hospitality?
Thy friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance,
Nor dare to speak their minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, lest by thy madness they die too.

Heph. Guards, take the body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we must never part. Cruel Hephestion
And Lysimachus, that had the power,
And would not hold me!

Lys. Dear sir, we did.

Alex. I know it;
Ye held me like a beast, to let me go
With greater violence—Oh you have undone me
Excuse it not; you, that could stop a lion,
Could not turn me: You should have drawn your swords,
And barred my rage with their advancing points;
Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes,
Till I had seen what ruin did attend me:
That had been noble, that had shewed a friend;
Clytus would so have done to save your lives.

Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were urged——

Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising virtue,
Which else had ended brighter than the sun.
Death, hell, and furies! you have sunk my glory:
Oh, I am all a blot, which seas of tears,
And my heart's blood, can never wash away
Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the point,

Still reeking, hurl my black polluted breast.
Heph. O sacred sir, that must not be.
Eum. Forgive my pious hands.
Lys. And mine, that dare disarm my master.
Alex. Yes, cruel men, ye now can shew your strength!
Here's not a slave but dares oppose my justice;
Yet I will render all endeavours vain,
That tend to save my life—Here I will lie [*Falls.*
Close to his bleeding side, thus kissing him,
These pale dead lips, that have so oft advised me;
Thus bathing o'er his reverend face in tears;
Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,
Till death, like him, has made me stiff and horrid.
Heph. What shall we do?
Lys. I know not, my wounds bleed afresh
With striving with him: Perdiccas, lend us your arm. [*Exeunt* PERDICCAS, LYSIMACHUS.
Heph. Call Aristander hither,
Or Meleager; let us force him from the body.
[*Cries without*—Arm! Arm! Treason, Treason!

Enter PERDICCAS *bloody.*

Per. Haste, all take arms! Hephestion, where's the king?
Heph. There, by old Clytus' side, whom he has slain.
Per. Then misery on misery will fall,
Like rolling billows, to advance the storm.
Rise, sacred sir, and haste to aid the queen;
Roxana, filled with furious jealousy,
Came with a guard of Zogdian slaves unmasked,
And broke upon me with such sudden rage,
That all are perished, who resistance made:
I only with these wounds, through clashing spears
Have forced my way, to give you timely notice.
Alex. What says Perdiccas? Is the queen i danger?
Per. She dies, unless you turn her fate, as quickly:
Your distance from the palace asks more speed
And the ascent to the flying grove is high.
Alex. Thus from the grave I rise to save m love!
All draw your swords, with wings of lightnin move;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
'Tis beauty calls, and glory shews the way.
[*Exeu*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

STATIRA *is discovered sleeping in the bower of* SEMIRAMIS; *the spirits of Queen* STATIRA, *her Mother, and* DARIUS, *appear standing on each side of her, with daggers, threatening her.—They sing.*

Dar. *Is innocence so void of cares,*
That it can undisturbed sleep,
Amidst the noise of horrid wars,
That make immortal spirits weep?
Stat. *No boding crows, nor ravens come,*
To warn her of approaching doom.
Dar. *She walks, as she dreams, in a garden of flowers,*
And her hands are employed in the beautiful bowers;
She dreams of the man that is far from the grove,
And all her soft fancy stills runs on her love.
Stat. *She nods o'er the brooks, that run purling along,*
And the nightingales lull her more fast with a song.
Dar. *But see the sad end which the gods have decreed.*
Stat. *This poniard's thy fate.*
Dar. *My daughter must bleed.*
Chorus. *Awake then, Statira, awake, for alas you must die;*
Ere an hour be past, you must breathe out your last.
Dar. *And be such another as I.*
Stat. *As I.*
Chorus. *And be such another as I.* [*Exeun*

STATIRA *sola.*

Stat. Bless me, ye powers above, and guar my virtue!
I saw, nor was't a dream, I saw and heard
My royal parents, there I saw them stand;
My eyes beheld their precious images;
I heard their heavenly voices; Where, O wher
Fled you so fast, dear shades, from my embraces!
You told me this—this hour should be my last,
And I must bleed—Away, 'tis all delusion!
Do I not wait for Alexander's coming?
None but my loving lord can enter here:
And will he kill me?—hence, fantastic shadows
And yet methinks he should not stay thus long—
Why do I tremble thus? If I but stir,
The motion of my robes makes my heart leap.
When will the dear man come, that all my doubt
May vanish in his breast? That I may hold him
Fast as my fears can make me; hug him close
As my fond soul can wish; give all my breath
In sighs and kisses; swoon, die away with rapture!
But hark! I hear him—— [*Noise withi*
Fain I would hide my blushes—
I hear his tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter ROXANA, *with slaves and a dagger.*

Rox. At length we've conquered this stupendous height,
These flying groves, whose wonderful ascent
Leads to the clouds.

Stat. Then all the vision's true, [*Retires.*
And I must die, lose my dear lord for ever:
That, that's the murderer.
Rox. Shut the brazen gate,
And make it fast with all the massy bars.
I know the king will fly to her relief,
But we have time enough.—Where is my rival?
Appear, Statira, now no more a queen;
Roxana calls; where is your majesty?
Stat. And what is she, who with such towering pride,
Would awe a princess, that is born above her?
Rox. I like the port imperial beauty bears,
It shews thou hast a spirit fit to fall
A sacrifice to fierce Roxana's wrongs.
Be sudden then, put forth the royal breasts,
Where our false master has so often languished,
That I may change their milky innocence
To blood, and dye me in a deep revenge.
Stat. No, barbarous woman, though I durst meet death
As boldly as our lord, with a resolve,
At which thy coward heart would tremble;
Yet I disdain to stand the fate you offer,
And therefore, fearless of thy dreadful threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.
Rox. Ha! so stately!
This sure will sink you.
Stat. No, Roxana, no:
The blow you give will strike me to the stars,
But sink my murderess in eternal ruin.
Rox. Who told you this?
Stat. A thousand spirits tell me:
There's not a god but whispers in my ear,
This death will crown me with immortal glory;
To die so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make me company for queens above.
Rox. Preach on.
Stat. While you, the burden of the earth,
Fall to the deep, so heavy with thy guilt,
That hell itself must groan at thy reception;
While foulest fiends shun thy society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken fury!
Rox. Heaven witness for me, I would spare thy life,
If any thing but Alexander's love
Were in debate; come, give me back his heart,
And thou shalt live empress of all the world.
Stat. The world is less than Alexander's love,
Yet could I give it, 'tis not in my power.
This I dare promise, if you spare my life,
Which I disdain to beg,—he shall speak kindly.
Rox. Speak! is that all?
Stat. Perhaps, at my request,
And for a gift so noble as my life,
Bestow a kiss.
Rox. A kiss! no more?
Stat. O gods!
What shall I say to work her to my end?
Fain I would see him—Yes, a little more—
Embrace you, and for ever be your friend.
Rox. O the provoking word! Your friend! thou diest;
Your friend! What, must I bring you then together?
Adore your bed, and see you softly laid?
By all my pangs, and labours of my love,
This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle,
Therefore——
Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanced in air!
I see my death is written in thy eyes;
Therefore wreak all the lust of vengeance on me,
Wash in my blood, and steep thee in my gore,
Feed like a vulture, tear my bleeding heart;
But, O Roxana! that there may appear
A glimpse of justice for thy cruelty,
A grain of goodness for a mass of evil,
Give me my death in Alexander's presence!
Rox. Not for the rule of heaven—Are you so cunning?
What, you would have him mourn you as you fall,
Take your farewell, and taste such healing kisses,
As might call back your soul? No, thou shalt fall
Now, and when death has seized thy beauteous limbs,
I'll have thy body thrown into a well,
Buried beneath a heap of stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

Slave. Madam, the king, with all his captains and his guards,
Are forcing ope the doors; he threatens thousand deaths
To all that stop his entrance, and I believe
Your eunuchs will obey him.
Rox. Then I must haste. [*Stabs her.*
Stat. What, is the king so near,
And shall I die so tamely, thus defenceless?
O ye gods, will you not help my weakness!
Rox. They are afar off. [*Stabbing her.*
Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

Enter ALEXANDER, CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON, *Guards and Attendants.*

Alex. Oh happy—Thou shalt reign the queen of devils!
Rox. Do, strike, behold my bosom swells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of veins that run ambition,
And I can brave whatever fate you bring.
Alex. Call our physicians! haste! I'll give an empire
To save her—Oh my soul, alas, Statira!
These wounds,—Oh gods, are these my promised joys!

Enter Physicians.

Stat. My cruel love, my weeping Alexander,
Would I had died before you entered here!
For now I ask my heart an hundred questions;
What! must I lose my life, my lord, for ever?
Alex. Ha! villains, are they mortal?—what, retire?
Raise your dashed spirits from the earth, and say,
Say she shall live, and I will make you kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only life,
And I will pardon you for all the wounds,
Which your arts widen, all diseases, deaths,

Which your damned drugs throw through the lingering world.
Rox. Rend not your temper; see a general silence
Confirms the bloody pleasure, which I sought;
She dies——
Alex. And darest thou, monster, think to escape?
Stat. Life's on the wing,—my love, my lord,
Come to my arms, and take the last adieu!
Here let me lie, and languish out my soul.
Alex. Answer me, father, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black, sad hour at last arrived,
That I must never clasp her body more?
Never more bask in her eye-shine again,
Nor view the loves, that played in those dear beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand smiles?
Stat. Farewel, my dear, my life, my most loved lord!
I swear by Orosmades 'tis more pleasure,
More satisfaction that I thus die yours,
Than to have lived another's—Grant me one thing.
Alex. All, all,—but speak, that I may execute
Before I follow thee.
Stat. Leave not the earth
Before Heaven calls you; spare Roxana's life;
'Twas love of you, that caused her give me death.
And, O! sometimes, amidst your revels, think
Of your poor queen, and ere the cheerful bowl
Salute your lips, crown it with one rich tear,
And I am happy. [*Dies.*
Alex. Close not thy eyes!
Things of import I have to speak before
Thou tak'st thy journey:—Tell the gods I'm coming,
To give them an account of life and death,
And many other hundred thousand policies,
That much concern the government of heaven—
O she is gone! the talking soul is mute!
She's hushed, no voice of music now is heard!
The bower of beauty is more still than death;
The roses fade, and the melodious bird,
That waked their sweets, has left them now for ever.
Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her;
Therefore Roxana may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind, for all my sufferings,
My torments, racks, for this last dreadful murder,
Which furious love of thee did bring upon me.
Alex. O thou vile creature! bear thee from my sight,
And thank Statira, that thou art alive,
Else thou hadst perished; yes, I would have rent,
With my just hands, that rock, that marble heart;
I would have dived through seas of blood to find it,
To tear the cruel quarry from its center.
Rox. O take me to your arms, and hide my blushes!
I love you spite of all your cruelties;
There is so much divinity about you,
I tremble to approach; yet here's my hold,
Nor will I leave the sacred robe, for such
Is every thing that touches that blest body:
I'll kiss it as the relic of a god,
And love shall grasp it with these dying hands.
Alex. O that thou wert a man, that I might drive
Thee round the world, and scatter thy contagion,
As gods hurl mortal plagues, when they are angry!
Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into smallest pieces,
My dust shall be inspired with a new fondness;
Still the love-motes shall play before your eyes,
Where'er you go, however you despise.
Alex. Away! there's not a glance that flies from thee,
But, like a basilisk, comes winged with death.
Rox. O speak not such harsh words, my royal master!
Look not so dreadful on your kneeling servant;
But take, dear sir, O take me into grace,
By the dear babe, the burden of my womb,
That weighs me down, when I would follow faster!
My knees are weary, and my force is spent:
O do not frown, but clear thy angry brow!
Your eyes will blast me, and your words are bolts,
That strike me dead; the little wretch I bear,
Leaps frighted at your wrath, and dies within me.
Alex. O thou hast touched my soul so tenderly,
That I will raise thee, though thy hands are ruin.
Rise, cruel woman, rise, and have a care,
O do not hurt that unborn innocence,
For whose dear sake I now forgive thee all.
But haste, begone! fly, fly from these sad eyes,
Fly with thy pardon, lest I call it back;
Though I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.
Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy sight.
My mortal injuries have turned my mind,
And I could curse myself for being kind.
If there be any majesty above,
That has revenge in store for perjured love,
Send, Heaven, the swiftest ruin on his head;
Strike the destroyer, lay the victor dead;
Kill the triumpher, and avenge my wrong,
In height of pomp, while he is warm and young;
Bolted with thunder let him rush along,
And when in the last pangs of life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my eyes:
Nay, after death,
Pursue his spotted ghost, and shoot him as he flies! [*Exit.*
Alex. O my fair star, I shall be shortly with thee;
For I already feel the sad effects
Of those most fatal imprecations.
What means this deadly dew upon my forehead?
My heart too heaves.
Cass. It will anon be still—— [*Aside.*
The poison works.

Pol. I'll see the wished effect [*Aside.*
Ere I remove, and gorge me with revenge.

Enter PERDICCAS *and* LYSIMACHUS.

Per. I beg your majesty will pardon me,
A fatal messenger;
Great Sysigambis, hearing Statira's death,
Is now no more;
Her last words gave the princess to the brave
Lysimachus: but that, which most will strike you,
Your dear Hephestion, having drank too largely
At your last feast, is of a surfeit dead.
Alex. How! dead? Hephestion dead? alas, the dear
Unhappy youth!—But he sleeps happy,
I must wake for ever:—This object, this,
This face of fatal beauty,
Will stretch my lids with vast, eternal tears——
Who had the care of poor Hephestion's life?
Lys. Philarda, the Arabian artist.
Alex. Fly, Meleager, hang him on a cross!
That for Hephestion.—
But here lies my fate; Hephestion, Clytus,
All my victories for ever folded up:
In this dear body my banner's lost,
My standard's triumph's gone!
O when shall I be mad? Give order to
The army, that they break their shields, swords, spears,
Pound their bright armour into dust; away!
Is there not cause to put the world in mourning?
Tear all your robes:—he dies, that is not naked
Down to the waste, all like the sons of sorrow.
Burn all the spires, that seem to kiss the sky;
Beat down the battlements of every city;
And for the monument of this loved creature,
Root up those bowers, and pave them all with gold:
Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indies poor;
To build her tomb, no shrines nor altars spare,
But strip the shining gods to make it rare. [*Exit.*
Cass. Ha! whither now? follow him, Polyperchon. [*Exit* POL.
I find Cassander's plot grows full of death;
Murder is playing her great master-piece,
And the sad sisters sweat, so fast I urge them.
O how I hug myself for this revenge!
My fancy's great in mischief; for methinks
The night grows darker, and the labouring ghosts,
For fear that I should find new torments out,
Run o'er the old with most prodigious swiftness.
I see the fatal fruit betwixt the teeth,
The sieve brim-full, and the swift stone stand still.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

What, does it work?
Pol. Speak softly.
Cass. Well.
Pol. It does;
I followed him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the palace; oft-times looking back,
With watry eyes, and calling out Statira.
He stumbled at the gate, and fell along;
Nor was he raised with ease by his attendants,
But seemed a greater load than ordinary,
As much more as the dead outweigh the living.
Cass. Said he nothing?
Pol. When they took him up,
He sighed, and entered with a strange wild look,
Embraced the princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the business of the world in haste.

Enter PHILIP *and* THESSALUS.

Phil. Back, back, all scatter—With a dreadful shout
I heard him cry, 'I am but a dead man!'
Thess. The poison tears him with that height of horror,
That I could pity him.
Pol. Peace——where shall we meet?
Cass. On Saturn's field.
Methinks I see the frighted deities
Ramming more bolts in their big-bellied clouds,
And firing all the heavens to drown his noise.
Now we should laugh——But go, disperse yourselves,
While each soul here, that fills his noble vessel,
Swells with the murder, works with ruin o'er;
And from the dreadful deed this glory draws,
We killed the greatest man that ever was.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ALEXANDER *and all his Attendants.*

Alex. Search there, nay, probe me, search my wounded reins!
Pull, draw it out!
Lys. We have searched, but find no hurt.
Alex. O I am shot, a forked burning arrow
Sticks cross my shoulders: the sad venom flies,
Like lightning, through my flesh, my blood, my marrow.
Lys. This must be treason.
Perd. Would I could but guess!
Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels:
'Tis sure the arm of death: give me a chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.
Perd. Heaven bless the king!
Alex. Ha! who talks of heaven?
I am all hell; I burn, I burn again!
The war grows wondrous hot; hey for the Tigris.
Bear me, Bucephalus, amongst the billows:
O 'tis a noble beast; I would not change him
For the best horse the Sun has in his stable:
For they are hot, their mangers full of coals,
Their manes are flakes of lightning, curls of fire,
And their red tails, like meteors, whisk about.
Lys. Help all, Eumenes, help! I cannot hold him!
Alex. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die with laughter.
Parmenio, Clytus, dost thou see yon fellow,
That ragged soldier, that poor tattered Greek?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy Persians,
With nothing but a rusty helmet on, through which
The grizzly bristles of his pushing beard

Drive them like pikes——Ha, ha, ha!
Perd. How wild he talks!
Lys. Yet warring in his wildness.
Alex. Sound, sound, keep your ranks close; ay, now they come:
O the brave din, the noble clank of arms!
Charge, charge apace, and let the phalanx move;
darius comes——ha! let me in, none Dare
To cross my fury.—Philotas is —unhorsed; ay, 'tis Darius;
I see, I know him by the sparkling plumes,
And his gold chariot, drawn by ten white horses:
But, like a tempest, thus I pour upon him——
He bleeds! with that last blow I brought him down;
He tumbles! take him, snatch the imperial crown.
They fly, they fly!——follow, follow!——Victoria! Victoria!
Victoria!————O let me sleep.
Perd. Let's raise him softly, and bear him to his bed.
Alex. Hold, the least motion gives me sudden death;
My vital spirits are quite parched up,
And all my smoky entrails turned to ashes.
Lys. When you, the brightest star that ever shone,
Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.
Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die:
Weep not, my dear companions; the good gods
Shall send you, in my stead, a nobler prince,
One that shall lead you forth with matchless conduct.
Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.
Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for Mars.
Alex. Perdiccas, take this ring,
And see me laid in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.
Lys. To whom does your dread majesty bequeath
The empire of the world?
Alex. To him that is most worthy.
Perd. When will you, sacred sir, that we should give
To your great memory those divine honours,
Which such exalted virtue does deserve?
Alex. When you are all most happy, and in peace.
Your hands——O father, if I have discharged [*Rises.*
The duty of a man to empire born;
If, by unwearied toils, I have deserved
The vast renown of thy adopted son,
Accept this soul, which thou didst first inspire,
And which this sigh thus gives thee back again. [*Dies.*
Lys. Eumenes, cover the fallen majesty;
If there be treason, let us find it out;
Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears, by these most honoured dear remains,
He will not taste those joys which beauty brings,
Till we revenge the greatest, best of kings.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Whate'er they mean, yet ought they to be curst,
Who this censorious age did polish first,
Who the best play for one poor error blame,
As priests against our ladies's arts declaim,
And for one patch both soul and body damn.
But what does more provoke the actor's rage,
(For we must shew the grievance of the stage)
Is, that our women, which adorn each play,
Bred at our cost, become at length your prey:
While green and sour, like trees we bear them all,
But when they're mellow, straight to you they fall;
You watch them bare and squab, and let them rest,
But with the first young down you snatch the nest.
Pray leave those poaching tricks, if you are wise,
Ere we take out one letter of reprise;
For we have vowed to find a sort of toys
Known to black friars, a tribe of chopping boys;
If once they come, they'll quickly spoil your sport;
There's not one lady will receive your court:
But for the youth in petticoats run wild,
With, "oh! the archest wag, the sweetest child!"
The panting breast, white hands, and lily feet,
No more shall your pall'd thoughts with pleasure meet:
The woman in boy's clothes all boy shall be,
And never raise your thoughts above the knee.
Well, if our women knew how false you are,
They would stay here, and this new trouble spare:
Poor souls! they think all gospel you relate,
Charmed with the noise of settling an estate;
But when at last your appetites are full,
And the tired Cupid grows with action dull,
You'll find some tricks to cut off the entail,
And send them back to us all worn and stale.
Perhaps they'll find our stage, while they have rang'd,
To some vile canting conventicle chang'd;
Where, for the sparks who once resorted there,
With their curl'd wigs that scented all the air,
They'll see grave blockheads with short greasy hair,
Green aprons, steeple-hats, and collar-bands,

Dull sniv'ling rogues that wring—not clap their hands;
Where for gay punks that drew the shining crowd,
And misses that in vizards laugh'd aloud,
They'll hear young sisters sigh, see matrons old
To their chopp'd cheeks their pickled kerchers hold,
Whose zeal too might persuade, in spite to you,
Our flying angels to augment their crew;
While Farringdon, their hero, struts about 'em,
And ne'er a damning critic dares to flout 'em.

THEODOSIUS:

OR,

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

BY

NATHANIEL LEE.

PROLOGUE.

Wit long opprest, and fill'd at last with rage,
Thus in a sullen mood rebukes the age:
What loads of fame do modern heroes bear,
For an inglorious, long, and lazy war?
Who for some skirmish, or a safe retreat,
(Not to be dragg'd to battle) are called great.
But oh, what do ambitious statesmen gain,
Who into private chests whole nations drain?
What sums of gold they hoard, is daily known,
To all men's cost, and sometimes to their own.
Your lawyer too, that like an oyes bawls,
That drowns the market-higler in the stalls,
That seems begot, conceiv'd, and born in brawls,
Yet thrives: he and his crowd get what they please,
Swarming all term-time through the Strand like bees,
They buz at Westminster, and lie for fees.
The godly too their ways of getting have,
But none so much as your fanatic knave:
Wisely the wealthiest livings they refuse,
Who by the fattest bishoprics would lose;
Who with short hair, large ears, and small blue band,
True rogues, their own, not god's elect, command.
Let pigs then be prophane; but broth's allow'd,
Possets and christian caudles may be good,
Meat helps, to reinforce a brother's blood;
Therefore each female saint he doth advise,
With groans, and hums, and ha's, and goggling eyes,
To rub him down, and make the spirit rise;
While with his zeal transported from the ground,
He mounts, and sanctifies the sisters round.
On poets only no kind star e'er smil'd;
Curst fate has damn'd 'em every mother's child:
Therefore he warns his brothers of the stage,
To write no more for an ungrateful age.
Think what penurious masters you have serv'd;
Tasso run mad, and noble Spencer starv'd:
Turn then, whoe're thou art that canst write well,
Thy ink to gall, and in lampoons excel.
Forswear all honesty, traduce the great,
Grow impudent, and rail against the state;
Bursting with spleen, abroad thy pasquils send,
And chuse some libel-spreader for thy friend:
The wit and want of Timon point thy mind,
And for thy satyr-subject chuse mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theodosius, *emperor of Constantinople.*
Varanes, *his friend, prince of Persia.*
Marcian, *general of the Roman army.*
Lucius, *a soldier, his friend.*
Atticus, *chief priest.*
Leontine, *father to* **Athenais**.
Aranthes, *friend to* **Varanes**.

WOMEN.

Pulcheria, *elder sister of* **Theodosius**.
Athenais, *daughter of* **Leontine**.
Julia.
Delia.
Attendants, Singers, Chorus.

Scene,—*Constantinople.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A stately Temple, which represents the Christian religion, as in its first magnificence, being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople. The side scenes shew the horrid tortures, with which the Roman tyrants persecuted the church; and the flat scene, which is the limit of the prospect, discovers an altar richly adorned, before which Constantine is seen kneeling, with commanders about him, gazing at a bloody cross in the air, which, being encompassed with many angels, offers itself to view, with those words distinctly written,* In hoc signo vinces! *instruments are heard, and many attendants. The ministers, at divine service, walk busily up and down, till* Atticus, *the chief of all the priests, and successor of St Chrysostom, in rich robes, comes forward with the philosopher* Leontine; *the waiters in ranks, bowing all the way before him.*

A chorus heard at distance.

Prepare, prepare! the rites begin;
Let none unhallowed enter in.
The temple with new glory shines;
Adorn the altars, wash the shrines,
And purge the place from sin.

Attic. O Leontine! was ever morn like this,
Since the celestial incarnation dawn'd?
I think no day, since that, such glory gave
To Christian altars, as this morning brings.
Leont. Great successor of holy Chrysostom,
Who now triumphs above, a saint of honour,
Next in degree to those bright sons of heaven,
Who never fell, nor stain'd their orient beams;
What shall I answer? How shall I approach you
Since my conversion, which your breath inspir'd?
Attic. To see, this day, the emperor of the east
Leave all the pleasures that the earth can yield,
That nature can bestow, or art invent,
In his life's spring, and bloom of gaudy years,
To undergo the penance of a cloyster,
Confined to narrow rooms, and gloomy walks,
Fastings, and exercises of devotion,
Which from his bed at midnight must awake him,
Methinks, O Leontine! is something more,
Than yet philosophy could ever reach.
Leont. True, Atticus; you have amaz'd my reason.
Attic. Yet more, to our religion's lasting honour,
Marina and Flavilla, two young virgins,
Imperial born, cast in the fairest mould,
That e'er the hands of beauty form'd for woman;
The mirrors of our court, where chastity
And innocence might copy spotless lustre;
To-day with Theodosius leave the world.
Leont. Methinks at such a glorious resignation,
The angelic orders should at once descend,
In all the paint and drapery of heaven,
With charming voices, and with lulling strings,
To give full grace to such triumphant zeal.
Attic. No, Leontine; I fear there is a fault;
For when I last confessed the emperor,
Whether disgust and melancholy blood,
From restless passions, urg'd not this divorce?
He only answered me with sighs and blushes.
'Tis sure, his soul is of the tenderest make,
Therefore I'll tax him strictly: but, my friend,
Why should I give his character to you,
Who, when his father sent him into Persia,
Were by that mighty monarch then appointed
To breed him with his son, the prince Varanes.
Leont. And what will raise your admiration is,
That two such different tempers should agree:
You know that Theodosius is compos'd
Of all the softness that should make a woman;
Judgment almost like fear fore-runs his actions,
And he will poise an injury so long,
As if he had rather pardon than revenge it:
But the young Persian prince quite opposite,
So fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly
May see his haughty soul still mounting in his face;
Yet did I study these so different tempers,
Till I at last had formed a perfect union,
As if two souls did but inform one body;
A friendship that may challenge all the world,
And at the proof be matchless.
Attic. I long to read
This gallant prince, who, as you have informed me,
Comes from his father's court to see our emperor.
Leont. So he intended till he came to Athens,
And at my homely board beheld my daughter;
Where, as fate ordered, she,—who never saw
The glories of a court, bred up to books
In closets like a Sybil,—she, I say,
Long since from Persia brought by me to Athens,
Unskill'd in charms, but those which nature gave her,
Wounded this scornful prince. In short, he forced me
To wait him thither, with deep protestations,
That moment that bereft him of the sight
Of Athenais, gave him certain death.

Enter Varanes *and* Athenais.

But see my daughter honoured with his presence.
Vara. 'Tis strange, O Athenais! wond'rous all;
Wond'rous the shrines, and wonderful the altars;
The martyrs, though but drawn in painted flames,
Amaze me with the image of their sufferings;
Saints canoniz'd that dared with Roman tyrants,

Hermits that liv'd in caves, and fed with angels,—
By Orosmades, it is wond'rous all.
That bloody cross, in yonder azure sky,
Above the head of kneeling Constantine,
Inscribed about with golden characters,
"Thou shalt o'ercome in this;" if it be true,
I say again, by heaven, 'tis wond'rous strange.

Athen. O prince, if thus imagination stirs you,
A fancy rais'd from figures in dead walls,
How would the sacred breath of Atticus
Inspire your breast, purge all your dross away,
And drive this Athenais from your soul,
To make a virgin room, whom yet the mould
Of your rude fancy cannot comprehend!

Vara. What says my fair? Drive Athenais from me!
Start me not into frenzy, lest I rail
At all religion, and fall out with heaven.
And what is she, alas, that should supplant thee?
Were she the mistress of the world, as fair
As winter stars, or summer setting suns,
And thou set by in nature's plainest dress,
With that chaste modest look when first I saw thee,
The heiress of a poor philosopher,
[*Recorders ready to flourish.*
I swear by all I wish, by all I love,
Glory and thee, I would not lose a thought,
Nor cast an eye that way, but rush to thee,
To these loved arms, and lose myself for ever.

Athen. Forbear, my lord.

Vara. O cruel Athenais!
Why dost thou put me off, who pine to death,
And thrust me from thee when I would approach thee?
Can there be aught in this? Curse then thy birth-right,
Thy glorious titles and ill-suited greatness,
Since Athenais scorns thee. Take again
Your ill-timed honours; take 'em, take 'em, gods!
And change me to some humble villager,
If so at last for toils at scorching noon,
In mowing meadows, or in reaping fields,
At night she will but crown me with a smile,
Or reach the bounty of her hand to bless me.

Athen. When princes speak, their subjects should be silent;
Yet with humility I would demand,
Wherein appears my scorn, or my aversion?
Have I not for your sake abandoned home,
Where I had vowed to spend my calmer days?
But you perhaps imagine it but little
For a poor maid to follow you abroad,
Especially the daughter of old Leontine;
Yet I must tell you, prince,———

Vara. I cannot bear
Those frowns: I have offended, but forgive me.
For who, Athenais, that is toss'd
With such tempestuous tides of love as I,
Can steer a steady course? Retire, my fair,
[*Recorders flourish.*
Hark! the solemnities are now beginning,
And Theodosius comes. Hide, hide thy charms!
If to his clouded eyes such day should break,
The royal youth, who dotes to death for love,
I fear would forfeit all his vows to heaven,
And fix upon thy world, thy world of beauty.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodosius *leading* Marina *and* Flavilla *(all three drest in white) followed by* Pulcheria.

Theo. Farewell, Pulcheria! and I pray, no more;
For all thy kind complaints are lost upon me.
Have I not sworn the world and I must part?
Fate has proclaimed it, therefore weep no more;
Wound not the tenderest part of Theodosius,
My yielding soul, that would expire in calms!
Wound me not with thy tears, and I will tell thee,
Yet ere I take my last farewell for ever,
The cause of all my sufferings. Oh, my sister!
A bleeding heart, the stings of pointed love,
What constitution soft as mine can bear?

Pulch. My lord, my emperor, my dearest brother,
Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

Theo. Because I was ashamed to own my weakness;
I knew thy sharper wit, and stricter wisdom,
Would dart reproofs, which I could not endure.
Draw near, O Atticus, and mark me well,
For never yet did my complaining spirit
Unload this weighty secret upon him,
Nor groan a syllable of her oppression.

Attic. Concealment was a fault; but speak at large,
Make bare the wound, and I will pour in balm.

Theo. 'Tis folly all, and fondness.—O, remembrance!
Why dost thou open thus my wound again,
And from my heart call down those warmer drops
That make me die with shame? Hear then, Pulcheria!
Some few preceding days before I left
The Persian court, hunting one morning early,
I lost myself and all the company.
Still wandering on as fortune would direct me,
I past a rivulet, and alighted in
The sweetest solitude I ever saw.
When straight, as if enchantment had been there,
Two charming voices drew me, till I came
Where divers arbours overlook'd the river.
Upon the osier bank two women sate,
Who, when their song was ended, talk'd to one,
Who, bathing, stood far in the crystal stream.
But oh, what thought can paint that fair perfection,
Or give a glimpse of such a naked glory!
Not sea-born Venus, in the courts beneath,
When the green nymphs first kiss'd her coral lips,
All polish'd, fair, and wash'd with orient beauty,
Could in my dazzling fancy match her brightness.

Attic. Think where you are.

Theo. O, sir, you must forgive me!
The chaste enthusiastic form appears,
As when I saw her; yet I swear, Pulcheria,
Had cold Diana been a looker-on,
She must have praised the virtues of the virgin

The satyrs could not grin, for she was veil'd;
Nothing immodest, from her naked bosom
Down to her knees, the nymph was wrapt in lawn:
But oh for me! for me, that was too much!
Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breasts,
So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their lustre,
Such all-perfection, that I took whole draughts
Of killing love, and ever since have languish'd
With ling'ring surfeits of her fatal beauty!
Alas, too fatal, sure! O Atticus,
Forgive me, for my story now is done.
The nymph was drest, and with her two companions,
Having descry'd me, shriek'd and fled away,
Leaving me motionless, till Leontine,
The instructor of my youth, by chance came in,
And wak'd me from the wonder that entranc'd me.
Attic. Behold, my lord, the man whom you have nam'd,
The harbinger of prince Varanes, here.
Theo. O Leontine! ten thousand welcomes meet thee!
Thou foster-father of my tender youth,
Who rear'd the plant, and prun'd it with such care,
How shall I look upon thee, who am fallen
From all the principles of manlier reason,
By thee infus'd, to more than woman's weakness?
Now by the majesty divine, that awes
This sacred place, I swear you must not kneel;
And tell me, for I have a thousand things
To ask thee, where, where is my godlike friend?
Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his face,
Before I am cloyster'd from the world for ever?
Leont. He comes, my lord, with all the expecting joys
Of a young promis'd lover; from his eyes
Big hopes look forth, and boiling fancy forms
Nothing but Theodosius still before him;
His thought, his every word, is Theodosius.
Theo. Yet, Leontine, yet answer me once more,
With tremblings I demand thee,—
Say, hast thou seen,—Oh, has that heavenly form
Appear'd to thee again?—Behold he's dumb!
Proceed then to the solemn last farewell;
Never was man so willing, and prepar'd.

Enter VARANES, ARANTHES, *and Attendants.*

Vara. Where is my friend! oh where is my belov'd,
My Theodosius! Point him out, ye gods,
That I may press him dead betwixt my arms,
Devour him thus with over-hasty joys,
That languish at his breast, quite out of breath,
And cannot utter more!
Theo. Thou mightiest pleasure,
And greatest blessing, that kind heaven could send,
To glad my parting soul, a thousand welcomes!
O, when I look on thee, new starts of glory
Spring in my breast, and, with a backward bound,
I run the race of lusty youth again.
Vara. By heaven it joys me too when I remember
Our thousand pastimes! when we borrow'd names,
Alcides I, and thou my dearest Theseus;
When through the woods we chas'd the foaming boar,
With hounds that open'd like Thessalian bulls,
Like tygers flu'd, and sanded as the shoar,
With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew:
Driv'n with the sport, as ships are tost in storms,
We ran like winds, and matchless was our course;
Now sweeping o'er the limit of a hill,
Now with a full career come thund'ring down
The precipice, and sweat along the vale.
Theo. O glorious time! and when the gathering clouds
Have called us home, say, did we rest, my brother?
When on the stage, to the admiring court,
We strove to represent Alcides' fury,
In all that raging heat, and pomp of madness,
With which the stately Seneca adorned him;
So lively drawn, and painted with such horror,
That we were forced to give it o'er; so loud
The virgins shriek'd, so fast they died away.
Vara. My Theodosius still! 'tis my lov'd brother;
And by the gods we'll see those times again!
Why then has rumour wrong'd thee, that reported
Christian enthusiasm had charm'd thee from us;
That, drawn by priests, and work'd by melancholy,
Thou'dst laid the golden reins of empire down,
And sworn thyself a votary for ever!
Theo. 'Tis almost true; and had not you arriv'd,
The solemn business had by this been ended.
This I have made the empress of the east,
My eldest sister; these with me retire,
Devoted to the pow'r whom we adore.
Vara. What power is that, that merits such oblations?
I thought the sun more great and glorious,
Than any that e'er mingled with the gods;
Yet even to him my father never offer'd
More than a hecatomb of bulls and horses:
Now by those golden beams, that glad the world,
I swear it is too much! For one of these,
But half so bright, our god would drive no more,
He'd leave the darken'd globe, and in some cave
Enjoy such charms for ever.
Attic. My lord, forbear!
Such language does not suit with our devotion:
Nothing prophane must dare to murmur here,
Nor stain the hallow'd beauties of the place.
Yet, thus far we must yield; the emperor
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the world.
Vara. Thus low, most reverend of this sacred place,
I kneel for pardon, and am half-converted,
By your permission that my Theodosius

Return to my embraces. O my brother!
Why dost thou droop? There will be time enough
For prayer and fasting, and religious vows;
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,
All the magnificence of eastern courts;
I hate to walk a lazy life away:
Let's run the race which fate has set before us,
And post to the dark goal.

Theo. Cruel destiny!
Why am not I thus too, O my Varanes!
Why are these costly dishes set before me?
Why do these sounds of pleasure strike my ears,
Why are these joys brought to my sick remembrance,
Who have no appetite, but am to sense,
From head to foot, all a dead palsy o'er?

Vara. Fear not, my friend, all shall be well again;
For I have thousand ways, and thousand stories,
To raise thee up to pleasure: we'll unlock
Our fastest secrets, shed upon each other
Our tender'st cares, and quite unbar those doors,
Which shall be shut to all mankind beside.

Attic. Silence and reverence are the temple's dues:
Therefore, while we pursue the sacred rites,
Be these observ'd, or quit the awful place.—
Imperial sisters, now twin-stars of heaven,
Answer the successor of Chrysostom;
Without least reservation answer me,
By those harmonious rules I charg'd ye learn.

Atticus *sings.*

Attic. *Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,*
The world that is devotion's bane,
Where crowns are tost, and sceptres hurl'd
Where lust and proud ambition reign?

Priest. *Can you your costly robes forbear,*
To live with us in poor attire?
Can you from courts to cells repair,
To sing at midnight in our quire?

2 Priest. *Can you forget your golden beds,*
Where you might sleep beyond the morn,
On mats to lay your royal heads,
And have your beauteous tresses shorn?

Attic. *Can you resolve to fast all day,*
And weep and groan to be forgiven?
Can you in broken slumbers pray,
And by affliction merit heav'n?

Chor. *Say, votaries, can this be done?—*
While we the grace divine implore,
The world has lost, the battle's won,
And sin shall never charm ye more.

Marina sings. *The gate to bliss does open stand,*
And all my penance is in view;
The world, upon the other hand,
Cries out, O do not bid adieu!

Yet, sacred sirs, in these extremes,
Where pomp and pride their glories tell;
Where youth and beauty are the themes,
And plead their moving cause so well;

If aught that's vain my thoughts possess,
Or any passions govern here,
But what divinity may bless,
O may I never enter there!

Flavilla sings. *What can pomp or glory do;*
Or what can human charms persuade;
That mind that has a heav'n in view,
How can it be by earth betrayed?

No monarch full of youth and fame,
The joy of eyes, and nature's pride,
Should once my thoughts from heav'n reclaim,
Though now he woo'd me for his bride.

Haste then, oh haste, and take us in!
For ever lock Religion's door,
Secure us from the charms of sin,
And let us see the world no more.

Attic. sings. *Hark! hark! behold the heavenly choir,*
They cleave the air in bright attire,
And see his lute each angel brings,
And, hark, divinely thus he sings!
To the pow'rs divine all glory be given,
By men upon earth, and angels in heaven.

Scene shuts, and all the Priests, with Marina *and* Flav. *disappear.*

Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
O Theodosius, till this cruel moment
I never knew how tenderly I lov'd them;
But on this everlasting separation,
Methinks my soul has left me, and my time
Of dissolution points me to the grave.

Theo. O my Varanes, does not now thy temper
Bate something of its fire? dost thou not melt
In mere compassion of my sisters' fate,
And cool thyself with one relenting thought?

Vara. Yes, my dar'd soul rolls inward; melancholy,
Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me,
And I begin to loath all human greatness.
Oh! sigh not then, nor thy hard fate deplore,
For, 'tis resolv'd, we will be kings no more;
We'll fly all courts, and love shall be our guide;
Love, that's more worth than all the world beside.
Princes are barr'd the liberty to roam,
The fetter'd mind still languishes at home;
In golden bands she treads the thoughtful round,
Business and cares eternally abound.
And when for air the goddess would unbind,
She's clogged with scepters and to crowns confin'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PULCHERIA, JULIA, *Attendants.*

Pulch. These packets for the emperor Honorius;
Be swift, let the agent haste to Rome.—
I hear, my Julia, that our general
Is from the Goths returned with conquest home.
Jul. He is; to-day I saw him in the presence,
Sharp to the courtiers, as he ever was
Because they went not with him to the wars.
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your hand.
Pulch. He shall, my dearest Julia; oft I have told thee
The secret of my soul: If e'er I marry,
Marcian's my husband; he is a man, my Julia,
Whom I have studied long, and found him perfect:
Old Rome at every glance looks through his eyes,
And kindles the beholders: Some sharp atoms
Run through his frame, which I could wish were out.
He sickens at the softness of the emperor,
And speaks too freely of our female court;
Then sighs, comparing it with what Rome was.

Enter MARCIAN *and* LUCIUS.

Pulch. Ha! who are these that dare prophane this place
With more than barb'rous insolence?
Marc. At your feet,
Behold I cast the scourge of these offenders,
And kneel to kiss your hand.
Pulch. Put up your sword,
And ere I bid you welcome from the wars,
Be sure you clear your honour of this rudeness,
Or, Marcian, leave the court.
Marc. Thus then, madam.
The emperor receiv'd me with affection,
Embrac'd me for my conquests, and retir'd;
When on a sudden all the gilded flies,
That buzz about the court, came fluttering round me:
This, with affected cringes, and minc'd words,
Begs me to tell my tale of victories;
Which done, he thanks me, slips behind his fellow,
Whispers him in the ear, then smiles and listens,
While I relate my story once again:
A third comes in, and asks me the same favour;
Whereon they laugh, while I, still ignorant,
Go on; but one behind, more impudent,
Strikes on my shoulder; then they laugh outright.
But then, I, guessing the abuse too late,
Return'd my knight behind a box o'th' ear;
Then drew, and briefly told them they were rascals.
They, laughing still, cry'd out 'the general's musty;'
Whereon I drove 'em, madam, as you saw.
This is, in short, the truth, I leave the judgment
To your own justice; if I have done ill,
Sentence me, and I'll leave the court for ever.
Pulch. First, you are welcome, Marcian, from the wars;
And still, when e'er occasion calls for arms,
Heav'n send the emperor a general
Renown'd as Marcian; as to what is past,
I think the world will rather praise than censure
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the action.
Marc. Gods! gods! and thou, great founder of old Rome!
What is become of all that mighty spirit,
That rais'd our empire to a pitch so high?
Where is it pent? What but almighty power
Could thus confine it, that but ome few atoms
Now run through all the east and occident?
Pulch. Speak calmly, Marcian.
Marc. Who can be temperate,
That thinks as I do, madam! Why here's a fellow,
I have seen him fight against a troop of Vandals
In your defence, as if he lov'd to bleed:—
Come to my arms, my dear! Thou canst not talk,
But hast a soul above the proudest of 'em.—
O, madam, when he has been all o'er blood,
And hack'd with wounds that seem'd to mouth his praises,
I've seen him smile still as he push'd death from him,
And with his actions rally distant fate.
Pulch. He has a noble form.
Marc. Yet even this man,
That fought so bravely in his country's cause,
This excellent man, this morning in the presence,
Did I see wrong'd before the emperor,
Scorn'd and despis'd because he could not cringe,
Nor plant his feet as some of them could do.
One said his clothes were not well made, and damn'd
His taylor—Another said, he look'd
As if he had not lost his maidenhead.
If things are suffer'd to be thus, down all
Authority, pre-eminence, degree and virtue;
Let Rome be never mention'd; no, in the name
Of all the gods, be she forgotten ever.
Effeminate Persians, and the Lydian softness,
Make all your fights; Marcian shall out no more:
For, by my arms, it makes a woman of me,
And my swoln eyes run o'er to think this worth,
This fuller honour than the whole court holds,
Should be ridiculous to knaves and fools;
Should starve for want of what is necessary
To life's convenience, when luxurious bawds
Are so o'er grown with fat, and cramm'd with riot,
That they can hardly walk without an engine.
Pulch. Why did you not inform the emperor?
Marc. Because he will not hear me. Alas, good man!
He flies from this bad world, and still, when wars
And dangers come, he runs to his devotions,
To your new thing, I know not what you call it,
Which Constantine began.
Pulch. How, Marcian! are not you of that
Religion which the emperor owns?
Marc. No, madam; if you'll see my naked thought,

I am not of their principle, that take
A wrong; so far from bearing with a foe,
I would strike first: like old Rome, I would forth,
Elbow the neighbouring nations round about,
Invade, enlarge my empire to the bounds
Of the too narrow universe. Yes, I own
That I despise your holy innovations.
I am for the Roman gods, for funeral piles,
For mounting eagles, and the fancied greatness
Of our forefathers. Methinks my heated spirit
Could utter things worth losing of my head.
Pulch. Speak freely, Marcian, for I know thee honest.
Marc. O, madam, long, long may the emperor live!
But, I must say, his gentle disposition
Suits not, alas, the oriental sway.
Bid him but look on Pharamond: O gods!
Awake him with the image of that spirit,
Which, like a pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a point to the most dreadful greatness.
His very name already shakes the world;
And still in person heading his first squadrons,
Like the first Cæsar o'er the hardy Gauls,
He seems another thunderbolt of war.
Pulch. I oft have blam'd my brother most for this,
That to my hand he leaves the state affairs:
And how that sounds, you know—
Marc. Forgive me, madam;
I think that all the greatness of your sex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd Semiramis,
With all the amazonian valour too,
Meet in Pulcheria; yet I say, forgive me,
If with reluctance I behold a woman
Sit at the empire's helm, and steer the world.
Pulch. I stand rebuk'd.
Marc. Mark but the growing French.
The most auspicious omen of their greatness,
That I can guess, is their late Salique law,
Blest by their priests, the Salii, and pronounced
To stand for ever; which excludes all women
From the imperial crown. But, oh! I speak
The least of all those infinite grievances,
Which make the subjects murmur: In the army,
Though I proceeded still like Hannibal,
And punish'd every mutineer with death,
Yet, oh! it stabbed me through and through the soul
To pass the wretches' doom, because I knew
With justice they complained: for hard they fought,
And with their blood earn'd that forbidden bread,
Which some at court, and great ones, though unnam'd,
Cast to their hounds, while the poor soldier's starv'd
Pulch. Your pity, too, in mournful fellowship,
No doubt might sooth their murmurs?
Marc. Yes, it did.
That I might put 'em once again in heart,
I said 'twas true, the emperor was to blame,
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful servants,
And paid their great arrears by second hand:
I promis'd, too, when we returned to court,
Things should be mended——
But how!—oh gods, forgive my blood this transport!
To the eternal shame of female councils,
And to the blast of Theodosius' name,
Whom never warlike chronicle shall mention,—
O let me speak it with a Roman spirit!—
We were received like undone prodigals,
By curst ungrateful stewards, with cold looks,
Who yet got all by those poor wretches' ruin,
Like malefactors, at the hands of justice.
I blush, I almost weep with bursting rage;
If thus receiv'd, how paid our long arrears?
Why, as intrusted misers pay the rights
Of helpless widows, or the orphans' tears.
O soldier,—for to thee, to thee I speak it,—
Bawds, for the drudgery of citizens' wives,
Would better pay debilitated stallions.—
Madam, I have said perhaps too much; if so,
It matters not; for he who lies, like me,
On the hard ground, is sure to fall no further.
Pulch. I have given you patient hearing, honest Marcian;
And, as far as I can see into your temper,
(I speak my serious judgment in cold blood,
With strictest consultation on the matter,)
I think this seeming plain and honest Marcian
An exquisite and most notorious traitor.
Marc. Ha! traitor!
Pulch. Yes, a most notorious traitor.
Marc. Your grandfather, whose frown could awe the world,
Would not have called me so—or if he had—
Pulch. You would have taken it. But to the business:
Was't not enough,—oh heaven! thou know'st too much!—
At first to own yourself an infidel,
A bold contemner, even to blasphemy,
Of that religion which we all profess,
For which your heart's best blood can ne'er suffice;
But you must dare, with a seditious army,
Thus to conspire against the emperor!
I mention not your impudence to me,
Taxing the folly of my government,
Ev'n to my face; such an irreverence,
As sure no barb'rous Vandal would have urged;
Beside your libelling all the court, as if
You had engross'd the whole world's honesty,
And flatterers, fools, sycophants, knaves,
(Such was your language,) did inhabit here.
Marc. You wrest my honest meaning, by the gods
You do; and if you thus go on, I feel
My struggling spirit will no longer bear it.
Pulch. I thought the meaning of all rational men
Should still be gathered out of their discourse;

Nor are you so imprudent, without thinking,
To vent such words, though now you fain would hide it;
You find the guilt, and baulk the accusation.
But think not you shall 'scape so easily!
Once more, I do confront you as a traitor;
And as I am entrusted with full pow'r,
Divest you, in the name of Theodosius,
Of all your offices, commissions, honours;
Command you leave the court within three days,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest Marcian!
Marc. Gods! gods!
Pulch. What now! ha! does the traitor murmur?
If in three days,—mark me; 'tis I that doom thee!
Rash, inconsiderate man, a wretch beneath
The torments I could execute upon thee!—
If, after three days space, thou'rt found in court,
Thou dy'st! thy head, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
Farewell: now rage! now rail and curse the court;
Saucily dare to abuse the best of princes,
And let thy lawless tongue lash all it can;
Do, like a madman, rave! deplore thy fortune,
While pages laugh at thee; then haste to the army,
Grow popular, and lead the multitude;
Preach up thy wrongs, and drive the giddy beast
To kick at Cæsar. Nay, if thou weep'st, I am gone.—
O Julia! if I stay, I shall weep too.
Yet 'tis but just that I the heart should see
Of him who once must lord it over me.
[*Exit* PULCHERIA, *&c.*
Luc. Why do you droop, sir? Come, no more o'this,
You are and shall be still our general:
Say but the word, I'll fill the Hippodrome
With squadrons that shall make the emperor tremble;
We'll fire the court about his ears.
Methinks, like Junius Brutus, I have watch'd
An opportunity, and now it comes!
Few words and I are friends; but, noble Marcian,
If yet thou art not more than general
Ere dead of night, say Lucius is a coward.
Marc. I charge thee, in the name of all the gods,
Come back! I charm thee by the name of friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no general.
But, hush! within three days we must be gone,
And then, my friend, farewell to ceremony.
We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves,
Sweat in the eye of day, and, when night comes,
With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant souls,
Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think;
For if I think again, I shall go mad,

Enter LEONTINE *and* ATHENAIS, *&c.*

Therefore no thought. But see, we are interrupted!—
O court! O emperor! yet let death threaten,
I'll find a time. Till then be still, my soul—
No general now! A member of thy country,
But most corrupt, therefore to be cut off;
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest Marcian!
A slave, a traitor! O ye eternal gods!—[*Exeunt.*
Leon. So, Athenais; now our compliment
To the young Persian prince is at an end;
What then remains, but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell?
Athen. My lord!
Leon. I say, that decency requires
We should be gone, nor can you stay with honour.
Athen. Most true, my lord.
Leon. The court is now at peace,
The emperor's sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd; what hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to prince Varanes?
Athen. Ah, sir, why will you break my heart?
Leon. I would not;
Thou art the only comfort of my age;
Like an old tree I stand among the storms,
Thou art the only limb that I have left me,
My dear green branch; and how I prize thee, child,
Heaven only knows! Why dost thou kneel and weep?
Athen. Because you are so good, and will, I hope,
Forgive my fault, who first occasioned it.
Leon. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the prince.
Athen. You did, and, oh, my lord! I heard too much!
Too much, I fear, for my eternal quiet.
Leon. Rise, Athenais! Credit him who bears
More years than thou: Varanes has deceived thee.
Athen. How do we differ then! You judge the prince
Impious and base; while I take Heav'n to witness,
I think him the most virtuous of men:
Therefore take heed, my lord, how you accuse him,
Before you make the trial.—Alas, Varanes,
If thou art false, there's no such thing on earth
As solid goodness or substantial honour.—
A thousand times, my lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his oaths) his crown and empire,
That day I make him master of my heart.
Leon. That day he'll make thee mistress of his power,
Which carries a foul name among the vulgar.
No, Athenais! let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth,
So I may say, she's chaste, and died a virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded eyes
Seated upon the throne of Isdigerdes,
The blast of common tongues, the nobles' scorn,
Thy father's curse; that is, the prince's whore.
Athen. O horrid supposition! how I detest it,
Be witness, heaven, that sees my secret thoughts!
Have I for this, my lord, been taught by you
The nicest justice, and severest virtue,

To fear no death, to know the end of life,
And, with long search, discern the highest good?
No, Athenais! when the day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, pride cast thee down,
The scorn of honour, and the people's prey!
No, cruel Leontine, not to redeem
That aged head from the descending axe,
Not, though I saw thy trembling body rack'd,
Thy wrinkles about thee fill'd with blood,
Would I for empire, to the man I love,
Be made the object of unlawful pleasure.
Leon. O greatly said! and by the blood which warms me,
Which runs as rich as any Athens holds,
It would improve the virtue of the world,
If every day a thousand votaries,
And thousand virgins came from far to hear thee.
Athen. Look down, ye pow'rs, take notice we obey
The rigid principles ye have infus'd!
Yet oh, my noble father, to convince you,
Since you will have it so, propose a marriage;
Though with the thought I'm covered o'er with blushes.
Not that I doubt the prince, that were to doubt
The heavens themselves; I know he is all truth:
But modesty,
The virgin's troublesome and constant guest,
That, that alone forbids.
Leon. I wish to heav'n
There prove no greater bar to my belief.
Behold the prince; I will retire a while,
And, when occasion calls, come to thy aid.
[*Exit* LEON.

Enter VARANES *and* ARANTHES.

Vara. To fix her on the throne, to me, seems little;
Were I a god, yet would I raise her higher,
This is the nature of thy prince: But, oh!
As to the world, thy judgment soars above me,
And I am dar'd with this gigantic honour,
Glory forbids her prospect to a crown,
Nor must she gaze that way; my haughty soul,
That day when she ascends the throne of Cyrus,
Will leave my body pale, and to the stars
Retire in blushes, lost, quite lost for ever.
Aran. What do you purpose then?
Vara. I know not what:
But, see, she comes, the glory of my arms,
The only business of my instant thought,
My soul's best joy, and all my true repose!—
I swear I cannot bear these strange desires,
These strong impulses, which will shortly leave me
Dead at thy feet.
Athen. What have you found, my lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your griefs?
Vara. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy hand seal my religious vow,
Straight let the breath of gods blow me from earth,
Swept from the book of fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O Athenais,
To all the Persian greatness!
Athen. I believe you;
For I have heard you swear as much before.
Vara. Hast thou? O why then did I swear again!
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my passion.
Athen. O rise, my lord!
Vara. I will do every thing
Which Athenais bids: If there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love,
Whisper it, oh some god, into my ear!
And on her breasts thus to her listening soul
I'll breathe the inspiration! Wilt thou not speak?
What, but one sigh, no more! Can that suffice
For all my vast expence of prodigal love!
O, Athenais! What shall I say or do,
To gain the thing I wish?
Athen. What's that, my lord?
Vara. Thus to approach thee still! thus to behold thee.
Yet there is more—
Athen. My lord, I dare not hear you.
Vara. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not know?
'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet, as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of honour.
Athen. I must not doubt you, sir: But oh I tremble
To think if Isdigerdes should behold you,
Should hear you thus protesting to a maid
Of no degree, but virtue, in the world—
Vara. No more of this, no more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by; far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way!
Free as the forest-birds, we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were;
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,
And in soft murmurs interchange our souls;
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.
Athen. Ah, prince! no more!
Forbear, forbear to charm me,
Since I am doom'd to leave you, sir, for ever.
Vara. Hold, Athenais—
Athen. I know your royal temper,
And that high honour reigns within your breast,
Which would disdain to waste so many hours
With one of humble blood compar'd to you,
Unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love her;
Therefore receive, oh prince, and take it kindly,
For none on earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the gift of my eternal love!
'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little;
For sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine,
No charms but yours, my lord, could e'er have warm'd!
Vara. Well have you made amends, by this last comfort,
For the cold dart you shot at me before.
For this last goodness, O my Athenais!

(For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine!)
I empty all my soul in thanks before you:
Yet oh! one fear remains, like death it chills me;
Why my relenting love did talk of parting!
Athen. Look there, and cease your wonder; I have sworn
To obey my father, and he calls me hence.

Enter LEONTINE.

Vara. Ha, Leontine! by which of all my actions
Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit
The smartest wound revenge could form to end me?
Leon. Answer me now, O prince! for virtue prompts me,
And honesty will dally now no longer:
What can the end of all this passion be?
Glory requires this strict accompt, and asks
What you intend at last to Athenais?
Vara. How, Leontine!
Leon. You saw her, sir, at Athens; said you lov'd her;
I charg'd her humbly to receive the honour,
And hear your passion: Has she not, sir, obey'd me?
Vara. She has, I thank the gods! but whither would'st thou?
Leon. Having resolv'd to visit Theodosius,
You swore you would not go without my daughter,
Whereon I gave command that she should follow.
Vara. Yes, Leontine, my old remembrancer,
Most learn'd of all philosophers, you did.
Leon. Thus long she has attended, you have seen her,
Sounded her virtues and her imperfections;
Therefore, dread sir, forgive this bolder charge,
Which honour sounds, and now let me demand you—
Vara. Now help, Aranthes, or I'm dash'd for ever.
Aran. Whatever happens, sir, disdain the marriage.
Leon. Can your high thoughts so far forget themselves,
To admit this humble virgin for your bride?
Vara. Ha!
Athen. He blushes, gods! and stammers at the question.
Leon. Why do you walk, and chafe yourself, my lord?
The business is not much.
Vara. How, Leontine!
Not much? I know that she deserves a crown;
Yet 'tis to reason much, though not to love;
And sure the world would blush to see the daughter
Of a philosopher on the throne of Cyrus.
Athen. Undone for ever!
Leon. Is this your answer, sir?
Vara. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very brink of glory? where, alas!
I look and tremble at the vast descent:
Yet even there, to the vast bottom down,
My rash adventurous love would have me leap,
And grasp my Athenais with my ruin.
Leon. 'Tis well, my lord.
Vara. Why dost thou thus provoke me?
I thought that Persia's court had store of honour
To satisfy the height of thy ambition.
Besides, old man, my love is too well grown,
To want a tutor for his good behaviour;
What he will do, he will do of himself,
And not be taught by you.—
Leon. I know he will not:
Fond tears away! I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy with his old man's preferment
My daughter for your whore.
Vara. Away, I say, my soul disdains the motion!
Leon. The motion of a marriage; yes, I see it;
Your angry looks and haughty words betray it:
I found it at the first. I thank you, sir,
You have at last rewarded your old tutor
For all his cares, his watchings, services;
Yet, let me tell you, sir, this humble maid,
This daughter of a poor philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a throne
As high as that of the immortal Cyrus.
Vara. I think that age and deep philosophy
Have crack'd thy brain: Farewell, old Leontine,
Retire to rest; and when this brawling humour
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my Athenais,
And clear the accounts of love, which thou hast blotted. [*Exit.*
Leon. Old Leontine! perhaps I am mad indeed.
But hold my heart, and let that solid virtue,
Which I so long ador'd, still keep the reins.
O Athenais! But I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our actions, and, methinks,
At least a father judges so, it has
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy easiness:
There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow.
Athen. Alas! my breast is full of death; methinks
I fear ev'n you—
Leon. Why should'st thou fear thy father?
Athen. Because you have the figure of a man!
Is there, O speak, a possibility
To be forgiven!
Leon. Thy father does forgive thee,
And honour will; but on this hard condition,
Never to see him more—
Athen. See him! Oh heavens!
Leon. Unless it be, my daughter, to upbraid him:
Not though he should repent and straight return,
Nay, proffer thee his crown—No more of that.
Honour too cries revenge, revenge thy wrongs,
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injur'd father;
For 'tis revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the world shall praise.
Athen. O give me leave,

For yet I am all tenderness: the woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my breast,
And visits all the warmer mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false Varanes!
Cruel Varanes! false, forsworn Varanes!
Leon. Is this forgetting him? Is this the course
Which honour bids thee take?
Athen. Ah, sir, allow
A little time for love to make his way;
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,
And many tears, and thousand oaths it cost him;
And, oh! I find he will not be dislodged
Without a groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be raz'd,
Without whole floods of grief at his farewel,
Which thus I sacrifice! and oh I swear,
Had he proved true, I would as easily
Have emptied all my blood, and died to serve him,
As now I shed these drops, or vent these sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.
Leon. No woman sure, but thou, so low in fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,
Would thus have griev'd, because a prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in after-times,
That there was ever such a maid in being;
Yet do I still advise, preserve thy virtue;
And since he does disdain thee for his bride,
Scorn thou to be———
Athen. Hold, sir, oh hold, forbear,
For my nice soul abhors the very sound;
Yet with the shame of that, and the desire
Of an immortal name, I am inspir'd:
All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me,
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my bosom colder than the grave.
Leon. On, Athenais, on! 'tis bright before thee,
Pursue the track, and thou shalt be a star.
Athen. O, Leontine, I swear, my noble father,
That I will starve e'er once forego my virtue;
And thus let's join to contradict the world,
That empire could not tempt a poor old man
To sell his prince the honour of his daughter;
And she, too, match'd the spirit of her father.
Though humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
She for her fame refus'd a royal bed;
Who, though she lov'd, yet did put off the hour,
Nor could her virtue be betray'd by power.
Patterns like these will guilty courts improve,
And teach the fair to blush at conscious love:
Then let all maids for honour come in view,
If any maid can more for glory do. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Varanes *and* Aranthes.

Vara. Come to my arms, my faithful, dear Aranthes,
Soft counsellor, companion of my youth;
If I had longer been alone, most sure,
With the distraction that surrounds my heart,
My hand would have rebelled against his master,
And done a murder here.
Aranth. The gods forbid!
Vara. I swear, I press thee with as hearty joy,
As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man,
When from a dream of death she wak'd, and found
Her lover safe, and sleeping by her side.
Aranth. The cause, my lord?
Vara. Early thou know'st last night I went to rest;
But long, my friend, ere slumber clos'd my eyes,
Long was the combat fought 'twixt love and glory;
The fever of my passion burnt me up,
My pangs grew stronger, and my rack was doubled;
My bed was all afloat with the cold drops
That mortal pain wrung from my lab'ring limbs;
My groans more deep than others' dying gasps:
Therefore, I charge thee, haste to her apartment;
I do conjure thee tell her, tell her all
My fears can urge, or fondness can invent:
Tell her how I repent, say any thing,
For any thing I'll do to quench my fires:
Say, I will marry her now on the instant;
Say all that I would say; yet in the end
My love shall make it more than gods can utter.
Aranth. My lord, both Leontine and she are gone
From their apartment.
Vara. Ha! gone, sayst thou! whither?
Aranth. That was my whole employment all this day:
But, sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left
No track behind for care to find 'em out;
Nor is it possible———
Vara. It is, it shall;
I'll struggle with impossibilities,
To find my Athenais: Not the walls
Of Athens, nor of Thebes, shall hide her from me:
I'll bring the force of all my father's arms,
And lay 'em waste, but I'll redeem my love.
O, Leontine! morose old Leontine,
Thou mere philosopher! O cruel sage,
Who, for one hasty word, one choleric doubt,
Hast turn'd the scale, though in the sacred balance
My life, my glory, and my empire hung!
Aranth. Most sure, my lord, they are retir'd to Athens;
I will send post to-night.

Vara. No, no, Aranthes,
Prepare my chariots, for I'll go in person.
I swear 'till now, 'till I began to fear
Some other might enjoy my Athenais,
I swear, I did not know how much I lov'd her.
But let's away; I'll to the emperor,
Thou to the hasty management of my business.
Prepare, to-day I'll go, to-day I'll find her:
No more; I'll take my leave of Theodosius,
And meet thee on the Hippodrome: away!
Let the wild hurry of thy master's love
Make quick thy apprehension: Haste, and leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PULCHERIA, ATTICUS, LEONTINE; *Votaries, leading* ATHENAIS *in procession, after her Baptism, to be confirmed.*

ATTICUS *sings.*

O, Chrysostom! look down and see,
An off'ring worthy heaven and thee!
So rich the victim, bright and fair,
That she on earth appears a star.
Chor. *Eudosia is the virgin's name,*
And after times shall sing her fame,
Atticus sings. *Lead her, votaries, lead her in,*
Her holy birth does now begin,
1 Votary. *In humble weeds, but clean array,*
Your hours shall sweetly pass away;
And when the rites divine are past,
To pleasant gardens you shall haste.
2 Votary. *Where many a flow'ry bed we have,*
That emblem still to each a grave:
And when within the stream we look,
With tears we use to swell the brook:
But, oh! when in the liquid glass,
Our heav'n appears, we sigh to pass:
Chor. *For heaven alone we are design'd,*
And all things bring our heaven to mind.

Athen. O princess! O most worthy of the world, [*Kneels.*
That is submitted by its emperor
To your most wise and providential sway,
What Greek or Roman eloquence can paint
The rapture and devotion of my soul!
I am adopted yours; you are my goddess,
That have new-form'd, new-moulded my conceptions,
And, by the platform of a work divine,
New-fram'd, new-built me to your own desires;
Thrown all the lumber of my passions out,
And made my heart a mansion of perfection;
Clean as an anchorite's grot, or votary's cell,
And spotless as the glories of his steps
Whom we far off adore!
Pulch. Rise, Eudosia,
And let me fold my Christian in my arms!
With this dear pledge of an eternal love
I seal thee, O Eudosia! mine for ever:
Accept, blest charge, the vows of my affection;
For, by the sacred friendship that I give thee,
I think that heav'n by miracle did send thee
To ease my cares, to help me in my councils,
To be my sister, partner in my bed;
And equally, through my whole course of life,
To be the better part of thy Pulcheria,
And share my griefs and joys.
Athen. No, madam, no;
Excuse the cares that this sad wretch must bring you;
O rather let me leave the world for ever;
Or if I must partake your royal secrets,
If you resolve to load me with such honour,
Let it be far from cities, far from courts,
Where I may fly all human conversation;
Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,
Nor think, nor dream, O heav'n! if possible,
Of mankind more.
Pulch. What now! in tears, Eudosia?
Athen. Far from the guilt of palaces, O send me!
Drive me, O drive me, from the traitor man!
So I might 'scape that monster, let me dwell
In lions' haunts, or in some tiger's den;
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,
That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean;
Bury me in the hollow of its womb,
Where, starving on my cold and flinty bed,
I may from far, with giddy apprehension,
See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;
Yet not ev'n there, in that vast whirl of death,
Can there be found so terrible a ruin,
As man, false man, smiling, destructive man!
Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd, Eudosia, Oh my sister!
Still nearer to my heart, so much the dearer,
Because our fates are like, and hand in hand
Our fortunes lead us through the maze of life:
I am glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with danger,
Since thou hast 'scap'd the ruin,—Methinks it lightens
The weight of my calamities, that thou
(In all things else so perfect and divine,)
Art yet akin to my infirmity,
And bear'st thy part in love's melodious ill;
Love that, like bane perfum'd, infects the mind,
That sad delight that charms all womankind.
Athen. Yes, madam, I confess, that love has charm'd me,
But never shall again. No, I renounce him.
Inspire me all the wrongs of abus'd women,
All you that have been cozen'd by false men;
See what a strict example I will make;
But for the perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's past, that's present, and to come.
Pulch. O thou far more than the most masculine virtue!
Where, our Astræa, where, O dawning brightness!
Where hast thou been so long? Let me again
Protest my admiration and my love;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While such clear virtue shines within our circle
Vice shall no more appear within the palace,
But hide her dazzled eyes, and this be call'd
The holy court; But, lo! the emperor comes

Enter THEODOSIUS, *and Attendants.*

Beauty, like thine, may drive that form away,
That has so long entranc'd his soul.——My lord——

Theo. If yet, alas! I might but hope to see her;
But, oh forgive me heav'n, this wilder start,
That thus would reach impossibility:
No, no, I never must behold her more;
As well my Atticus might raise the dead,
As Leontine should charm that form in view.

Pulch. My lord, I come to give your grief a cure,
With purer flames to draw that cruel fire
That tortur'd you so long.— Behold this virgin,
The daughter of your tutor Leontine.

Theo. Ha!

Pulch. She is your sister's charge, and made a Christian,
And Athenais is Eudosia now;
Be sure a fairer never grac'd religion,
And for her virtue she transcends example.

Theo. O all ye blest above, how can this be?
Am I awake, or is this possible? [ATHEN. *kneels.*

Pulch. She kneels, my lord, will you not go and raise her?

Theod. Nay, do thou raise her, for I am rooted here;
Yet if laborious love and melancholy
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
It must be she! that naked dazzling sweetness,
The very figure of that morning star,
That, dropping pearls, and shedding dewy beams,
Fled from the greedy waves when I approach'd:
Answer me, Leontine, am I distracted?
Or is this true?—By thee in all encounters
I will be rul'd, in temperance and wildness,
When reason clashes with extravagance;
But speak!

Leon. 'Tis true, my lord, this is my daughter,
Whom I conceal'd in Persia from all eyes
But yours, when chance directed you that way.

Theo. He says, 'tis true: Why then this heartless carriage?
O! were I proof against the darts of love,
And cold to beauty as the marble lover,
That lies without a thought upon his tomb,
Would not this glorious dawn of life run through me,
And waken death itself?—Why am I slow then?
What hinders now but in despite of rules,
I burst through all the bands of death that hold me, [*He kneels.*
And fly with such a haste to that appearance,
As bury'd saints shall make at the last summons!

Athen. The emperor at my feet! O sir! forgive me,
Drown me not thus with everlasting shame;
Both heav'n and earth must blush at such a view,
Nor can I bear it longer.

Leon. My lord, she is unworthy——

Theo. Ha! what say'st thou, Leontine?
Unworthy! O thou atheist to perfection
All that the blooming earth could send forth fair;
All that the gaudy heav'ns could drop down glorious!
Unworthy, say'st thou! Wert thou not her father,
I swear I would revenge—But haste, and tell me,
For love like mine will bear no second thought,
Can all the honours of the orient,
Thus sacrific'd with the most pure affection,
With spotless thoughts and languishing desires,
Obtain, O Leontine, the crown at last—
To thee, I speak,—thy daughter to my bride?

Leon. My lord, the honour bears such estimation,
It calls the blood into my aged cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my daughter with confusion;
Who, with her body prostrate on the earth,
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd glory.

Theo. Let me embrace, and thank thee: O kind heav'n!
O Atticus! Pulcheria! O my father!
Was ever change like mine? Run through the streets,—
Who waits there?—Run, and loud as fame can speak,
With trumpet sounds proclaim your emperor's joy;
And as of old, on the great festival
Of her they call the mother of the gods,
Let all work cease, at least an oaken garland
Crown each plebeian head: Let sprightly bowls
Be dol'd about, and the toss'd cymbals sound:
Tell 'em their much-lamented Theodosius,
By miracle, is brought from death to life:
His melancholy's gone, and now once more
He shall appear at the state's helm again,
Nor fear a wreck while this bright star directs us;
For while she shines, no sands, no cow'ring rocks,
Shall lie unseen; but I will cut my way,
Secure as Neptune, through the highest stream,
And to the port in safety steer the world.

Athen. Alas! my lord, consider my extraction,
With all my other wants ———

Theo. Peace, empress, peace!
No more the daughter of old Leontine;
A Christian now, and partner of the east.

Athen. My father has dispos'd me, you command me;
What can I answer then but my obedience?

Theo. Attend her, dear Pulcheria! and oh, tell her,
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy.
[*Exeunt* PULCH. *and* ATHEN.
O why so long should I my joys delay?
Time, imp thy wings, let not thy minutes stay,
But to a moment change the tedious day.
The day! 'twill be an age before to-morrow;
An age, a death, a vast eternity,
Where we shall cold, and past enjoyment lie.

Enter VARANES *and* ARANTHES.

Vara. O, Theodosius!

Theo. Ha! my brother here!
Why dost thou come to make my bliss run o'er?
What is there more to wish? Fortune can find
No flaw in such a glut of happiness,
To let one misery in.—O, my Varanes!
Thou that of late didst seem to walk on clouds,
Now give a loose, let go the slacken'd reins,
Let us drive down the precipice of joy,
As if that all the winds of heav'n were for us.
Vara. My lord, I am glad to find the gale is turn'd,
And give you joy of this auspicious fortune.
Plough on your way, with all your streamers out;
With all your glorious flags and streamers ride
Triumphant on;—and leave me to the waves,
The sands, the winds, the rocks, the sure destruction
And ready gulphs that gape to swallow me.
Theo. It was thy hand that drew me from the grave,
Who had been dead by this time to ambition,
To crowns, to titles, and my slighted greatness;
But still, as if each work of thine deserv'd
The smile of heav'n,—thy Theodosius met
With something dearer than his diadem,
With all that's worth a wish, that's worth a life;
I met with that which made me leave the world.
Vara. And I, O turn of chance! O cursed fortune,
Have lost at once all that could make me happy.
O ye too partial powers!—but now no more:
The gods, my dear, my most lov'd Theodosius,
Double all those joys that thou hast met upon thee;
For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more
Than Jove in all his prodigality
Can e'er bestow in blessings on mankind;
And oh! methinks my soul is strangely mov'd,
Takes it the more unkindly of her stars,
That thou and I cannot be blest together:
For I must leave thee, friend; this night must leave thee,
To go in doubtful search of what perhaps
I ne'er shall find, if so my cruel fate
Has order'd it. Why then farewel for ever,
For I shall never, never see thee more.
Theo. How sensible my tender soul is grown
Of what you utter! O my gallant friend!
O brother! O Varanes! do not judge
By what I speak, for sighs will interrupt me;
Judge by my tears, judge by these strict embraces,
And by my last resolve: Though I have met
With what in silence I so long ador'd,
Though in the rapture of protesting joys,
I had set down to-morrow for my nuptials,
And Atticus to-night prepares the temple,
Yet, my Varanes, I will rob my soul
Of all her health, of my imperial bride,
And wander with thee in the search of that
On which thy life depends.
Vara. If this I suffer,
Conclude me then begotten of a hind,
And bred in wilds: No, Theodosius, no;
I charge thee by our friendship, and conjure thee
By all the gods, to mention this no more:
Perhaps, dear friend, I shall be sooner here
Than you expect, or I myself imagine:
What most I grieve, is that I cannot wait
To see your nuptials: Yet my soul is with you,
And all my adorations to your bride.
Theo. What, my Varanes! will you be so cruel
As not to see my bride before you go?
Or are you angry at your rival's charms,
Who has already ravish'd half my heart,
That once was all your own?
Vara. You know I am disorder'd;
My melancholy will not suit her blest condition.
[*Exit* Theo.
And the gods know, since thou, my Athenais,
Art fled from these sick eyes, all other women
To my pall'd soul seem like the ghost of beauty,
And haunt my memory with the loss of thee.

Enter Athenais, Theodosius *leading her.*

Theo. Behold, my lord, the occasion of my joy.
Vara. O ye immortal gods! Aranthes! oh!
Look there, and wonder! Ha! is't possible?
Athen. My lord, the emperor says you are his friend;
He charges me to use my interest,
And beg of you to stay, at least so long
As our espousals will be solemnizing:
I told him I was honour'd once to know you;
But that so slightly, as I could not warrant
The grant of any thing that I should ask you.
Vara. O heaven and earth! O Athenais! why,
Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the world,
Thou know'st it should be thine.
Athen. I know not that ——
But yet, to make sure work, one half of it
Is mine already, sir, without your giving.—
My lord, the prince is obstinate, his glory
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak breath of woman;
He is all hero, bent for higher game;
Therefore, 'tis nobler, sir, to let him go:
If not for him, my lord, yet for myself,
I must intreat the favour to retire.
[*Exit* Athen.
Vara. Death and despair! confusion! hell and furies!
Theo. Heav'n guard thy health, and still preserve thy virtue!
What should this mean? I fear the consequence,
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.
Vara. Undone, Aranthes! lost, undone for ever!
I see my doom, I read it with broad eyes,
As plain as if I saw the book of fate:
Yet I will muster all my spirits up,
Digest my griefs, swallow the rising passions:
Yes, I will stand this shock of all the gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my life.
Theo. You muse, my lord; and if you'll give me leave
To judge your thoughts, they seem employ'd at present
About my bride—I guess you know her too.
Vara. His bride! O gods! give me a moment's patience!—
I must confess the sight of Athenais,
Where I so little did expect to see her,
So grac'd and so adorn'd, did raise my wonder
But what exceeds all admiration is,
That you should talk of making her your bride;

'Tis such a blind effect of monstrous fortune,
That, though I well remember you affirm'd it,
I cannot yet believe——
Theo. Then now believe me:
By all the pow'rs divine I will espouse her.
Vara. Ha! I shall leap the bounds!—come, come, my lord,
By all these pow'rs you nam'd, I say you must not.
Theo. I say I will; and who shall bar my pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the judgment of my soul,
Weigh but with fortune, merit in the balance,
And Athenais loses by the marriage.
Vara. Relentless fates! malicious cruel pow'rs!
O for what crime do you thus rack your creature?
Sir, I must tell you this unkingly meanness
Suits the profession of an anchorite well;
But in an oriental emperor
It gives offence; nor can you, without scandal,
Without the notion of a grov'ling spirit,
Espouse the daughter of old Leontine,
Whose utmost glory is to have been my tutor.
Theo. He has so well acquitted that employment,
Breeding you up to such a gallant height
Of full perfection, and imperial greatness,
That ev'n for this respect, if for no other,
I will esteem him worthy while I live.
Vara. My lord, you'll pardon me a little freedom,
For I must boldly urge in such a cause—
Whoever flatters you, though ne'er so near
Related to your blood, should be suspected.
Theo. If friendship would admit a cold suspicion,
After what I have heard and seen to-day,
Of all mankind I should suspect Varanes.
Vara. He has stung me to the heart; my groans will choke me,
Unless my struggling passion gets a vent.
Out with it then,—I can no more dissemble.——
Yes, yes, my lord, since you reduce me to
The last necessity, I must confess it;
I must avow my flame for Athenais.
I am all fire! my passion eats me up,
It grows incorporate with my flesh and blood!
My pangs redouble, now they cleave my heart!
O Athenais! O Eudosia——oh——
Though plain as day I see my own destruction,
Yet to my death, and oh, let all the gods
Bear witness! still I swear I will adore thee.
Theo. Alas, Varanes! Which of us two the heavens
Have mark'd for death is yet above the stars:
But while we live, let us preserve our friendship
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.
This only mean in two such hard extremes
Remains for both: To-morrow you shall see her,
With all advantage, in her own apartment;
Take your own time, say all you can to gain her;
If you can win her, lead her into Persia;
If not, consent that I espouse her here.
Vara. Still worse and worse! O Theodosius! oh,
I cannot speak for sighs, my death is seal'd
By this last sweetness; had you been less good,
I might have hoped; but now my doom's at hand.
Go then and take her, take her to the temple:
The gods too give you joy.—O Athenais!
Why does thy image mock my foolish sorrow?
O Theodosius, do not see my tears:
Away, and leave me! leave me to the grave.
Theo. Farewell; let's leave the issue to the heav'ns;
I will prepare your way with all that honour
Can urge in your behalf, though to my ruin.
[*Ex.* Theod.
Vara. O I could tear my limbs, and eat my flesh;
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious fool!
Damn'd be all courts, and trebly damn'd ambition!
Blasted be thy remembrance! curses on thee!
And plagues on plagues fall on those fools that seek thee!
Aranth. Have comfort, sir——
Vara. Away, and leave me, villain!
Traitor, who wrought me first to my destruction—
Yet stay and help me, help me to curse my pride,
Help me to wish that I had ne'er been royal,
That I had never heard the name of Cyrus,
That my first brawl in court had been my last.
O that I had been born some happy swain,
And never known a life so great, so vain!
Where I extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
And, blest with some mean wife, no crown could lose;
Where the dearer partner of my little state,
With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
Blessing my labours, might my coming wait;
Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,
And not in cursed courts for glory die!
[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Hail to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields;
Kings would not here invade
Those pleasures that virtue yields.

Chor. *Beauty here opens her arms,*
To soften the languishing mind;
And Phillis unlocks her charms;
Ah, Phillis! ah why so kind?

Phillis, thou soul of love,
Thou joy of the neighb'ring swains;
Phillis that crowns the grove,
And Phillis that gilds the plains.

Chor. *Phillis, that ne'er had the skill,*
To paint, to patch, and be fine;
Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,
Whom nature hath made divine.

Phillis, whose charming song
Makes labour and pains a delight;
Phillis that makes the day young,
And shortens the live-long night:

Chor. *Phillis, whose lips like May,*
Still laugh at the sweets that they bring;
Where love never knows decay,
But sets with eternal spring.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.

Enter MARCIAN *and* LUCIUS, *at a distance.*

Marc. The general of the oriental armies
Was a commission large as fate could give:
'Tis gone: why what care I? O Fortune, Fortune!
Thou laughing empress of this busy world,
Marcian defies thee now.——
Why what a thing is a discarded favourite!
He who but now, though longing to retire,
Could not for busy waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his chamber, haunted to his closet,
With a full crowd, and an eternal court;
When once the favour of his prince is turn'd,
Shunn'd as a ghost the clouded man appears,
And all the gaudy worshippers forsake him.
So fares it now with me where'er I come,
As if I were another Catiline.
The courtiers rise, and no man will sit near me;
As if the plagues were on me, all men fly me.
O Lucius! Lucius! if thou leav'st me too,
I think, I think, I could not bear it;
But, like a slave, my spirit broke with suffering,
Should on these coward knees fall down, and beg
Once to be great again.

Luc. Forbid it, heav'n,
That e'er the noble Marcian condescend
To ask of any but the immortal gods!
Nay, I avow, if yet your spirit dare,
Spite of the court, you shall be great as Cæsar.

Marc. No, Lucius, no; the gods repel that humour.
Yet since we are alone, and must ere long
Leave this bad court, let us, like veterans,
Speak out—Thou say'st, alas! as great as Cæsar;
But where's his greatness? where is his ambition?
If any sparks of virtue yet remain
In this poor figure of the Roman glory;
I say, if any be, how dim they shine,
Compar'd with what his great forefathers were!
How should he lighten then, or awe the world,
Whose soul in courts is but a lambent fire,
And scarce, O Rome! a glowworm in the field:
Soft, young, religious—god-like qualities,
For one that should recover the lost empire,
And wade through seas of blood, and walk o'er mountains
Of slaughter'd bodies, to immortal honour!

Luc. Poor heart! he pin'd a while ago for love.

Marc. And for his mistress vow'd to leave the world;
But some new chance it seems has chang'd his mind.
A marriage! but to whom or whence she came,
None knows: but yet a marriage is proclaim'd,
Pageants prepar'd; the arches are adorn'd;
The statues crown'd; the Hippodrome does groan
Beneath the burden of the mounted warriors;
The theatre is open'd too, where he
And the hot Persian mean to act their follies.
Gods! gods! is this the image of our Cæsars?
Is this the model of our Romulus?
O why so poorly have you stamp'd Rome's glory?
Not Rome's but yours!—Is this man fit to bear it?
This waxen portraiture of majesty,
Which every warmer passion does melt down,
And makes him fonder than a woman's longing?

Luc. Thus much I know to the eternal shame
Of the imperial blood; this upstart empress,
This fine new queen, is sprung from abject parents,
Nay, basely born: but that's all one to him;
He likes, and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not speak? shall I not tell him of it?
I feel this big-swol'n throbbing Roman spirit
Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

Enter PULCHERIA *with a paper in her hand, and* JULIA.

Marc. Pulcheria here! why she's the scourge of Marcian;
I tremble too when ever she approaches,
And my heart dances an unusual measure;
Spite of myself I blush, and cannot stir
While she is here——What, Lucius, can this mean?
'Tis said Calphurnia had the heart of Cæsar:
Augustus doted on the subtile Livia:
Why then should I not worship that fair anger?
Oh didst thou mark her when her fury lighten'd?
She seem'd all goddess; nay, her frowns became her:
There was a beauty in her very wildness.
Were I a man born great as our first founder,
Sprung from the blood divine—but I am cast
Beyond all possibility of hope.

Pulch. Come hither, Marcian; read this paper o'er,
And mark the strange neglect of Theodosius:
He signs whate'er I bring; perhaps you've heard,
To-morrow he intends to wed a maid of Athens,
New made a Christian, and new nam'd Eudosia;
Whom he more dearly prizes than his empire:
Yet in this paper he hath set his hand,
And seal'd it too with the imperial signet,
That she shall lose her head to-morrow morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a murder
On his own person, than permit a vein
Of her to bleed; yet, Marcian, what might follow,
If I were envious of this virgin's honour?
By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer——
Without a view——ha! but I had forgot:

Julia, let's haste from this infectious person——
I had forgot that Marcian was a traitor;
Yet, by the pow'rs divine, I swear 'tis pity,
That one so form'd by nature for all honour,
All titles, greatness, dignities imperial,
The noblest person, and the bravest courage,
Should not be honest: Julia, is't not pity?
O Marcian! Marcian! I could weep to think
Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.
Repent, rash man, if yet 'tis not too late,
And mend thy errors; so farewel for ever.
[*Ex.* PULCH. JUL.

Marc. Farewel for ever! no, madam, ere I go,
I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me:
Then, if you please, take off this traitor's head;
End my commission and my life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I am going to say;
But by your life, my lord, I think 'tis true,—
Pulcheria loves this traitor! did you mark her?
At first she had forgot your banishment,
Makes you her counsellor, and tells her secrets,
As to a friend; nay, leaves them in your hand,
And says, 'tis pity that you are not honest,
With such description of your gallantry
As none but love could make: Then taking, leave,
Through the dark lashes of her darting eyes
Methought she shot her soul at every glance;
Still looking back, as if she had a mind
That you should know she left her heart behind her.

Marc. Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I,
Nor can the wit of all mankind conceive her.
But let's away; this paper is of use.

Luc. I guess your purpose:
He is a boy, and as a boy you'll use him—
There is no other way.

Marc. Yes, if he be not
Quite dead with sleep, for ever lost to honour,
Marcian with this shall rouse him. O, my Lucius!
Methinks the ghosts of the great Theodosius,
And thundering Constantine, appear before me;
They charge me as a soldier to chastise him,
To lash him with keen words from lazy love,
And shew him how they trod the paths of honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THEODOSIUS *lying on a Couch, with two Boys drest like Cupids, singing to him as he sleeps.*

SONG.

Happy day! ah happy day!
That Cæsar's beams did first display;
So peaceful was the happy day,
The gods themselves did all look down,
The royal infant's birth to crown,
So pleas'd, they scarce did on the guilty frown.
Happy day! ah happy day!
And oh thrice happy hour!
That made such goodness master of such pow'r;
For thus the gods declare to men,
No day like this shall ever come again.

Enter MARCIAN *with an Order.*

Theo. Ha! what rash thing art thou, who set'st so small
A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?

Marc. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd, and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius,
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heav'n.
What mean the fates by such prodigious virtue,
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquests thus to overrun the world,
And make barbarians tremble? O, ye gods!
Should destiny now end thee in thy bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.

Theo. How, Marcian!

Marc. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;
With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parent's sorrow in the streets;
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopp'd;
With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
Pull down their altars, break their household gods;
And still the universal groan is this,
Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd:
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure!
O Rome! oh conquer'd world! where is thy glory!

Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners;
Thou dost upbraid me; but no more of this,
Not for thy life!

Marc. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings; like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood;
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Through the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

Marc. This may be true; yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius! credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings.
In aftertimes, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation:
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.
Theo. Prithee, no more!
Marc. Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
And say, thus cruel Nero once resolv'd
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge,
To give all France as plunder to the armies,
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That so, obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome—
Theo. O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barbarous bloody temper?
Marc. Yet some will say, this shew'd he had a spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That savour'd of a Roman; but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors;
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player—one that can act a hero,
And never be one? O ye immortal gods!
Is this the old Cæsarian majesty?
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a phenascus?
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.
Theo. Leave me, I say, least I chastise thee:
Hence, begone I say!
Marc. Not till you have heard me out——
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that to the Esquiline:
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet:
Adorn your starry chambers too with gems,
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you;
Consume with his prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions;
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings;
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for.
Why let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and die like dogs in ditches.
Theo. Come, you are a traitor.
Marc. Go to, you are a boy;
Or by the gods——
Theo. If arrogance, like this,
And to the emperor's face, should 'scape unpunish'd,
I'll write myself a coward—Die then, villain,
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.
[MARCIAN *disarms him, but is wounded.*
Marc. Now, sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours?
Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Does not the soldier hourly ask it from me?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make to that this purple youth my footstool?
The armies court me, and my country's cause;
The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me.
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not for less than this the latter Brutus,
Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head
Against his friend a black conspiracy,
And stab the majesty of all the world?
Theo. Act as you please, I am within your power.
Marc. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And shall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills and lawless pleasures,
Ravish from the empire its dear health,
Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory,
Go on in this dishonourable rest?
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starved troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
And shew him what he should be.
Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some monster, most unheard of:
First, as the ruin of the army, then
Of taking your commission: But, by heav'n,
I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor e'er intended it: Nor say I this
To alter thy stern usage; for with what
Thou hast said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life.
Marc. My lord, I take your word: you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels:

The horrid usage of the suff'ring soldier:
But why will not our Theodosius know?
If you intrust the government to others
That act these crimes, who but yourself's to blame?
Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealing,
Of Marcians honesty, howe'er degraded:
I thank you for my banishment; but, alas!
My loss is little to what soon will follow;
Reflect but on yourself and your own joys:
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd through the city, that you lov'd,
That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you sent your orders
That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudosia,
Should lose her head.

Theo. O heav'n and earth! What say'st thou?
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudosia?

Marc. 'Tis your own hand and signet: Yet I swear,
Though you have given to female hands your sway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curse all womankind;
Yet, when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd,
Without the walls appear'd before the army—

Theo. What! on a scaffold? Ha! before the army?

Marc. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To soft compassion and relenting tears! But when the axe
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
Through all the armed host, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
Whole nature was concern'd at such a suffering,
And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel ambitious sister, this must be
Thy doing! O support me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike; behold
I offer thee my breast, with my last breath;
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.
Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;
But 'tis too late—— [*He swoons.*

Enter Lucius.

Marc. He faints! what, hoa there, Lucius!
My lord the emperor, Eudosia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute—moment;—
Quick as a thought she calls you to the temple.
O Lucius, help——I have gone too far—but see,
He breathes again——Eudosia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudosia?

Marc. Yes, she lives;
I did but feign the story of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart;
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again:
Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to startle you:
But, by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor! royal master!
Droop not, because I utter'd some rash words,
And was a madman——by th' immortal gods
I love you as my soul: whate'er I said,
My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,
Which do not use to flow, all shall be well:
I swear there are seeds in that sweet temper,
To atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee—first for my Eudosia's life:
What, but my love, could have call'd back that life
Which thou hast made me hate? But oh, methought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard from thee,
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
To hear so harsh a message——but no more:
We're friends: Thy hand; nay if thou wilt not rise,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love—In this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudosia, and we'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's past—Glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on.

Marc. Let her not rest then,—
Espouse her straight; I'll strike you at a heat;
May this great humour get large growth within you,
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods.
O what a sight will this be to the soldier,
To see me bring you, drest in shining armour,
To head the shouting squadrons——O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The sound of trumpets, and the beat of drums;
I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
As if some god by miracle had rais'd him,
And, with beholding you, grow fat again.
Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths;
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you:
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down,
With broken Ios and with sobbing raptures,
Crying, to arms! he's come, our emperor's come,
To win the world!—Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting, or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry:
And for Eudosia, she is your's already:
Marcian has said it; sir, she shall be yours.

Theo. O Marcian! oh my brother, father, all!
Thou best of friends, most faithful counsellor,
I'll find a match for thee too ere I rest,
To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
I'm strong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I am nothing.

Enter Athenais *meeting* Theodosius.

Theo. Alas, Eudosia! tell me what to say;
For my full heart can scarce bring forth a word
Of that which I have sworn to see perform'd.

Athen. I am perfectly obedient to your pleasure.

Theo. Well then I come to tell thee, that Varanes,

Of all mankind, is nearest to my heart;
I love him, dear Eudosia; and to prove
That love on trial, all my blood's too little;
Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this moment,
(As heav'n alone can tell how far my fate
Is off) O thou, my soul's most tender joy,
With my last breath I would bequeath him thee.

Athen. Then you are pleased, my lord, to yield me to him?

Theo. No, my Eudosia; no, I will not yield thee,
While I have life; for worlds I will not yield thee:
Yet, thus far I am engag'd to let thee know,
He loves thee, Athenais, more than ever,
He languishes, despairs, and dies like me;
And I have pass'd my word that he shall see thee.

Athen. Ah, sir, what have you done against yourself
And me!—Why have you past your fatal word?
Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
To trust myself? Why do you leave me naked
To an assault, who had made proof my virtue,
With this sure guard, never to see him more?
For, oh! with trembling agonies I speak it,
I cannot see a prince whom once I lov'd,
Bath'd in his grief, and gasping at my feet,
In all the violent trances of despair,
Without a sorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. O ye severer pow'rs! too cruel fate!
Did ever love tread such a maze before?
Yet, Athenais, still I trust thy virtue;
But if thy bleeding heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thyself away; yet still remember,
That moment Theodosius is no more.
[*Exit* Theo. *with* Attic. Pulc. Leon.

Athen. Now glory, now, if ever thou didst work
In woman's mind, assist me.——Oh, my heart!
Why dost thou throb, as if thou wer't a-breaking?
Down, down, I say; think on thy injuries,
Thy wrongs, thy wrongs!—'Tis well my eyes are dry,
And all within my bosom now is still.

Enter Varanes, *leaning on* Aranthes.

Ha! is this he! or is't Varanes' ghost?
He looks as if he had bespoke his grave,
Trembling and pale; I must not dare to view him;
For, oh! I feel his melancholy here,
And fear I shall too soon partake his sickness.

Vara. Thus to the angry gods offending mortals,
Made sensible by some severe affliction
How all their crimes are register'd in heaven,
In that nice court, how no rash word escapes,
But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down;
Thus the poor penitents with fear approach
The reverend shrines, and thus for mercy bow;
[*Kneels.*
Thus melting too, they wash the hallowed earth,
And groan to be forgiven.
O empress! O Eudosia! such you are now,
These are your titles, and must I not dare
Ever to call you Athenais more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my lord, let me entreat you rise;
I will not hear you in that humble posture:
Rise, or I must withdraw. The world will blush
For you and me, should it behold a prince,
Sprung from immortal Cyrus, on his knees
Before the daughter of a poor philosopher.

Vara. 'Tis just, ye righteous gods! my doom is just;
Nor will I strive to deprecate her anger.
If possible, I'll aggravate my crimes,
That she may rage till she has broke my heart:
'Tis all I now desire, and let the gods,
Those cruel gods that join to my undoing,
Be witnesses to this unnatural wish,
Is to fall dead without a wound before her.

Athen. O ye known sounds! But I must steel my soul— [*Aside.*
Methinks these robes, my Delia, are too heavy.

Vara. Not worth a word, a look, nor one regard!
Is then the nature of my fault so heinous,
That, when I come to take my eternal leave,
You'll not vouchsafe to view me? This is scorn
Which the fair soul of gentle Athenais
Would ne'er have harbour'd.
O, for the sake of him, whom you ere long
Shall hold as fast as now your wishes form him,
Give me a patient hearing; for however
I talk of death, and seem to loathe my life,
I would deliberate with my fate awhile;
With snatching glances eye thee to the last;
Pause o'er a loss like that of Athenais,
And parley with my ruin.

Athen. Speak, my lord;
To hear you is the emperor's command,
And for that cause I readily obey.

Vara. The emperor, the emperor's command;
And for that cause she readily obeys!
I thank you, madam, that on any terms
You condescend to hear me.
Know then, Eudosia,—ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd name of Athenais still!
That name that I so often have invok'd,
And which was once auspicious to my vows,
So oft at midnight sigh'd amongst the groves,
The river's murmur and the echo's burden,
Which every bird could sing, and wind did bear;
By that dear name, I make this protestation,
By all that's good on earth, or blest in heaven,
I swear I love thee more, far more than ever;
With conscious blushes too, here, help me, gods!
Help me to tell her, though to my confusion,
And everlasting shame, yet I must tell her,
I lay the Persian crown before her feet.

Athen. My lord, I thank you, and to express those thanks
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return
The gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
With the example of the emp'ror;
Not but I know 'tis that draws you on,
Thus to descend beneath your majesty,
And swell the daughter of a poor philosopher
With hopes of being great.

Vara. Ah, madam! ah, you wrong me; by the gods

I had repented ere I knew the emperor——
Athen. You find, perhaps, too late, that Athenais,
However slighted for her birth and fortune,
Has something in her person and her virtue,
Worth the regard of emperors themselves;
And, to return the compliment you gave
My father, Leontine, that poor philosopher,
Whose utmost glory is to have been your tutor,
I here protest, by virtue and by glory,
I swear by heaven and all the powers divine,
Th' abandon'd daughter of that poor old man
Shall ne'er be seated on the throne of Cyrus.
Vara. O death to all my hopes! what hast thou sworn
To turn me wild? Ah cursed throne of Cyrus,
Would thou had'st been o'erturn'd and laid in dust,
His crown too thunderstruck, my father, all
The Persian race, like poor Darius, ruin'd,
Blotted, and swept for ever from the world,
When first ambition blasted thy remembrance!
Athen. O heaven! I had forgot the base affront
Offer'd by this proud man; a wrong so great,
It is remov'd beyond all hope of mercy:
He had design'd to bribe my father's virtue,
And by unlawful means——
Fly from my sight, lest I become a fury,
And break those rules of temperance I propos'd;
Fly, fly, Varanes! fly this sacred place,
Where virtue and religion are profess'd:
This city will not harbour infidels,
Traitors to chastity, licentious princes.
Begone, I say; thou canst not here be safe;
Fly to imperial libertines abroad;
In foreign courts thou'lt find a thousand beauties
That will comply for gold—for gold they'll weep,
For gold be fond as Athenais was,
And charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed.
Thou'lt find enough companions too for riot,
Luxuriant all, and royal as thyself,
Though thy loud vices should resound to heav'n.
Art thou not gone yet?
Vara. No, I am charm'd to hear you:
O from my soul, I do confess myself
The very blot of honour—I am more black
Than thou, in all thy heat of just revenge,
With all thy glorious eloquence, canst make me.
Athen. Away, Varanes.
Vara. Yes, madam, I am going——
Nay, by the gods, I do not ask thee pardon,
Nor while I live will I implore thy mercy;
But when I am dead, if, as thou dost return
With happy Theodosius from the temple—
If, as thou go'st in triumph through the streets,
Thou chance to meet the cold Varanes there,
Borne by his friends to his eternal home,
Stop then, O Athenais! and behold me;
Say, as thou hang'st about the emp'ror's neck,
Alas! my lord! this sight is worth our pity.
If to those pitying words you add a tear,
Or give one parting groan——If possible,
If the good gods will grant my soul the freedom,
I'll leave my shroud, and wake from death to thank thee.
Athen. He shakes my resolution from the bottom:
My bleeding heart too speaks in his behalf,
And says my virtue has been too severe.
Vara. Farewell, O empress! No Athenais now;
I will not call thee by that tender name,
Since cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,
And all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.
'Tis said, that from my youth I have been rash,
Choleric, and hot; but let the gods now judge
By my last wish, if ever patient man
Did calmly bear so great a loss as mine;
Since 'tis so doom'd by fate you must be wedded,
For your own peace, when I am laid in earth,
Forget that e'er Varanes had a being;
Turn all your soul to Theodosius' bosom:—
Continue, gods, their days, and make 'em long:
Lucina wait upon their fruitful Hymen,
And many children, beauteous as the mother,
And pious as the father, make 'em smile!
Athen. O heav'ns!
Vara. Farewell—I'll trouble you no more:
The malady that's lodg'd within grows stronger;
I feel the shock of my approaching fate:
My heart too trembles at his distant march;
Nor can I utter more, if you should ask me.
Thy arm, Aranthes!—O farewell for ever!
Athen. Varanes, stay; and ere you go for ever,
Let me unfold my heart.
Vara. O Athenais!
What further cruelty hast thou in store
To add to what I suffer?
Athen. Since it is doom'd
That we must part, let's part as lovers should,
As those that have lov'd long, and lov'd well.
Vara. Art thou so good? O Athenais, oh!
Athen. First, from my soul I pity and forgive you;
I pardon you that little hasty error,
Which yet has been the cause of both our ruins:
And let this sorrow witness for my heart
How eagerly I wish it had not been;
And since I cannot keep it, take it all,
Take all the love, O prince! I ever bore you:
Or, if 'tis possible, I'll give you more;
Your noble carriage forces this confession:
I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die for love!
I am distracted with this world of passion.
Vara. Gods! cruel gods! take notice I forgive you.
Athen. Alas! my lord, my weaker tender sex
Has not your manly patience, cannot curb
This fury in; therefore I let it loose;
Spite of my rigid duty, I will speak
With all the dearness of a dying lover.
Farewell, most lovely, and most lov'd of men—
Why comes this dying paleness o'er thy face?
Why wander thus thy eyes? Why dost thou bend
As if the fatal weight of death were on thee?
Vara. Speak yet a little more; for, by the gods,
And as I prize those blessed happy moments,
I swear, O Athenais! all is well:

O never better!
Athen. I doubt thee, dear Varanes;
Yet, if thou dy'st, I shall not long be from thee.
Once more farewell, and take these last embraces.
Oh! I could crush him to my heart! Farewell;
And as a dying pledge of my last love,
Take this, which all thy prayers could never charm.— [*Embraces him.*
What have I done? Oh lead me, lead me, Delia!
Ah, prince, farewell! angels protect and guard thee.
Vara. Turn back, O Athenais, and behold me!
Hear my last words, and then farewell for ever!
Thou hast undone me more by this confession:
You say, you swear, you love me more than ever;
Yet I must see you married to another:
Can there be any plague or hell like this!
O Athenais! whither shall I turn me?
You've brought me back to life; but, oh! what life?
To a life more terrible than a thousand deaths.
Like one that had been buried in a trance,
With racking starts he wakes, and gazes round,
Forc'd by despair his whirling limbs to wound,
And bellow like a spirit under ground;
Still urg'd by fate, to turn, to toss and rave,
Tormented, dash'd, and broken in the grave.
[*Exeunt,*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Athenais, *dressed in imperial Robes, and crowned;* **Delia.** *A Table with a Bowl of Poison.*

Athen. A midnight marriage! Must I to the temple
Thus, at the murderer's hour? 'Tis wond'rous strange!
But so, thou say'st, my father has commanded,
And that's almighty reason.
Delia. The emp'ror, in compassion to the prince,
Who would perhaps fly to extravagance,
If he in public should resolve to espouse you,
Contriv'd by this close marriage to deceive him.
Athen. Go fetch thy lute, and sing those lines I gave thee. [*Exit* **Del.**
So, now I am alone; yet my soul shakes;
For where this dreadful draught may carry me
The heavens can only tell; yet I am resolv'd
To drink it off in spite of consequence.
Whisper him, O some angel! what I'm doing;
By sympathy of soul let him too tremble
To hear my wond'rous faith, my wond'rous love,
Whose spirit, not content with an ovation
Of ling'ring fate, with triumph thus resolv'd,
Thus in the rapid chariot of the soul,
To mount and dare as never woman dar'd.
'Tis done—haste, Delia, haste!—come bring thy lute, [*Drinks.*
And sing my waftage to immortal joys.
Methinks I can but smile at my own bravery!
Thus from my lowest fortune rais'd to empire,
Crown'd and adorn'd, worship'd by half the earth,
While a young monarch dies for my embraces;
Yet now to wave the glories of the world—
O, my Varanes! though my birth's unequal,
My virtue sure has richly recompenc'd,
And quite outgone example!

SONG.

Ah, cruel bloody fate!
What canst thou now do more?
Alas! 'tis all too late,
Philander to restore!
Why should the heavenly powers persuade
Poor mortals to believe
That they guard us here,
And reward us there,
Yet all our joys deceive?

Her poignard then she took,
And held it in her hand;
And with a dying look,
Cry'd, thus I fate command.
Philander, ah, my love, I come,
To meet thy shade below,
Ah, I come! she cry'd,
With a wound so wide,
There needs no second blow.

In purple waves her blood
Ran streaming down the floor:
Unmov'd she saw the flood,
And blest her dying hour:
Philander! Ah, Philander! still
The bleeding Phillis cry'd;
She wept a while,
And forc'd a smile,
Then clos'd her eyes and died.

Enter **Pulcheria.**

Pulch. How fares my dear Eudosia? Ha! thou look'st,
Or else the tapers cheat my sight, like one
That's fitter for thy tomb than Cæsar's bed:
A fatal sorrow dims thy shaded eyes,
And, in despite of all thy ornaments,
Thou seem'st to me the ghost of Athenais.
Athen. And what's the punishment, my dear Pulcheria,
What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wilder'd travellers, without a guide,
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant moon,
By a faint glimmer chequering through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
And never hope to reach the blessed fields?

Pulch. No more of that; Atticus shall resolve thee:
But see, he waits thee from the emperor;
Thy father too attends.

Enter Leontine, Atticus, *&c.*

Leont. Come, Athenais—Ha! what now! in tears?
O fall of honour! but no more, I charge thee,
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my blessing,
Or fear'st my curse, to banish from thy soul
All thoughts, if possible, the memory
Of that ungrateful prince that has undone thee.
Attend me to the temple on this instant,
To make the emp'ror thine, this night to wed him,
And lie within his arms.
Athen. Yes, sir, I'll go;
Let me but dry my eyes, and I will go:
Eudosia, this unhappy bride, shall go:
Thus like a victim crown'd and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the altar, wed the emp'ror,
And, if he pleases, lie within his arms.
Leont. Thou art my child again.
Athen. But do not, sir, imagine that any charms
Or threat'nings shall compel me
Never to think of poor Varanes more:
No, my Varanes! no———
While I have breath, I will remember thee;
To thee alone I will my thoughts confine,
And all my meditations shall be thine:
The image of thy woes my soul shall fill,
Fate and my end, and thy remembrance still,
As in some pop'lar shade the nightingale,
With piercing moans, does her lost young bewail,
Which the rough hind, observing as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stolen away;
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, though all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain:
So, my Varanes, 'till my death comes on,
Shall sad Eudosia thy dear loss bemoan.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Varanes.

Vara. 'Tis night, dead night, and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise;
No breath of wind now whispers through the trees,
No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas;
Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon,
No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,
Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by,
To view the caverns where their bodies lie;
The ravens perch, and no presages give,
Nor to the windows of the dying cleave;
The owls forget to scream; no midnight sound
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow ground;
In vaults the walking fires extinguish'd lie;
The stars, heav'n's sentries, wink and seem to die:
Such universal silence spreads below,
Through the vast shades where I am doom'd to go;
Nor shall I need a violence to wound,
The storm is here that drives me on the ground;
Sure means to make the soul and body part,
A burning fever, and a broken heart.
What, hoa, Aranthes!

Enter Aranthes.

I sent thee to the apartment of Athenais;
I sent thee, did I not, to be admitted?
Aran. You did, my lord; but, oh!
I fear to give you an account.
Vara. Alas,
Aranthes, I am got on the other side
Of this bad world, and now am past all fear.
O ye avenging gods! is there a plague
Among your hoarded bolts and heaps of vengeance
Beyond the mighty loss of Athenais?
'Tis contradiction—Speak, then speak, Aranthes;
For all misfortunes, if compar'd with that,
Will make Varanes smile.
Aran. My lord, the empress,
Crown'd and adorn'd with the imperial robes,
At this dead time of night, with silent pomp,
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
But chiefly sure from you; I say, the empress
Is now conducted by the general,
Atticus, and her father, to the temple,
There to espouse the emperor Theodosius.
Vara. Say'st thou? Is't certain? ha!
Aran. Most certain, sir. I saw 'em in procession.
Vara. Give me thy sword. Malicious fate! O fortune!
O giddy chance! O turn of love and greatness!
Married—she has kept her promise now indeed;
And, oh! her pointed fame and nice revenge
Have reach'd their end. No, Aranthes, no;
I will not stay the lazy execution
Of a slow fever. Give me thy hand, and swear
By all the love and duty that thou ow'st me,
To observe the last commands that I shall give thee;
Stir not against my purpose, as thou fear'st
My anger and disdain; nor dare t' oppose me
With troublesome unnecessary formal reasons;
For what my thought has doom'd, my hand shall seal.
I charge thee hold it stedfast to my heart,
Fix'd as the fate that throws me on the point,
Though I have liv'd a Persian, I will fall
As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,
As any Greek or Roman of 'em all.
Aran. What you command is terrible but sacred;
And to atone for this too cruel duty,
My lord, I'll follow you.
Vara. I charge thee, not;
But when I am dead, take the attending slaves,
And bear me, with my blood distilling down,
Straight to the temple; lay me, O Aranthes!
Lay my cold corse at Athenais' feet,
And say,—O why! why, do my eyes run o'er?—

Say with my latest gasp I groan'd for pardon.
Just here, my friend; hold fast, and fix the sword;
I feel the art'ry where the life-blood lies;
It heaves against the point—Now, O ye gods!
If for the greatly wretched you have room,
Prepare my place; for dauntless, lo, I come.
The force of love thus makes the mortal wound,
And Athenais sends me to the ground.
[*Kills himself.*

SCENE III.—*The outward part of the Temple.*

Enter PULCHERIA *and* JULIA *at one Door,* MARCIAN *and* LUCIUS *at another.*

Pulch. Look, Julia, see the pensive Marcian comes;
'Tis to my wish; I must no longer lose him,
Lest he should leave the court indeed: he looks
As if some mighty secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a vent.—Inspire me, woman!
That what my soul desires above the world,
May seem impos'd and forc'd on my affections.

Luc. I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
From your own mouth—Now, in the name of all
The gods at once, my lord, why are you silent?
Take heed, sir, mark your opportunity;
For if the woman lays it in your way,
And you o'ersee it, she is lost for ever.

Marc. Madam, I come to take my eternal leave;
Your doom has banish'd me, and I obey:
The court and I shake hands, and now we part,
Never to see each other more; the court
Where I was born and bred a gentleman,
No more, till your illustrious bounty rais'd me,
And drew the earth-born vapour to the clouds:
But, as the gods ordain'd it, I have lost,
I know not how, through ignorance, your grace;
And now the exhalation of my glory
Is quite consum'd and vanish'd into air.

Pulch. Proceed, sir.

Marc. Yet let those gods, that doom'd me to displease you,
Be witnesses how much I honour you—
Thus, worshipping, I swear by your bright self,
I leave this infamous court with more content
Than fools and flatt'rers seek it; but, oh heaven!
I cannot go, if still your hate pursues me!
Yes, I declare it is impossible
To go to banishment without your pardon.

Pulch. You have it, Marcian; is there aught beside
That you would speak, for I am free to hear?

Marc. Since I shall never see you more, what hinders
But my last words should here protest the truth?
Know then, imperial princess, matchless woman!
Since first you cast your eyes upon my meanness,
Ev'n till you rais'd me to my envy'd height,
I have in secret lov'd you—

Pulch. Is this Marcian?

Marc. You frown, but I am still prepar'd for all;
I say I lov'd you, and I love you still,
More than my life, and equal to my glory.
Methinks the warring spirit that inspires
This frame, the very genius of old Rome,
That makes me talk without the fear of death,
And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,
Flames in your eyes; our thoughts too are akin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.
Now, by the gods, I lov'd you in your fury,
In all the thunder that quite riv'd my hopes;
I lov'd you most, ev'n when you did destroy me.
Madam, I've spoke my heart, and could say more,
But that I see it grieves you; your high blood
Frets at the arrogance and saucy pride
Of this bold vagabond—May the gods forgive me—
Farewell—a worthier general may succeed me;
But none more faithful to the emperor's interest
Than him you are pleas'd to call the traitor Marcian.

Pulch. Come back; you've subt'ly play'd your part indeed;
For first the emperor, whom you lately school'd,
Restores you your commission; next commands you,
As you're a subject, not to leave the court;
Next,—but, oh heav'n! which way shall I express
His cruel pleasure, he that is so mild
In all things else, yet obstinate in this,—
Spite of my tears, my birth, and my disdain,
Commands me, as I dread his high displeasure,
O Marcian! to receive you as my husband.

Marc. Ha, Lucius! what, what does my fate intend?

Luc. Pursue her, sir; 'tis as I said; she yields,
And rages that you follow her no faster.

Pulch. Is then at last my great authority
And my intrusted pow'r declin'd to this?
Yet, oh my fate! what way can I avoid it?
He charg'd me straight to wait him to the temple,
And there resolve, oh Marcian! on this marriage.
Now, generous soldier, as you're truly noble,
O help me forth, lost in this labyrinth;
Help me to loose this more than gordian-knot
And make me and yourself for ever happy!

Marc. Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,
And as a soldier ought: the only way
To help this knot is yet to tie it faster.
Since then the emperor has resolv'd you mine,
For which I will for ever thank the gods,
And make this holiday throughout my life,
I take him at his word, and claim his promise;
The empire of the world shall not redeem you.
Nay, weep not, madam; though my outside's rough,
Yet, by those eyes, your soldier has a heart
Compassionate and tender as a virgin's;
Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling sorrows,
Perhaps this grief may move the emperor
To a repentance; come then to the trial;
For by my arms, my life, and dearer honour,
If you go back, when given me by his hand,
In distant wars my fate I will deplore,
And Marcian's name shall ne'er be heard of more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Temple.*

Theodosius, Athenais; Atticus *joining their hands*—Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, *and* Leontine.

Attic. *The more than gordian-knot is ty'd,*
Which Death's strong arm shall ne'er divide;
For when to bliss ye wafted are,
Your spirits shall be wedded there:
Waters are lost, and fires will die,
But love alone can fate defy.

Enter Aranthes *with the Body of* Varanes.

Arant. Where is the empress? Where shall I find Eudosia?
By fate I'm sent to tell that cruel beauty,
She has robb'd the world of fame; her eyes have given
A blast to the big blossom of the war.
Behold him there nipp'd in his flow'ry morn,
Compell'd to break his promise of a day;
A day that conquest would have made her boast;
Behold her laurel wither'd to the root,
Canker'd and kill'd by Athenais' scorn.
Athen. Dead, dead, Varanes!
Theo. O ye eternal pow'rs
That guide the world! why do you shock our reason
With acts like these, that lay our thoughts in dust?
Forgive me, heaven, this start, or elevate
Imagination more, and make it nothing.
Alas! alas, Varanes! But speak, Aranthes,
The manner of his fate—Groans choke my words,
But speak, and we will answer thee with tears.
Aran. His fever would, no doubt, by this have done
What some few minutes past his sword perform'd.
He heard from me your progress to the temple,
How you design'd at midnight to deceive him,
By a clandestine marriage: But, my lord,
Had you beheld his racks at my relation;
Or had your empress seen him in those torments,
When from his dying eyes, swol'n to the brim,
The big round drops roll'd down his manly face;
When from his hallowed breast a murmuring crowd
Of groans rush'd forth, and echo'd all is well:
Then had you seen him, O ye cruel gods!
Rush on the sword I held against his breast,
And dye it to the hilt, with these last words—
Bear me to Athenais—
Athen. Give me way, my lord;
I have most strictly kept my promise with you:
I am your bride, and you can ask no more,
Or, if you did, I'm past the power to give;
But here! O here! on his cold bloody breast,
Thus let me breathe my last.
Theo. O, empress! what, what can this transport mean?
Are these our nuptials? These my promis'd joys?
Athen. Forgive me, sir, this last respect I pay
These sad remains—And oh, thou mighty spirit!
If yet thou art not mingled with the stars,
Look down and hear the wretched Athenais!
When thou shalt know, before I gave consent
To this indecent marriage, I had taken
Into my veins a cold and deadly draught,
Which soon would render me, alas! unfit
For the warm joys of an imperial lover,
And make me ever thine, yet keep my word
With Theodosius, wilt thou not forgive me?
Theo. Poison'd to free thee from the emperor!
Oh, Athenais! thou hast done a deed
That tears my heart! What have I done against thee,
That thou should'st brand me thus with infamy
And everlasting shame? Thou might'st have made
Thy choice without this cruel act of death;
I left thee to thy will, and in requital
Thou hast murder'd all my fame!—
Athen. O pardon me!
I lay my dying body at your feet,
And beg, my lord, with my last sighs intreat you,
To impute the fault, if 'tis a fault, to love,
And the ingratitude of Athenais,
To her too cruel stars. Remember, too,
I beg'd you would not let me see the prince,
Presaging what has happen'd; yet my word,
As to our nuptials, was inviolable.
Theo. Ha! she is going!—see her languishing eyes
Draw in their beams; the sleep of death is on her.
Athen. Farewell, my lord! Alas, alas, Varanes!
To embrace thee now is not immodesty;
Or, if it were, I think my bleeding heart
Would make me criminal in death to clasp thee,
Break all the tender niceties of honour,
To fold thee thus, and warm thee into life;
For oh what man, like him, could woman move!
O prince belov'd! O spirit most divine!
Thus, by my death, I give thee all my love,
And seal my soul and body ever thine.— [*Dies.*
Theo. O Marcian! O Pulcheria! did not the power
Whom we adore, plant all his thunderbolts
Against self-murderers, I would perish too;
But as I am, I swear to leave the empire.
To thee, my sister, I bequeath the world,
And, yet a gift more great, the gallant Marcian.
On then, my friend, now shew thy Roman spirit!
As to her sex fair Athenais was,
Be thou to thine a pattern of true honour;
Thus we'll atone for all the present crimes,
That yet it may be said in after-times,
No age with such examples could compare,
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ALL FOR LOVE;

OR,

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

BY

DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT flocks of critics hover here to-day,
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,
All gaping for the carcase of a play!
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
And follow dying poets by the scent.
Our's gives himself for gone, you've watch'd your time!
He fights this day unarm'd, without his rhyme;
And brings a tale which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's, and almost as old.
His hero, whom you wits his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning mind,
Weeps much, fights little, but is wond'rous kind;
In short, a pattern and companion fit
For all the keeping Tonies of the pit.
I could name more: a wife, and mistress too;
Both, (to be plain) too good for most of you,
The wife well-natured, and the mistress true.
Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day,
Like Hectors, in at every party-fray.
Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all;
Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.
Half wits are fleas; so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But as the rich, when tired with daily feasts,
For change, become their next poor tenant's guests,
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals;
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,
Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MARC ANTONY.
VENTIDIUS, *his general.*
DOLABELLA, *his friend.*
ALEXAS, *the queen's eunuch.*
SERAPION, *priest of Isis.*
Romans.
MYRIS.

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Antony's wife.*
CHARMION, } *Cleopatra's maids.*
IRAS, }
Antony's two infant daughters.

SCENE,—*Alexandria.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Isis.*

SERAPION *and* MYRIS, *Priests of Isis, discovered.*

Ser. Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flowed, ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wond'rous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Even of the hinds, that watched it. Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On the utmost margin of the water-mark;
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves; hard by them
Sea-horses, floundering in the slimy mud,
Tossed up their heads, and dashed the ooze about them.

Enter ALEXAS *behind them.*

Myr. Avert these omens, Heaven!
Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked,
A whirlwind rose; that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome; the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead:
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head: a peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried, 'Egypt is no more.' My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked,
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinished left the horrid scene!
Alex. And dreamt you this, or did invent the story, [*Shewing himself.*
To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train them up betimes in fear of priesthood?
Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
I uttered was most true.
Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts
And holy luxury.
Ser. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.
Alex. 'Tis not fit it should;
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All southern from yon hills the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.
Ser. Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony,
But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.
Myr. Why, then, does Antony dream out his hours,
And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
Which might redeem what Actium lost?
Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.
Ser. Yet the foe
Seems not to press the siege.
Alex. Oh, there's the wonder.
Mecænas and Agrippa, who can most
With Cæsar, are his foes; his wife Octavia,
Driven from his house, solicits her revenge;
And Dolabella, who was once his friend,
Upon some private grudge now seeks his ruin;
Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.
Ser. 'Tis strange, that Antony, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra,
But here in Isis' temple lives retired,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.
Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence,
To cure his mind of love.
Ser. If he be vanquished,
Or make his peace, Egypt is doomed to be
A Roman province, and our plenteous harvests
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
Rivalled proud Rome (dominion's other seat),
And Fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,
Could fix an equal foot of empire here.
Alex. Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,
Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish, perish,
Each by the other's sword; but since our will
Is lamely followed by our power, we must
Depend on one, with him to rise or fall.
Ser. How stands the queen affected?
Alex. Oh, she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquished man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins,
Whom, would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things; no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *talking aside with a gentleman of* ANTONY'S.

Ser. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But who's that stranger? by his warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,

He is of no vulgar note.
Alex. Oh, 'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first shewed Rome, that Parthia could be conquered.
When Antony returned from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.
Ser. You seem to know him well.
Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony.
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt;
But let me witness to the worth I hate:
A braver Roman never drew a sword;
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave;
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true-stampt Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes, I know not what, of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.
[*They withdraw to a corner of the stage, and* VENTIDIUS, *with the other, comes forward to the front.*
Vent. Not see him, say you?
I say I must and will.
Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.
Vent. I bring him news, will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.
Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.
Vent. Would he had never seen her!
Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing but thought; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving;
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his lips, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, 'Take all!
The world's not worth my care.'
Vent. Just, just his nature.
Virtue's his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice, that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
But when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as man he did,
Because his other parts are more than man.
He must not thus be lost.
[ALEXAS *and the priests come forward.*
Alex. You have your full instructions; now advance;
Proclaim your orders loudly.
Ser. Romans! Egyptians! hear the queen's command;
Thus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!
Be this the general voice sent up to heaven,
And every public place repeat this echo.
Vent. Fine pageantry! [*Aside.*
Ser. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crowned; with laurels wreathe your posts,
And strew with flowers the pavement; let the priest
Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.
Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy!
Can they be friends to Antony, who revel
When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles,
To blush at their degenerate progeny.
Alex. A love, which knows no bounds to Antony,
Would mark the day with honours, when all Heaven
Laboured for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb to watch that hour,
And shed his better influence: her own birth-day
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate,
That passed obscurely by.
Vent. Would it had slept
Divided far from his, till some remote
And future age had called it out, to ruin
Some other prince, not him!
Alex. Your emperor,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle than
To upbraid my queen for loving him too well.
Vent. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest?
He knows him not his executioner.
Oh! she has decked his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing: she has left him
The blank of what he was;
I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmanned him.
Can any Roman see and know him now,
Thus altered, from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinewed, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And crampt within a corner of the world?
Oh, Antony!
Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature, next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give them,
As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle,
As the first Romans when they went to war,
Yet, after victory, more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home!
Alex. Would you could add to those more shining virtues,
His truth to her, who loves him.
Vent. Would I could not!
But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arrived to end her charms.

Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your cowards' holiday in temples.
[*Exeunt* ALEX. SER.

Re-enter the Gentleman of MARC ANTONY.

2 *Gent.* The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.
1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.
[*Going out with the other.*
Vent. Well, I dare:
But I'll observe him first, unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture. [*Withdraws.*

Enter ANTONY, *walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness:
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?
Vent. [*Aside*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains
Now, Antony; wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside*] How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place, thou pressest on thy mother earth,
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou art contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't
Give me some music; look, that it be sad.
I'll sooth my melancholy, till I swell
And burst myself with sighing.— [*Soft music.*
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncombed locks, matted like misletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
[*Soft music again.*
Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was than you to him
I left you last.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private. Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?
Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew:
[*Weeping.*
I have not wept this forty years, but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By heaven he weeps! Poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop them, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caused them, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—Nay, father——
Vent. Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! why that's the style of victory:
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag, that rides my dreams!—
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled, while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave;
I know thou com'st prepared to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands;
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you have done, too conscious of your failings,
And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here, which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift, he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do;
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself, and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.
Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: by painful journies
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile;
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in them:
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I said in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair? they are mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me? Oh trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head them.
Ant. I'm besieged.
Vent. There's but one way shut up—How came I hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?—Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults, but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra! she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you powers,
To whom you have entrusted humankind!

See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without a stain to honour!
Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already, called me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavia's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I have been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false,
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir,
Pray kill me: yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince, but you,
Could merit that sincerity I used;
Nor durst another man have ventured it:
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;
So perfect, that the gods, who formed you, wondered
At their own skill, and cried, 'a lucky hit
Has mended our design!' Their envy hindered,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on, for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st:
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Embracing him.*
Thy praises were unjust: but I'll deserve them,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory; thou know'st the way.
Vent. And will you leave this——
Ant. Prithee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my royal master!
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, 'Come, follow me.'
Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again!
Ant. I have done; in that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are most divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me,
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like time and death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them, mow them out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A grand Saloon.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.
Alex. He goes to fight for you.
Cleo. Then he would see me ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not; if once he goes, he's lost,
And all my hopes destroyed.
Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?
Cleo. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen, to be besieged
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small,
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius;
I have no more to lose; prepare thy bonds;
I am fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.
Iras. Call reason to assist you.
Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: my love's a noble madness,
Which shows, the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;
But I have loved with such transcendent passion,
I soared at first quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it—no, I am proud
'Tis thus. Would Antony could see me now!
Think you, he would not sigh? Though he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natured,
And bears a tender heart; I know him well:
Ah no! I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.
Iras. Let it be past with you;
Forget him, madam.
Cleo. Never, never, Iras:
He once was mine, and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.
Alex. Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.
Cleo. I cannot; if I could, those thoughts were vain:
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? Nay, do I live,
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I lived or died.
Char. I found him, madam——
Cleo. A long speech preparing!
If thou bring'st comfort, haste and give it me,
For never was more need.
Iras. I know he loves you.
Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it; now she studies
To soften what he said: but give me death
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguised,
And in the words he spoke.
Char. I found him then,
Encompassed round, I think, with iron statues,
So mute, so motionless, his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And every leader's hopes and fears surveyed.
Methought he looked resolved, and yet not pleased;
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blushed, and bade make way.
Alex. There's comfort yet.
Char. Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place. I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disordered;
I numbered in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I moved your pitiful request,
That you but only begged a last farewell,
He fetched an inward groan, and every time
I named you, sighed, as if his heart were breaking,
But shunned my eyes, and guiltily looked down.
He seemed not now that awful Antony,
Who shook an armed assembly with his nod,
But making how as he would rub his eyes,
Disguised and blotted out a falling tear.
Cleo. Did he then weep, and was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.
Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you,
And therefore——
Cleo. Thou wouldst say he would not see me!
Char. And therefore begged you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.
Cleo. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
Oh, that faint word respect! how I disdain it!
Disdain myself for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.
Respect is for a wife. Am I that thing,
That dull insipid lump, without desires,
And without power to give them?
Alex. You misjudge;

You see through love, and that deludes your sight,
As what is straight seems crooked through the water;
But I, who bear my reason undisturbed,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his master's eyes; if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.
Cleo. Could I believe thee——
Alex. By every circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard prest by interest and honour;
Yet he but doubts and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.
Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.
Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness, who declines the combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? to my ears the message sounds,
'Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come!
Come, free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.'
[*A march.*
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.
Cleo. You shall rule me,
But all, I fear, in vain.
[*Exit with* Char. *and* Iras.
Alex. I fear so too,
Though I concealed my thoughts to make her bold;
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it!
[*Withdraws. A march till all are on.*

Enter Lictors with fasces, one bearing the Eagle; then enter Antony *and* Ventidius, *followed by other Commanders.*

Ant. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
But holds from virtue nothing.
Vent. Has he courage?
Ant. But just enough to season him from coward.
Oh! 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Illyria once they said he did)
To storm a town, 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the world have fixed their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after:
But at a close revenge he never fails.
Vent. I heard you challenged him.
Ant. I did, Ventidius:
What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame!
—He said, he had more ways than one to die,
I had not.
Vent. Poor!
Ant. He has more ways than one,
But he would chuse them all before that one.
Vent. He first would chuse an ague or a fever.
Ant. No, it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.
Vent. Or old age and a bed.
Ant. Ay, there's his choice;
He would live like a lamp to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
Oh, Hercules! why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of heaven? why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?
Vent. You conquered for him;
Philippi knows it: there you shared with him
That empire, which your sword made all your own.
Ant. Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good heavens! is this, is this the man who braves me,
Who bids my age make way, drives me before him
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?
Vent. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.
Ant. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave the prison of a town,
To join the legions, and in open field
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverers!

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renowned above mankind,
But, in soft pity to the oppressed, a god,
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.
Vent. Smooth sycophant!
Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,
Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends *you too*,
And would have sent
As many embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips,
But those, she fears, have wearied you already.
Vent. [*Aside.*] False crocodile!
Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her;
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
And too presuming for her low fortune and your ebbing love;
That were a wish for her most prosperous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.
Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must man it out—What would the queen?
Alex. First to these noble warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame,
(Too daring and too dangerous for *her quiet*)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears,—the care of you.
Vent. Yes, witness Actium.
Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.
Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him forward
With ardour too heroic on his foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet,
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death;

Tell him this god is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,
Which, at your wished return, she will redeem [*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*
With all the wealth of Egypt.
This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.
Vent. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not ashamed of honest poverty:
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be placed.
Ant. And who must wear them then?
Vent. The wronged Octavia.
Ant. You might have spared that word.
Vent. And she that bribe.
Ant. But have I no remembrance?
Alex. Yes, a dear one;
Your slave the queen——
Ant. My mistress.
Alex. Then your mistress.
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm. [*Presenting a bracelet.*
Vent. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I ask you,
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poisoned gifts,
Infected by the sender! touch them not!
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath them,
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.
Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius;
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her bracelet! on my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love,
When—And what harm's in this?
Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.
Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We soldiers are so aukward—help me tie it.
Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are aukward
In these affairs; so are all men indeed,
Even I who am not one.
But shall I speak?
Ant. Yes, freely.
Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it: she, who sent it, can.
Vent. Hell! death! this eunuch pandar ruins you.
You will not see her? [ALEXAS *whispers an attendant, who goes out.*
Ant. But to take my leave.
Vent. Then I have washed an Ethiop. You are undone!
You're in the toils! you're taken! you're destroyed!
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.
Ant. You fear too soon:
I am constant to myself, I know my strength.
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the depths of Afric: I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.
A guest, and kindly used, should bid farewell.
Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.
Ant. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;
I formed the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessened.
Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.
Cleo. Is this a meeting!
Then we must part.
Ant. We must.
Cleo. Who says we must?
Ant. Our own hard fates.
Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.
Ant. Yes, we have made them; we have loved each other,
Into our mutual ruin.
Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in heaven; and all the world
(As 'twere the business of mankind to part us)
Is armed against my love; even you yourself
Join with the rest: you, you are armed against me.
Ant. I will be justified in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favour me with silence.
Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.
Vent. I like this well: he shows authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——
Cleo. Oh, heavens! I ruin you!
Ant. You promised me your silence, and you break it,
Ere I have scarce begun.
Cleo. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,
And were too young to know it. That I settled
Your father in his throne was for your sake;
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepped in, and, with a greedy hand,
Plucked the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was beside too great for me to rival;
But I deserved you first, though he enjoyed you.
When after I beheld you in Cilicia,

An enemy to Rome, I pardoned you.
Cleo. I cleared myself——
Ant. Again you break your promise!
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom, stained by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the business of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.
Vent. Yes, to your shame be it spoken! [*Aside.*
Ant. How I loved,
Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danced away with down upon your feet,
As all your business were to count my passion!
One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untired with loving.
I saw you every day, and all the day,
And every day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.
Vent. 'Tis all too true.
Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; raised a war
In Italy, to call me back.
Vent. But yet
You went not.
Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The world fell mouldering from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp; I thank your love for't.
Vent. Well pushed: that last was home.
Cleo. Yet may I speak?
Ant. If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else, not.
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia died;—
Pardon, you gods! with my unkindness died.
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister. In her pride of youth
And flower of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom, blushing, I must praise, although I left her.
You called; my love obeyed the fatal summons:
This raised the Roman arms: the cause was yours.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hindered it: yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and—oh stain to honour!
Oh lasting shame! I knew not that I fled,
But fled to follow you.
Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.
Ant. All this you caused:
And would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gathered up the shipwreck of my fortunes:
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watched the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.
Alex. She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes. [*Aside.*
Vent. Now lay a sigh i'th' way to stop his passage;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions:
'Tis like they shall be sold.
Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,
Already have condemned me? Shall I bring
The love, you bore me, for my advocate?
That now is turned against me, that destroys me;
For love, once past, is, at the best, forgotten,
But oftener sours to hate. 'Twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty;
But could I once have thought it would have pleased you,
That you would pry with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched! Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?
Ant. Oh, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desired
To accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.
Cleo. Thus low I thank you;
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.
Vent. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing.
Cleo. You seem grieved
(And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
Enjoyed my love, though you deserved it better;
For had I first been yours, it would have saved
My second choice; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
You say, possessed my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possessed my person, you my love:
Cæsar loved me, but I loved Antony:
If I endured him after, 'twas because
I judged it due to the first name of men;
And, half constrained, I gave, as to a tyrant,
What he would take by force.
Vent. Oh, siren! siren!—
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruined you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.
Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was designed. 'Tis true I loved
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,
Such Fulvia was.
Yes; but he'll say you left Octavia for me:
And can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert for worthless me?
How often have I wished some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refused for you!
Vent. Words, words! but Actium, sir, remember Actium!
Cleo. Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I counselled
To fight at sea; but I betrayed you not:
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear:

Vould I had been a man, not to have feared!
'or none would then have envied me your friendship,
Vho envy me your love.
Ant. We are both unhappy:
f nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
peak! would you have me perish by my stay?
Cleo. If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go;
f, as a lover, stay. If you must perish—
Tis a hard word—but stay.
Vent. See now the effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
But could she 'scape without you, oh, how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!
Cleo. Then judge my love by this.
[*Giving* ANTONY *a writing.*
Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had given me means.
Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in murder——
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a present,
So in requital she forsake my fortunes,
And joins her arms with his.
Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you!
Indeed I do! I have refused a kingdom,
That's a trifle;
For I could part with life, with any thing,
But only you. Oh let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?
Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that heaven can give.
Alex. He melts; we conquer. [*Aside.*
Cleo. No, you shall go; your interest calls you hence:
Yes, your dear interest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here— [*Takes his hand.*
Go, leave me, soldier,
(For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, 'She's dead!'
The soldiers shout; you then perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity;
Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.
Ant. Gods! 'tis too much! too much for man to bear!
Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forsaken woman, and a lover?
Here let me breathe my last; envy me not
This minute in your arms! I'll die apace,
As fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.
Ant. Die!—rather let me perish, loosened nature
Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heaven,
And fall the skies to crush the nether world!
My eyes! my soul! my all!——[*Embraces her.*
Vent. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?
Ant. What is't, Ventidius? it outweighs them all.
Why, we have more than conquered Cæsar now;
My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
This, this is she, who drags me down to ruin!
But, could she 'scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!
Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wronged innocence.
Vent. I'll rather die than take it. Will you go?
Ant. Go! whither? go from all that's excellent!
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things, forbid
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods!
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.
Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public, and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.
Vent. Oh women! women! women! all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to man
As you of doing harm. [*Exit.*
Ant. Our men are armed:
Unbar the gate, that looks to Cæsar's camp;
I would revenge the treachery he meant me,
And long security makes conquest easy.
I'm eager to return, before I go;
For all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance. How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And triumph once o'er Cæsar ere we die.
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a train of Egyptians,* ANTONY *and Romans;* CLEOPATRA *crowns* ANTONY.

Ant. I thought how those white arms would fold me in,
And strain me close and melt me into love:
So pleased with that sweet image I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow.
Cleo. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms!
You have been too long away from my embraces;
But when I have you fast, and all my own,

With broken murmurs and with amorous sighs,
I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.
Ant. My brighter Venus!
Cleo. Oh, my greater Mars!
Ant. Thou join'st us well, my love.
Suppose me come from the Phlegræan plains,
Where gasping giants lay cleft by my sword,
And mountain-tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury those I slew; receive me, goddess!
Let Cæsar spread his subtile nets, like Vulcan;
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By heaven and earth at once,
And make their envy what they meant their sport.
Let those, who took us, blush; I would love on
With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior god.
There's no satiety of love in thee;
Enjoyed, thou still art new; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms; the ripened fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *and stands apart.*

Alex. Oh, now the danger's past, your general comes;
He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs,
But with contracted brows looks frowning on,
As envying your success.
Ant. Now, on my soul he loves me, truly loves me;
He never flattered me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue: even this minute,
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence;
It checks too strong upon me. [*Exeunt the rest.*
[*As* ANTONY *is going,* VENTIDIUS *pulls him by the robe.*
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. 'Tis the old argument; I prithee spare me. [*Looking back.*
Vent. But this one hearing, emperor.
Ant. Let go
My robe, or by my father Hercules———
Vent. By Hercules' father—that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.
Ant. Thou seest we are observed; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*
Vent. I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this man who runs to meet his ruin!
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid:
We have dislodged their troops;
They look on us at distance, and like curs,
'Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.
Vent. 'Tis well; and he
Who lost them could have spared ten thousand more:
Yet if by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms———
Ant. Oh, think not on't, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace;
His malice is considerate in advantage:
Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,
He kills and keeps his temper.
Vent. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Mecænas or Agrippa might do much.
Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.
Vent. Fain I would find some other.
Ant. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy farther pains.
Vent. Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard.
I know, sir, you have conquered against odds;
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And of Egyptians; he has all the world,
And at his beck nations come pouring in
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.
Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself to search
For foreign aids, to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a waste and barren place,
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends.
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women;
He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleased.
Vent. Him would I see, that man of all the world!
Just such a one we want.
Ant. He loved me too;
I was his soul; he lived not but in me:
We were so closed within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found, that joined us first:
That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost;
We were one mass: we could not give or take
But from the same; for he was I, I he.
Vent. He moves as I would wish him. [*Aside.*
Ant. After this
I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.
Vent. He's now in Cæsar's camp.
Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly,
That I forbad him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I feared he loved her. He confest
He had a warmth, which for my sake he stifled;
For 'twere impossible, that two, so one,
Should not have loved the same. When he departed,
He took no leave, and that confirmed my thoughts.
Vent. It argues, that he loved you more than her,

lse he had staid; but he perceived you jealous,
nd would not grieve his friend. I know he loves you.
Ant. I should have seen him, then, ere now.
Vent. Perhaps
Ie has thus long been labouring for your peace.
Ant. Would he were here!
Vent. Would you believe he loved you?
read your answer in your eyes, you would.
ot to conceal it longer, he has sent
messenger from Cæsar's camp with letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Vent. I'll bring him instantly.
[*Exit* VENTIDIUS, *and re-enters immediately with* DOLABELLA.
Ant. 'Tis he himself! himself, by holy friendship! [*Runs to embrace him.*
Art thou returned at last, my better half?
Come, give me all myself!
Let me not live
If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half so fond!
Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work. She's new come home,
Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.
Ant. Thou hast what's left of me,
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest watermark:
The rivers, that run in and raised my fortunes,
Are all dried up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native spring;
I have still a heart, that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.
Dol. Still you are lord of all the world to me.
Ant. Why then, I yet am so, for thou art all!
If I had any joy, when thou wert absent,
I grudged it to myself; methought I robbed
Thee of thy part. But oh, my Dolabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers filled
With sceptered slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,
To worship my uprising? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silent in my presence, watched my eyes,
And at my least command, all started out,
Like racers to the goal.
Dol. Slaves to your fortune.
Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now; and what am I?
Vent. What you have made yourself: I will not flatter.
Ant. Is this friendly done?
Dol. Yes, when his end is so: I must join with him,
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your friend?
Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love! the queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember
When, swelled with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,
As accessary to thy brother's death?
Dol. Spare my remembrance! 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.
Ant. To clear herself
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
Her galley down the silver Cydnos rowed,
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold,
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails,
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.
Dol. No more! I would not hear it.
Ant. Oh, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting, she could take them. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds,
That played about her face; but if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object! To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time, and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more!
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.
Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not,
That I accused her of my brother's death!
Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age, when love might be excused,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to nature: yours——
Vent. Speak boldly;—
Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forced,
When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
When it went down, then you constrained the course,
And robbed from nature to supply desire.
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
'Tis but plain dotage.
Ant. Ha!
Dol. 'Twas urged too home.—
But yet the loss was private that I made,
'Twas but myself I lost; I lost no legions,
I had no world to lose, no people's love.
Ant. This from a friend?
Dol. Yes, Antony, a true one;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.
Oh! judge me not less kind, because I chide;
To Cæsar I excuse you.
Ant. Oh, ye gods!
Have I then lived to be excused to Cæsar!
Dol. As to your equal.
Ant. Well, he's but my equal:

While I wear this, he never shall be more.
Dol. I bring conditions from him.
Ant. Are they noble?
Methinks thou should'st not bring them else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling; knows no honour
Divided from his interest. Fate mistook him,
For Nature meant him for an usurer:
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.
Vent. Then, granting this,
What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable terms?
Ant. It was my Dolabella, or some god.
Dol. Not I, nor yet Mecænas nor Agrippa;
They were your enemies, and I, a friend,
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done. Shew me that man,
Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour;
Let me but see his face!
Vent. That task is mine,
And heaven! thou know'st how pleasing.
[*Exit* VENT.
Dol. You'll remember
To whom you stand obliged?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.
Dol. I fear she will not.
Ant. But she shall do it. The queen, my Dolabella!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?
Dol. I would not see her lost.
Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better stars! for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?
Dol. Yes; there's my reason.

Re-enter VENTIDIUS *with* OCTAVIA, *leading* ANTONY'S *two little Daughters.*

Ant. Where—Octavia there! [*Starting back.*
Vent. What! is she poison to you? a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has Nature
No secret call, no whisper, they are yours?
Dol. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive them
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet them, embrace them, bid them welcome to you.
Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,
To clasp them in; your feet should turn to wings
To bear you to them; and your eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach their lips.
Ant. I stood amazed to think how they came hither.
Vent. I sent for them; I brought them in unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.
Dol. Yet are you cold?
Oct. Thus long I have attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?
Ant. Cæsar's sister.
Oct. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know I had still remained in Cæsar's camp:
But your Octavia, your much injured wife,
Though banished from your bed, driven from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride:
I come to claim you as my own, to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness.
Your hand, my lord! 'tis mine, and I will have it.
[*Taking his hand.*
Vent. Do take it, thou deserv'st it.
Dol. On my soul,
And so she does. She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.
Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life.
Oct. Begged it, my lord!
Ant. Yes, begged it, my ambassadress;
Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.
Oct. Poorly and basely I could never beg,
Nor could my brother grant.
Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could say,
Rise up and be a king, shall I fall down
And cry, 'Forgive me, Cæsar?' Shall I set
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.
Dol. You shall not need it.
Ant. I will not need it. Come, you have all betrayed me,
My friend too, to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me with her prayers and tears,
And now I must become her branded slave:
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave: If I but look awry,
She cries, 'I'll tell my brother.'
Oct. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes:
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said,
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free, free even from her you loathe;
For though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the east. I may be dropt at Athens;

No matter where; I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.
Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour!
Both scorn to be obliged.
Dol. Oh, she has touched him in the tenderest part:
See how he reddens with despite and shame,
To be outdone in generosity!
Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
That fain would fall!
Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul,
But cannot yield to what you have proposed;
For I can ne'er be conquered but by love,
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?
Oct. It was, my lord.
Ant. Then I must be obliged
To one who loves me not, who to herself
May call me thankless and ungrateful man.
I'll not endure it; no.
Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.
Oct. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up,
That you might think you owed me for your life,
And owed it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injured, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man, who slights my bed.
Ant. Therefore, you love me not.
Oct. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.
Ant. Therefore you would leave me.
Oct. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.
Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.
Ant. Oh, Dolabella! which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia,
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?
Vent. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia,
For Cleopatra neither.
One would be ruined with you, but she first
Had ruined you; the other you have ruined,
And yet she would preserve you.
In every thing their merits are unequal.
Ant. Oh, my distracted soul!
Oct. Sweet heaven, compose it!
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him,
For you may speak, and he may own you too
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His children. Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman:
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms,
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children,
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.
[*Here the children go to him, &c.*
Vent. Was ever sight so moving!—Emperor!
Dol. Friend!
Oct. Husband!
Both Child. Father!
Ant. I am vanquished: take me,
Octavia, take me, children, share me all.
[*Embracing them.*
I have been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot from your stock;
But all shall be amended.
Oct. Oh, blest hour!
Dol. Oh, happy change!
Vent. My joy stops at my tongue;
But it has found two channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.
Ant. [*To* OCT.] This is thy triumph: lead me where thou wilt,
Even to thy brother's camp.
Oct. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS *hastily.*

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—
Ant. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this night;
To-morrow Cæsar and we are one.
[*Exit, leading* OCTAVIA.—DOL. *and the children follow.*
Vent. There is news for you! Run, my officious eunuch!
Be sure to be the first; haste forward;
Haste, my dear eunuch, haste! [*Exit.*
Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-skulled hero,
This blunt unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue, has outgone my wit.
Pleasure forsook my earliest infancy,
The luxury of others robb'd my cradle,
And ravish'd thence the promise of a man:
Cast out from nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest children claim by kind,
Yet greatness kept me from contempt; that's gone.
Had Cleopatra follow'd my advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
She dies for love; but she has known its joys:
Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and train.*

Oh, madam! I have seen what blasts my eyes;
Octavia's here!
Cleo. Peace with thy raven's note!
I know it too, and now am in
The pangs of death.
Alex. You are no more a queen,
Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of Egypt?
My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him!
Oh, fatal name to Cleopatra's love!
My kisses, my embraces, now are her's,
While I—But thou hast seen my rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? is she fair?
Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection
Confined to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finished,
The gods threw by for rubbish.
Alex. She is indeed a very miracle.
Cleo. Death to my hopes! a miracle?
Alex. A miracle— [*Bowing.*
I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,
You make all wonder cease.
Cleo. I was too rash:
Take this in part of recompence. But oh!
I fear thou flatter'st me. [*Giving a ring.*
Char. She comes! she's here!
Iras. Fly, madam! Cæsar's sister!
Cleo. Were she the sister of the thunderer Jove,
And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my rival.

Enter OCTAVIA *with* VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA *bears up to* CLEOPATRA.

Oct. I need not ask, if you are Cleopatra;
Your haughty carriage——
Cleo. Shews I am a queen.
Nor need I ask who you are.
Oct. A Roman;
A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.
Cleo. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.
Oct. He was a Roman, till he lost that name,
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him hence.
Cleo. Peace, peace, my lover's Juno!
When he grew weary of that household clog,
He chose my easier bonds.
Oct. I wonder not
Your bonds are easy; you have long been practised
In that lascivious art. He's not the first,
For whom you spread your snares; let Cæsar witness.
Cleo. I loved not Cæsar; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love: the worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he, whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.
Oct. I would view nearer [*Coming up close to her.*
That face, which has so long usurped my right,
To find the inevitable charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruined my dear lord.
Cleo. Oh, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.
Oct. Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
Far from a modest wife! Shame of our sex,
Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments,
That make sin pleasing!
Cleo. You may blush, who want them.
If bounteous nature, if indulgent heaven,
Have given me charms to please the bravest man,
Should I not thank them? should I be ashamed,
And not be proud? I am, that he has loved me;
And, when I love not him, heaven change this face
For one like that!
Oct. Thou lov'st him not so well.
Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.
Oct. You do not, cannot: you have been his ruin.
Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?
At Actium who betrayed him? Cleopatra.
Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.
Cleo. Yet she, who loves him best, is Cleopatra.
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.
You bear the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it: the world contemns poor me,
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And stained the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.
Oct. Be it so then; take thy wish. [*Exit with* VENT.
Cleo. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost, for whom I lived.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances
And swims before me in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were opposed, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn:
But now she's gone they faint.
Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel
To ruin her, who else must ruin you.
Cleo. Vain promiser!
Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
And draw the curtains round,
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My fill of grief;
There I till death will his unkindness weep,
As harmless infants moan themselves asleep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon.*

Enter ANTONY *and* DOLABELLA.

Dol. Why would you shift it from yourself on me?
an you not tell her you must part?
Ant. I cannot;
could pull out an eye and bid it go,
nd the other should not weep. Oh, Dolabella!
ow many deaths are in this word 'Depart!'
dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
ne look of her's would thaw me into tears,
nd I should melt, till I were lost again.
Dol. Then let Ventidius;
e's rough by nature.
Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly,
e'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.
Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
hat but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,
f some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
nd robs me of my manhood. I should speak
o faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
he'd not believe it earnest.
Ant. Therefore, therefore
hou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me,
nd when thou speak'st (but let it first be long,)
ake off the edge from every sharper sound,
nd let our parting be as gently made
s other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?
Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
hat, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.
Ant. I leave you then to your sad task. Farewell!
sent her word to meet you.
[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*
forgot:
et her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
er crown and dignity shall be preserved,
f I have power with Cæsar—Oh! be sure
o think on that!
Dol. Fear not, I will remember.
[ANTONY *goes again to the door, and comes back.*
Ant. And tell her too, how much I was constrained;
did not this but with extremest force.
esire her not to hate my memory,
or I'll still cherish hers—insist on that.
Dol. Trust me, I'll not forget it.
Ant. Then that's all.
[*Goes out and returns again.*
ilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
ell her, though we shall never meet again,
f I should hear she took another love,
he news would break my heart—Now I must go,
or every time I have returned, I feel
y soul more tender, and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. [*Exit*
Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing,
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view. Thus I discovered,
And blamed the love of ruined Antony,
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruined.

Enter VENTIDIUS *above.*

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself? Concerned too?
Perhaps my guess is right: he loved her once,
And may pursue it still.
Dol. Oh, friendship! friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this, and reason worse:
Unfaithful in the attempt, hopeless to win,
And, if I win, undone.—Mere madness all
And yet the occasion's fair. What injury
To him, to wear the robe, which he throws by?
Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony. [*Aside.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *talking with* ALEXAS, CHARMION, *and* IRAS, *on the other side.*

Dol. She comes! what charms have sorrow on that face!
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet now and then a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day.
Vent. If she should love him too! Her eunuch there!
That porpoise bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet devil! that I may hear.
Alex. Believe me; try
[DOLABELLA *goes over to* CHARMION *and* IRAS, *seems to talk with them.*
To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polished glass, held to the lips, when life's in doubt:
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp and show it.
Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine;
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no power to cure.
Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
And then this Dolabella, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait
To catch weak women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected

Of loving you: the least kind word or glance
You give this youth, will kindle him with love;
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.
Cleo. Can I do this? ah, no! my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it, where it is,
Nor show it, where it is not. Nature meant me
A wife, a silly, harmless household dove,
Fond without art, and kind without deceit;
But fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
Of falsehood to be happy.
Alex. Force yourself;
The event will be, your lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good,
Which once he feared to lose.
Cleo. I must attempt it;
But oh, with what regret!
[*Exit* ALEX. *She comes up to* DOLABELLA.
Vent. So, now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.
Cleo. [*To* DOL.] Discoursing with my women! Might not I
Share in your entertainment?
Char. You have been
The subject of it, madam.
Cleo. How! and how?
Iras. Such praises of your beauty!
Cleo. Mere poetry:
Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.
Dol. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt,
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I, who have seen—had I been born a poet,
Should chuse a nobler name.
Cleo. You flatter me;
But 'tis your nation's vice: all of your country
Are flatterers and all false. Your friend's like you;
I am sure he sent you not to speak these words.
Dol. No, madam; yet he sent me—
Cleo. Well, he sent you—
Dol. Of a less pleasing errand.
Cleo. How! less pleasing?
Less to yourself or me!
Dol. Madam, to both;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.
Cleo. You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.
Hold up, my spirits! [*Aside.*]—Well, now your mournful matter,
For I am prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.
Dol. I wish you would, for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news; and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.
Cleo. Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.
Vent. Most delicate advances! woman! woman!
Dear, damned inconstant sex!
Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is it not so?
Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.
Cleo. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you;
I should have been more grieved another time.
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewell, Egypt!
Yet is there any more?
Dol. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turned your reason.
Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune;
And love may be expelled by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.
Dol. —You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.
You've heard the worst: all are not false like him.
Cleo. No, heaven forbid they should!
Dol. Some men are constant.
Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.
Dol. Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.
Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough.
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.
[*Exit.*
Dol. I came prepar'd
To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear;
But you have met it with a chearfulness,
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employed,
Would gladly speak its own.
Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.
First tell me, were you chosen by my lord,
Or sought you this employment?
Dol. He picked me out, and, as his bosom friend,
He charged me with his words.
Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word 'Depart!'
Dol. Oh! you mistake: he chose the harshest words:
With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coined his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake:
He heaved for vent, and burst, like bellowing Etna,
In sounds scarce human, 'Hence away for ever!
'Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
'And bane of all my hopes!
[*All the time of this speech* CLEOPATRA *seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.*
'Let her be driven, as far as men can think,
'From man's commerce: she'll poison to the centre.'
Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more! [*Faints.*
Dol. Help, help! O wretch! oh cursed, cursed wretch! what have I done?
Char. Help! chafe her temples, Iras.
Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heaven be praised,
She comes again!
Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me!
Why have you brought me back to this loathed being,
The abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injur'd love! For pity let me go;
For, if there be a place or long repose,
I am sure I want it. My disdainful lord
Can never break that quiet, nor awake
The sleeping soul with hollowing in my tomb
Such words as fright her hence. Unkind! unkind!
Dol. Believe me 'tis against myself I speak; [*Kneeling.*
That sure deserves belief. I injured him;
My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh! had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind
To add to what he said; what dear farewells,
How almost vanquished by his love he parted,
And leaned to what unwillingly he left!
I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forged that lie, for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accused, self-punished, criminal.
Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.
The advance of kindness, which I made, was feigned
To call back fleeting love by jealousy;
But 'twould not last. Oh! rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.
Dol. I find your breast fenced round from human reach,
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,
Seen through, but never pierced. My friend, my friend!
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scattered, like an infant, in the ocean
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather thence!
Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear?
Like one, who wanders through long barren wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
Is near to succour hunger,
Eats his fill before his painful march,
So would I feed a while my famished eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

VENTIDIUS, *with* OCTAVIA *behind*

Vent. From hence you may discover—Oh sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed! the pretty hand in earnest? [*Aside.*
Dol. I will, for this reward: [*Takes her hand.*
—Draw it not back:
'Tis all I e'er will beg.
Vent. They turn upon us.
Oct. What quick eyes has guilt!
Vent. Seem not to have observed them, and go on.

They enter.

Dol. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?
Vent. No;
I sought him, but I heard that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freed man.
Dol. Know you his business?
Vent. Giving him instructions
And letters to his brother Cæsar.
Dol. Well,
He must be found. [*Exeunt* DOLABELLA *and* CLEOPATRA.
Oct. Most glorious impudence!
Vent. She looked, methought,
As she would say, 'Take your old man, Octavia
Thank you, I'm better here.'
Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?
Oct. Let it die.
Vent. I pity Dolabella! but she's dangerous;
Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms
To draw the moon from heaven; for eloquence
The sea-green sirens taught her voice their flattery;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmarked of those, that hear: then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes: even I, who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it. Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cured—But see, he comes—
I know this minute
With Cæsar he's endeavouring her peace.
Oct. You have prevailed—but for a farther purpose
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What! make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:
It must not, shall not be.
Vent. His guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking for you, my love
What, are your letters ready? I have given
My last instructions.
Oct. Mine, my lord, are written.
Ant. Ventidius! [*Drawing him aside.*
Vent. My lord?
Ant. A word in private.
When saw you Dolabella?
Vent. Now, my lord.
He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.
Ant. Speak softly: 'twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.
Vent. It looked indeed

Like your farewell.
Ant. More softly—My farewell!
What secret meaning have you in these words,
Of 'my farewel?' He did it by my order.
Vent. Then he obey'd your order, I suppose. [*Aloud.*
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.
Ant. How she mourned!
The poor forsaken creature!
Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting,
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.
Ant. Thou dost belie her,
Most basely and maliciously belie her.
Vent. I thought not to displease you: I have done.
Oct. You seem disturbed, my lord. [*Coming up.*
Ant. A very trifle.
Retire, my love.
Vent. It was indeed a trifle.
He sent——
Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it. [*Angrily.*
Oct. Then 'tis no trifle.
Vent. [*To* OCT.] 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too saw it
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.
Ant. She saw it!
Vent. Yes; she saw young Dolabella—
Ant. Young Dolabella!
Vent. Young? I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him;
But what of that? he went by your command;
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message,
For she received it graciously: She smiled;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;
She blushed, and sighed, and smiled, and blushed again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his,
At which he whispered kisses back on hers;
And then she cried aloud, 'that constancy
Should be rewarded!'—
Oct. This I saw and heard.
Ant. What woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my friend?
Not Cleopatra?
Vent. Even she, my lord.
Ant. My Cleopatra!
Vent. Your Cleopatra,
Dolabella's Cleopatra,
Every man's Cleopatra.
Ant. Thou liest.
Vent. I do not lie, my lord.
Is this so strange? should mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much used to lonely nights.
Ant. I'll think no more on't.
I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, Octavia;
What harms it you, that Cleopatra's just?
She's mine no more. I see and I forgive;
Urge it no farther, love.
Oct. Are you concerned,
That she's found false?
Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, though 'tis past, I would not that the world
Should tax my former choice; that I loved one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.
Vent. What has my age deserved, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If heaven be true, she's false.
Ant. Though heaven and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.
Vent. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From hell, to prove her so. Nay, go not back.
[*Seeing* ALEXAS *just entering, and starting back.*
For stay you must and shall.
Alex. What means my lord?
Vent. To make you do what most you hate, speak truth.
You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,
Of her bed counsel, her lascivious hours,
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her as Chaldeans do the moon,
Can tell what signs she passes through, what day.
Alex. My noble lord!
Vent. My most illustrious pandar!
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turned periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask:
I did myself o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella: speak, for I will know
By your confession, what more passed betwixt them,
How near the business draws to your employment,
And when the happy hour?
Ant. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injured queen from malice: dare his worst.
Oct. [*Aside.*] See how he gives him courage! how he fears
To find her false, and shuts his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled!
Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,
Urged by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen
Stand even excused to you for loving him,
Who is your lord; so far from brave Ventidius
May her past actions hope a fair report.
Ant. 'Tis well and truly spoken: Mark, Ventidius.
Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excused, but wholly justified.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,
To chuse where she would reign;
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;

nd, to be less than wife to you, disdained
heir lawful passion.
Ant. 'Tis but truth.
Alex. And yet, though love and your unmatched desert
ave drawn her from the due regard of honour,
t last heaven opened her unwilling eyes
o see the wrong she offered fair Octavia,
Vhose holy bed she lawlessly usurped:
he sad effects of this unprosperous war
onfirmed those pious thoughts.
Vent. [*Aside.*] Oh, wheel you there?
bserve him now; the man begins to mend,
nd talk substantial reason.—Fear not, eunuch;
he emperor has given thee leave to speak.
Alex. Else had I never dared to offend his ears
Vith what the last necessity has urged
n my forsaken mistress: yet I must not
resume to say, her heart is wholly altered.
Ant. No; dare not for thy life! I charge thee, dare not
ronounce that fatal word!
Oct. Must I bear this? Good heaven, afford me patience! [*Aside.*
Vent. On, sweet eunuch! my dear half man, proceed!
Alex. Yet Dolabella
as loved her long; he, next my godlike lord,
eserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
ejected, as she is, by him she loved———
Ant. Hence from my sight, for I can bear no more!
et furies drag thee quick to hell! let all
he longer damn'd have rest! each torturing hand
o thou employ till Cleopatra comes,
hen join thou too, and help to torture her!
[*Exit* ALEXAS, *thrust out by* ANTONY.
Oct. 'Tis not well!
ndeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
o shew this passion, this extreme concernment,
or an abandoned, faithless prostitute.
Ant. Octavia, leave me! I am much disordered!
eave me, I say!
Oct. My lord!
Ant. I bid you leave me.
Vent. Obey him, madam; best withdraw awhile,
nd see how this will work.
Oct. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
hat I am bid to leave you? am I false
r infamous? am I a Cleopatra?
Vere I she,
ase as she is, you would not bid me leave you,
ut hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
nd fawn upon my falsehood.
Ant. 'Tis too much,
oo much, Octavia! I am prest with sorrows,
oo heavy to be borne, and you add more!
would retire, and recollect what's left
f man within, to aid me.
Oct. You would mourn
n private for your love, who has betrayed you.
ou did but half return to me; your kindness,
Lingered behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty: wond'rous proofs
Of love to me!
Ant. Are you my friend, Ventidius?
Or are you turned a Dolabella too,
And let this fury loose?
Vent. Oh, be advised,
Sweet madam! and retire.
Oct. Yes, I will go, but never to return;
You shall no more be haunted with this fury.
My lord, my lord! love will not always last,
When urged with long unkindness and disdain.
Take her again, whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be called. Poor cozened man!
Let a feigned parting give her back your heart,
Which a feigned love first got; for injured me,
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferred,
And they shall cheer by turns my widowed nights.
So take my last farewell! for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.
[*Exit.*
Vent. I combat heaven, which blasts my best designs!
My last attempt must be to win her back;
But oh! I fear, in vain. [*Exit.*
Ant. Why was I framed with this plain honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forced a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood;
Octavia had believed it, and had staid,
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom, all my clearness scorned,
And all my faults exposed.—See, where he comes,

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profaned the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness!
With how secure a brow and specious form
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty, but heaven mismatched it,
And furnished treason out with nature's pomp,
To make its work more easy.
Dol. O my friend!
Ant. Well, Dolabella, you performed my message?
Dol. I did, unwillingly.
Ant. Unwillingly!
Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wished it.
Dol. Why!
Ant. Because you love me;
And she received my message with as true,
With as unfeigned a sorrow as you brought it?
Dol. She loves you even to madness.
Ant. Oh! I know it.
You, Dolabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I

Forsake this beauty, this all perfect creature?
Dol. I could not, were she mine.
Ant. And yet you first
Persuaded me. How came you altered since?
Dol. I said at first I was not fit to go:
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,
But pity must prevail; and so perhaps
It may again with you; for I have promised,
That she should take her last farewell; and see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. False Dolabella!
Dol. What's false, my lord!
Ant. Why Dolabella's false;
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-joined wickedness, you serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warmed,
Till I am stung to death!
Dol. My lord, have I
Deserved to be thus used?
Cleo. Can heaven prepare
A newer torment? can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?
Ant. Yes, if fate
Be just, much greater: Heaven should be ingenious
In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone
And gnawing vulture were slight pains, invented
When Jove was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripened sin
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods
To find an equal torture. Two, two such!
Oh, there's no farther name ; two such to me,
To me, who locked my soul within your breasts,
Had no desires, no joys, no life but you;
When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
In dowry with my heart: I had no use,
No fruit, of all but you: a friend and mistress
Was what the world could give. Oh, Cleopatra!
Oh, Dolabella! how could you betray
This tender heart, which, with an infant fondness,
Lay lulled betwixt your bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injured faith?
Dol. If she has wronged you,
Heaven, hell, and you revenge it!
Ant. If she has wronged me!
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt: but swear
Thou lov'st not her.
Dol. Not so as I love you.
Ant. Not so? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.
Dol. No more than friendship will allow.
Ant. No more!
Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjured—
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'st her not;
But not so much, no more. Oh, trifling hypocrite!
Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me thou dost! Ventidius heard it,
Octavia saw it.
Cleo. They are enemies.
Ant. Alexas is not so; he, he confest it;
He, who next hell best knew it, he avowed it.
Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself!
[*To* DOL.
You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
Returned to plead her stay.
Dol. What shall I answer?
If to have loved be guilt, then I have sinned;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented;
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let her not suffer: she is innocent.
Cleo. Ah, what will not a woman do, who loves!
What means will she refuse to keep that heart,
Where all her joys are placed! 'Twas I encouraged,
'Twas I blew up the fire, that scorched his soul,
To make you jealous, and by that regain you:
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:
In spite of all the dams, my love broke o'er,
And drowned my heart again: Fate took the occasion,
And thus one minute's feigning has destroyed
My whole life's truth.
Ant. Thin cobwebs, arts of falsehood,
Seen and broke through at first.
Dol. Forgive your mistress.
Cleo. Forgive your friend.
Ant. You have convinced yourselves;
You plead each other's cause. What witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my jealousy?
Cleo. Ourselves and heaven.
Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt! Hence, love and friendship!
You have no longer place in human breasts;
These two have driven you out: avoid my sight!
I would not kill the man whom I have loved,
And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me!
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one minute more to think
How I am wronged, my justice and revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.
Dol. Heaven has but
Our sorrows for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man; sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice,
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite would rather want perfection,
Than punish to extent.
Ant. I can forgive
A foe, but not a mistress and a friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where trust is greatest; and the soul resigned
Is stabbed by its own guards. I'll hear no more:
Hence from my sight for ever!
Cleo. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?
My joys, my only joys, are centered here:
What place have I to go to? my own kingdom?
That I have lost for you; or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
The wide world o'er, a helpless banished woman,

Banished for love of you, banished from you;
Ay, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me, hear me,
With strictest justice, for I beg no favour,
And, if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me!
Ant. I must not hear you;
have a fool within me takes your part,
But honour stops my ears.
Cleo. For pity hear me!
Would you cast off a slave, who followed you,
Who crouched beneath your spurn? He has no pity!
See, if he gives one tear to my departure,
One look, one kind farewell: oh, iron heart!
Let all the gods look down and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!
Ant. No more. Alexas!
Dol. A perjured villain!
Ant. [*To* CLEO.] Your Alexas! yours!
Cleo. Oh, 'twas his plot; his ruinous design
To engage you in my love by jealousy.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.
Ant. I have, I have.
Cleo. And if he clear me not—
Ant. Your creature! one, who hangs upon your smiles,
Watches your eye, to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please. I am not to be moved.
Cleo. Then must we part? farewell, my cruel lord!
The appearance is against me; and I go,
Unjustified, for ever from your sight.
How I have loved, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is I know myself:
I love you more, even now you are unkind,
Than when you loved me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it, but die pleased
To think you once were mine.
Ant. Good Heaven! they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? that calls them innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think,
That I must not forgive——
Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so: live from each other's sight;
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth
And all the seas betwixt your sundered loves;
View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now all take several ways,
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore,
That you were false, and I could trust no more.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Temple.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Char. Be juster, heaven! such virtue, punished thus,
Will make us think, that chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots,
Which man is forced to draw.
Cleo. I could tear out these eyes, that gained his heart,
And had not power to keep it. Oh, the curse
Of doating on, even when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods! you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mocked, with imprecating vows,
Of promised faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me——
[*She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.*
But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choke this love.

Enter ALEXAS.

Iras. Help, oh, Alexas, help!
The queen grows desperate, her soul struggles in her,
With all the agonies of love and rage,
And strives to force its passage.
Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, traitor!—Oh,
Oh for a little breath to vent my rage!
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.
Alex. Yes, I deserve it for my ill-timed truth.
Was it for me to prop
The ruins of a falling majesty,
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crushed and pounded into atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
For subjects to preserve that wilful power,
Which courts its own destruction.
Cleo. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did you not o'errule
And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now what's the event? Octavia is removed,
But Cleopatra's banished. Thou, thou villain,
Hast pushed my boat to open sea, to prove,
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I am lost too far; I am ruined:
Hence! thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil—
I can no more: thou and my griefs have sunk
Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.
Alex. Suppose some shipwrecked seaman near the shore,
Dropping and faint with climbing up the cliff,
If from above, some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
To draw the other's weight, would he look back
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gained the height.
Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.
Alex. Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banished.
Believe me, madam, Antony is yours;
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert,
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,

And listening for the sound, that calls it back.
Some other, any man, 'tis so advanced,
May perfect this unfinished work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.
Cleo. Look well thou dost, else—
Alex. Else, what your silence threatens.—Antony
Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret
He stands surveying our Egyptian gallies
Engaged with Cæsar's fleet: now death or conquest!
If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.
[*A distant shout within.*
Char. Have comfort, madam: did you mark that shout? [*Second shout nearer.*
Iras. Hark! they redouble it.
Alex. 'Tis from the port;
The loudness shews it near. Good news, kind Heavens!
Cleo. Osiris make it so!

Enter SERAPION.

Ser. Where, where's the queen?
Alex. How frightfully the holy coward stares!
As if not yet recovered of the assault,
When all his gods, and what's more dear to him,
His offerings, were at stake.
Ser. Oh, horror, horror!
Egypt has been; our latest hour is come,
The queen of nations from her ancient seat
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:
Time has unrolled her glories to the last,
And now closed up the volume.
Cleo. Be more plain!
Say whence thou camest! though fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speakest.
Ser. I came from Pharos,
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy—
Cleo. Vanquished?
Ser. No;
They fought not.
Cleo. Then they fled.
Ser. Nor that; I saw,
With Antony, your well-appointed fleet
Row out, and thrice he waved his hand on high,
And thrice, with cheerful cries, they shouted back:
'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,
About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,
With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last: the well-timed oars
Now dipped from every bark, now smoothly run
To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up: the Egyptian gallies,
Received like friends, past through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and now they all come forward,
And ride within the port.
Cleo. Enough, Serapion;
I have heard my doom. This needed not, you gods!
When I lost Antony, your work was done;
'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my lord?
How bears he this last blow?
Ser. His fury cannot be expressed by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fallen
Full on his foes, and aimed at Cæsar's galley:
Withheld, he raves on you, cries he's betrayed.
Should he now find you——
Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.
Cleo. I'll stay.
Alex. You must not; haste you to your monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.
Cleo. Cæsar! no;
I have no business with him.
Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.
Cleo. Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too!
Hence from my sight! I will not hear a traitor:
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.
Ser. Retire; you must not see Antony.
He, who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger: let him clear you;
And since he offer'd you his servile tongue
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.
Alex. Oh heavens! I dare not;
I meet my certain death.
Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banished me,
And thought me false, he scorned to take my life:
But I'll be justified, and then die with him.
Alex. Oh! pity me, and let me follow you!
Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak if thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save,
While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.
[*Exeunt* CLEO. SER. CHAR. *and* IRAS.
Alex. Oh, that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think;
What can I say to save myself from death!
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.
Ant. Which way? where? [*Within.*
Vent. This leads to the monument. [*Within.*
Alex. Ah me! I hear him: yet I'm unprepar'd:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have raised,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,
Yet cannot go far hence. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. Oh, happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead:

Think not, 'tis thou hast conquered Antony,
But Rome has conquered Egypt. I'm betray'd.
Vent. Curse on this treacherous train!
Their soil and heaven infect them all with baseness,
And their young souls come tainted to the world,
With the first breath they draw.
Ant. The original villain sure no god created;
He was a bastard of the Sun by Nile;
Aped into man with all his mother's mud
Crusted about his soul.
Vent. The nation is
One universal traitor, and their queen
The very spirit and extract of them all.
Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid from valour?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction,
The least unmortgaged hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.
The world's one half is yet in Antony,
And from each limb of it, that's hew'd away,
The soul comes back to me.
Vent. There yet remain
Three legions in the town; the last assault
Lopt off the rest. If death be your design
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.
Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our stars, but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: so every death
Thou givest, I'll take on me as a just debt,
And pay thee back a soul.
Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you!
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shewn to all the ethereal crowd,
'Lo! this is he, who died with Antony!'
Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,
To o'erleap this gulf of fate,
And leave our wandering destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, *trembling.*

Vent. See, see that villain!
See Cleopatra stamped upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!
How he has set his countenance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks!
Let me dispatch him first. [*Drawing.*
Alex. Oh, spare me, spare me!
Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,
(Which thou mayest keep, because I scorn to take it)
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.
Alex. Sir, she's gone
Where she shall never be molested more,
By love or you.
Ant. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor! I revoke my promise; die!
[*Going to kill him.*
Alex. Oh, hold; she is not fled.
Ant. She is; my eyes
Are open to her falsehood. My whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant roused
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ungrateful woman!
Who followed me but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake;
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.
Alex. Think not so;
Her fortunes have in all things mixed with yours:
Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,
Secure by such a bribe.
Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.
Ant. 'Tis too plain,
Else would she have appeared to clear herself.
Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accused by you, but shut herself
Within her monument, looked down and sighed,
While from her unchanged face the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguished words she inly murmured;
At last she raised her eyes, and with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast——
Ant. My heart forebodes——
Vent. All for the best. Go on.
Alex. She snatched her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plunged it within her breast; then turned to me;
'Go, bear my lord,' said she, 'my last farewell,
'And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.'
More she was saying, but death rushed betwixt.
She half pronounced your name with her last breath,
And buried half within her.
Vent. Heaven be praised!
Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love!
And art thou dead?
Oh, those two words! their sound should be divided.
Hadst thou been false and died, or hadst thou lived
And hadst been true—But innocence and death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I?
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!
Vent. Is it come to this? The gods have been too gracious,
And thus you thank them for it.
Ant. [*To* Alex.] Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,

And see its inward mourning! Get thee hence!
Thou art not worthy to behold what now
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.
Alex. He loves her still; [*Aside.*
His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
She's yet alive completes the reconcilement:
I have saved myself and her. But oh! the Romans!
Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double. [*Exit.*
Vent. Would she had died a little sooner though,
Before Octavia went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be received.
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.
Ant. I will not fight; there's no more work for war;
The business of my angry hours is done.
Vent. Cæsar is at your gates.
Ant. Why let him enter:
He's welcome now.
Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free myself from bondage.
Vent. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will, but not by fighting. Oh, Ventidius,
What should I fight for now? my queen is dead:
I was but great for her: my power, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love,
And conquered kings my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world—
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous,
For all the bribes of life are gone away.
Vent. Would you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I would be taken;
But as a Roman ought; dead, my Ventidius—
For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,
And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk
Alone upon it: I'm weary of my part.
My torch is out, and the world stands before me,
Like a black desert at the approach of night:
I'll lay me down and stray no farther on.
Vent. I could be grieved,
But that I'll not outlive you. Chuse your death,
For I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better grace,
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters, that enclose us.
Ant. I have thought on it;
Ventidius, you must live.
Vent. I must not, sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair fame, and guard the approaches
From the ill tongues of men?
Vent. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I commanded it.
Vent. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves,
And need no living witness.
Ant. Thou hast loved me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death,
To make thee friends with Cæsar.
Vent. Thank your kindness!
You said I loved you, and in recompense
You bid me turn a traitor! Did I think
You would have used me thus! that I should die
With a hard thought of you!
Ant. Forgive me, Roman.
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I have thought better; do not deny me twice.
Vent. By heaven I will not!
Let it not be to outlive you.
Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.
Vent. Give me your hand—
We soon shall meet again. Now farewell, emperor! [*Embrace.*
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
That's all———
I will not make a business of a trifle—
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you:
Pray turn your face.
Ant. I do: strike home; be sure.
Vent. Home as my sword will reach.
[*Kills himself.*
Ant. Oh, thou mistak'st!
That wound was none of thine; give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my death.
Vent. I do indeed;
But think, 'tis the first time I e'er deceived you,
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods!
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjured,
Rather than kill my friend. [*Dies.*
Ant. Farewell! ever my leader, even in death!
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!
Is death no more! He used him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness; ere he knocked,
Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
As who should say, you're welcome at all hours,
A friend need give no warning.—Books had spoiled him,
For all the learned are cowards by profession.
'Tis not worth
My further thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.
[*Falls on his sword.*

I have miss'd my heart—Oh, unperforming hand!
Thou never couldst have erred in a worse time.
My fortune jades me to the last; and death,
Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait
For my admittance— [*Trampling within.*
Some, perhaps, from Cæsar!
If he should find me living, and suspect
That I play'd booty with my life! I'll mend
My work ere they can reach me.
[*Rises upon his knees.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord? where is he!
Char. There he lies,
And dead Ventidius by him.
Cleo. My fears were prophets! I am come too late!
Oh, that accursed Alexas! [*Runs to him.*
Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew, and thou
The first kind ghost that meets me?
Cleo. Help me seat him!
Send quickly, send for help!
[*They place him in a chair.*
Ant. I am answered:
We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra!
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.
Cleo. How is it with you?
Ant. 'Tis, as with a man
Removing in a hurry; all packed up
But one dear jewel, that his haste forgot,
And he for that returns upon the spur;
So I come back for thee.
Cleo. Too long, ye heavens! you have been cruel to me!
Now shew your mended faith, and give me back
His fleeting life!
Ant. It will not be, my love!
I keep my soul by force.
Say but thou art not false!
Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true; I'll prove it and die with you.
Unknown to me Alexas feigned my death,
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed
Both you and me.
Ant. And Dolabella——
Cleo. Scarce esteemed before he loved, but hated now.
Ant. Enough! my life's not long enough for more.
Thou say'st, thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,
That we may part more kindly.
Cleo. I will come;
Doubt not, my life! I'll come, and quickly too!
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.
Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,
My last disastrous times!
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
And heaven did kindly to delay the storm,
Just till our close of evening. Ten years love,
And not a moment lost, but all improved
To the utmost joys! what ages have we lived!
And now to die each other's! and so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.
Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love!
Ant. No, not a minute—this one kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to Cæsar.— [*Dies.*
Cleo. Oh, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses for that word!—
My lord! my lord! speak, if you yet have being!
Sign to me if you cannot speak! or cast
One look! do any thing, that shows you live!
Iras. He is gone too far to hear you,
And this, you see, a lump of senseless clay,
The leavings of a soul.
Char. Remember, madam,
He charged you not to grieve.
Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not loved a Roman not to know
What should become his wife—his wife, my Charmion!
For 'tis to that high title I aspire;
And now I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia
Survive, to mourn him dead: my nobler fate
Shall knit our spousals with a tie, too strong
For Roman laws to break.
Iras. Will you then die!
Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question?
Iras. Cæsar is most merciful.—
Cleo. Let him be so
To those, that want his mercy: My poor lord
Made no such covenant with him to spare me,
When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride!
What? to be led in triumph through the streets,
A spectacle to base plebeian eyes,
While some dejected friend of Antony's,
Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
A secret curse on her, who ruined him!
I'll none of that.
Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow, even to death.
Iras. I only feared
For you, but more should fear to live without you.
Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,
Dispatch! ere this the town's in Cæsar's hands:
My lord looks down concerned, and fears my stay,
Lest I should be surprised:
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;
With them the wreath of victory I made
(Vain augury!) for him, who now lies dead:
You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.
Iras. The aspicks, madam?
Cleo. Must I bid you twice?
[*Exit* CHAR. *and* IRAS.
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,

To rush into the dark abode of death,
And seize him first! If he be like my love,
He is not frightful sure!
We are now alone, in secrecy and silence,
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale cold lips—Octavia does not see me;
And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms!—O welcome, welcome!

Enter CHARMION *and* IRAS, *with the aspicks, &c.*

Char. What must be done?
Cleo. Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him. Only thou
Couldst triumph o'er thyself, and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.
Char. To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?
Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my love,
As when I saw him first on Cydnos' bank,
All sparkling like a goddess; so adorned,
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony!
Char. 'Tis done.
Cleo. Now seat me by my lord; I claim this place,
For I must conquer Cæsar too, like him,
And win my share o' th' world. Hail, you dear relicks
Of my immortal love!
Oh, let no impious hand remove you hence,
But rest for ever here! let Egypt give
His death that peace, which it denied his life!
Reach me the casket.
Iras. Underneath the fruit the aspick lies.
Cleo. Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
[*Putting aside the leaves.*
Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steal us from ourselves, discharging so
Death's dreadful office better than himself,
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That death stands by, deceived by his own image,
And thinks himself but sleep.
Ser. The queen, where is she? [*Within.*
The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.
Cleo. He comes too late to invade the rights of death.
Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's fury.
[*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*
Coward flesh—
Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to it,
And not be sent by him,
But bring myself, my soul, to Antony.
[*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*
Take hence: the work is done!
Ser. Break ope the door, [*Within.*
And guard the traitor well.
Char. The next is ours.
Iras. Now, Charmion, to be worthy
Of our great queen and mistress.
[*They apply the aspicks.*
Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my veins;
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head: my eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanished in a mist!
Where shall I find him, where? oh! turn me to him,
And lay me on his breast!—Cæsar, thy worst!
Now part us if thou canst. [*Dies.*
[IRAS *sinks down at her feet and dies*; CHARMION *stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.*

Enter SERAPION, *two Priests*, ALEXAS *bound, and Egyptians.*

2 Priest. Behold, Serapion, what havoc death has made!
Ser. 'Twas what I feared.
Charmion, is this well done?
Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last
Of her great race. I follow her. [*Sinks down. Dies.*
Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: much better thus to die,
Than live to make a holiday in Rome.
Ser. See how the lovers sit in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind!
The impression of a smile, left in her face,
Shows she died pleased with him, for whom she lived,
And went to charm him in another world.
Cæsar's just entering; grief has now no leisure.
Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
To grace the imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair!
Secure from human chance, long ages out,
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb:
And fame to late posterity shall tell,
No lovers lived so great, or died so well.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left; and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd through the pit;
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this difference grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and your's in prose:
For, faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The thread-bare author hates the gaudy coat,
And swears at the gilt coach; but swears a-foot;
For 'tis observed of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink or purple best becomes his face—
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Or likes your wit just as you like his plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr Bayes.
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his writ of ease.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex, he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's pow'r the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love.
Yet, if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play;
Heav'n help the man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with those;
For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

DON SEBASTIAN.

BY

DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A WOMAN.

The judge remov'd, though he's no more my lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board:
So may cast poets write; there's no pretension,
To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I see not one, that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave to show
Ignoble vengeance, on a vanquished foe;
At least be civil to the wretch imploring,
And lay your paws upon him, without roaring;
Suppose our poet was your foe before,
Yet now the bus'ness of the field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know, a play's of no religion.
Take good advice, and please yourselves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows ev'ry health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass:
When, with full bowls of burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still Most Christian, in his wine.
Thus far the poet,—but his brains grow addle;
And all the rest is purely from this noddle.
You've seen young ladies at the senate door,
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair;
Reasons as weak as theirs perhaps I bring,
But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good nature,
That he for once would sheath his cutting satire;
Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The sacred names of fops and beaux prophane.
Strike up the bargain quickly; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him with statutes neither;
Be kind; and do not set your teeth together,
To stretch the laws, as coblers do their leather.
Horses by papists are not to be ridden;
But sure the muses' horse was ne'er forbidden;
For in no rate-book, it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound:
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing;
And let him pay his taxes out,—in writing.

PROLOGUE.

Sent to the Author by an unknown hand, and proposed to be spoken by Mrs Monford, dressed like an Officer.

Bright beauties, who in awful circle sit,
And you, grave synod of the dreadful pit,
And you the upper-tire of pop-gun wit,
Pray ease me of my wonder, if you may;
Is all this crowd barely to see the play,
Or is't the poet's execution day?
His breath is in your hands I will presume,
But I advise you to defer his doom,
Till you have got a better in his room;
And don't maliciously combine together,
As if in spite and spleen you were come hither,
For he has kept the pen, though lost the feather.
And on my honour, ladies, I avow,
This play was writ in charity to you,
For such a dearth of wit who ever knew?
Sure 'tis a judgment on this sinful nation
For the abuse of so great dispensation;
And therefore I resolved to change vocation.

For want of petticoat I've put on buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you, sirs—is it not well enough?
Of bully critics I a troop would lead,
But one replied, thank you, there's no such need,
I at groom-porters, sir, can safer bleed.
Another, who the name of danger loathes,
Vow'd he would go, and swore me forty oaths,
But that his horses were in body-cloaths;
A third cry'd, damn my blood! I'd be content
To push my fortune, if the parliament
Would but recall claret from banishment.
A fourth (and I have done) made this excuse,
I'd draw my sword in Ireland, sir, to chuse,
Had not their women gouty legs, and wore no shoes.
Well, I may march, thought I, and fight and trudge,
But of these blades the devil a man will budge;
They there would fight e'en just as here they judge.
Here they will pay for leave to find a fault,
But when their honour calls, they can't be bought,
Honour in danger, blood and wounds is sought.
Lost virtue, whither fled, or where's thy dwelling?
Who can reveal? at least 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art embark'd for Inniskelling.
On carrion tits those sparks denounce their rage,
In boot of wisp and Leinster freese engage,
What would you do in such an equipage?
The siege of Derry does you gallants threaten;
Not out of arrant shame of being beaten,
As fear of wanting meat, or being eaten.
Were wit, like honour, to be won by fighting,
How few just judges would there be of writing,
Then you would leave this villainous back-biting;
Your talents lie how to express your spite,
But where is he knows how to praise aright?
You praise like cowards, but like critics fight.
Ladies be wise, and wean these yearling calves,
Who in your service too are mere faux braves,
They judge, and write, and fight, and love—by halves.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DON SEBASTIAN, *King of Portugal.*
MULEY-MOLUCH, *Emperor of Barbary.*
DORAX, *a noble Portuguese, now a Renegade, formerly* DON ALONSO DE SYLVERA, *Alcade or Governor of Alcazar.*
BENDUCAR, *chief Minister and Favourite of the Emperor.*
The Mufti, ABDALLA.
MULEY-ZEYDAN, *Brother to the Emperor.*
DON ANTONIO, *a young, noble, amorous, Portuguese, now a Slave.*
DON ALVAREZ, *An old Counsellor to* DON SEBASTIAN, *now a Slave also.*
MUSTAPHA, *Captain of the Rabble.*

WOMEN.

ALMEYDA, *a captive Queen of Barbary.*
MORAYMA, *Daughter to the Mufti.*
JOHAYMA, *chief Wife to the Mufti.*
Two Merchants.
Rabble.
A Servant to BENDUCAR.
A Servant to the Mufti.

SCENE—*The Castle of Alcazar.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Scene at Alcazar, representing a Market-place under the Castle.*

Enter MULEY-ZEYDAN *and* BENDUCAR.

Mul. Zeyd. Now Africa's long wars are at an end,
And our parch'd earth is drenched in Christian blood,
My conquering brother will have slaves enough,
To pay his cruel vows for victory.
What hear you of Sebastian, king of Portugal?

Bend. He fell among a heap of slaughtered Moors;
Though yet his mangled carcase is not found.
The rival of our threatened empire, Mahomet,
Was hot pursued; and in the general rout,
Mistook a swelling current for a ford,
And in Mucazer's flood was seen to rise;
Thrice was he seen; at length his courser plung'd,
And threw him off; the waves whelm'd over him,
And, helpless in his heavy arms, he drowned.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful title is extinguished:
Thus Moluch, still the favourite of fate,
Swims in a sanguine torrent to the throne,
As if our prophet only work'd for him:
The heavens and all the stars are his hir'd servants,
As Muley-Zeydan were not worth their care,
And younger brothers but the draff of nature.
Bend. Be still, and learn the soothing arts of court;
Adore his fortune, mix with flattering crowds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest.
Your brother is luxurious, close, and cruel,
Generous by fits, but permanent in mischief.
The shadow of a discontent would ruin us;
We must be safe before we can be great:
These things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.
Mul. Zeyd. You have the key, he opens inward to you.
Bend. So often tried, and ever found so true,
Has given me trust, and trust has given me means
Once to be false for all. I trust not him:
For now his ends are serv'd, and he grown absolute,
How am I sure to stand who serv'd those ends?
I know your nature open, mild, and grateful;
In such a prince the people may be blest,
And I be safe.
Mul. Zeyd. My father! [*Embracing him.*
Bend. My future king! auspicious Muley-Zeydan!
Shall I adore you? No, the place is public,
I worship you within; the outward act
Shall be reserv'd till nations follow me,
And heaven shall envy you the kneeling world.
You know th' alcald of Alcazar, Dorax?
Mul. Zeyd. The gallant renegade you mean?
Bend. The same:
That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
Contains the shining treasure of a soul,
Resolv'd and brave; he has the soldiers' hearts,
And time shall make him ours.
Mul. He's just upon us.
Bend. I know him from afar,
By the long stride and by the sullen port:
Retire, my lord.
Wait on your brother's triumph; your's is next;
His growth is but a wild and fruitless plant;
I'll cut his barren branches to the stock,
And graft you on to bear.
Mul. Zeyd. My oracle!
[*Exit* Muley-Zeyd.
Bend. Yes, to delude your hopes; poor credulous fool,
To think that I would give away the fruit
Of so much toil, such guilt, and such damnation;
If I am damned, it shall be for myself:
This easy fool must be my stale, set up
To catch the people's eyes; he's tame and merciful;
Him I can manage till I make him odious
By some unpopular act, and then dethrone him.

Enter **Dorax.**

Now, Dorax!
Dor. Well, Benducar.
Bend. Bare Benducar?
Dor. Thou wouldst have titles? take 'em then; chief minister,
First hangman of the state.
Bend. Some call me favourite.
Dor. What's that, his minion?
Thou art too old to be a catamite.
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy pride,
Is not Benducar bare a better name
In a friend's mouth, than all those gaudy titles,
Which I disdain to give the man I love?
Bend. But always out of humour.
Dor. I have cause:
Though all mankind is cause enough for satire.
Bend. Why then thou hast reveng'd thee on mankind.
They say in fight, thou hadst a thirsty sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.
Dor. I spitted frogs, I crushed a heap of emmets,
A hundred of 'em to a single soul,
And that but scanty weight too: the great devil
Scarce thank'd me for my pains; he swallows vulgar
Like whipp'd cream, feels 'em not in going down.
Bend. Brave renegade! couldst thou not meet Sebastian?
Thy master had been worthy of thy sword.
Dor. My master! by what title?
Because I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be a king? and yet I serv'd him,
Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.
You know my story, how I was rewarded,
For fifteen hard campaigns, still hoop'd in iron,
And why I turn'd Mahometan. I'm grateful;
But whosoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.
Bend. Still you run off from bias; say what moves
Your present spleen?
Dor. You mark'd not what I told you:
I kill'd not one that was his maker's image;
I met with none but vulgar two-legg'd brutes.
Sebastian was my aim: he was a man,—
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I must do him right,—he was a man
Above man's height, ev'n tow'ring to divinity;
Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal;
Just as the scales of heaven, that weigh the seasons.
He lov'd his people, him they idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all besides,
He err'd to me alone:
His goodness was diffus'd to human kind,
And all his cruelty confin'd to me.
Bend. You could not meet him then?
Dor. No, though I sought
Where ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the place
To seek Sebastian: through a track of death
I follow'd him, by groans of dying foes,
But still I came too late; for he was flown

e lightning, swift before me to new slaughters;
ow'd across, and made irregular harvest,
fac'd the pomp of battle, but in vain,
r he was still supplying death elsewhere:
is made me, that perhaps ignoble hands
ve overlaid him, for they could not conquer:
rder'd by multitudes, whom I alone
d right to slay; I too would have been slain,
at, catching hold upon his flitting ghost,
ight have robb'd him of his opening heav'n;
d dragg'd him down with me, spite of predestination.

Bend. 'Tis of as much import as Afric's worth,
know what came of him, and of Almeyda,
e sister of the vanquish'd Mahomet,
hose fatal beauty to her brother drew
e land's third part, as Lucifer did heaven's.

Dor. I hope she died in her own female calling,
oak'd up with man, and gorg'd with circumcision.
s for Sebastian, we must search the field,
nd where we see a mountain of the slain,
nd one to climb, and, looking down below,
here he shall find him at his manly length,
ith his face up to heav'n, in the red monument,
hich his true sword has digg'd.

Bend. Yet we may possibly hear farther news;
r while our Africans pursued the chase,
he captain of the rabble issued out,
ith a black, shirtless train to spoil the dead,
nd seize the living.

Dor. Each of 'em an host,
million strong of vermin ev'ry villain:
o part of government, but lords of anarchy,
haos of power, and privileged destruction.

Bend. Yet I must tell you, friend, the great must use 'em,
ometimes as necessary tools of tumult.

Dor. I would use 'em
ike dogs in times of plague, outlaws of nature,
it to be shot and brain'd without a process,
o stop infection; that's their proper death.

Bend. No more;
ehold the emperor coming to survey
he slaves, in order to perform his vow.

Enter MULEY-MOLUCH, *the Emperor, with attendants; the Mufti, and* MULEY-ZEYDAN.

M. Mol. Our armours now may rust, our idle scymitars
Hang by our sides, for ornament not use:
Children shall beat our atabals and drums,
And all the noisy trades of war no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn: the Xeriff's blood
No longer in divided channels runs,
The younger house took end in Mahomet.
Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe!

Muf. For this victorious day our mighty prophet
Expects your gratitude, the sacrifice
Of Christian slaves, devoted, if you won.

M. Mol. The purple present shall be richly paid:
That vow perform'd, fasting shall be abolish'd:
None ever serv'd heav'n well with a starv'd face:
Preach abstinence no more; I tell thee, Mufti,
Good feasting is devout: and thou our head,
Hast a religious, ruddy countenance:
We will have learned luxury: our lean faith
Gives scandal to the Christians; they feed high:
Then look for shoals of converts, when thou hast
Reform'd us into feasting.

Muf. Fasting is but the letter of the law:
Yet it shows well to preach it to the vulgar.
Wine is against our law, that's literal too,
But not denied to kings and to their guides.
Wine is a holy liquor, for the great.

Dor. [*Aside.*] This Mufti, in my conscience, is some English
Renegade, he talks so savourly of toping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy relicks of the war.

Enter MUSTAPHA, *captain of the rabble, with his followers of the black guard, &c. and other Moors: with them a company of Portuguese slaves, without any of the chief persons.*

M. Mol. These are not fit to pay an emperor's vow;
Our bulls and rams had been more noble victims;
These are but garbage, not a sacrifice.

Muf. The prophet must not pick and choose his off'rings;
Now he has giv'n the day, 'tis past recalling:
And he must be content with such as these.

M. Mol. But are these all? Speak you, who are their masters.

Must. All, upon my honour. If you'll take 'em as their fathers got 'em, so; if not, you must stay till they get a better generation: these Christians are mere bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own wives; and these have all the looks of eldest sons.

M. Mol. Pain of your lives, let none conceal a slave.

Must. Let every man look to his own conscience; I am sure mine shall never hang me.

Bend. Thou speak'st as thou wert privy to concealments: then thou art an accomplice.

Must. Nay, if accomplices must suffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the devil on't, there's a great man and a holy man too, concern'd with me. Now if I confess, he'll be sure to 'scape between his greatness and his holiness, and I shall be murder'd, because of my poverty and rascality.

Muf. [*Winking at him.*] Then if thy silence save the great and holy,
'Tis sure thou shalt go straight to paradise.

Must. 'Tis a fine place, they say; but, doctor, I am not worthy on't: I am contented with this homely world; 'tis good enough for such a poor rascally mussulman as I am: besides I have learnt so much good manners, doctor, as to let my betters be serv'd before me.

M. Mol. Thou talk'st as if the Mufti were concern'd.

Must. Your majesty may lay your soul on't: but for my part, though I am a plain fellow, yet I scorn to be trick'd into paradise: I would he should know it. The troth on't is, an't like you, his reverence bought of me the flower of all the market; these —— these are but dogs' meat to 'em, and a round price he paid me too, I'll say that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for: If I get paradise when my time comes, I can't help myself; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind bargain.

M. Mol. Where are those slaves? produce 'em.

Muf. They are not what he says.

M. Mol. No more excuses.

[*One goes out to fetch them.*

Know, thou may'st better dally
With a dead prophet than a living king.

Muf. I but reserv'd 'em, to present thy greatness
An off'ring worthy thee.

Must. By the same token there was a dainty virgin, (Virgin! said I? but I won't be too positive of that neither) with a roguish leering eye! he paid me down for her upon the nail a thousand golden sultanins, or he had never had her, I can tell him that. Now is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious morsel, and give it away out of his own mouth, when it had such a farewel with it too?

Enter Sebastian, *conducted in mean habit, with* Alvarez, Antonio, *and* Almeyda: *her face veiled with a Barnus.*

M. Mol. Ay; these look like the wormanship of Heav'n:
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore cast into these noble moulds.

Dor. [*Aside, while the Emperor whispers* Benducar.] By all my wrongs
'Tis he; damnation seize me but 'tis he!
My heart heaves up and swells; he's poison to me;
My injur'd honour, and my ravish'd love,
Bleed at their murderer's sight.

Bend. [*To* Dor. *aside.*] The emperor would learn these pris'ners' names;
You know them.

Dor. Tell him, no,
And trouble me no more. I will not know them.—
Shall I trust heav'n, that heav'n which I renounc'd, [*Aside.*
With my revenge? then, where's my satisfaction?
No, it must be my own; I scorn a proxy.

M. Mol. 'Tis decreed,
These of a better aspect, with the rest
Shall share one common doom, and lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd captive put a ball
Into an urn; three only black be there,
The rest, all white, are safe.

Muf. Hold, sir, the woman must not draw.

M. Mol. O Mufti,
We know your reason—let her share the danger.

Muf. Our law says plainly, women have
souls.

M. Mol. 'Tis true, their souls are mortal;
her by:
Yet were Almeyda here, though fame reports
The fairest of her sex, so much, unseen,
I hate the sister of our rival house,
Ten thousand such dry notions of our Alcoran
Should not protect her life; if not immortal,
Die as she could, all of a piece, the better
That none of her remain.

[*Here an Urn is brought in: the prisoners*
proach with great concernment; and am
the rest Sebastian, Alvarez, *and* A
tonio, *who come more chearfully.*

Dor. Poor abject creatures, how they fear t
die! [*Asid*
These never knew one happy hour in life,
Yet shake to lay it down: is load so pleasant?
Or has heav'n hid the happiness of death,
That men may bear to live? —— Now for ou
heroes. [*The three approach*
O, these come up with spirits more resolv'd!
Old venerable Alvarez, well I know him,
The fav'rite once of this Sebastian's father;
Now minister; (too honest for his trade)
Religion bears him out; a thing taught young,
In age ill practis'd, yet his prop in death—
O, he has drawn a black, and smiles upon't,
As who should say, my faith and soul are white.
Though my lot swarthy: Now, if there be here-
after,
He's blest; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas
Ant. [*Holding his lot in his clenched hand.*]
Here I have thee;
Be what thou wilt, I will not look too soon.
Thou hast a colour; if thou prov'st not right,
I have a minute good ere I behold thee.
Now, let me roll and grubble thee:
Blind men say white feels smooth, and black fe
rough;
Thou hast a rugged skin; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's th' amorous airy spark, Anto-
nio;
The wittiest woman's toy in Portugal.
Lord! what a loss of treats and serenades!
The whole she-nation will be in mourning for him.

Ant. I've a moist sweaty palm; *the more is*
my sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious,
Damn'd natural ebony, there's hope in rubbing
To wash this Ethiop white.——[*Looks*] Pox of
the proverb!
As black as hell: another lucky saying!
I think the devil's in me:—good again!
I cannot speak one syllable, but tends
To death or to damnation. [*Holds up his ball.*

Dor. He looks uneasy at his future journey;
[*Asid*
And wishes his boots off again, for fear
Of a bad road, and a worse inn at night.
Go to bed, fool, and take secure repose,
For thou shalt wake no more.

[Seb. *comes up to draw*

M. Mol. [*To* Ben.] Mark him who now approaches to the lott'ry;
He looks secure of death, superior greatness,
Like Jove, when he made Fate, and said thou art
The slave of my creation; I admire him.
Bend. He looks as man was made, with face erect,
That scorns his brittle corpse, and seems asham'd
He's not all spirit; his eyes, with a dumb pride,
Accusing fortune that he fell not warm;
Yet now disdains to live. [Seb. *draws a black.*
M. Mol. He has his wish;
And I have fail'd of mine!
Dor. Robb'd of my vengeance, by a trivial chance! [*Aside.*
ine work above, that their anointed care
hould die such little death: or did his genius
Know mine the stronger demon, fear'd the grapple,
And, looking round him, found this nook of fate
To skulk behind my sword!—shall I discover him?
till he would die not mine, no thanks to my
Revenge; reserv'd but to more royal shambles.
Twere base too, and below those vulgar souls,
That shar'd his danger, yet not one disclos'd him,
ut, struck with rev'rence, kept an awful silence.
ll see no more of this: dog of a prophet!
[*Exit* Dor.
M. Mol. One of these three is a whole hecatomb;
And therefore only one of 'em shall die:
The rest are but mute cattle; and when death
Comes, like a rushing lion, couch like spaniels,
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw:
Let lots again decide it.
[*The three draw again, and the lot falls on* Seb.
Seb. Then there's no more to manage! if I fall,
I shall be like myself; a setting sun
hould leave a track of glory in the skies.—
ehold Sebastian, king of Portugal!
M. Mol. Sebastian! ha! it must be he; no other
Could represent such suff'ring majesty:
saw him, as he terms himself, a sun
truggling in dark eclipse, and shooting day
On either side of the black orb that veil'd him.
Seb. Not less ev'n in this despicable now,
Than when my name fill'd Afric with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.
Bend. [*To* M. Mol.] Extravagantly brave! ev'n to an impudence
Of greatness.
Seb. Here satiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me;
have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
would have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of land for a third world,
To give my loosen'd subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fate's: Now I have pleas'd my longing,
And trod the ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mould'ring clay;
For, if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth:
If burnt and scatter'd in the air, the winds,
That strow my dust, diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime: for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there Sebastian reigns.
M. Mol. What shall I do to conquer thee?
Seb. Impossible!
Souls know no conquerors.
M. Mol. I'll show thee for a monster through my Afric.
Seb. No, thou canst only show me for a man:
Afric is stor'd with monsters; man's a prodigy,
Thy subjects have not seen.
M. Mol. Thou talk'st as if
Still at the head of battle.
Seb. Thou mistak'st,
For then I would not talk.
Bend. Sure he would sleep.
Seb. Till dooms-day, when the trumpet sounds to rise;
For that's a soldier's call.
M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late:
Thou should'st have died in battle, like a soldier.
Seb. I fought and fell like one, but death deceiv'd me;
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To crush my soul out.
M. Mol. Still untameable?
In what a ruin has thy head-strong pride
And boundless thirst of empire plung'd thy people!
Seb. What say'st thou? ha! No more of that.
M. Mol. Behold,
What carcases of thine thy crimes have strew'd,
And left our Afric vultures to devour.
Bend. Those souls were those thy God entrusted with thee,
To cherish, not destroy.
Seb. Witness, O heaven! how much
This sight concerns me! Would I had a soul
For each of these: How gladly would I pay
The ransom down! But since I have but one,
'Tis a king's life, and freely 'tis bestow'd.
Not your false prophet, but eternal justice,
Has destin'd me the lot, to die for these:
'Tis fit a sovereign so should pay such subjects
For subjects such as they are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need,
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty,
But shar'd my dangers to the last event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: These thanks I pay you: [*Wipes his eyes.*
And know, that, when Sebastian weeps, his tears
Come harder than his blood.
M. Mol. They plead too strongly
To be withstood: My clouds are gath'ring too,
In kindly mixture with this royal shower.—
Be safe, and owe thy life, not to my gift,
But to the greatness of thy mind, Sebastian:
Thy subjects too shall live; a due reward
For their untainted faith, in thy concealment.
Muf. Remember, sir, your vow.
[*A general shout.*

M. Mol. Do thou remember
Thy function, mercy, and provoke not blood.

Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous fits; too strong to last. [*Aside to* BEND.

Bend. The Mufti reddens; mark that holy cheek. [*To him.*
He frets within, froths treason at his mouth,
And churns it through his teeth: Leave me to work him.

Seb. A mercy unexpected, undesir'd,
Surprises more: You've learnt the art to vanquish:
You could not, give me leave to tell you, sir,
Have giv'n me life but in my subjects' safety:
Kings, who are fathers, live but in their people.

M. Mol. Still great, and grateful, that's thy character.—
Unveil the woman; I would view the face
That warm'd our Mufti's zeal:
These pious parrots peck the fairest fruit:
Such tasters are for kings.
[*Officers go to* ALM. *to unveil her.*

Alm. Stand off, ye slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. Mol. Slave is thy title: force her.

Seb. On your lives,
Approach her not.

M. Mol. How's this?

Seb. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me speak.———

Alm. Hear me; I will be heard:
I am no slave; the noblest blood of Afric
Runs in my veins; a purer stream than thine;
For, though deriv'd from the same source, thy current
Is puddled and defil'd with tyranny.

M. Mol. What female fury have we here?

Alm. I should be one,
Because of kin to thee: Would'st thou be touch'd
By the presuming hands of saucy grooms?
The same respect, nay more, is due to me:
More for my sex; the same for my descent.
These hands are only fit to draw the curtain.
Now, if thou dar'st, behold Almeyda's face.
[*Unveils herself.*

Bend. Would I had never seen it! [*Aside.*

Alm. She whom thy Mufti tax'd to have no soul!
Let Afric now be judge.
Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape,
As did Sebastian when he own'd his greatness;
But, to remove that scruple, know, base man,
My murder'd father, and my brother's ghost,
Still haunt this breast, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I could forgive, nor dare thou pardon.

M. Mol. Would'st thou revenge thee, trait'ress, hadst thou power?

Alm. Traitor, I would; the name's more justly thine:
Thy father was not, more than mine, the heir
Of this large empire; but with arms united,
They fought their way, and seiz'd the crown by
force:
And equal as their danger was their share:
For where was eldership, where none had right,
But that which conquest gave? 'Twas thy ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful father what his sword
Help'd thine to gain; surpris'd him and his kingdom,
No provocation given, no war declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living coal that, burning i
me,
Would flame to vengeance, could it find a ve
My brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
In his deep watry bed; my wand'ring mother,
Who in exile died—
O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work; still, still, thou ty
rant,
And hiss thee with the last.

M. Mol. Something, I know not what, com
over me:
Whether the toils of battle, unrepair'd
With due repose, or other sudden qualm.
Benducar, do the rest.
[*Goes off, the court follows hi*

Bend. Strange; in full health! This pang
of the soul;
The body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct these royal captives to the castle;
Bid Dorax use 'em well, till farther order.
[*Going off, stop*
The inferior captives their first owners take,
To sell, or to dispose.—You, Mustapha,
Set ope the market for the sale of slaves.
[*Exit* BEN

[*The Masters and Slaves come forward, a*
buyers of several qualities come in and ch
fer about the several owners, who make th
slaves do tricks.

Must. My chattels are come into my han
again, and my conscience will serve me to s
'em twice over; any price now, before the Muf
comes to claim 'em.

1 *Mer.* [*To* MUST.] What do'st hold that o
fellow at?—[*Pointing to* ALVAREZ.] He's toug
and has no service in his limbs.

Must. I confess he's somewhat tough; but
suppose you wou'd not boil him. I ask for bu
a thousand crowns.

1 *Mer.* Thou mean'st a thousand maravedi's.

Must. Prithee, friend, give me leave to kno
my own meaning.

1 *Merch.* What virtues has he to deserve th
price?

Must. Marry, come up, sir! Virtues, quoth
I took him in the king's company; he's of a gre
family, and rich; what other virtues wou'dst tho
have in a nobleman?

1 *Merch.* I buy him with another man's pu
that's my comfort. My Lord Dorax, the gove
nor, will have him at any rate:—There's handso

Come, old fellow, to the castle.

Alvar. To what is miserable age reserv'd!
[*Aside.*
But oh the king! and oh the fatal secret!
Which I have kept thus long, to time it better,
And now I would disclose—'tis past my pow'r.
[*Exit with his master.*

Must. Something of a secret, and of the ing, I heard him mutter: A pimp I warrant him, for I am sure he is an old courtier. Now to put off t'other remnant of my merchandize. —— Stir up, sirrah. [*To* Antonio.

Ant. Dog, what would'st thou have!

Must. Learn better manners, or I shall serve you a dog-trick; Come, down upon all four immediately; I'll make you know your rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a horse of me?

Must. Horse or ass, that's as thy mother made hee:—But take earnest in the first place for thy auciness. [*Lashes him with his whip.*] Be advis'd, friend, and buckle to thy geers: Behold my enign of royalty display'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to use thee worse in Porugal.

Must. Ay, and good reason, friend; if thou atchest me a conquering on thy side of the waer, lay me on lustily, I'll take it as kindly as hou dost this.—— [*Holds up his whip.*

Ant. [*Lying down.*] Hold, my dear thrum-cap: obey thee cheerfully; I see the doctrine of on-resistance is never practis'd thoroughly but when a man can't help himself.

Enter a second Merchant.

2 *Merch.* You, friend, I would see that fellow do his postures. [Must. *bridling* Ant.]—Now, sirrah, follow, for you have rope enough: To your paces! villain! amble, trot, and gallop:—Quick, about there. Leap, the more money's idden for you, the more your credit.

[Antonio *follows at the end of the bridle, on his hands and feet, and does all his postures.*

2 *Merch.* He's well chined, and has a tolerable good back: that's half in half. [*To* Mustapha.] I would see him strip; has he no disases about him?

Must. He's the best piece of man's flesh in he market; not an eye-sore in his whole body: Feel his legs, master, neither splint, spavin, nor wind-gall. [*Claps him on the shoulder.*

Mer. [*Feeling about him, and then putting his and to his side.*] Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The whoreson's broken-winded.

Must. Thick breath'd a little: Nothing but a orry cold with lying out at nights in trenches:—But sound wind and limb, I warrant him. Try im at a loose trot a little.

[*Puts the bridle into his hand, he strokes him.*

Ant. For heaven's sake, owner, spare me; You know I am but new-broken.

2 *Merch.* 'Tis but a washy jade, I see: What do you ask for this bauble?

Must. Bauble do you call him? he's a substantial true-bred beast; bravely forehanded; mark but the cleanness of his shapes too; his dam may be a Spanish Gennet, but a true barb by the sire, or I have no skill in horse-flesh.—Marry, I ask six hundred xeriffs for him.

Enter Mufti.

Muf. What's that you are asking, sirrah?

Must. Marry, I ask your reverence six hundred pardons; I was doing you a small piece of service here, putting off your chattel for you.

Muf. And putting the money into your own pocket.

Must. Upon vulgar reputation, no, my lord; it was for your profit and emolument. What! wrong the head of my religion? I was sensible you would have damn'd me, or any man that should have injur'd you in a single farthing; for I knew that was sacrifice.

Muf. Sacrilege you mean, sirrah,—and damning shall be the least part of your punishment; I have taken you in the manner, and will have the law upon you.

Must. Good my lord, take pity upon a poor man in this world, and damn me in the next.

Muf. No, sirrah, so you may repent, and 'scape punishment: Did not you sell this very slave amongst the rest to me, and take money for him?

Must. Right, my lord.

Muf. And selling him again? Take money twice for the same commodity? Oh, villain! But did you not know him to be my slave, sirrah?

Must. Why should I lie to your honour? I did know him: and thereupon, seeing him wander about, I took him up for a stray, and impounded him, with intention to restore him to the right owner.

Muf. And yet at the same time was selling him to another? How rarely the story hangs together!

Must. Patience, my lord. I took him up, as your heriot, with intention to have made the best of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a purse to you; for I know you would have spent half of it upon your pious pleasures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in charities to the poor.

Muf. And what's become of my other slave Thou hast sold him too, I have a villainous suspicion.

Must. I know you have, my lord; but while I was managing this young robustous fellow, that old spark, who was nothing but skin and bone, and, by consequence, very nimble, slipt through my fingers like an eel, for there was no hold fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new master.

Muf. [*To* Ant.] Follow me home, sirrah: [*To* Must.] I shall remember you some other time.
[*Exit Mufti with* Antonio.

Must. I never doubted your lordship's memory, for an ill turn: And I shall remember him too in the next rising of the mobile, for this act of resumption; and more especially for the ghostly counsel he gave me before the emperor, to have hang'd myself in silence, to have sav'd his reverence. The best on't is, I am beforehand with him, for selling one of his slaves twice over.—And if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what should a poor man do, that gets his living by hard labour, but pray for bad times when he may get it easily? O, for some incomparable tumult! Then should I naturally wish, that the beaten party might prevail, because we have plundered t'other side already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own interest pray,
'Tis ours to make our fortunes while we may;
For kingdoms are not conquer'd every day.
[*Exit* MUSTAPHA.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Supposed to be a Terrace Walk, on the Side of the Castle of Alcasar.*

Emperor, BENDUCAR.

Emp. And think'st thou not it was discovered?
Bend. No:
The thoughts of kings are like religious groves,
The walks of muffled gods: Sacred retreat,
Where none but whom they please t'admit, approach.
Emp. Did not my conscious eyes flash out a flame
To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose
The secret path I trod?
Bend. I could not find it, till you lent a clue
To that close labyrinth; how then should they?
Emp. I would be loth they should: it breeds contempt
For herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt lion groans within his den:
But is't not strange?
Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a tax
Impos'd on all by nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being.
Emp. Still 'tis strange
To me: I know my soul as wild as winds,
That sweep the deserts of our moving plains;
Love might as well be sow'd upon our sands,
As in a breast so barren:
To love an enemy, the only one
Remaining too, whom yester sun beheld
Must'ring her charms, and rolling, as she past
By every squadron, her alluring eyes,
To edge her champions' swords, and urge my ruin.
The shouts of soldiers, and the burst of cannon,
Maintain ev'n still a deaf and murm'ring noise;
Nor is heav'n yet recover'd of the sound
Her battle rous'd: Yet spite of me I love.
Bend. What then controuls you?
Her person is as prostrate as her party.
Emp. A thousand things controul this conqueror;
My native pride to own th' unworthy passion,
Hazard of int'rest, and my people's love.
To what a storm of fate am I expos'd!
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what
My subjects all expect, and she deserves.
Would not th' impossibility
Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,
Calm all this rage, this hurricane of soul?
Bend. That ever, ever,—
I mark'd the double,—shows extreme reluctance
To part with her for ever.
Emp. Right, thou hast me;
I would, but cannot kill: I must enjoy her:
I must, and what I must, be sure I will.
What's royalty but pow'r to please myself?
And if I dare not, then am I the slave,
And my own slaves the sovereigns,——'tis resolv'd:
Weak princes flatter when they want the pow'r
To curb their people; tender plants must bend;
But when a government is grown to strength,
Like some old oak, rough with its armed bark,
It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to sullen state.
Bend. Then you resolve
To implore her pity, and to beg relief?
Emp. Death! must I beg the pity of my slave
Must a king beg? Yes, love's a greater king;
A tyrant, nay a devil, that possesses me:
He tunes the organs of my voice, and speaks
Unknown to me within me; pushes me,
And drives me on by force.——
Say I should wed her, would not my wise subjects
Take check, and think it strange? perhaps revolt?
Bend. I hope they would not.
Emp. Then thou doubt'st they would?
Bend. To whom?
Emp. To her
Perhaps, or to my brother, or to thee.
Bend. [*In disorder.*] To me! me did you mention? how I tremble!
The name of treason shakes my honest soul.
If I am doubted, sir,
Secure yourself this moment, take my life.
Emp. No more: if I suspected thee—I would.
Bend. I thank your kindness:—Guilt had almost lost me! [*Aside.*
Emp. But clear my doubts: think'st thou they may rebel?
Bend. [*Aside.*] This goes as I would wish:—[*To the Emp.*] 'Tis possible.
A secret party still remains, that lurks
Like embers rak'd in ashes; wanting but

A breath to blow aside th' involving dust,
And then they blaze abroad.
Emp. They must be trampled out.
Bend. But first be known.
Emp. Torture shall force it from 'em.
Bend. You would not put a nation to the rack?
Emp. Yes, the whole world; so I be safe, I care not.
Bend. Our limbs and lives
Are your's, but mixing friends with foes is hard.
Emp. All may be foes; or how to be distinguish'd,
If some be friends?
Bend. They may with ease be winnow'd:
Suppose some one, who has deserv'd your trust,
Some one who knows mankind, should be employed
To mix among 'em, seem a malcontent,
And dive into their breasts, to try how far
They dare oppose your love?
Emp. I like this well: Tis wholesome wickedness.
Bend. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,
And leaves no cranny of his soul unsearch'd:
Then, like a bee bagg'd with his honey'd venom,
He brings it to your hive: if such a man
So able, and so honest, may be found;
If not, my project dies.——
Emp. By all my hopes, thou hast describ'd thyself:
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that engine,
Thou only couldst contrive.
Bend. Sure I could serve you:
I think I could: —— but here's the difficulty,
I'm so entirely yours,
That I should scurvily dissemble hate;
The cheat would be too gross.
Emp. Art thou a statesman,
And canst not be a hypocrite? Impossible:
Do not distrust thy virtues.
Bend. If I must personate this seeming villain,
Remember 'tis to serve you.
Emp. No more words:
Love goads me to Almeyda; all affairs
Are troublesome but that; and yet that most. [*Going.*
Bid Dorax treat Sebastian like a king;
I had forgot him; —— but this love mars all,
And takes up my whole breast. [*Exit Emperor.*
Bend. [*To the Emp.*] Be sure I'll tell him——
With all the aggravating circumstances [*Alone.*
I can, to make him swell at that command.
The tyrant first suspected me;
Then, with a sudden gust, he whirl'd about,
And trusted me too far: madness of pow'r!
Now, by his own consent, I ruin him;
For, should some feeble soul, for fear or gain,
Bolt out to accuse me, ev'n the king is cozen'd,
And thinks he's in the secret.
How sweet is treason when the traitor's safe!
[*Sees the Mufti and* DORAX *entering, and seeming to confer.*
The Mufti, and with him my sullen Dorax;
That first is mine already.
'Twas easy work to gain a covetous mind,
Whom rage to lose his prisoners had prepar'd:
Now, caught himself,
He would seduce another; I must help him:
For church-men, though they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woful, awkward politicians;
They make lame mischief, though they mean it well:
Their interest is not finely drawn, and hid,
But seams are coarsly bungled up, and seen.
Muf. He'll tell you more.
Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loathe thy morals.
Bend. [*To* DOR.] You seem warm:
The good man's zeal, perhaps, has gone too far.
Dor. Not very far; not farther than zeal goes
Of course; a small day's journey short of treason.
Muf. By all that's holy, treason was not nam'd:
I spar'd the emperor's broken vows to save
The slaves from death, though it was cheating heav'n;
But I forgave him that.
Dor. And slighted o'er [*Scornfully.*
The wrongs himself sustain'd in property,
When his bought slaves were seiz'd by force, no loss
Of his consider'd, and no cost repaid.
Muf. Not wholly slighted o'er, not absolutely:
Some modest hints of private wrongs I urg'd.
Dor. Two-thirds of all he said: there he began
To shew the fulness of his heart, there ended;
Some short excursions of a broken vow
He made indeed, but flat insipid stuff:
But when he made his loss the theme, he flourish'd,
Reliev'd his fainting rhetorick with new figures,
And thunder'd at oppressing tyranny.
Muf. Why not, when sacrilegious power would seize
My property? 'tis an affront to heav'n,
Whose person, though unworthy, I sustain.
Dor. You've made such strong alliances above,
That 'twere profaneness in us laity
To offer earthly aid.
I tell thee, Mufti, if the world were wise,
They would not wag one finger in your quarrels.
Your heav'n you promise, but our earth you covet;
The Phætons of mankind, who fire that world,
Which you were sent by preaching but to warm.
Bend. This goes beyond the mark.
Muf. No, let him rail;
His prophet works within him;
He's a rare convert.
Dor. Now his zeal yearns,
To see me burnt; he damns me from his church,
Because I would restrain him to his duty.—
Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures and their diseases?
If this be so, we ask you but our own;

Give us your whole employment, all your care:
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.
Bend. [*To the Mufti.*] He speaks but reason.
Dor. Why then these foreign thoughts of state-employments,
Abhorrent to your function and your breeding?
Poor droning truants of unpractis'd cells,
Bred in the fellowship of bearded boys,
What wonder is it if you know not men?
Yet there, you live demure, with down-cast eyes,
And humble as your discipline requires:
But, when let loose from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of devotion dies:
Then luxury succeeds, and set agog
With a new scene of yet untasted joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the feast.
Of all your college virtues, nothing now
But your original ignorance remains:
Bloated with pride, ambition, avarice,
You swell, to counsel kings and govern kingdoms.
Muf. He prates as if kings had not consciences,
And none requir'd directors but the crowd.
Dor. As private men they want you, not as kings;
Nor would you care to inspect their public conscience,
But that it draws dependencies of pow'r,
And earthly interest, which you long to sway.
Content you with monopolizing heav'n,
And let this little hanging ball alone;
For give you but a foot of conscience there,
And you, like Archimedes, toss the globe.
We know your thoughts of us that laymen are,
Lag souls, and rubbish of remaining clay,
Which heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
Set upright with a little puff of breath,
And bid us pass for men.
Muf. I will not answer,
Base foul-mouth'd renegade! but I'll pray for thee,
To shew my charity. [*Exit Mufti.*
Dor. Do; but forget not him who needs it most:
Allow thyself some share.—He's gone too soon;
I had to tell him of his holy jugglings;
Things that would startle faith, and make us deem
Not this or that, but all religions false.
Bend. Our holy orator has lost the cause: [*Aside.*
But I shall yet redeem it.—[*To* DOR.] Let him go;
For I have secret orders from the emperor,
Which none but you must hear: I must confess
I could have wished some other hand had brought them.
When did you see your prisoner, great Sebastian?
Dor. You might as well have asked me when I saw
A crested dragon, or a basilisk;
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.
He knows not I am I; nor shall he see me,
Till time has perfected a labouring thought,
That rolls within my breast.
Bend. 'Twas my mistake:
I guess'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
And your returning duty, had effaced
The memory of past wrongs; they would in me;
And I judged you as tame and as forgiving.
Dor. Forgive him! no; I left my foolish faith,
Because it would oblige me to forgiveness.
Bend. I can but grieve to find you obstinate:
For you must see him; 'tis our emperor's will,
And strict command.
Dor. I laugh at that command.
Bend. You must do more than see; serve and respect him.
Dor. See, serve him, and respect, and after all
My yet uncancelled wrongs, I must do this!
But I forget myself.
Bend. Indeed you do.
Dor. The emperor is a stranger to my wrongs;
I need but tell my story to revoke
This hard commission.
Bend. Can you call me friend,
And think I could neglect to speak at full
The affronts you had from your ungrateful master?
Dor. And yet enjoined my service, and attendance?
Bend. And yet enjoined 'em both: would that were all!
He screw'd his face into a hardened smile,
And said, Sebastian knew to govern slaves.
Dor. Slaves are the growth of Afric, not of Europe:
By heaven I will not lay down my commission;
Not at his foot, I will not stoop so low;
But if there be a part in all his face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.
Bend. You may; but then you lose all future means
Of vengeance on Sebastian, when no more
Alcade of this fort.
Dor. That thought escap'd me.
Bend. Keep your command, and be revenged on both:
Nor sooth yourself; you have no power t' affront him;
The emperor's love protects him from insults.
And he, who spoke that proud ill-natured word,
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
May force your reconcilement to Sebastian:
Nay bid you kneel, and kiss th' offending foot,
That kicked you from his presence.
But think not to divide their punishment;
You cannot touch a hair of loathed Sebastian,
While Muley-Moluch lives.
Dor. What means this riddle?
Bend. 'Tis out: there needs no Oedipus to solve it.
Our emperor is a tyrant, feared and hated;
I scarce remember in his reign, one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the sun is lost that sees not blood:

When none is shed, we count it holiday.
We, who are most in favour, cannot call
This hour our own.——You know the younger brother,
Mild Muley Zeydan?
Dor. Hold, and let me think.
Bend. The soldiers idolize you,
He trusts you with the castle,
The key of all his kingdom.
Dor. Well, and he trusts you too.
Bend. Else I were mad,
To hazard such a daring enterprize.
Dor. He trusts us both; mark that!—shall we betray him?
A master who reposes life and empire
On our fidelity? I grant he is a tyrant,
That hated name my nature most abhors;
More, as you say, has loaded me with scorn,
Even with the last contempt, to serve Sebastian;
Yet more, I know he vacates my revenge,
Which, but by this revolt, I cannot compass:
But, while he trusts me, 'twere so base a part
To fawn and yet betray, I should be hissed
And whooped in hell for that ingratitude.
Bend. Consider well what I have done for you.
Dor. Consider thou, what thou would'st have me do.
Bend. You've too much honour for a renegade.
Dor. And thou too little faith to be a fav'rite.
Is not the bread thou eat'st, the robe thou wear'st,
Thy wealth, and honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou would'st destroy?
And would his creature, nay his friend, betray him?
Why then no bond is left on human kind:
Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue;
Children may murder parents, wives their husbands;
All must be rapine, wars, and desolation,
When trust and gratitude no longer bind.
Bend. Well have you argued in your own defence:
You, who have burst asunder all those bonds,
And turned a rebel to your native prince.
Dor. True, I rebelled: but when did I betray?
Indignities, which man could not support,
Provoked my vengeance to this noble crime.
But he had stripped me first of my command,
Dismissed my service, and absolved my faith,
And, with disdainful language, dared my worst.
I but accepted war, which he denounced.
Else had you seen, not Dorax, but Alonzo,
With his couched lance against your foremost Moors;
Perhaps too turned the fortune of the day,
Made Afric mourn, and Portugal triumph.
Bend. Let me embrace thee!
Dor. Stand off, sycophant,
And keep infection distant.
Bend. Brave and honest!
Dor. In spite of thy temptations.
Bend. Call 'em trials;
They were no more: thy faith was held in balance,
And nicely weighed by jealousy of power.
Vast was the trust of such a royal charge;
And our wise emperor might justly fear
Sebastian might be freed and reconciled,
By new obligements to thy former love.
Dor. I doubt thee still; thy reasons were too strong,
And driven too near the head, to be but artifice.
And after all, I know thou art a statesman,
Where truth is rarely found.
Bend. Behold the emperor;

Enter Emperor, SEBASTIAN, *and* ALMEYDA.

Ask him, I beg thee, to be justified,
If he employed me not to ford thy soul,
And try the footing whether false or firm.
Dor. Death to my eyes! I see Sebastian with him!
Must he be served! avoid him; if we meet,
It must be like the crush of heaven and earth,
T' involve us both in ruin. [*Exit* DOR.
Bend. 'Twas a bare saving game I made with Dorax,
But better so than lost; he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd: I must ruin him.
But now this love; Ay, there's the gathering storm!
The tyrant must not wed Almeyda; no,
That ruins all the fabric I am raising.
Yet, seeming to approve it gave me time,
And gaining time gains all.
[BEND. *goes and waits behind the Emperor. The Emperor,* SEB. *and* ALM. *advance to the front of the stage. Guards and attendants.*
Emp. [*To* SEB.] I bad 'em serve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my lions keen within their dens,
To stop their maws with disobedient slaves.
Seb. If I had conquer'd,
They could not have with more observance waited:
Their eyes, hands, feet,
Are all so quick, they seem t' have but one motion,
To catch my flying words. Only the Alcayde
Shuns me, and with a grim civility,
Bows, and declines my walks.
Emp. A renegade:
I know not more of him, but that he's brave,
And hates your Christian sect. If you can frame
A farther wish, give wing to your desires,
And name the thing you want.
Seb. My liberty:
For were even paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.
Emp. Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings; or, struck out together,
One spark to Afric flew, and one to Portugal.

Expect a quick deliverance: [*Turning to* ALM.] Here's a third,
Of kindred soul to both; pity our stars
Have made us foes! I should not wish her death.
Alm. I ask no pity; if I thought my soul
Of kin to thine, soon would I rend my heart-strings,
And tear out that alliance: but thou, viper,
Hast cancelled kindred, made a rent in nature,
And through her holy bowels gnawed thy way,
Through thy own blood to empire.
Emp. This again!——
And yet she lives; and only lives to upbraid me!
Seb. What honour is there in a woman's death?
Wronged, as she says, but helpless to revenge;
Strong in her passion, impotent of reason,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroyed.
Mark her majestic fabric; she's a temple,
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
Her soul's the deity, that lodges there:
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god,
Emp. She's all that thou canst say, or I can think,
But the perverseness of her clamorous tongue
Strikes pity deaf.
Seb. Then only hear her eyes;
Though they are mute, they plead; nay more, command;
For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power,
All females have prerogative of sex,
The shes ev'n of the savage herd are safe;
And when they snarl or bite, have no return
But courtship from the male.
Emp. Were she not she, and I not Muley-Moluch,
She's mistress of inevitable charms,
For all but me; nor am I so exempt,
But that—I know not what I was to say—
But I am too obnoxious to my friends,
And sway'd by your advice.
Seb. Sir, I advised not.
By heav'n, I never counselled love, but pity.
Emp. By heav'n thou didst: Deny it not, thou didst:
For what was all that prodigality
Of praise but to inflame me?
Seb. Sir,———
Emp. No more:
Thou hast convinced me, that she is worth my love.
Seb. Was ever man so ruined by himself! [*Aside.*
Alm. Thy love! that odious mouth was never framed
To speak a word so soft:
Name death again, for that thou canst pronounce
With horrid grace, becoming of a tyrant.
Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute beast extinguishes the man.
Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged lions love,
And grapple, and compel their savage dames.—
Mark, my Sebastian, how that sullen frown, [*She frowns.*
Like flashing lightning, opens angry heaven,
And while it kills delights! But yet, insult not
Too soon, proud beauty, I confess no love.
Seb. No sir, I said so; and I witness for you,
Not love, but noble pity, moved your mind:
Interest might urge you too to save her life;
For those, who wish her party lost, might murmur
At shedding royal blood.
Emp. Right, thou instruct'st me;
Interest of state requires not death, but marriage;
T'unite the jarring titles of our line.
Seb. Let me be dumb for ever! all I plead, [*Aside.*
Like wild-fire thrown against the wind, returns
With double force to burn me.
Emp. Could I but bend to make my beauteous foe
The partner of my throne and of my bed,——
Alm. Still thou dissemblest, but I read thy heart,
And know the power of my own charms; thou lov'st,
And I am pleased for my revenge thou dost.
Emp. And thou hast cause.
Alm. I have; for I have power to make thee wretched.
Be sure I will, and yet despair of freedom.
Emp. Well then, I love,—
And 'tis below my greatness to disown it:
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Would hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day sun,
Through the parched deserts, and the scorching sands,
T'enjoy thy love, and, once enjoyed, to kill thee.
Alm. 'Tis a false courage, when thou threatnest me;
Thou canst not stir a hand to touch my life:
Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st?
Lay by the lion's hide, vain conqueror,
And take the distaff; for thy soul's my slave.
Emp. Confusion! How thou view'st my very heart!
I could as soon
Stop a spring-tide, blown in, with my bare hand,
As this impetuous love:——Yes, I will wed thee;
In spite of thee, and of myself, I will.
Alm. For what? to people Afric with new monsters,
Which that unnatural mixture must produce?
No, were we joined, even though it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renewed,
And my divided flame should break from thine.
Emp. Serpent, I will engender poison with thee;
Join hate with hate, add venom to the birth;
Our off-spring, like the seed of dragon's teeth,
Shall issue armed, and fight themselves to death.
Alm. I'm calm again; thou canst not marry me.
Emp. As gleams of sun-shine soften storms to showers,
So, if you smile, the loudness of my rage
In gentle whispers shall return but this,—

hat nothing can divert my love, but death,
Alm. See how thou art deceived! I am a Christian;
'Tis true, unpractised in my new belief,
Wrongs I resent, nor pardon yet with ease:
Those fruits come late, and are of slow increase
n haughty hearts like mine. Now tell thyself
f this one word destroy not thy designs:
Thy law permits thee not to marry me.
Emp. 'Tis but a specious tale, to blast my hopes,
And baffle my pretensions. Speak, Sebastian,
And, as a king, speak true.
Seb. Then, thus adjured,
On a king's word 'tis truth, but truth ill-tim'd;
For her dear life is now exposed anew;
Unless you wholly can put on divinity,
And graciously forgive.
Alm. Now learn by this,
The little value I have left for life,
And trouble me no more.
Emp. I thank thee, woman;
Thou hast restor'd me to my native rage,
And I will seize my happiness by force.
Seb. Know, Muly-Moluch, when thou dar'st attempt—
Emp. Beware! I would not be provok'd to use
A conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy silence.
If thou wouldst merit to be thought my friend,
I leave thee to persuade her to compliance;
If not, there's a new gust in ravishment,
Which I have never tried.
Bend. They must be watch'd; [*Aside.*
For something I observ'd creates a doubt.
[*Exeunt Emperor and* BENDUCAR.
Seb. I've been too tame, have basely borne my wrongs,
And not exerted all the king, within me;
I heard him, O sweet Heavens! he threat'ned rape;
Nay, insolently urg'd me to persuade thee,
Even thee, thou idol of my soul and eyes,
For whom I suffer life, and drag this being.
Alm. You turn my prison to a paradise;
But I have turn'd your empire to a prison:
In all your wars, good fortune flew before you;
Sublime you sat in triumph on her wheel,
Till in my fatal cause your sword was drawn;
The weight of my misfortunes dragg'd you down.
Seb. And is't not strange, that Heav'n should bless my arms
In common causes, and desert the best?
Now, in your greatest, last extremity,
When I would aid you most, and most desire it,
I bring but sighs, the succours of a slave.
Alm. Leave then the luggage of your fate behind,
To make your flight more easy, leave Almeyda;
Nor think me left a base ignoble prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman tyrant's lust;
My virtue is a guard beyond my strength,
And death, my last defence, within my call.
Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tie him up from your relief,
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
Alas! thou art too young in thy new faith;
Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give 'em furloughs for another world;
But we, like sentries, are oblig'd to stand,
In starless nights, and wait the appointed hour.
Alm. If shunning ill be good, then death is good
To those who cannot shun it but by death:
Divines but peep on undiscovered worlds,
And draw the distant landscape as they please:
But who has e'er returned from those bright regions,
To tell their manners, and relate their laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy shore
With an unsullied body and white mind;
If I have err'd, some kind inhabitant
Will pity a stray'd soul, and take me home.
Seb. Beware of death! thou canst not die unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccomplish'd love behind:
Thy vows are mine; nor will I quit my claim:
The ties of minds are but imperfect bonds,
Unless the bodies join to seal the contract.
Alm. What joys can you possess, or can I give,
Where groans of death succeed the sighs of love?
Our Hymen has not on his saffron robe;
But, muffled up in mourning, downward holds
His dropping torch, extinguished with his tears.
Seb. The god of love stands ready to revive it,
With his etherial breath.
Alm. 'Tis late to join, when we must part so soon.
Seb. Nay, rather let us haste it ere we part:
Our souls, for want of that acquaintance here,
May wander in the starry walks above,
And, forc'd on worse companions, miss ourselves.
Alm. The tyrant will not long be absent hence;
And soon I shall be ravish'd from your arms.
Seb. Wilt thou thyself become the greater tyrant,
And give not love, while thou hast love to give?
In dang'rous days, when riches are a crime,
The wise betimes make over their estates:
Make o'er thy honour by a deed of trust,
And give me seizure of the mighty wealth.
Alm. What shall I do! O teach me to refuse!
I would, and yet I tremble at the grant.
For dire presages fright my soul by day,
And boding visions haunt my nightly dreams:
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of ghosts,
Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams;
Then, like a dying echo, from afar,
My mother's voice, that cries, Wed not, Almeyda!
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.
Seb. Some envious demon, to delude our joys;
Love is not sin, but where 'tis sinful love.
Alm. Mine is a flame so holy and so clear,
That the white taper leaves no soot behind;
No smoke of lust; but chaste as sister's love,

When coldly they return a brother's kiss,
Without the zeal that meets at lovers' mouths.
Seb. Laugh then at fond presages; I had some;
Fam'd Nostradamus, when he took my horoscope,
Foretold my father I should wed with incest:
Ere this unhappy war my mother died,
And sisters I had none; vain augury!
A long religious life, a holy age,
My stars assign'd me too; impossible!
For how can incest suit with holiness,
Or priestly orders with a princely state?
Alm. Old venerable Alvarez—— [*Sighing.*
Seb. But why that sigh in naming that good man?
Alm. Your father's counsellor and confidant—
Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my second father.
Alm. Mark'd our farewell, when, going to the fight,
You gave Almeyda for the word of battle;
'Twas in that fatal moment, he discover'd
The love, that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it, though my eyes stood full of tears,
Yet, through the mist, I saw him stedfast gaze:
Then knock'd his aged breast, and inward groan'd,
Like some sad prophet, that foresaw the doom
Of those whom best he lov'd, and could not save.
Seb. It startles me, and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the shock of battle was begun,
He would have much complain'd (but had not time)
Of our hid passion; then, with lifted hands,
He begg'd me, by my father's sacred soul,
Not to espouse you, if he died in fight;
For if he lived, and we were conquerors,
He had such things to urge against our marriage,
As, now declar'd, would blunt my sword in battle,
And dastardize my courage.
Alm. My blood curdles,
And cakes about my heart.
Seb. I'll breathe a sigh so warm into thy bosom,
Shall make it flow again. My love, he knows not
Thou art a Christian; that produced his fear,
Lest thou should'st sooth my soul with charms so strong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak.
Alm. There must be more:
This could not blunt your sword.
Seb. Yes, if I drew it with a curst intent,
To take a misbeliever to my bed;
It must be so.
Alm. Yet——
Seb. No, thou shalt not plead
With that fair mouth, against the cause of love.
Within this castle is a captive priest,
My holy confessor, whose free access
Not ev'n the barb'rous victors have refus'd;
This happy hour his hands shall make us one.
Alm. I go, with Love and Fortune, two blind guides,
To lead my way; half loath, and half consenting.
If, as my soul forebodes, some dire event
Pursue this union, or some crime unknown,
Forgive me, Heaven! and all ye blest above,
Excuse the frailty of unbounded love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Supposed a Garden, with Lodging Rooms behind it, or on the Sides.*

Enter Mufti; ANTONIO *as a Slave*; *and* JOHAYMA, *the Mufti's Wife.*

Muf. And how do you like him? look upon him well; he's a personable fellow of a Christian dog. Now I think you are fitted for a gardener: ha, what say'st thou, Johayma?

Joh. He may make a shift to sow lettuce, raise melons, and water a garden-plat; but otherwise a very filthy fellow; how odiously he smells of his country garlick! fugh, how he stinks of Spain!

Muf. Why, honey-bird, I bought him o' purpose for thee; did'st not thou say thou long'd'st for a Christian slave?

Joh. Ah, but the sight of that loathsome creature has almost cur'd me. And how can I tell that he's a Christian? an' he were well search'd, he may prove a Jew for aught I know. And, besides, I have always long'd for a eunuch; for they say that's a civil creature, and almost as harmless as yourself, husband: speak, fellow, are not you such a kind of peaceable thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provok'd.

Muf. To your occupation, dog; bind up the jessamines in yon arbour, and handle your pruning knife with dexterity; tightly, I say, go tightly to your business; you have cost me much, and must earn it in your work. Here's plentiful provision for you, rascal, salading in the garden, and water in the tank, and on holidays the licking of a platter of rice, when you deserve it.

Joh. What have you been bred up to, sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my service?

Ant. [*Making legs.*] Why, madam, I can perform as much as any man, in a fair lady's service. I can play upon the flute, and sing; I can carry your umbrella, and fan your ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no service, either by day or by night, shall come amiss to me; and, besides, I am of so quick apprehension, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me understand my duty. (*She winks at him.*) Very fine, she has tipt the wink already— [*Aside.*

Joh. The whelp may come to something in time, when I have enter'd him into his business.

Muf. A very malapert cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning; you must be taught your distance, sirrah. [*Strikes him.*

Joh. Hold, hold!——He has deserv'd it, I confess; but for once let his ignorance plead his pardon; we must not discourage a beginner. Your reverence has taught us charity even to birds and beasts: here, you filthy brute you;—take this little alms, to buy you plasters.

[*Gives him a piece of money.*

Ant. Money, and a love-pinch in the inside of my palm into the bargain! [*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lord Benducar is coming to wait on you, and is already at the palace gate.

Muf. Come in, Johayma, regulate the rest of my wives and concubines, and leave the fellow to his work.

Joh. Look how stupidly he stares about him, like a calf new come into the world! I shall teach you, sirrah, to know your business a little better. This way, you awkward rascal, here lies the arbour; must I be shewing you eternally?

[*Turning him about.*

Muf. Come away, minion, you shall shew him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the arbour, where a rose tree and a myrtle are just falling for want of a prop; if they were bound together, they would help to keep up one another: He's a raw gardener, and 'tis but charity to teach him.

Muf. No more deeds of charity to-day; come in, or I shall think you a little better disposed than I could wish you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my pastor.

Muf. So you may cast a sheep's eye behind you? in before me. And you, sauciness, mind your pruning knife, or I may chance to use it for you.

[*Exeunt Mufti and* JOHAYMA.

Ant. [*Alone*] Thank you for that; but I am in no such haste to be made a mussulman. For his wedlock, with all her haughtiness, I find her coming. How far a Christian *should* resist, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Christian *can* resist is another question. She's tolerable, and I am a poor stranger, far from better friends, and in a bodily necessity: Now have I a strange temptation to try what other females are belonging to this family: I am not far from the women's apartment, I am sure, and if these birds are within distance, here's that will chuckle 'em together.—[*Pulls out his flute.*] If there be a variety of Moor's flesh in this holy market, 'twere madness to lay out all my money upon the first bargain.

[*He plays. A grate opens, and* MORAYMA, *the Mufti's daughter, appears at it.*

Ant. Ay, there's an apparition! this is a morsel worthy of a Mufti; this is the relishing bit in secret: this is the mystery of his Alcoran, that must be reserv'd from the knowledge of the profane vulgar. This is his holiday devotion.—See, she beckons too.—— [*She beckons to him.*

Mor. Come a little nearer, and speak softly.

Ant. I come, I come, I warrant thee; the least twinkle had brought me to thee; such another kind syllable or two would turn me to a meteor, and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not speak, for fear of being overheard; but if you think my person worth your hazard, and can deserve my love——the rest this note shall tell you. [*Throws down a handkerchief.* No more, my heart goes with you.

[*Exit from the grate.*

Ant. O thou pretty little heart, art thou flown hither? I'll keep it warm, I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new nest. But now for my treasure-trove, that's wrapt up in the handkerchief; no peeping here, though I long to be spelling her Arabic scrawls and pot-hooks. But I must carry off my prize as robbers do; and not think of sharing the booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-shot from the other windows. If her wit be as poignant as her eyes, I am a double slave. Our northern beauties are mere dough to these; insipid white earth, mere tobacco-pipe clay; with no more soul and motion in 'em than a fly in winter.

Here the warm planet ripens, and sublimes,
The well-bak'd beauties of the southern climes;
Our Cupid's but a bungler in his trade,
His keenest arrows are in Afric made.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Terrace Walk, or some other public Place, in the Castle of* ALCAZAR.

Emperor MULEY-MOLUCH, BENDUCAR.

Emp. Married! I'll not believe it; 'tis imposture;
Improbable they should presume t'attempt,
Impossible they should effect their wish.

Bend. Have patience till I clear it.

Emp. I have none:
Go bid our moving plains of sand lie still,
And stir not, when the stormy south blows high:
From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my soul,
And now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,
Requir'st a sudden stop: unsay thy lie,
That may in time do somewhat.

Bend. I have done:
For, since it pleases you it should be forg'd,
'Tis fit it should: far be it from your slave
To raise disturbance in your sacred breast.

Emp. Sebastian is my slave as well as thou;
Nor durst offend my love by that presumption.

Bend. Most sure he ought not.

Emp. Then all means were wanting;
No priest, no ceremonies of their sect;

Or, grant we these defects could be supply'd,
How could our prophet do an act so base,
So to resume his gifts, and curse my conquests
By making me unhappy! No, the slave
That told thee so absurd a story, lied.
Bend. Yet, till this moment I have found him faithful:
He said he saw it too.
Emp. Dispatch; what saw he?
Bend. Truth is, considering with what earnestness,
Sebastian pleaded for Almeyda's life,
Enhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praise——
Emp. O stupid and unthinking as I was!
I might have mark'd it too: 'twas gross and palpable!
Bend. Methought I trac'd a lover ill disguised;
And sent my spy, a sharp observing slave,
To inform me better, if I guess'd aright.
He told me, that he saw Sebastian's page
Run cross the marble square; who soon return'd,
And after him there lagg'd a puffing friar;
Close wrapp'd he bore some secret instrument
Of Christian superstition in his hand:
My servant follow'd fast, and through a chink,
Perceiv'd the royal captives hand in hand,
And heard the hooded father mumbling charms,
That make those misbelievers man and wife;
Which done, the spouses kiss'd with such a fervour,
And gave such furious earnest of their flames,
That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood
Flew flushing o'er their faces.
Emp. Hell confound 'em!
Bend. The reverend father, with a holy leer,
Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:
This forc'd my servant to a quick retreat,
For fear to be discover'd; guess the rest.
Emp. I do. My fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd bliss.
Some earthquake should have risen, and rent the ground,
Have swallow'd him, and left the longing bride
In agony of unaccomplish'd love.
[*Walks disorderly.*

Enter the Mufti.

Bend. In an unlucky hour [*Aside.*
That fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,
And uninstructed how to stem the tide.
[*Coming up to Mufti aside.*
The emperor must not marry nor enjoy;
Keep to that point; stand firm, for all's at stake.
Emp. [*Seeing him.*] You, druggerman of heaven, must I attend
Your droning prayers? why came you not before?
Dost thou not know the captive king has dar'd
To wed Almeyda? Cancel me that marriage,
And make her mine; about the business, quick;
Expound thy Mahomet; make him speak my sense,
Or he's no prophet here; and thou no Mufti,
Unless thou know'st the trick of thy vocation,
To wrest and rend the law to please thy prince.
Muf. Why, verily the law is monstrous plain:
There's not one doubtful text in all the Alcora
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your proje
Emp. Forge one, and foist it into some b place,
Of some old rotten roll; do't, I command the
Must I teach thee thy trade?
Muf. It cannot be,
For matrimony being the dearest point
Of law, the people have it all by heart:
A cheat on procreation will not pass.
Besides th' offence is so exorbitant,
[*In a higher te*
To mingle with a misbelieving race,
That speedy vengeance would pursue your cri
And holy Mahomet launch himself from heav'
Before th' unready thunderbolt were form'd.
[*Emperor taking him by the throat with o hand, snatches out his sword with the othe and points it to his breast.*
Emp. Slave! have I rais'd thee to this pom and pow'r,
To preach against my will? know I *am* law;
And thou not Mahomet's messenger, but mine.
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleasure lawful
Or first I strip thee of thy ghostly *greatness*,
Then send thee post, to tell thy tale above,
And bring thy vain memorials to thy prophet
Of justice done below for disobedience.
Muf. For heaven's sake hold! the respite of a moment——
To think for you.
Emp. And for thyself.—
Muf. For both.
Bend. Disgrace, and death, and avarice have lost him! [*Aside.*
Muf. 'Tis true, our law forbids to wed a Christian;
But it forbids you not to ravish her:
You have a conqueror's right upon your slave;
And then the more despite you do a Christian,
You serve the prophet more, who loathes that sect.
Emp. Oh now it mends, and *you talk* reason, Mufti.
But stay! I promis'd freedom to Sebastian:
Now should I grant it, his revengeful soul
Would ne'er forgive his violated bed.
Muf. Kill him, for then you give him liberty:
His soul is from his earthly prison freed.
Emp. How happy is the prince who has a churchman
So learn'd and pliant to expound his laws!
Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.
Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my love.
Bend. First, since our holy man has made rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why should you pluck the green distasteful fruit
From the unwilling bough,
When it may ripen of itself and fall?
Emp. Grant her a day; though that's too much to give
Out of a life which I devote to love.
Bend. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her desir'd Sebastian,

et Dorax be enjoin'd to bring his head.
Emp. [*To the Mufti.*] Go, Mufti, call him to receive his orders. [*Exit Mufti.*
aste thy counsel, her desires new rous'd,
nd yet unslak'd, will kindle in her fancy,
nd make her eager to renew the feast.
Bend. [*Aside.*] Dorax, I know before, will disobey:
here's a foe's head well cropt.—
ut this hot love precipitates my plot,
nd brings it to projection ere its time.

nter SEBASTIAN *and* ALMEYDA, *hand in hand; upon sight of the Emperor they separate, and seem to be disturbed.*

Alm. He breaks, at unawares, upon our walks,
nd, like a midnight wolf, invades the fold:
ake speedy preparation of your soul,
nd bid it arm apace: He comes for answer,
nd brutal mischief sits upon his brow.
Seb. Not the last sounding could surprise me more,
hat summons drowsy mortals to their doom,
hen call'd in haste, they fumble for their limbs,
nd tremble, unprovided for their charge:
y sense has been so deeply plung'd in joys,
he soul out-slept her hour, and, scarce awake,
ould think too late, and cannot: but brave minds
t worst can dare their fate.—
[*Emp. coming up to them.*
Emp. Have you perform'd
Your embassy, and treated with success?
Seb. I had not time.
Emp. No, not for my affairs,
But for your own too much.
Seb. You talk in clouds; explain your meaning, sir.
Emp. Explain your's first: what meant you, hand in hand,
And when you saw me, with a guilty start,
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my presence?
Seb. Affrighted?
Emp. Yes, astonish'd and confounded.
Seb. What mak'st thou of thyself, and what of me?
Art thou some ghost, some demon, or some god,
That I should stand astonish'd at thy sight?
If thou could'st deem so meanly of my courage,
Why didst thou not engage me man for man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
To stare me into statue?
Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd! but, by heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at first, as if surpris'd
At unexpected baseness brought to light.
For know, ungrateful man, that kings, like gods,
Are every where; walk in th' abyss of minds,
And view the dark recesses of the soul.
Seb. Base and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor, till this turn of fate, durst thou have call'd me;
But, since thou boast'st th' omniscience of a god,
Say, in what cranny of Sebastian's soul,
Unknown to me, so loath'd a crime is lodg'd?
Emp. Thou hast not broke my trust repos'd in thee?
Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that falsehood.
Emp. Thou art not married to Almeyda?
Seb. Yes.
Emp. And own'st the usurpation of my love?
Seb. I own it in the face of heav'n and thee;
No usurpation, but a lawful claim,
Of which I stand possess'd.
Emp. She has chosen well,
Betwixt a captive and a conqueror.
Alm. Betwixt a monster and the best of men.
He was the envy of his neighb'ring kings;
For him their sighing queens despis'd their lords,
And virgin daughters blush'd when he was nam'd.
To share his noble chains is more to me,
Than all the savage greatness of thy throne.
Seb. Were I to chuse again, and knew my fate,
For such a night I would be what I am.
The joys I have possess'd are ever mine;
Out of thy reach, behind eternity,
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;
But bless'd remembrance brings 'em hourly back.
Emp. Hourly indeed, who hast but hours to live:
O mighty purchase of a boasted bliss!
To dream of what thou hadst one fugitive night,
And never shalt have more.
Seb. Barbarian, thou canst part us but a moment;
We shall be one again in thy despite:
Life is but air,
That yields a passage to the whistling sword,
And closes when 'tis gone.
Alm. How can we better die than close embrac'd,
Sucking each other's souls while we expire?
Which so transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The saints deceiv'd, shall, by a sweet mistake,
Hand up thy soul for mine, and mine for thine.
Emp. No, I'll untwist you:
I have occasion for your stay on earth:
Let him mount first, and beat upon the wing,
And wait an age for what I here detain;
Or sicken at immortal joys above,
And languish for the heav'n he left below.
Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what heav'n has join'd?——
Emp. Not break the chain, but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to last.
Think'st thou I came to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers Dorax thus? Where are my guards,
[BEND. *goes out for the guards, and returns.*
To drag that slave to death? [*Pointing to* SEB.
Now, storm and rage!
Call vainly on thy prophet, then defy him
For wanting power to save thee.
Seb. That were to gratify thy pride: I'll shew thee
How a man should, and how a king dare die:
So even, that my soul shall walk with ease
Out of its flesh, and shut out life as calmly
As it does words; without a sigh, to note
One struggle in the smooth dissolving frame.
Alm. [*To the Emp.*] Expect revenge from heav'n, inhuman wretch;

Nor hope to ascend Sebastian's holy bed.
Flames, daggers, poisons, guard the sacred steps;
Those are the promis'd pleasures of my love.
Emp. And these might fright another, but not me;
Or me, if I design'd to give you pleasure;
I seek my own, and while that lasts, you live.

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the captive to a speedy death,
And set my soul at ease.
Alm. I charge you hold, ye ministers of death!—
Speak, my Sebastian;
Plead for thy life: Oh ask it of the tyrant;
'Tis no dishonour, trust me, love, 'tis none:
I would die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty heart disdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still silent! Will the king of Portugal
Go to his death, like a dumb sacrifice?
Beg him to save my life in saving thine.
Seb. Farewell, my life's not worth another word.
Emp. [*To the guards.*] Perform your orders.
Alm. Stay, take my farewell too:
Farewell the greatness of Almeyda's soul!—
Look, tyrant, what excess of love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay to embrace thy knees with loathing hands,
Which blister when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to save Sebastian's life.
Emp. A secret pleasure trickles thro' my veins:
It works about the inlets of my soul,
To feel thy touch, and pity tempts the pass;
But the tough metal of my heart resists;
'Tis warm'd with the soft fire, not melted down.
Alm. A flood of scalding tears will make it run.
Spare him, oh spare! can you pretend to love,
And have no pity? Love and that are twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compass you with these supplanting cords,
And pull so long till the proud fabric falls.
Emp. Still kneel, and still embrace; 'tis double pleasure
So to be hugg'd, and see Sebastian die.
Alm. Look, tyrant, when thou nam'st Sebastian's death,
Thy very executioners turn pale;
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the trade
Of death, they start at an anointed head,
And tremble to approach:—— He hears me not,
Nor minds th' impression of a god on kings;
Because no stamp of heav'n was on his soul,
But the resisting mass drove back the seal.
Say, though thy heart be rock of adamant,
Yet rocks are not impregnable to bribes:
Instruct me how to bribe thee: Name thy price;
Lo, I resign my title to the crown;
Send me to exile with the man I love,
And banishment is empire.
Emp. Here's my claim; [*Clapping his hand to his sword.*
And this extinguish'd thine: thou giv'st me nothing.
Alm. My father's, mother's, brother's death I pardon:
That's somewhat sure; a mighty sum of murder,
Of innocent and kindred blood struck off.
My prayers and penance shall discount for these,
And beg of heav'n to charge the bill on me:
Behold what price I offer, and how dear
To buy Sebastian's life.
Emp. Let after reck'nings trouble fearful fools;
I'll stand the trial of those trivial crimes:
But, since thou beg'st me to prescribe my terms,
The only I can offer are thy love;
And this one day of respite to resolve.
Grant or deny, for thy next word is fate,
And fate is deaf to pray'r.
Alm. May heav'n be so [*Rising up.*
At thy last breath to thine! I curse thee not,
For who can better curse the plague or devil,
Than to be what they are? That curse be thine.
Now, do not speak, Sebastian, for you need not,
But die, for I resign your life: Look, heav'n,
Almeyda dooms her dear Sebastian's death!
But is there heav'n, for I begin to doubt;
The skies are hush'd; no grumbling thunders roll:
Now take your swing, ye impious! sin unpunish'd!
Eternal providence seems overwatch'd,
And with a slumb'ring nod assents to murder.

Enter Dorax, *attended by three Soldiers.*

Emp. Thou mov'st a tortoise pace to my relief.
Take hence that once a king; that sullen pride,
That swells to dumbness; lay him in the dungeon,
And sink him deep with irons, that when he would,
He shall not groan to hearing: when I send,
The next commands are death.
Alm. Then prayers are vain as curses.
Emp. Much at one
In a slave's mouth, against a monarch's pow'r.
This day thou hast to think;
At night, if thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly;
Then I'll provoke thy lips; lay siege so close,
That all thy sallying breath shall turn to blessings.
Make haste, seize, force her, bear her hence.
Alm. Farewel, my last Sebastian!
I do not beg, I challenge justice now;
O pow'rs, if kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this wretch with your prerogative?
Now flash him dead, now crumble him to ashes;
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own palace:
And look not idly out upon a world
That is no longer yours.
[*She is carried off struggling; Emperor and* Benducar *follow;* Sebastian *struggles in his Guards' arms, and shakes off one of them, but two others come in, and hold him; he speaks not all the while.*
Dor. I find I'm but a half-strain'd villain yet; [*Aside.*
But mungrel-mischievous; for my blood boil'd,

view this brutal act; and my stern soul
gg'd at my arm to draw in her defence.
wn, thou rebelling Christian, in my heart;
leem thy fame on this Sebastian first;
en think on others wrongs, when thine are righted: [*Walks a turn.*
how to right 'em, on a slave disarm'd,
fenceless, and submitted to my rage?
ase revenge is vengeance on myself. [*Walks again.*
ave it; and I thank thee, honest head,
us present to me at my great necessity:— [*Comes up to* SEBASTIAN.
u know me not?

Seb. I hear men call thee Dorax.

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once: you speak too;
u were struck mute before.

Seb Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine:—
spatch thy work, good executioner.

Dor. None of my blood were hangmen; add that falsehood
a long bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

Seb. A king and thou can never have a reck'ning.

Dor. A greater sum perhaps than you can pay.
eantime I shall make bold to increase your debt; [*Gives him his sword.*
ake this, and use it at your greatest need.

Seb. This hand and this have been acquainted well; [*Looks on it.*
should have come before into my grasp,
o kill the ravisher.

Dor. Thou heard'st the tyrant's orders; guard thy life
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a man.

Seb. I'm still without thy meaning, but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with that.

Seb. Such surly kindness did I never see!

Dor. [*To the captain of his guards.*] Muza, draw out a file, pick man by man,
Such who dare die, and dear will sell their death.
Guard him to th' utmost; now conduct him hence,
And treat him as my person.

Seb. Something like
That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard:
But floods of woes have hurried it far off,
Beyond my ken of soul.

[*Exit* SEBASTIAN *with the soldiers.*

Dor. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful man, [*Solus.*
I shall, and set him full before thy sight,
When I shall front thee, like some staring ghost,
With all my wrongs about me.——What, so soon
Return'd? This haste is boding.

Enter to him, Emperor, BENDUCAR, *Mufti.*

Emp. She's still inexorable, still imperious;
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.
Be quick, ye false physicians of my mind,
Bring speedy death or cure.

Bend. What can be counsell'd while Sebastian lives?
The vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands;
But that cut down, creeps to the next support,
And twines as closely there.

Emp. That's done with ease; I speak him dead: proceed.

Muf. Proclaim your marriage with Almeyda next,
That civil wars may cease; this gains the crowd;
Then you may safely force her to your will:
For people side with violence and injustice,
When done for public good.

Emp. Preach thou that doctrine.

Bend. Th' unreasonable fool has broach'd a truth [*Aside.*
That blasts my hopes: but since 'tis gone so far,
He shall divulge Almeyda is a Christian:
If that produce no tumult, I despair.

Emp. Why speaks not Dorax?

Dor. Because my soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far
To trust the preaching pow'r on state affairs,
To him, or any heavenly demagogue.
'Tis a limb lopt from your prerogative,
And so much of heav'n's image blotted from you.

Muf. Sure thou hast never heard of holy men
(So Christians call 'em) fam'd in state affairs;
Such as in Spain, Ximenes, Albornoz;
In England, Wolsey; match me these with laymen.

Dor. How you triumph in one or two of these,
Born to be statesmen, happening to be churchmen:
Thou call'st 'em holy; so their function was;
But tell me, Mufti, which of 'em were saints?—
Next, sir, to you; the sum of all is this;
Since he claims pow'r from heav'n, and not from kings,
When 'tis his interest, he can interest heav'n
To preach you down; and ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the chair.

Emp. I'll trust his preaching while I rule his pay;
And I dare trust my Africans to hear
Whatever he dare preach.

Dor. You know 'em not.
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They scarcely want a guide to move their madness:
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence,
Blust'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd;
Wise to themselves, and fools to all the world;
Restless in change, and perjur'd to a proverb,
They love religion sweeten'd to the sense;
A good, luxurious, palatable faith.
Thus vice and godliness, prepost'rous pair,
Ride cheek by jowl; but churchmen hold the reins;
And, whene'er kings would lower clergy greatness,
They learn too late what power the preachers have,

And whose the subjects are; the Mufti knows it,
Nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt us two.
Emp. No more; whate'er he said was by command.
Dor. Why then no more, since you will hear no more;
Some kings are resolute to their own ruin.
Emp. Without your meddling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your orders, and dispatch Sebastian.
Dor. Trust my revenge; be sure I wish him dead.
Emp. What mean'st thou! what's thy wishing to my will?
Dispatch him, rid me of the man I loathe.
Dor. I hear you, sir; I'll take my time and do't.
Emp. Thy time? what's all thy time, what's thy whole life,
To my one hour of ease? no more replies,
But see thou do'st it; or ——
Dor. Choak in that threat: I can say OR as loud.
Emp. 'Tis well, I see my words have no effect,
But I may send a message to dispose you. [*Is going off.*
Dor. Expect an answer worthy of that message.
Muf. The prophet ow'd him this, [*Aside.*
And, thank'd be heav'n, he has it.
Bend. By holy Alla, I conjure you stay,
And judge not rashly of so brave a man.
[*Draws the Emperor aside, and whispers him.*
I'll give you reasons why he cannot execute
Your orders now, and why he will hereafter.
Muf. Benducar is a fool to bring him off; [*Aside.*
I'll work my own revenge, and speedily.
Bend The fort is his, the soldiers' hearts are his;
A thousand Christian slaves are in the castle,
Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;
Your troops far off, beleaguering Larache,
Yet in the Christians' hands.
Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he must die.
Bend. He shall, by poison:
'Tis here, the deadly drug, prepar'd in powder,
Hot as hell-fire:——Then, to prevent his soldiers
From rising to revenge their general's death,
While he is struggling with his mortal pangs,
The rabble on the sudden may be rais'd
To seize the castle.
Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.
Bend. Yet more; but clear your brow; for he observes. [*They whisper again.*
Dor. What, will the fav'rite prop my falling fortunes?
O prodigy of court! [*Aside.*

Emperor and BENDUCAR *return to* DORAX.

Emp. Your friend has fully clear'd your innocence;
I was too hasty to condemn unheard,
And you perhaps too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the majesty of kings,
I ask excuse.
Dor. I'm sure I meant it well.
Emp. I know you did:—this to our lo
new'd.—— [*Emperor dr*
Benducar, fill to Dorax.
[BENDUCAR *turns and mixes a powder*
Dor. Let it go round, for all of us have ne
To quench our heats; 'tis the king's health, B
ducar, [*He dr*
And I would pledge it, though I knew 'tw
poison.
Bend. Another bowl, for what the king
touch'd, [*Drinks out of another b*
And you have pledg'd, is sacred to your lov
Muf. Since charity becomes my calling, th
Let me provoke your friendship: and he
bless it,
As I intend it well.
[*Drinks; and turning aside, pours some s*
out of a little vial into the bowl; then
sents it to DORAX.
Dor. Heav'n make thee honest:
On that condition we shall soon be friends.—
[*Dri*
Muf. Yes, at our meeting in another wor
[*A*
For thou hast drunk thy passport out of this
Not the Nonacrian fount, nor Lethe's lake,
Could sooner numb thy nimble faculties,
Than this, to sleep eternal.
Emp. Now farewell, Dorax; this was our
quarrel,
And, I dare prophesy, will prove our last.
[*Exit Emp. with* BENDUCAR *and the M*
Dor. It may be so: I'm strangely discompo
Quick shootings through my limbs, and pri
pains,
Qualms at my heart, convulsions in my nerv
Shiv'rings of cold, and burnings of my entrai
Within my little world make medley war,
Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,
As momentary victors quit their ground.
Can it be poison! poison's of one tenour,
Or hot or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly draught, some enemy of life,
Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry clime;
Afric, the scene remov'd, is Portugal.
Of all court-service learn the common lot;
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh were that all! my honest corpse must li
Expos'd to scorn, and public infamy:
My shameful death will be divulg'd alone;
The worth and honour of my soul unknown.
[*E*

SCENE II.—*Is a Night Scene of the Muf*
Garden, where an Arbour is discovered.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. She names herself Morayma; the M

ꞩ only daughter, and a virgin! This is the
ıe and place that she appointed in her letter,
t she comes not. Why, thou sweet delicious crea-
:e, why to torture me with thy delay! dar'st
ɔu be false to thy assignation? What, in the
ol and silence of the night, and to a new lover?
ıx on the hypocrite thy father, for instructing
ɜe so little in the sweetest point of his re-
ion. Hark! I hear the rustling of her silk
intle. Now she comes; now she comes;—no,
ng it, that was but the whistling of the wind
rough the orange trees. Now again I hear
e pit a pat of a pretty foot through the dark
ey:—No, 'tis the son of a mare that's broken
ɔse and munching upon the melons:——Oh
e misery of an expecting lover! Well, I'll e'en
spair, go into my arbour, and try to sleep;
a dream I shall enjoy her in despite of her.

[*Goes into the arbour and lies down.*

nter JOHAYMA, *wrapped up in a Moorish mantle.*

Joh. Thus far my love has carried me, almost
thout my knowledge, whither I was going:
ıall I go on? shall I discover myself?—What
ı injury am I doing to my old husband!——
et what injury, since he's old, and has three
ives and six concubines, besides me? 'Tis but
ealing my own tithe from him.

[*She comes a little nearer the arbour.*

Ant. [*Raising himself a little, and looking.*]—
t last 'tis she: this is no illusion I am sure;
is a true she-devil of flesh and blood; and she
ıuld never have taken a fitter time to tempt
e.

Joh. He's young and handsome.

Ant. Yes, well enough, I thank nature. [*Aside.*

Joh. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: sure
: will not refuse me.

Ant. No, thou may'st pawn thy maidenhead
pon't he wont. [*Aside.*

Joh. The Mufti would feast himself upon other
omen, and keep me fasting.

Ant. O, the holy curmudgeon! [*Aside.*

Joh. Would preach abstinence, and practise
ıxury! but, I thank my stars, I have edified
ıore by his example than his precept.

Ant. Most divinely argued; she's the best ca-
uist in all Afric. [*Aside.*

[*He rushes out, and embraces her.*

can hold no longer from embracing thee, my
ear Morayma: the old unconscionable whore-
on, thy father, could he expect cold chastity
'om a child of his begetting?

Joh. What nonsense do you talk! do you take
ıe for the Mufti's daughter?

Ant. Why, are you not, madam?

Joh. I find you had an appointment with Mo-
ayma. [*Throwing off her Barnus.*

Ant. By all that's good, the nauseous wife!

[*Aside.*

Joh. What, you are confounded and stand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonplust I confess, to hear
ou deny your name so positively; why, are not
you Morayma, the Mufti's daughter? Did I not see you with him, did not he present me to you? Were you not so charitable as to give me money? Ay and to tread upon my foot, and squeeze my hand too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past favours.

Joh. And you see I am come to make 'em good; but I am neither Morayma nor the Mufti's daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am sure he is old enough to be your father: and either father, or reverend father, I heard you call him.

Joh. Once again, how came you to name Morayma?

Ant. Another damn'd mistake of mine; for, asking one of my fellow slaves, who were the chief ladies about the house, he answer'd me, Morayma and Johayma; but she, it seems, is his daughter, with a pox to her, and you are his beloved wife.

Joh. Say your beloved mistress, if you please; for that's the title I desire. This moon-shine grows offensive to my eyes. Come, shall we walk into the arbour? There we may rectify all mistakes.

Ant. That's close and dark.

Joh. And are those faults to lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot please myself with the sight of your beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a breath of air stirring.

Joh. The breath of lovers is the sweetest air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am considering, indeed, that if I am taken with you—

Joh. The best way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be discover'd.

Ant. Where lodges your husband?

Joh. Just against the face of this open walk.

Ant. Then he has seen us already, for aught I know.

Joh. You make so many difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

Ant. [*Aside.*] If Morayma comes and takes me in the arbour with her, I have made a fine exchange of that diamond for this pebble.

Joh. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the fury of your first embrace.

Ant. I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the transport of my passion; now I have consider'd it better, I have a qualm of conscience.

Joh. Of conscience! Why, what has conscience to do with two young lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why, truly, conscience is something to blame for interposing in our matters: But how can I help it, if I have a scruple to betray my master?

Joh. There must be something more in it; for your conscience was very quiet when you took me for Morayma.

Ant. I grant you, madam, when I took you for his daughter: For then I might have made you an honourable amends by marriage.

Joh. You Christians are such peeking sinners, you tremble at a shadow in the moon-shine.

Ant. And you Africans are such termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you; you are married, and to a holy man, the head of your religion: Go back to your chamber; go back, I say, and consider of it for this night, as I will do on my part: I will be true to you, and invent all the arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting the sweet devil may have more power over me? I am true flesh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Joh. Flesh without blood I think thou art; or, if any, 'tis as cold as that of fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy cost, what vengeance is in store for refusing a lady, who has offer'd thee her love:—— Help, help, there! will nobody come to my assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, madam? for heaven's sake, peace; your husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ungrateful wretch, thou deserv'st no pity: Help, help, husband, or I shall be ravish'd! The villain will be too strong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor distressed creature!

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me: I must drown her clamour, whate'er comes on't.

[*He takes out his flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.*

Enter the Mufti in his Night-gown, and two Servants.

Muf. O thou villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing? What, ravishing the wife of my bosom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the world of such a monster.

[*Servants seize him.*

Ant. Mercy, dear master, mercy! Hear me first, and after, if I have deserved hanging, spare me not: What have you seen to provoke you to this cruelty?

Muf. I have heard the outcries of my wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent lamb: Seen nothing, say'st thou? If I see the lamb lie bleeding, and the butcher by her with his knife drawn and bloody, is not that evidence sufficient of the murder? I come too late, and the execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in reason, sir; is a man to be put to death for a similitude? No violence has been committed; none intended: The lamb's alive; and, if I durst tell you so, no more a lamb than I am a butcher.

Joh. How's that, villain! dar'st thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient, madam, and speak but truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you: I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Joh. [*Aside.*] I understand him; but I fear 'tis now too late to save him.—Pray hear him speak, husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Muf. Speak thou, has he not violated my bed and thy honour?

Joh. I forgive him freely; for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, sweet madam: I shall refuse no drudgery.

Muf. But, did he mean no mischief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. 'Tis impossible: Then what meant all those outcries?

Joh. I heard music in the garden, and at an unseasonable time of night; and I stole softly out of my bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that, Johayma? Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Joh. Why not, my lord? Am not I the mistress of the family? And is it not my place to see good order kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd some of the she-slaves to him; and was resolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them: when on the sudden he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his arms, with such a fury——

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him—

Joh. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I discover'd myself, and cried aloud: But as soon as ever he knew me, the villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. O thou corrupter of my family! that's cause enough of death; once again, away with him.

Joh. What, for an intended trespass? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred crowns, I take it.

Muf. Thou say'st true, a very considerable sum: He shall not die, though he had committed folly with a slave; 'tis too much to kill him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love piping in the dark; and the more she cried, the more too I play'd, that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your kennel, sirrah; mortify your flesh, and consider in whose family you are.

Joh. And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. [*Aside.*] For all her smoothness, I am not quite cur'd of my jealousy; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit Mufti, with* JOHAYMA *and servants.*

Ant. I am mortified sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly counsel. Fear of death has gone farther with me in two minutes than my conscience would have gone in two months. I find myself in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor sin lies dormant, concupiscence is retir'd to his winter quarters; and if Morayma should now appear—I say no more; but alas, for her and me!

[MORAYMA *comes out of the arbour; she steals behind him, and claps him on the back.*

Mor. And if Morayma should appear, as she does appear, alas, you say, for her and you!

Ant. Art thou there, my sweet temptation!
eyes, my life, my soul, my all!

Mor. A mighty compliment, when all these,
your own confession, are just nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou cam'st to new create
: thou dost not know the power of thy own
rms: let me embrace thee, and thou shalt see
quickly I can turn wicked.

Mor. [*Stepping back.*] Nay, if you are so dan-
ous, 'tis best keeping you at a distance; I
e no mind to warm a frozen snake in my bo-
; he may chance to recover, and sting me
my pains.

Ant. Consider what I have suffer'd for thy
e already; and make me some amends: two
ppointments in a night, O cruel creature!

Mor. And you may thank yourself for both;
ame eagerly to the charge, before my time,
ough the back walk behind the arbour; and
, like a fresh-water soldier, stood guarding
pass before: if you miss'd the enemy, you
y thank your own dulness.

Ant. Nay, if you will be using stratagems, you
ll give me leave to make use of my advan-
es, now I have you in my power: we are fair-
net; I'll try it out, and give no quarter.

Mor. By your favour, sir, we meet upon trea-
now, and not upon defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you shall have carte blanche
nediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already
er'd into articles with my enemy Johayma:
y thing to serve you, madam; I shall refuse
drudgery: Whose words were those, gentle-
n? was that like a cavalier of honour?

Ant. Not very heroic; but self-preservation
point above honour and religion too.—Anto-
was a rogue, I must confess; but you must
e me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your life so basely, and to pre-
t your sword to your enemy! Oh, recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my fame in-
d would have sounded loud, but I should ne-
have heard the blast: Come, don't make
rself worse natur'd than you are: to save my
, you would be content I should promise any
ng.

Mor. Yes, if I were sure you would perform
thing.

Ant. Can you suspect I would leave you for
hayma?

Mor. No; but I can suspect you would have
th of us: Love is covetous; I must have all
you; heart for heart is an equal truck. In
rt, I am younger; I think handsomer; and
sure I love you better. She has been my step-
ther these fifteen years: you think that's her
e you see, but 'tis only a daub'd vizard: she
ars an armour of proof upon't: an inch thick
paint, besides the wash: her face is so forti-
d that you can make no approaches to it, with-
t a shovel. But for her constancy, I can tell
u for your comfort, she will love till death,—
nean till yours: for when she has worn you out,
e will certainly dispatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales; as she has already serv'd three slaves, your predecessors of happy memory in her favours. She has made my pious father a three pil'd cuckold to my knowledge: and now she would be robbing me of my single sheep too.

Ant. Prithee prevent her then; and at least take the shearing of me first.

Mor. No; I'll have a butcher's penny-worth of you; first secure the carcase, and then take the fleece into the bargain.

Ant. Why sure you did not put yourself and me to all this trouble for a dry come-off! by this hand— [*Taking it.*

Mor. Which you shall never touch, but upon better assurances than you imagine.
[*Pulling her hand away.*

Ant. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty damn'd infidel.

Mor. I mean you shall: but no earnest, till the bargain be made before witnesses: there's love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to, never doubt it, but all upon honourable terms.

Ant. I vow and swear by love; and he's a deity in all religions.

Mor. But never to be trusted in any: he has another name too, of a worse sound. Shall I trust an oath, when I see your eyes languishing, your cheeks flushing, and can hear your heart throbbing? No, I'll not come near you: He is a foolish physician who will feel the pulse of a patient, that has the plague spots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little moppet argue so perversely against so good a cause! Come, prithee, let me anticipate a little of my revenue.

Mor. You would fain be fingering your rents before-hand; but that makes a man an ill husband ever after. Consider, marriage is a painful vocation, as you shall prove it; manage your incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard task on't, to make even at the year's end, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Christian intention, to revenge myself upon thy father, for being the head of a false religion.

Mor. And so you shall; I offer you his daughter for your second: but since you are so pressing, meet me under my window to-morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll slip down out of my lodging, and bring my father in my hand.

Ant. How, thy father!

Mor. I mean all that's good of him; his pearls and jewels, his whole contents, his heart and soul; as much as ever I can carry. I'll leave him his Alcoran; that's revenue enough for him: every page of it is gold and diamonds. He has the turn of an eye, a demure smile, and a godly cant, that are worth millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a slave prepared at the postern gate, with two horses ready saddled. No more, for I fear I may be missed; and think I hear them calling for me.—If you have constancy and courage——

Ant. Never doubt it: and love in abundance, to wander with thee all the world over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thousand crowns in a casket!—

Ant. A heavy burden, heaven knows! but we must pray for patience to support it.

Mor. Besides a willing tit, that will venture her corps with you:—Come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore, to shew I am in charity—— [*He kisses her.*

Ant. Once more, for pity! that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

Mor. No; frequent charities make bold beggars: and besides, I have learned of a falconer, never to feed up a hawk when I would have fly: that's enough——but if you will be nibbing here's a hand to stay your stomach.

[*Kissing her han*

Ant. Thus conquer'd infidels, that war
cease,
Are forc'd to give their hands, and sign the peac

Mor. Thus Christians are outwitted by the
You had her in your pow'r, and let her go.
If you release my hand, the fault's not mine;
You should have made me seal as well as sig

[*She runs off, he follows her to the*
then comes back again, and goes out
the other.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—BENDUCAR'S *Palace in the Castle of Alcazar.*

BENDUCAR *solus.*

Bend. My future fate, the colour of my life,
My all depends on this important hour:
This hour my lot is weighing in the scales,
And heaven, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a crown have pushed me forward;
'Tis fix'd; the tyrant must not ravish her:
He and Sebastian stand betwixt my hopes;
He most; and therefore first to be dispatch'd.
These and a thousand things are to be done
In the short compass of this rolling night,
And nothing yet perform'd;
None of my emissaries yet return'd.

Enter HALY, *first Servant.*

O Haly, thou hast held me long in pain!
What hast thou learned of Dorax? is he dead?

Haly. Two hours I warily have watch'd his
palace;
All doors are shut, no servant peeps abroad;
Some officers with striding haste pass'd in,
While others outward went on quick dispatch;
Sometimes hushed silence seemed to reign within;
Then cries confus'd, and a joint clamour follow'd;
Then lights went gliding by, from room to room,
And shot like thwarting meteors cross the house:
Not daring farther to enquire, I came
With speed, to bring you this imperfect news.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or
dying:
His mournful friends, summon'd to take their
leaves,
Are throng'd about his couch, and sit in council:
What those caballing captains may design,
I must prevent, by being first in action.
To Muley Zeydan fly with speed; desire him
To take my last instructions; tell th' importance,
And haste his presence here. [*Exit* HALY.
How has this poison lost its wonted way?
It should have burnt its passage, not have linger'd
In the blind labyrinths and crooked turnings
Of human composition; now it moves
Like a slow fire that works against the wind,
As if his stronger stars had interpos'd.

Enter HAMET.

Well, Hamet, are our friends the rabble rais'd
From Mustapha what message?

Ham. What you wish:
The streets are thicker in this noon of night,
Than at the mid-day sun: a drowsy horror
Sits on their eyes, like fear not well awake;
All crowd in heaps, as at a night alarm;
The bees drive out upon each other's backs,
T' imboss their hives in clusters; all ask news:
Their busy captain runs the weary round
To whisper orders; and, commanding silence,
Makes not noise cease, but deafens it to
murs.

Bend. Night wastes apace: when, when
he appear?

Ham. He only waits your summons.

Bend. Haste their coming.
Let secresy and silence be enjoined
In their close march: what news from the
tenant?

Ham. I left him at the gate, firm to your
terest,
T' admit the townsmen at their first appearance

Bend. Thus far 'tis well: go hasten Mustapha
[*Exit* HAMET

Enter ORCHAN, *the third Servant.*

O, Orchan, did I think thy diligence
Would lag behind the rest? What from the
Mufti?

Orch. I sought him round his palace; made
enquiry
Of all the slaves; in short, I us'd your name,
And urged th' importance home; but had
answer,

at since the shut of evening none had seen him.
Bend. O the curst fate of all conspiracies!
ey move on many springs; if one but fail,
e restive machine stops.—In an ill hour he's absent;
is the first time, and sure will be the last,
at e'er a Mufti was not in the way,
hen tumult and rebellion should be broach'd.
ay by me; thou art resolute and faithful;
ave employment worthy of thy arm. [*Walks.*

Enter MULEY-ZEYDAN.

Mul. Zeyd. You see me come, impatient of my hopes,
nd eager as the courser for the race:
all in readiness?
Bend. All but the Mufti.
Mul. Zeyd. We must go on without him.
Bend. True, we must;
or 'tis ill stopping in the full career,
owe'er the leap be dangerous and wide.
Orch. [*Looking out.*] I see the blaze of torches from afar,
nd hear the trampling of thick beating feet:
his way they move.
Bend. No doubt the emperor;
Ve must not be surpris'd in conference.
rust to my management the tyrant's death;
nd haste yourself to join with Mustapha.
'he officer who guards the gate is yours;
Vhen you have gain'd that pass, divide your force;
'ourself in person head one chosen half,
nd march t' oppress the faction in consult
Vith dying Dorax: Fate has driven 'em all
nto the net: You must be bold and sudden:
pare none, and if you find him struggling yet
Vith pangs of death, trust not his rolling eyes
And heaving gasps, for poison may be false;
The home-thrust of a friendly sword is sure.
Mul. Zeyd. Doubt not my conduct: they shall be surpris'd;
Mercy may wait without the gate one night,
At morn I'll take her in.
Bend. Here lies your way;
You meet your brother there.
Mul. Zeyd. May we ne'er meet!
For, like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the skies.
[*Exit* MULEY ZEYDAN.
Bend. He comes: now, heart,
Be ribb'd with iron for this one attempt:
Set ope thy sluices, send the vigorous blood
Through every active limb for my relief:
Then take thy rest within thy quiet cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.

Enter MULEY MOLUCH, *and Guards attending him.*

M. Mol. What news of our affairs, and what of Dorax?
Is he no more? say that and make me happy.
Bend. May all your enemies be like that dog,
Whose parting soul is lab'ring at the lips.
M. Mol. The people, are they raised?
Bend. And marshall'd too;
Just ready for the march.
M. Mol. Then I'm at ease.
Bend. The night is yours, the glittering host of heaven
Shines but for you; but most the star of love,
That twinkles you to fair Almeyda's bed.
Oh there's a joy, to melt in her embrace,
Dissolve in pleasures,
And make the gods curse immortality,
That so they could not die.
But haste, and make 'em yours.
M. Mol. I will; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart;
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
Like fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting substance made of fire.
My senses too are dull and stupified,
Their edge rebated; sure some ill approaches,
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me fate's at hand.
Bend. Mere fancies all.
Your soul has been beforehand with your body,
And drunk so deep a draught of promis'd bliss,
She slumbers o'er the cup; no danger's near,
But of a surfeit at too full a feast.
M. Mol. It may be so; it looks so like the dream
That overtook me at my waking hour
This morn; and dreams, they say, are then divine,
When all the balmy vapours are exhal'd,
And some o'erpow'ring god continues sleep.
'Twas then, methought, Almeyda smiling came,
Attended with a train of all her race,
Whom in the rage of empire I had murder'd;
But now, no longer foes, they gave me joy
Of my new conquest, and, with helping hands,
Heav'd me into our holy prophet's arms,
Who bore me in a purple cloud to heav'n.
Bend. Good omen, sir.—I wish you in that heaven
Your dream portends you,
Which presages death. [*Aside.*
M. Mol. Thou too wert there;
And thou, methought, didst push me from below,
With thy full force, to paradise.
Bend. Yet better.
M. Mol. Ha! What's that grizzly fellow that attends thee?
Bend. Why ask you, sir?
M. Mol. For he was in my dream,
And help'd to heave me up.
Bend. With prayers and wishes;
For I dare swear him honest.
M. Mol. That may be;
But yet he looks damnation.
Bend. You forget
The face would please you better: Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?
M. Mol. I'll head my people;
Then think of dalliance, when the danger's o'er.
My warlike spirits work now another way,
And my soul's tun'd to trumpets.
Bend. You debase yourself,

To think of mixing with th' ignoble herd.
Let such perform the servile work of war,
Such who have no Almeyda to enjoy.
What, shall the people know their god-like prince
Skulk'd in a nightly skirmish? Stole a conquest,
Headed a rabble, and profaned his person,
Shoulder'd with filth, borne in a tide of odour,
And stifled with their rank offensive sweat?

M. Mol. I am off again: I will not prostitute
The regal dignity so far to head 'em.

Bend. There spoke a king.
Dismiss your guards to be employed elsewhere
In ruder combats: You will want no seconds
In those alarms you seek.

M. Mol. Go join the crowd; [*To the guards.*
Benducar, thou shalt lead 'em in my place.
[*Exeunt guards.*
The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul; and my whole heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her charms;
I feel her as she glides along my veins,
And dances in my blood: So, when our prophet
Had long been hammering in his lonely cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious paradise,
A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by;
Passing, she cast at him a side-long glance,
And look'd behind, in hopes to be pursued:
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying fair;
And having found his heav'n, he fix'd it there.
[*Exit* M. MOL.

Bend. That paradise thou never shalt possess.
His death is easy now, his guards are gone;
And I can sin but once to seize the throne.
All after acts are sanctified by pow'r.

Orch. Command my sword and life.

Bend. I thank thee, Orchan,
And shall reward thy faith: This master key
Frees every lock, and leads us to his person:
And should we miss our blow, as heav'n forbid,
Secures retreat. Leave open all behind us;
And first set wide the Mufti's garden gate,
Which is his private passage to the palace:
For there our mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now sleep, ye stars,
That silently o'erwatch the fate of kings;
Be all propitious influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous planets mount the guard. [*Exit with* ORCHAN.

SCENE II.—*A Night Scene of the Mufti's Garden.*

Enter the Mufti alone, in a Slave's Habit, like that of ANTONIO.

Muf. This 'tis to have a sound head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my religion; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe myself. For what's Mahomet to me, but that I get by him? Now for my policy of this night: I have mew'd up my suspected spouse in her chamber. No more embassies to that lusty young stallion of a gardener. Next, my habit of a slave; I have made myself as like him as I can, all but his youth and vigour; which, when I had, I pass'd my time as well as any of my holy predecessors. Now, walking under the windows of my seraglio, if Johayma look out, she will certainly take me for Antonio, and call to me; and by that I shall know what concupiscence is working in her. She cannot come down to commit iniquity, there's my safety; but if she peep, if she put her nose abroad, there's demonstration of her pious will: And I'll not make the first precedent for a churchman to forgive injuries.

Enter MORAYMA, *running to him with a Casket in her Hand, and embracing him.*

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good conscience; here are the pearls and jewels, here's my father.

Muf. I am indeed thy father; but how the devil didst thou know me in this disguise? and what pearls and jewels dost thou mean?

Mor. [*Going back.*]——What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, Morayma?

Mor. I think you'll make me so.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? recollect thyself, and speak sense to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten such a monster? Proceed, my dutiful child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a mass of wealth, by indirect and wicked means; the spoils of orphans are in these jewels, and the tears of widows in these pearls.

Muf. Thou amaz'st me!

Mor. I would do so. This casket is loaded with your sins; 'tis the cargo of rapines, simony, and extortions; the iniquity of thirty years Muftiship, converted into diamonds.

Muf. Would some rich railing rogue would say as much to me, that I might squeeze his purse for scandal.

Mor. No, sir, you get more by pious fools than railers, when you insinuate into their families, manage their fortunes while they live, and beggar their heirs by getting legacies when they die. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your theft? I discharge my conscience of it: Here take again your filthy mammon, and restore it, you had best, to the true owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own daughter.

Mor. And a great credit for me to be so! Do but think how decent a habit you have on, and how becoming your function to be disguis'd like a slave, and eves-dropping under the women's windows, to be saluted, as you deserve it richly, with a piss-pot. If I had not known you casually by your shambling gate, and a certain reverend awkwardness that is natural to all of your function, here you had been expos'd to the laughter of your own servants, who have been in search of you through your whole seraglio, peeping under every petticoat to find you.

Muf. Prithee, child, reproach me no more of human failings; they are but a little of the pitch and spots of the world; they are still sticking on ne; but I hope to scour 'em out in time: I am etter at bottom than thou think'st; I am not the nan thou tak'st me for.

Mor. No, to my sorrow, sir, you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd beginning, though, methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm embrace; prithee what was the meaning of that violent hot hug?

Mor. I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the man of the world, whom I may love lawfully.

Muf. But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a close embrace?

Mor. No indeed; for my mother-in-law complains, that you are past teaching: But if you mistook my innocent embrace for sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it would have been more acceptable.

Muf. Why, this as it should be now: Take the treasure again, it can never be put into better hands.

Mor. Yes, to my knowledge, but it might. I have confess'd my soul to you, if you can understand me rightly; I never disobey'd you till this night, and now since, through the violence of my passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your blessing, and your leave, that upon the first opportunity I may go for ever from your sight; for, heaven knows, I never desire to see you more.

Muf. [*Wiping his eyes.*] Thou mak'st me weep at thy unkindness; indeed, dear daughter, we will not part.

Mor. Indeed, dear daddy, but we will.

Muf. Why, if I have been a little pilfering, or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it, since it was to make thee rich; and I hope a man may make bold with his own soul, without offence to his own child. Here, take the jewels again, take 'em, I charge thee upon thy obedience.

Mor. Well then, in virtue of obedience I will take 'em; but, on my soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muf. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his, whom I love better than my life.

Muf. That's me again.

Mor. I would have you think so.

Muf. How thy good nature works upon me! well, I can do no less than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the rabble be order'd to rise to-night.

Enter Antonio, *in an African rich Habit.*

Ant. What do you mean, my dear, to stand talking in this suspicious place, just underneath Johayma's window? [*To the Mufti.*] You are well met, comrade, I know you are the friend of our flight. Are the horses ready at the postern gate?

Muf. Antonio, and in disguise! now I begin to smell a rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-stinks it; false Morayma, hast thou thus betrayed me to thy father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd myself! He came disguis'd like you, and I, poor innocent, ran into his hands.

Muf. In good time you did so; I laid a trap for a bitch fox, and a worse vermin has caught himself in it: you would fain break loose now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own territories and in call of company, that's my comfort. [*Taking him by the throat.*]

Ant. No; I have a trick left to put thee past thy squeeking: I have given thee the quincey; that ungracious tongue shall preach no more false doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? you will not throttle him? consider he's my father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide first for our own safety; if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my sake give him back a little cranny of his wind-pipe, and some part of speech.

Ant. Not so much as one single interjection. Come away, father-in-law; this is no place for dialogues: when you are in the mosque, you talk by hours, and there no man must interrupt you; this is but like for like, good father-in-law; now I am in the pulpit, 'tis your turn to hold your tongue. [*He struggles.*

Nay, if you will be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the stage; with his sword at his reins.*

Mor. T'other way; to the arbour with him and make haste, before we are discovered.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil usage; he deserves not so much favour by any action of his life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your mistress.

Ant. I would, if he had not thought more of thy mother than of thee; once more, come along in silence, my Pythagorean father-in-law.

Joh. [*At the balcony.*]—A bird in a cage may peep at least; though she must not fly. What bustle's there beneath my window? Antonio, by all my hopes! I know him by his habit; but what makes that woman with him, and a friend, a sword drawn, and hasting hence? This is no time for silence:—Who's within? call there, where are the servants! why Omar, Abedin, Hassan, and the rest, make haste and run into the garden; there are thieves and villains; arm all the family, and stop 'em.

Ant. [*Turning back.*] O that screech owl at the window! we shall be pursued immediately; which way shall we take?

Mor. [*Giving him the casket.*] 'Tis impossible to escape them; for the way to our horses lies back again by the house; and then we shall meet 'em full in the teeth; here, take these jewels; thou mayest leap the walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind soul?

Mor. I must take my fortune; when you are got safe into your own country, I hope you will bestow a sigh on the memory of her who loved you!

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good night will be lost betwixt us! Take back thy jewels; 'tis an empty casket without thee; besides I should never leap well with the weight of all thy father's sins about me; thou and they had been a bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'll serve to make thy peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming; shift for yourself at least; remember I am yours for ever.

[*Servants crying,* This way, This way, *behind the scenes.*

Ant. And I but the empty shadow of myself without thee! Farewell, father-in-law, that should have been, if I had not been curst in my mother's belly—Now, which way, fortune?

[*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards. Servants within cry,* Follow, follow, yonder are the villains.

Ant. O here's a gate open; but it leads into the castle; yet I must venture it.

[*Going out. A shout behind the scenes where* ANTONIO *is going out.*

Ant. There's the rabble in a mutiny; what, is the devil up at midnight!—however, 'tis good herding in a crowd. [*Runs out.*

[*Mufti runs to* MORAYMA, *and lays hold on her, then snatches away the casket.*

Muf. Now, to do things in order; first, I seize upon the bag, and then upon the baggage: for thou'rt but my flesh and blood, but these are my life and soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my flesh and blood, and keep to yourself your life and soul.

Muf. Both or none; come away to durance.

Mor. Well, if it must be so, agreed; for I have another trick to play you; and thank yourself for what shall follow. [*Enter servants.*

Joh. [*From above.*] One of them took through the private way into the castle; follow him, be sure, for these are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly, Omar, Abedin! I have hold on the villain that stole my jewels; but 'tis a lusty rogue, and he will prove too strong for me; what, help, I say, do you not know your master's daughter?

Muf. Now if I cry out they will know my voice, and then I am disgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own begetting.

[*The servants seize him.*

1 *Ser.* What a glorious deliverance have you had, madam, from this bloody-minded Christian!

Mor. Give me back my jewels, and carry this notorious malefactor to be punish'd by my father. I'll hunt the other dry foot.

[*Takes the jewels, and runs out after* ANTONIO *at the same passage.*

1 *Ser.* I long to be handselling his hide, before we bring him to my master

2 *Ser.* Hang him, for an old covetou pocrite: he deserves a worse punishment self for keeping us so hardly.

1 *Ser.* Ay, would he were in this villain's thus I would lay him on, and thus. [*Beat*

2 *Ser.* And thus would I revenge myself o last beating.

[*He beats him too, and then the*

Muf. Oh, oh, oh!

1 *Ser.* Now supposing you were the sir,— [*Beats him a*

Muf. The devil's in that supposing rasc can bear no more, and I am the Mufti: suppose yourselves my servants, and hold hands; an anointed halter take you all!

1 *Ser.* My master! your will pardon the cess of our zeal for you, sir; indeed we all you for a villain, and so we us'd you.

Muf. Ay, so I feel you did; my back sides are abundant testimonies of your zeal. rogues, and bring me back my jewels, and m gitive daughter: run, I say.

[*They run to the gate, and the first ser runs back again.*

1 *Ser.* Sir, the castle is in a most terrible bustion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable commotion: The voice of the mobile is the voice of heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the slave, and to assume the Mufti; and then I will return: for the piety of the people must be encouraged, that they may help me to recover my jewels and my daughter.

[*Exeunt Mufti and Servants.*

Scene changes to the Castle-yard, and discovers ANTONIO, MUSTAPHA, *and the rabble shouting. They come forward.*

Ant. And so at length, as I inform'd you, I escaped out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illustrious feet for my protection.

Must. Thou shalt have it, and now defy the Mufti. 'Tis the first petition that has been made to me since my exaltation to tumult; in this second night of the month Abib, and in the year of the Hegyra,—the Lord knows what year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am settled, the learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am resolv'd to date my authority over the rabble like other monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again, though I could not compass it before, and had design'd you a casket of my master's jewels too; for I knew the custom, and would not have appear'd before a great person, as you are, without a present: But he has defrauded my good intentions, and basely robb'd you of 'em; 'tis a prize worth a million of crowns, and you carry your letters of mark about you.

Must. I shall make bold with his treasure, for the support of my new government. [*The people gather about him.*] What do these vile ragamuffians so near our person? your savour is offensive to us; bear back there, and make room for honest men to approach us. These fools and knaves are always impudently crowding next to princes, and keeping off the more deserving; bear back, I say. [*They make a wider circle.*

That's dutifully done; now shout to show your loyalty. [*A great shout.*] Hear'st thou that, slave Antonio? these obstreperous villains shout, and know not for what they make a noise. You shall see me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant beasts they are. For whom do you shout now? who's to live and reign? tell me that, the wisest of you.

1 *Rab.* Even who you please, captain.

Must. La you there! I told you so.

2 *Rab.* We are not bound to know who is to live and reign; our business is only to rise upon command, and plunder.

3 *Rab.* Ay, the richest of both parties; for they are our enemies.

Must. This last fellow is a little more sensible than the rest; he has enter'd somewhat into the merits of the cause.

1 *Rab.* If a poor man may speak his mind, I think, captain, that yourself are the fittest to live and reign; I mean not over, but next and immediately under the people; and thereupon I say, a Mustapha, a Mustapha!

All cry, A Mustapha, a Mustapha!

Must. I must confess the sound is pleasing, and tickles the ears of my ambition; but, alas, good people, it must not be! I am contented to be a poor simple viceroy; but prince Muley-Zeydan is to be the man: I shall take care to instruct him in the arts of government; and in his duty to us all: and therefore mark my cry: A Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan!

All cry, A Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan!

Must. You see, slave Antonio, what I might have been.

Ant. I observe your modesty.

Must. But for a foolish promise I made once to my lord Benducar, to set up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter the Mufti with his Servants.

Ant. Here's the old hypocrite again; now stand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the jewels, the rich and glorious jewels; they are destin'd to be yours, by virtue of prerogative.

Must. Let me alone to pick a quarrel; I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

Muf. [*Making up to the Mobile.*] Good people, here you are met together.

1 *Rab.* Ay, we know that without your telling; but why are we met together, doctor? for that's it which no body here can tell.

2 *Rab.* Why, to see one another in the dark; and to make holiday at midnight.

Muf. You are met, as becomes good mussulmen, to settle the nation; for I must tell you, that though your tyrant is a lawful emperor, yet your lawful emperor is but a tyrant.

Ant. What stuff he talks!

Must. 'Tis excellent fine matter indeed, slave Antonio; he has a rare tongue; oh, he would move a rock of elephant!

Ant. [*Aside.*] What a block have I to work upon! [*To him.*

But still remember the jewels, sir, the jewels.

Must. Nay, that's true on t'other side: the jewels must be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking; my conscience goes along with him, but the jewels have set my heart against him.

Muf. That your emperor is a tyrant is most manifest; for you were born to be Turks, but he has play'd the Turk with you; and is taking your religion away.

2 *Rab.* We find that in our decay of trade: I have seen for these hundred years, that religion and trade always go together.

Muf. He is now upon the point of marrying himself, without your sovereign consent; and what are the effects of marriage?

3 *Rab.* A scolding, domineering wife, if she prove honest; and if a whore, a fine gaudy minx, that robs our counters every night, and then goes out, and spends it upon our cuckold-makers.

Muf. No, the natural effects of marriage are children: Now on whom would he beget these children? Even upon a Christian! Oh, horrible! how can you believe me, though I am ready to swear it upon the Alcoran! Yes, true believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a race of misbelievers.

Must. That's fine, in earnest; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting tongue.

Ant. But yet remember———

Must. Ay, ay, the jewels! Now again I hate him; but yet my conscience makes me listen to him.

Muf. Therefore, to conclude all, believers, pluck up your hearts, and pluck down the tyrant: remember the courage of your ancestors; remember the majesty of the people; remember yourselves, your wives and children; and, lastly, above all, remember your religion, and our holy Mahomet; all these require your timeous assistance; shall I say they beg it? No, they claim it of you; by all the nearest and dearest ties of these three p's, self-preservation, our property, and our prophet. Now answer me with an unanimous chearful cry, and follow me, who am your leader, to a glorious deliverance.

[*All cry,* A Mufti, a Mufti! *and are following him off the stage.*

Ant. Now you see what comes of your foolish qualms of conscience: The jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.

Must. What! am I forsaken of my subjects? Would the rogue purloin my liege people from me!—I charge you in my own name, come back, ye deserters, and hear me speak.

2 *Rab.* What, will he come with his balderdash, after the Mufti's eloquent oration?

3 *Rab.* He's our captain, lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, captain, for we will hear you.

Must. Do you remember the glorious rapines and robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of houses, your rummaging of cellars, your demolishing of Christian temples, and bearing off in triumph the superstitious plate and pictures, the ornaments of their wicked altars, when all rich moveables were sentenc'd for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was seiz'd? Answer first for your remembrance of all these sweetnesses of mutiny; for upon those grounds I shall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Must. Then make much of your retentive faculties. And who led you to those honeycombs? Your Mufti? No, believers, he only preach'd you up to it, but durst not lead you; he was but your counsellor, but I was your captain; he only loo'd you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his figures.

Must. I think I was, slave Antonio. Alas, I was ignorant of my own talent!—Say then, believers, will you have a captain for your Mufti, or a Mufti for your captain? And further to instruct you how to cry, will you have a Mufti, or no Mufti?

Omnes. No Mufti, no Mufti.

Must. That I laid in for 'em, slave Antonio.—Do I then spit upon your faces? Do I discourage rebellion, mutiny, rapine, and plundering? You may think I do, believers, but heaven forbid: No, I encourage you to all these laudable undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the government; but you shall do this upon my authority, and not by his wicked instigation.

2 *Rab.* Nay, when his turn is serv'd, he may preach up loyalty again and restitution, that he might have another snack among us.

1 *Rab.* He may indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I would have a new religion, where half the commandments should be taken away, the rest mollified, and there should be little or no sin remaining.

Omnes. Another religion, a new religion, another religion!

Must. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little inspiration: For, I must tell you, I have a pigeon at home, of Mahomet's own breed; and when I have learn'd her to pick pease out of my ear, rest satisfy'd till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspir'd already, that 'tis no sin to depose the Mufti.

Ant. And good reason; for when kings and queens are to be discarded, what should knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Must. Nay, if he and his clergy will needs be preaching up rebellion, and giving us their blessing, 'tis but justice they should have the first fruits of it.—Slave Antonio, take him into custody; and, dost thou hear, boy, be sure to secure the little transitory box of jewels: if he be obstinate, put a civil question to him upon the rack, and he squeaks, I warrant him.

Ant. [*Seizing the Mufti.*] Come, my quondam master, you and I must change qualities.

Muf. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me! we may preach suffering to others, but, alas! holy flesh is too well pamper'd to endure martyrdom.

Must. Now, late Mufti, not forgetting my first quarrel to you, we will enter ourselves with the plunder of your palace: 'tis good to sanctify a work, and begin a God's name.

1 *Rab.* Our prophet let the devil alone with the last mob.

Mob. But he takes care of this himself.

[*As they are going out, enter* BENDUCAR *leading* ALMEYDA: *He with a sword in one hand;* BENDUCAR'S *slave follows with* MULY-MOLUCH'S *head upon a spear.*

Must. Not so much haste, masters; come back again: You are so bent upon mischief, that you take a man upon the first word of plunder. Here's a sight for you: the emperor is come upon his head to visit you. [*Bowing.*] Most noble emperor, now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you.

[*They all shout.*

Bend. [*To* ALM. *apart.*] Think what I am, and what yourself may be, in being mine: refuse not proffer'd love, that brings a crown.

Alm. [*To him.*] I have resolv'd, and these shall know my thoughts.

Bend. [*To her.*] On that I build.—

[*He comes up to the rabble.*

Joy to the people for the tyrant's death!
Oppression, rapine, banishment, and blood
Are now no more; but speechless as that tongue,
That lies for ever still.
How is my grief divided with my joy,
When I must own I kill'd him! bid me speak,
For not to bid me, is to disallow
What for your sakes is done.

Must. In the name of the people we command you speak: but that pretty lady shall speak first; for we have taken somewhat of a liking to her person.—Be not afraid, lady, to speak to these rude raggamuffians: there's nothing shall offend you, unless it be their stink, and please you.

[*Making a leg.*

Alm. Why should I fear to speak, who am your queen?
My peaceful father sway'd the sceptre long;
And you enjoy'd the blessings of his reign,
While you deserv'd the name of Africans.
Then, not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearless I speak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How she assumes! I like not this beginning. [*Aside.*

Alm. I was not born so base, to flatter crowds,
And move your pity by a whining tale:
Your tyrant would have forc'd me to his bed;
But, in th' attempt of that foul brutal act,
These loyal slaves secur'd me by his death.

[*Pointing to* BEN.

Bend. Makes she no more of me than of a slave?— [*Aside.*
Madam, I thought I had instructed you [*To* ALM.
To frame a speech more suiting to the times;

The circumstances of that dire design,
Your own despair, my unexpected aid,
My life endanger'd by his bold defence,
And after all, his death, and your deliv'rance,
Were themes that ought not to be slighted o'er.

Must. She might have pass'd over all your petty business, and no great matter: But the raising of my rabble is an exploit of consequence; and not to be mumbled up in silence for all her pertness.

Alm. When force invades the gift of nature, life,
The eldest law of nature bids defend;
And if, in that defence, a tyrant fall,
His death's his crime, not our's;
Suffice it that he's dead; all wrongs die with him!
When he can wrong no more, I pardon him.
Thus I absolve myself, and him excuse,
Who sav'd my life, and honour; but praise neither.

Bend. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay.
But what speak I of payment and reward?
Ungrateful woman, you are yet no queen;
Nor more than a proud haughty Christian slave:
As such I seize my right.
[*Going to lay hold on her.*

Alm. [*Drawing a dagger.*] Dare not to approach me!—Now, Africans,
He shows himself to you; to me he stood
Confess'd before, and own'd his insolence
T'espouse my person, and assume the crown,
Claim'd in my right: for this he slew your tyrant;
Oh no! he only chang'd him for a worse;
Embased your slavery by his own vileness,
And loaded you with more ignoble bonds:
Then think me not ungrateful not to share
Th' imperial crown with a presuming traitor.
He says I am a Christian; true, I am,
But yet no slave: If Christians can be thought
Unfit to govern those of other faith,
'Tis left for you to judge.

Bend. I have not patience; she consumes the time
In idle talk, and owns her false belief:
Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

Alm. [*To the people.*] No, let me rather die your sacrifice than live his triumph;
I throw myself into my people's arms;
As you are men, compassionate my wrongs,
And, as good men, protect me.

Ant. [*Aside to* MUST.] Something must be done to save her. This is all address'd to you, sir: she singled you out with her eye, as commander in chief of the mobility.

Must. Think'st thou so, slave Antonio?

Ant. Most certainly, sir; and you cannot in honour but protect her: now look to your hits, and make your fortune.

Must. Methought indeed she cast a kind leer towards me: our prophet was but just such another scoundrel as I am, till he rais'd himself to power, and consequently to holiness, by marrying his master's widow: I am resolv'd I'll put forward for myself: for why should I be my lord Benducar's fool and slave, when I may be my own fool and his master?

Bend. Take her into possession, Mustapha.

Must. That's better counsel than you meant it: Yes, I do take her into possession, and into protection too: what say you, masters, will you stand by me?

Omnes. One and all, one and all.

Bend. Hast thou betray'd me, traitor?
Mufti, speak, and mind 'em of religion.
[*Mufti shakes his head.*

Must. Alas! the poor gentleman has gotten a cold, with a sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of four: and besides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown wiser at this time of day, than to cut one another's throats about religion. Our Mufti is a green coat, and the Christian's is a black coat; and we must wisely go together by the ears, whether green or black shall sweep our spoils. [*Drums within and shouts.*

Bend. Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail:
The conquering troops of Muley-Zeydan come,
To crush rebellion, and espouse my cause.

Must. We will have a fair trial of skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have dispatch'd with Muley-Zeydan, your lordship shall march, in equal proportions of your body, to the four gates of the city; and every tower shall have a quarter of you.

[ANTONIO *draws them up, and takes* ALM. *by the hand. Shouts again and drums.*

Enter DORAX *and* SEBASTIAN, *attended by African Soldiers and Portuguese.* ALM. *and* SEB. *run into each other's arms, and both speak together.*

Seb. and Alm. My Sebastian! My Almeyda!

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! Dorax and Sebastian still alive!
The Moors and Christians join'd! I thank thee, prophet.

Dor. The citadel is ours; and Muley-Zeydan
Safe under guard, but as becomes a prince.
Lay down your arms: such base plebeian blood
Would only stain the brightness of my sword,
And blunt it for some nobler work behind.

Must. I suppose you may put it up without offence to any man here present. For my part, I have been loyal to my sovereign lady; though that villain Benducar, and that hypocrite the Mufti, would have corrupted me; but if those two 'scape public justice, then I and all my late honest subjects here deserve hanging.

Bend. [*To* DOR.] I'm sure I did my part to poison thee,
What saint soe'er has solder'd thee again.
A dose less hot had burst through ribs of iron.

Muf. Not knowing that, I poison'd him once more,
And drench'd him with a draught so deadly cold,

That, had'st not thou prevented, had congeal'd
The channel of his blood, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interposing fool! to mangle mischief,
And think to mend the perfect work of hell!

Dor. Thus, when heaven pleases, double poisons cure.
I will not tax thee of ingratitude
To me thy friend, who hast betray'd thy prince:
Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee.
But fate, it seems, reserv'd the worst of men
To end the worst of tyrants.—
Go bear him to his fate,
And send him to attend his master's ghost.
Let some secure my other pois'ning friend,
Whose double diligence preserv'd my life.

Ant. You are fallen into good hands, father-in-law; your sparkling jewels, and Morayma's eyes, may prove a better bail than you deserve.

Muf. The best that can come of me, in this condition, is to have my life begg'd first, and then to be begg'd for a fool afterwards.

[*Exit* Ant. *with the Mufti, and at the same time* Bend. *is carried off.*

Dor. [*To* Must.] You and your hungry herd depart untouch'd;
For justice cannot stoop so low, to reach
The grovelling sin of crowds: but, curst be they,
Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,
Whose blindfold business is but to destroy;
And, like the fire commission'd by the winds,
Begins on sheds, but, rolling in a round,
On palaces returns. Away, ye scum,
That still rise upmost when the nation boils:
Ye mongrel work of heaven, with human shapes,
Not to be damn'd, or sav'd, but breathe and perish,
That have but just enough of sense to know
The master's voice, when rated, to depart.

[*Exeunt* Must. *and rabble.*

Alm. [*Kneeling to him.*] With gratitude as low as knees can pay,
To those blest holy fires, our guardian angels,
Receive these thanks, till altars can be rais'd.

Dor. [*Raising her up.*] Arise, fair excellence, and pay no thanks,
Till time discover what I have deserv'd.

Seb. More than reward can answer.
If Portugal and Spain were join'd to Afric,
And the main ocean crusted into land,
If universal monarchy were mine,
Here should the gift be plac'd.

Dor. And from some hands I should refuse that gift:
Be not too prodigal of promises;
But stint your bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

Seb. What I am
Is but thy gift; make what thou canst of me,
Secure of no repulse.

Dor. [*To* Seb.] Dismiss your train.
[*To* Alm.] You, madam, please one moment to retire.

[Seb. *signs to the Portuguese to go off.* Alm. *bowing to him, goes off also: the Africans follow her.*

Dor. [*To the captain of his guard.*] With you one word in private.

[*Goes out with the captain.*

Seb. [*Solus.*] Reserv'd behaviour, open nobleness,
A long mysterious track of a stern bounty;
But now the hand of fate is on the curtain,
And draws the scene to sight.

Re-enter Dorax, *having taken off his Turban, and put on a Peruque, Hat, and Cravat.*

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou should'st be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian:
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me, where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream; or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes, but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd 'em ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame;
And, that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me.
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear,
And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear.
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors;
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince?

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of heav'n in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant!—It irks me so to call my prince,
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How! tyrant?

Dor. Tyrant.

Seb. Traitor!—that name thou canst not echo back;
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;

And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.
Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.
Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.
Dor. Too well I know thee; but for king no more.
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where like a statue thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff of royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of courtly stile: related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? now, by heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas,—to gall thee,—that I nam'd him;
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
Seb. All false as hell, or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in the foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew 'em both.
Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?
Dor. Why love does all that's noble here below;
But all th' advantage of that love was thine.
For, coming freighted back in either hand,
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own;
(For Violante's vows were mine before;)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke,
And ask'd my Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty,
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first?
Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.
Dor. My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.
Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service:
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts,
E'en to my face, as done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd!
Dor. Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, propp'd by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love;
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy own!
Seb. He durst, nay more, desir'd and begg'd with tears
To meet thy challenge fairly; 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then,
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.
Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.
Seb. Th' indignity thou didst, was meant to me;
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power; so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.
Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself;
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live,
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age!
Has honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give 'em back;—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it!
Seb. Now, by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than though dar'st ask it;
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd, to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal;
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have;
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.
Seb. No; to disprove that lie, I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee after this, what were it else,
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands betwixt two rushing seas,
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.
Dor. I'll cut that isthmus.
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile excuse.
Seb. O patience, heaven!
Dor. Beware of patience too;
That's a suspicious word; it had been proper
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base.
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat;
Fight or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
Seb. [*Drawing*] Now I can thank thee as thou would'st be thank'd;
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?
Seb. The question is beside our present purpose;
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us, who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead; make haste, and thou may'st yet o'ertake him.
Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
I prithee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise, for thy life preserv'd;
Be kind, and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death next thine I wish'd.
Seb. If it would please thee, thou should'st never know;
But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth,
Which, found, will torture thee: He died in fight;
Fought next my person; as in concert fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound.
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once;
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!
Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now, judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who would stand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
And, so had I been favour'd, had I stood.
Seb. What had been is unknown; what is appears;
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquired, by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side;
My corps had been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life;
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died; mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.
Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate. Confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert;
For you he fought and died: I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.
Seb. [*More calmly.*] Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king;
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?
Dor. Can I speak!
Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo;
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo;
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. Yet, twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.
Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you; there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou can'st be griev'd, thou can'st repent;
Thou could'st not be a villain, though thou would'st;
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. O stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
alf drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion;
or pity spare, and say not, first, you err'd.
or yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame, [*Falls at his feet.*
o throw myself beneath your royal feet.
ow spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
is just you should, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou should'st not ask forgiveness first, [*Taking him up.*
ut thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble;
et I will raise thee up with better news:
hy Violante's heart was ever thine;
ompell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
er soul was absent when she gave her hand:
or could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
ffect the consummation of his love:
o, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
widow and a maid.
Dor. Have I been cursing heav'n, while heav'n blest me!
shall run mad with extasy of joy;
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To heaven, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival: poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
[*Embracing him.*
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms:
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was; be my Alonzo.
Dor. What, my Alonzo said you? my Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak:
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of heaven, to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away;
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

The Scene is a Room of State.

Enter DORAX *and* ANTONIO.

Dor. Joy is on every face, without a cloud;
s, in the scene of opening paradise,
he whole creation danc'd at their new being;
leas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other;
uch joy have I, both in myself and friends;
nd double joy, that I have made them happy.
Ant. Pleasure has been the business of my life;
nd every change of fortune easy to me,
ecause I still was easy to myself.
he loss of her I lov'd would touch me nearest;
et, if I found her, I might love too much;
nd that's uneasy pleasure.
Dor. If she be fated
o be your wife, your fate will find her for you:
redestinated ills are never lost.
Ant. I had forgot
o enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
low, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset,
ou could unwind yourself from all these dangers,
nd move so speedily to our relief?
Dor. The double poisons, after a short combat,
xpell'd each other in their civil war,
y nature's benefit; and rous'd my thoughts
o guard that life which now I found attack'd.
summon'd all my officers in haste,
n whose experienc'd faith I might rely:
ll came; resolv'd to die in my defence,
Save that one villain who betray'd the gate.
Our diligence prevented the surprise
We justly fear'd: so Muley-Zeydan found us
Drawn up in battle, to receive the charge.
Ant. But how the Moors and Christian slaves were join'd,
You have not yet unfolded.
Dor. That remains.
We knew their interest was the same with ours:
And though I hated more than death, Sebastian,
I could not see him die by vulgar hands;
But, prompted by my angel, or by his,
Freed all the slaves, and plac'd him next myself,
Because I would not have his person known.
I need not tell the rest; th' event declares it.
Ant. Your conquest came of course; their men were raw,
And yours were disciplin'd: one doubt remains,
Why you industriously conceal'd the king,
Who, known, had added courage to his men?
Dor. I would not hazard civil broils, betwixt
His friends and mine, which might prevent our combat:
Yet, had he fallen, I had dismiss'd his troops;
Or, if victorious, order'd his escape.
But I forgot a new increase of joy,
To feast him with surprise: I must about it:
Expect my swift return. [*Exit* DORAX.

Enter a Servant to ANTONIO.

Serv. Here's a lady at the door, that bids me tell you, she is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of woman is she? Does she not want two of the four elements? has she any thing about her but air and fire?

Serv. Truly, she flies about the room, as if she had wings instead of legs; I believe she's just turning into a bird: a house-bird, I warrant her, and so hasty to fly to you, that, rather than fail of entrance, she would come tumbling down the chimney, like a swallow.

Enter MORAYMA.

Ant. [*Running to her and embracing her.*] Look if she be not here already: what, no denial, it seems, will serve your turn? why! thou little dun, is thy debt so pressing?

Mor. Little devil if you please: your lease is out, good Mr Conjurer; and I am come to fetch you, soul and body; not an hour of lewdness longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the devil hast thou been? and how the devil didst thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the castle-yard: but there was nothing but tumult and confusion: and I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by some of the rabble: considering I had a double-charge about me——my jewels and my maidenhead.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my worship's sole use and property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthful a piece: 'twas too much odds in conscience.

Mor. So seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the old place of assignation, the garden-house; where, for want of instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well, for thy comfort, I have secur'd thy father; and I hope thou hast secur'd his effects for us.

Mor. Yes, truly, I had the prudent foresight to consider that, when we grow old, and weary of solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merry with the world; and take up with a worse pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be e'en too good for thee: for thou art going into the country of serenades and gallantries; where the street will be haunted every night with thy foolish lovers and my rivals; who will be sighing and singing under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee cruel, and goddess, and moon, and stars, and all the poetical names of wicked rhyme: while thou and I are minding our business, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em at leisure minutes, which will be very few, take that by way of threatening.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff so much before-hand: but, they say, your churches are fine places for love-devotion: many a she-saint is there worshipp'd.

Ant. Temples are there, as they are in all other countries, good conveniences for dumb interviews: I hear the protestants an't much reform'd in that point neither; for their sectaries call their churches by the natural name of meeting-houses. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs must, good nature spouse, and always in a veil; for those eyes of thine are damn'd enemies to mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom is, that we women are allow'd the privilege of having souls; and, I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine upon some lover, whenever you begin to go astray, and, if I find no convenience in a church, a private chamber will serve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I must take my revenge, and turn gardener again: for I find I am much given to planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the mean time, that some young Antonio does not spring up in your own family, as false as his father, though of another man's planting.

Re-enter DORAX, *with* SEBASTIAN *and* ALMEYDA; SEBASTIAN *enters speaking to* DORAX, *while in the mean time* ANTONIO *presents* MORAYMA *to* ALMEYDA.

Seb. How fares our royal prisoner, Muley Zeydan?

Dor. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a crown and freedom: well I know him,
Of easy temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his word.

Seb. Yet one thing wants
To fill the measure of my happiness:
I'm still in pain for poor Alvarez' life.

Dor. Release that fear; the good old man is safe:
I paid his ransom,
And have already order'd his attendance.

Seb. O bid him enter, for I long to see him.

Enter ALVAREZ *with a Servant, who departs when* ALVAREZ *is entered.*

Alv. [*Falling down and embracing the king's knees.*] Now by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,
I am so o'erwhelm'd with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my with'ring limbs,
That shoots me out again.

Seb. [*Raising him.*] Thou good old man!
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more joys,
Who stood brimful before.

Alv. O, my dear child!
(I love thee so, I cannot call thee king,)
Whom I so oft have dandled in these arms!
What, when I gave thee lost to find thee living!
'Tis like a father, who himself had scap'd
A falling house, and, after anxious search,
Hears from afar his only son within,
And digs through rubbish, till he drags him out
To see the friendly light.
Such is my haste, so trembling is my joy,
To draw thee forth from underneath thy fate.

Seb. The tempest is o'erblown; the skies are clear,
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,

That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.
Alv. Just such she shows before a rising storm:
And therefore am I come, with timely speed,
To warn you into port.
Alm. My soul forebodes [*Aside.*
Some dire event involv'd in those dark words,
And just disclosing, in a birth of fate.
Alv. Is there not yet an heir of this vast empire,
Who still survives, of Muley-Moluch's branch?
Dor. Yes, such an one there is, a captive here,
And brother to the dead.
Alv. The powers above
Be prais'd for that! My prayers for my good master
I hope are heard.
Seb. Thou hast a right in heav'n;
But why these prayers for me?
Alv. A door is open yet for your deliv'rance.
Now you, my countrymen, and you, Almeyda,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that captive's life.
Seb. We have him here an honourable hostage
For terms of peace: what more he can contribute
To make me blest, I know not.
Alv. Vastly more:
Almeyda may be settled in the throne,
And you review your native clime with fame:
A firm alliance, and eternal peace,
(The glorious crown of honourable war,)
Are all included in that prince's life:
Let this fair queen be giv'n to Muley-Zeydan,
And make her love the sanction of your league.
Seb. No more of that: his life's in my dispose,
And pris'ners are not to insist on terms;
Or, if they were, yet he demands not these.
Alv. You should exact 'em.
Alm. Better may be made;
These cannot: I abhor the tyrant's race;
My parents' murderers, my throne's usurpers.
But, at one blow, to cut off all dispute,
Know this, thou busy, old, officious man,
I am a Christian; now be wise no more;
Or, if thou would'st be still thought wise, be silent.
Alv. O! I perceive you think your interest touch'd;
'Tis what before the battle I observ'd:
But I must speak, and will.
Seb. I prithee, peace;
Perhaps she thinks they are too near of blood.
Alv. I wish she may not wed to blood more near.
Seb. What if I make her mine?
Alv. Now heav'n forbid!
Seb. Wish rather heav'n may grant:
For, if I could deserve, I have deserv'd her:
My toils, my hazards, and my subjects' lives,
(Provided she consent) may claim her love;
And, that once granted, I appeal to these,
If better I could chuse a beauteous bride.
Ant. The fairest of her sex.
Mor. The pride of nature.
Dor. He only merits her, she only him;
So pair'd, so suited in their minds and persons,
That they were fram'd the tallies for each other.
If any alien love had interpos'd,
It must have been an eye-sore to beholders,
And to themselves a curse.
Alv. And to themselves,
The greatest curse that can be were to join.
Seb. Did I not love thee past a change to hate,
That word had been thy ruin; but no more,
I charge thee on thy life, perverse old man!
Alv. Know, sir, I would be silent if I durst:
But, if on shipboard I should see my friend
Grown frantic in a raging calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowery fields,
Would headlong plunge himself into the deep,
Should I not hold him from that mad attempt,
Till his sick fancy were by reason cur'd?
Seb. I pardon thee th' effects of doting age;
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;
The second nonage of a soul, more wise;
But now decay'd, and sunk into the socket,
Peeping by fits, and giving feeble light.
Alv. Have you forgot?
Seb. Thou mean'st my father's will,
In bar of marriage to Almeyda's bed:
Thou seest my faculties are still entire,
Tho' thine are much impair'd; I weigh'd that will,
And found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent faiths;
But, had he lived to see her happy change,
He would have cancell'd that harsh interdict,
And join'd our hands himself.
Alv. Still had he lived and seen this change,
He still had been the same.
Seb. I have a dark remembrance of my father;
His reasonings and his actions both were just;
And, granting that, he must have chang'd his measures.
Alv. Yes, he was just, and therefore could not change.
Seb. 'Tis a base wrong thou offer'st to the dead.
Alv. Now, heav'n forbid,
That I should blast his pious memory!
No, I am tender of his holy fame;
For, dying, he bequeath'd it to my charge.
Believe I am, and seek to know no more,
But pay a blind obedience to his will;
For, to preserve his fame, I would be silent.
Seb. Craz'd fool, who would'st be thought an oracle,
Come down from off thy tripos, and speak plain!
My father shall be justified, he shall:
'Tis a son's part to rise in his defence,
And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.
Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd;
But, to be clear'd at my dead master's cost,
O there's the wound! but let me first adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed soul,
No more to think of marriage with Almeyda.
Seb. Not heav'n and earth combin'd can hinder it.
Alv. Then, witness heav'n and earth, how loth I am
To say, you must not, nay, you cannot wed.
And since not only a dead father's fame,
But more, a lady's honour must be touch'd,
Which, nice as ermines, will not bear a soil,
Let all retire, that you alone may hear
What ev'n in whispers I would tell your ear.
[*All are going*

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you stay!
And, were my voice a trumpet loud as fame,
To reach the round of heav'n, and earth, and sea,
All nations should be summon'd to this place,
So little do I fear that fellow's charge:
So should my honour, like a rising swan,
Brush with her wings the falling drops away,
And proudly plough the waves.
Seb. This noble pride becomes thy innocence:
And I dare trust my father's memory,
To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.
Alv. It will be soon discover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your father in his youth,
When newly married, travell'd into Spain,
And made a long abode in Philip's court?
Seb. Why so remote a question, which thyself
Can answer to thyself, for thou wert with him,
His favourite, as I oft have heard thee boast,
And nearest to his soul?
Alv. Too near indeed; forgive me, gracious heaven,
That ever I should boast I was so near,
The confidant of all his young amours!
[*To* ALM.] And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard,
Have you not often heard, your exil'd parents
Were refug'd in that court, and at that time?
Alm. 'Tis true: and often since, my mother own'd
How kind that prince was to espouse her cause;
She counsell'd, nay enjoin'd me on her blessing,
To seek the sanctuary of your court:
Which gave me first encouragement to come,
And, with my brother, beg Sebastian's aid.
Seb. [*To* ALM.] Thou help'st me well, to justify my war:
My dying father swore me, then a boy,
And made me kiss the cross upon his sword,
Never to sheath it, till that exil'd queen
Were by my arms restor'd.
Alv. And can you find
No mystery couch'd in this excess of kindness?
Were kings e'er known, in this degenerate age,
So passionately fond of noble acts,
Where interest shar'd not more than half with honour?
Seb. Base, grovelling soul, who know'st not honour's worth,
But weigh'st it out in mercenary scales!
The secret pleasure of a generous act,
Is the great mind's great bribe.
Alv. Show me that king, and I'll believe the phœnix.
But knock at your own breast, and ask your soul
If those fair fatal eyes edg'd not your sword,
More than your father's charge, and all your vows?
If so,—and so your silence grants it is,——
Know, king, your father had, like you, a soul;
And love is your inheritance from him.
Almeyda's mother too had eyes, like her,
And not less charming, and were charm'd no less
Than your's are now with her, and her's with you.
Alm. Thou liest, impostor! perjur'd fiend, thou liest!
Seb. Was't not enough to brand my father's fame,
But thou must load a lady's memory?
O infamous and base beyond repair!
And to what end this ill-concerted lie,
Which, palpable and gross, yet granted true,
It bars not my inviolable vows.
Alv. Take heed, and double not your father's crimes;
To his adultery do not add your incest.
Know, she is the product of unlawful love;
And 'tis your carnal sister you would wed.
Seb. Thou shalt not say thou wert condemn'd unheard,
Else, by my soul, this moment were thy last.
Alm. But think not oaths shall justify thy charge,
Nor imprecations on thy cursed head;
For who dares lie to heaven, thinks heaven a jest.
Thou hast confess'd thyself the conscious pander
Of that pretended passion:
A single witness, infamously known,
Against two persons of unquestion'd fame.
Alv. What interest can I have, or what delight,
To blaze their shame, or to divulge my own?
If prov'd you hate me, if unprov'd, condemn.
Not racks or tortures could have forc'd this secret,
But too much care, to save you from a crime
Which would have sunk you both. For, let me say,
Almeyda's beauty well deserves your love.
Alm. Out, base impostor, I abhor thy praise!
Dor. It looks not like imposture, but a truth,
On utmost need reveal'd.
Seb. Did I expect from Dorax this return?
Is this the love renew'd?
Dor. Sir, I am silent;
Pray heav'n my fears prove false.
Seb. Away! you all combine to make me wretched.
Alv. But hear the story of that fatal love,
Where every circumstance shall prove another;
And truth so shine, by her own native light,
That, if a lie were mix'd, it must be seen.
Seb. No; all may still be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou can'st say.
Alv. One proof remains, and that's your father's hand,
Firm'd with his signet; both so fully known,
That plainer evidence can hardly be,
Unless his soul would want her heav'n a while,
And come on earth to swear.
Seb. Produce that writing.
Alv. [*To* DOR.] Alonzo has it in his custody.
The same, which, when his nobleness redeem'd me,
And, in a friendly visit, own'd himself
For what he is, I then deposited,
And had his faith to give it to the king.
Dor. [*Giving a sealed paper to the King*]
Untouch'd, and seal'd as when intrusted with me,

Such I restore it, with a trembling hand,
Lest aught within disturb your peace of soul.
Seb. [*Tearing open the seals.*] Draw near, Almeyda; thou art most concern'd,
For I am most in thee.
Alonzo, mark the characters:
Thou know'st my father's hand; observe it well:
And if th' impostor's pen have made one slip,
That shows it counterfeit, mark that, and save me.
Dor. It looks, indeed, too like my master's hand;
So does the signet: more I cannot say,
But wish 'twere not so like.
Seb. Methinks it owns
The black adultery, and Almeyda's birth;
But such a mist of grief comes o'er my eyes,
I cannot, or I would not, read it plain.
Alm. Heav'n cannot be more true than this is false.
Seb. O could'st thou prove it, with the same assurance!
Speak, hast thou ever seen my father's hand?
Alm. No; but my mother's honour has been read
By me, and by the world, in all her acts,
In characters more plain and legible
Than this dumb evidence, this blotted lie.
Oh that I were a man, as my soul's one,
To prove thee, traitor, an assassinate
Of her fair fame: thus would I tear thee, thus,
[*Tearing the paper.*
And scatter o'er the field thy coward limbs,
Like this foul offspring of thy forging brain.
[*Scattering the paper.*
Alv. Just so shalt thou be torn from all thy hopes;
For know, proud woman, know, in thy despite,
The most authentic proof is still behind.
Thou wear'st it on thy finger; 'tis that ring,
Which, match'd with that on his, shall clear the doubt;
'Tis no dumb forgery: for that shall speak,
And sound a rattling peal to either's conscience.
Seb. This ring indeed, my father, with a cold
And shaking hand, just in the pangs of death,
Put on my finger, with a parting sigh,
And would have spoke; but faulter'd in his speech,
With undistinguish'd sounds.
Alv. I know it well,
For I was present: Now, Almeyda, speak,
And truly tell us, how you came by yours?
Alm. My mother, when I parted from her sight,
To go to Portugal, bequeath'd it to me,
Presaging she should never see me more:
She pull'd it from her finger, shed some tears,
Kiss'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of love,
And hid a mystery of great importance
Relating to my fortunes.
Alv. Mark me now,
While I disclose that fatal mystery.
Those rings, when you were born, and thought another's,
Your parents, glowing yet in sinful love,
Bid me bespeak: a curious artist wrought 'em,
With joints so close, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart.
Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda;
(You know those names are theirs:) and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the rivets of those rings, inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie:
But if they join, you must for ever part.
[SEBASTIAN *pulling off his ring;* ALMEYDA *does the same, and gives it to* ALVAREZ, *who unscrews both the rings, and fits one half to the other.*
Seb. Now life, or death!
Alm. And either thine, or ours.——I'm lost for ever! [*Swoons.*
[*The women and* MORAYMA *take her up and carry her off.* SEBASTIAN *here stands amazed without motion, his eyes fixed upward.*
Seb. Look to the queen my wife; for I am past
All pow'r of aid to her or to myself.
Alv. His wife, said he? his wife! O fatal sound;
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears!
So they had still been blest in ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.
Dor. I knew it, but too late, and durst not speak.
Seb. [*Starting out of his amazement.*] I will not live; no, not a moment more;
I will not add one moment more to incest.
I'll cut it off, and end a wretched being;
For, should I live, my soul's so little mine,
And so much her's, that I should still enjoy.
Ye cruel powers!
Take me as you have made me, miserable;
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my fate,
And you made that, not I. [*Draws his sword.*
[ANTONIO *and* ALV. *lay hold on him, and* DORAX *wrests the sword out of his hand.*
Ant. For heav'n's sake hold, and recollect your mind.
Alv. Consider whom you punish, and for what;
Yourself; unjustly: You have charg'd the fault
On heav'n, that best may bear it.
Though incest is indeed a deadly crime,
You are not guilty, since unknown 'twas done,
And, known, had been abhorr'd.
Seb. By heav'n ye're traitors all, that hold my hands.
If death be but cessation of our thought,
Then let me die, for I would think no more.
I'll boast my innocence above,
And let 'em see a soul they could not sully:
I shall be there before my father's ghost;
That yet must languish long, in frosts and fires,
For making me unhappy by his crime:
[*Struggling again.*] Stand off, and let me take my fill of death;
For I can hold my breath in your despite,
And swell my heaving soul out, when I please.
Alv. Heav'n comfort you!
Seb. What! art thou giving comfort?
Wouldst thou give comfort, who hast given despair?

Thou seest Alonzo silent; he's a man;
He knows that men, abandon'd of their hopes,
Should ask no leave, nor stay for suing out
A tedious writ of ease, from ling'ring heav'n,
But help themselves as timely as they could,
And teach the fates their duty.
Dor. [*To* ALV. *and* ANT.] Let him go:
He is our king, and he shall be obey'd.
Alv. What, to destroy himself! O parricide!
Dor. Be not injurious in your foolish zeal,
But leave him free; or, by my sword I swear
To hew that arm away, that stops the passage
To his eternal rest.
Ant. [*Letting go his hold.*] Let him be guilty of his own death if he pleases: for I'll not be guilty of mine, by holding him.
[*The king shakes off* ALVAREZ.
Alv. [*To* DOR.] Infernal fiend!
Is this a subject's part?
Dor. 'Tis a friend's office.
He has convinc'd me that he ought to die;
And, rather than he should not, here's my sword
To help him on his journey.
Seb. My last, my only friend, how kind art thou,
And how inhuman these!
Dor. To make the trifle death, a thing of moment!
Seb. And not to weigh th' important cause I had,
To rid myself of life.
Dor. True; for a crime,
So horrid in the face of men and angels,
As wilful incest is!
Seb. Not wilful neither.
Dor. Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated acts
Refresh'd your sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,
To swell your scores of guilt.
Seb. True; if I liv'd.
Dor. I said so, if you liv'd.
Seb. For hitherto 'twas fatal ignorance,
And no intended crime.
Dor. That you best know;
But the malicious world will judge the worst.
Alv. O what a sophister has hell procur'd,
To argue for damnation!
Dor. Peace, old dotard!
Mankind, that always judge of kings with malice,
Will think he knew this incest, and pursu'd it.
His only way to rectify mistakes,
And to redeem her honour, is to die.
Seb. Thou hast it right, my dear, my best Alonzo!
And that, but petty reparation too;
But all I have to give.
Dor. Your pardon, sir;
You may do more, and ought.
Seb. What, more than death?
Dor. Death? Why that's children's sport: a stage-play, death.
We act it every night we go to bed.
Death to a man in misery is sleep.
Would you, who perpetrated such a crime
As frighten'd nature, made the saints above
Shake heav'n's eternal pavement with their trembling,
To view that act, would you but barely die?
But stretch your limbs, and turn on t'other side,
To lengthen out a black voluptuous slumber,
And dream you had your sister in your arms?
Seb. To expiate this, can I do more than die?
Dor. O yes: you must do more; you must be damn'd,
You must be damn'd to all eternity;
And, sure, self-murder is the readiest way.
Seb. How, damn'd?
Dor. Why, is that news?
Alv. O, horror! horror!
Dor. What, thou a statesman,
And make a business of damnation?
In such a world as this, why 'tis a trade.
The scriv'ner, usurer, lawyer, shopkeeper,
And soldier, cannot live, but by damnation.
The politician does it by advance,
And gives all gone before-hand.
Seb. O thou hast giv'n me such a glimpse of hell,
So push'd me forward, even to the brink,
Of that irremeable burning gulph,
That looking in th' abyss, I dare not leap.
And now I see what good thou meanst my soul,
And thank thy pious fraud: Thou hast indeed
Appear'd a devil, but didst an angel's work.
Dor. 'Twas the last remedy, to give you leisure:
For, if you could but think, I knew you safe.
Seb. I thank thee, my Alonzo: I will live,
But never more to Portugal return:
For, to go back and reign, that were to show
Triumphant incest, and pollute the throne.
Alv. Since ignorance———
Seb. O, palliate not my wound!
When you have argued all you can, 'tis incest.
No, 'tis resolv'd, I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without Almeyda's sight,
Nor can I see Almeyda but I sin.
Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sacred thought,
To live alone to heav'n, and die to her.
Dor. Mean you to turn an anchoret?
Seb. What else?
The world was once too narrow for my mind,
But one poor little nook will serve me now,
To hide me from the rest of human kind.
Afric has desarts wide enough to hold
Millions of monsters, and I am, sure, the greatest.
Alv. You may repent, and wish your crown too late.
Seb. O never, never: I am past a boy;
A sceptre's but a play-thing, and a globe
A bigger bounding stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the rest with ease.
Dor. O truly great!
A soul fix'd high, and capable of heav'n.
Old as he is, your uncle cardinal
Is not so far enamour'd of a cloister,
But he will thank you for the crown you leave him.
Seb. To please him more, let him believe me dead,

That he may never dream I may return.
Alonzo, I am now no more thy king,
But still thy friend, and by that holy name,
Adjure thee to perform my last request.
Make our conditions with yon captive king,
Secure me but my solitary cell;
'Tis all I ask him for a crown restor'd.
Dor. I will do more:
But fear not Muley-Zeydan: his soft metal
Melts down with easy warmth; runs in the mould,
And needs no farther forge. [*Exit* DORAX.

Re-enter ALMEYDA, *led by* MORAYMA, *and followed by her Attendants.*

Seb. See where she comes again!
By heav'n, when I behold those beauteous eyes,
Repentance lags, and sin comes hurrying on.
Alm. This is too cruel!
Seb. Speak'st thou of love, of fortune, or of death,
Or double death? for we must part, Almeyda.
Alm. I speak of all;
For all things that belong to us are cruel;
But what's most cruel, we must love no more.
O 'tis too much that I must never see you,
But not to love you is impossible:
No, I must love you: Heav'n may bate me that,
And charge that sinful sympathy of souls
Upon our parents, when they lov'd too well.
Seb. Good heav'n, thou speak'st my thoughts, and I speak thine.
Nay, then there's incest in our very souls,
For we were form'd too like.
Alm. Too like indeed,
And yet not for each other.
Sure, when we part (for I resolv'd it too,
Though you propos'd it first,) however distant,
We shall be ever thinking of each other,
And, the same moment, for each other pray.
Seb. But if a wish should come athwart our prayers!
Alm. It would do well to curb it, if we could.
Seb. We cannot look upon each other's face,
But, when we read our love, we read our guilt;
And yet methinks I cannot chuse but love.
Alm. I would have ask'd you, if I durst for shame,
If still you lov'd? you gave it air before me.
Ah, why were we not born both of a sex;
For then we might have lov'd without a crime!
Why was not I your brother? though that wish
Involv'd our parents' guilt, we had not parted;
We had been friends, and friendship is not incest.
Seb. Alas, I know not by what name to call thee!
Sister and wife are the two dearest names;
And I would call thee both, and both are sin.
Unhappy we, that still we must confound
The dearest names into a common curse!
Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!
Seb. To have but one poor night of all our lives!
It was indeed a glorious, guilty night;
So happy, that, forgive me heav'n, I wish,
With all its guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know so soon, or why at all,
That sin could be conceal'd in such a bliss?
Alm. Men have a larger privilege of words,
Else I should speak: but we must part, Sebastian;
That's all the name that I have left to call thee:
I must not call thee by the name I would;
But when I say Sebastian, dear Sebastian,
I kiss the name I speak.
Seb. We must make haste, or we shall never part.
I would say something that's as dear as this;
Nay, would do more than say: one moment longer,
And I should break through laws divine and human,
And think 'em cobwebs, spread for little man,
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.
The vigorous young world was ignorant
Of these restrictions, 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd and cold.
All this is impious; therefore we must part:
For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy sight,
And, once burnt down to tinder, light again
Much sooner than before.

Re-enter DORAX.

Alm. Here comes the sad denouncer of my fate,
To toll the mournful knell of separation:
While I, as on my death-bed, hear the sound,
That warns me hence for ever.
Seb. [*To* DOR.] Now be brief,
And I will try to listen,
And share the minute that remains betwixt
The care I owe my subjects and my love.
Dor. Your fate has gratified you all she can,
Gives easy misery, and makes exile pleasing.
I trusted Muley Zeydan, as a friend,
But swore him first to secresy: he wept
Your fortune, and with tears not squeez'd by art,
But shed from nature, like a kindly shower:
In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A safe retreat, a gentle solitude,
Unvex'd with noise, and undisturb'd with fears:
I chose you one.——
Alm. O do not tell me where!
For if I knew the place of his abode,
I should be tempted to pursue his steps,
And then we both were lost.
Seb. Ev'n past redemption:
For, if I knew thou wert on that design,
(As I must know, because our souls are one,)
I should not wander, but, by sure instinct,
Should meet thee just half-way, in pilgrimage,
And close for ever: for I know my love
More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.
Alm. Tell me not that: for I must boast my crime,
And cannot bear that thou shouldst better love.
Dor. I may inform you both: for you must go,
Where seas, and winds, and desarts will divide you.
Under the ledge of Atlas lies a cave,

Cut in the living rock, by Nature's hands,
The venerable seat of holy hermits,
Who there, secure in separated cells,
Sacred ev'n to the Moors, enjoy devotion;
And, from the purling streams and savage fruits,
Have wholesome bev'rage, and unbloody feasts.
Seb. 'Tis penance too voluptuous for my crime.
Dor. Your subjects, conscious of your life, are few,
But all desirous to partake your exile,
And to do office to your sacred person;
The rest, who think you dead, shall be dismiss'd,
Under safe convoy, till they reach your fleet.
Alm. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd?
A vain enquiry, since I leave my lord;
For all the world beside is banishment!
Dor. I have a sister, abbess in Terceras,
Who lost her lover on her bridal day.—
Alm. There fate provided me a fellow-turtle,
To mingle sighs with sighs, and tears with tears.
Dor. Last, for myself, if I have well fulfill'd
My sad commission, let me beg the boon,
To share the sorrows of your last recess,
And mourn the common losses of our loves.
Alv. And what becomes of me? must I be left,
As age and time had worn me out of use?
These sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
To fail me when my master should be serv'd;
And when they are, then will I steal to death,
Silent, and unobserv'd, to save his tears.
Seb. I've heard you both: Alvarez, have thy wish;
But thine, Alonzo, thine, is too unjust.
I charge thee with my last commands, return,
And bless thy Violante with thy vows.
Antonio, be thou happy too in thine.
Last, let me swear you all to secresy;
And, to conceal my shame, conceal my life.
Dor. Ant. Mor. We swear to keep it secret.
Alm. Now I would speak the last farewell, I cannot.
It would be still farewell, a thousand times,
And, multiply'd in echos, still farewell.
I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand.
And be thou silent too, my last Sebastian;
So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
My heart's too great, or I would die this moment:
But death, I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haste to meet him.
[*She staggers, and her women hold her up.*
Seb. Help to support this feeble, drooping flower;
This tender sweet, so shaken by the storm;
For these fond arms must thus be stretch'd in vain,
And never, never must embrace her more.
'Tis past——my soul goes in that word;—farewell.
[ALVAREZ *goes with* SEBASTIAN *to one end of the Stage; women with* ALMEYDA *to the other.*

DORAX, *coming up to* ANTONIO *and* MORAYMA, *who stand on the middle of the stage.*

Dor. Haste to attend Almeyda: for your sake
Your father is forgiven: but to Antonio
He forfeits half his wealth: be happy both.
And let Sebastian's and Almeyda's fate
This dreadful sentence to the world relate,
That unrepented crimes of parents dead,
Are justly punish'd on their children's head.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BETWIXT ANTONIO AND MORAYMA.

Mor. I QUAK'D at heart, for fear the royal fashion
Should have seduc'd us two to separation:
To be drawn in, against our own desire,
Poor I to be a nun, poor you a friar.
Ant. I trembled when the old man's hand was in,
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin:
Discovering old intrigues of love, like t'other,
Betwixt my father and thy sinful mother;
To make us sister Turk, and Christian brother.
Mor. Excuse me there; that league should have been rather
Betwixt your mother and my Mufti father;
'Tis for my own and my relations' credit,
Your friends should bear the bastard, mine should get it.
Ant. Suppose us two, Almeyda and Sebastian,
With incest prov'd upon us ——
Mor. Without question,
Their conscience was too queasy of digestion.
Ant. Thou wouldst have kept the counsel of thy brother,
And sinn'd till we repented of each other.
Mor. Beast as you are, on nature's laws to trample!
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their example;
And since all marriage in repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are friends.
To save a maid's remorses and confusions,
E'en leave me now before we try conclusions.
Ant. To copy their example, first make certain
Of one good hour, like theirs, before our parting;
Make a debauch o'er night of love and madness,
And marry when we wake in sober sadness.
Mor. I'll follow no new sects of your inventing,
One night might cost me nine long months repenting:
First wed, and if you find that life a fetter,
Die when you please, the sooner, sir, the better:
My wealth would get me love ere I could ask it:
Oh, there's a strange temptation in the casket!
All these young sharpers would my grace importune,
And make me thund'ring votes of lives and fortune.

THE
ORPHAN;
OR,
THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

BY

OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

To you, great judges in this writing age,
The sons of wit, and patrons of the stage,
With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd,
His pride much doubting, trembling and afraid
Of what is to his want of merit due,
And aw'd by every excellence in you,
The author sends; to beg you would be kind,
And spare those many faults you needs must find.
You, to whom wit a common foe is grown,
The thing ye scorn and publicly disown;
Though now perhaps ye're here for other ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his friends:
For he ne'er called ye yet insipid tools;
Nor wrote one line to tell ye you were fools:
But says of wit you have so large a store,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne'er with libel treated yet the town,
The names of honest men bedaub'd and shown;
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life
Of suburb virgin, or of city wife.
Satire's the effect of poetry's disease,
Which, sick of a lewd age, she vents for ease;
But now her only strife should be to please:
Since of ill fate the baneful cloud's withdrawn,
And happiness again begins to dawn,
Since back with joy and triumph he is come,
That always drove fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home.
Oft has he plough'd the boisterous ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing shore,
Not when he brought home victories before;
For then fresh laurels flourish'd on his brow,
And he comes crown'd with olive branches now.
Receive him! Oh receive him, as his friends,
Embrace the blessings which he recommends;
Such quiet as your foes shall ne'er destroy;
Then shake off fears, and clap your hands for joy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Acasto, *a nobleman retired from the court, and living privately in the country.*
Castalio, Polydore, *his sons.*
Chamont, *a young soldier of fortune, brother to Monimia.*
Ernesto. Paulino. *Old retainers of Acasto.*
Page.
Chaplain.
Servant.

WOMEN.

Monimia, *the Orphan, left under the guardianship of old Acasto.*
Serina, *Acasto's daughter.*
Florella, *Monimia's woman.*

Scene,—*Bohemia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Paulino *and* Ernesto.

Paul. 'Tis strange, Ernesto, this severity
Should still reign powerful in Acasto's mind,
To hate the court, where he was bred and lived,
All honours heaped on him, that power could give.
Ern. 'Tis true, he came hither a private gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a family
Ancient and noble as the empire holds.
The honours he has gained are justly his;
He purchased them in war: thrice has he led
An army 'gainst the rebels, and as often
Returned with victory. The world has not
A truer soldier, or a better subject.
Paul. It was his virtue at first made me serve him;
He is the best of masters as of friends:
I know he has lately been invited thither,
Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose; cries
He's old, and willingly would be at rest.
I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,
For the late slight his honour suffered there.
Ern. Has he not reason? When, for what he had borne,
Long, hard, and painful toil, he might have claimed
Places in honour and employment high;
A huffing, shining, flattering, cringing coward,
A canker-worm of peace, was raised above him.
Paul. Yet still he holds just value for the king,
Nor ever names him but with highest reverence.
'Tis noble that.
Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,
Speak things of him might charm the ears of envy.
Paul. Oh, may he live, till nature's self grow old,
And from her womb no more can bless the earth!
For, when he dies, farewell all honour, bounty,
All generous encouragement of arts;
For charity herself becomes a widow.
Ern. No; he has two sons, that were ordained to be
As well his virtues' as his fortune's heirs.
Paul. They're both of nature mild, and full of sweetness;
They came twins from the womb, and still they live,
As if they would go twins too to the grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each other's joys, as griefs partaking;
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.
Ern. Never was parent in an offspring happier;
He has a daughter too, whose blooming age
Promises goodness equal to her beauty.
Paul. And as there is a friendship 'twixt the brethren,
So has her infant nature chosen too
A faithful partner of her thoughts and wishes,
And kind companion of her harmless pleasures.
Ern. You mean the beauteous orphan, fair Monimia.
Paul. The same, the daughter of the brave Chamont;
He was our lord's companion in the wars;
Where such a wondrous friendship grew between them,
As only death could end. Chamont's estate
Was ruined in our late and civil discords;
Therefore, unable to advance her fortune,
He left his daughter to our master's care;
To such a care, as she scarce lost a father.
Ern. Her brother to the emperor's wars went early,
To seek a fortune, or a noble fate;
Whence he, with honour, is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great prince's favour.
Paul. Our master never would permit his sons
To launch for fortune in the uncertain world;
But warns them to avoid both courts and camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant man,
To throw herself away on fools and knaves.
Ern. They both have forward, generous, active spirits.
'Tis daily their petition to their father,
To send them forth where glory's to be gotten:
They cry, they're weary of their lazy home,
Restless to do something, that fame may talk of.
To-day they chased the boar, and near this time
Should be returned.
Paul. Oh, that's a royal sport!
We yet may see the old man in a morning,
Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,
And there pursue the chase, as if he meant
To o'ertake time, and bring back youth again.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter Castalio, Polydore, *and Page.*

Cast. Polydore, our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger;
When, on the brink, the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodged my spear,
The desperate savage rushed within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.
Pol. But then——

Cast. Ay, then, my brother, my friend, Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dangerous precipice leaped,
To save Castalio. 'Twas a godlike act!
Pol. But, when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh, my heart danced to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.
Cast. So, Polydore, methinks, we might in war
Rush on together: thou shouldst be my guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home?
Pol. No! let me purchase in my youth renown
To make me loved and valued when I am old;
would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fixed to one spot, and rot just as I grow.
Cast. Our father
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, 'It is not safe that we should taste it:'
I own I have duty very powerful in me;
And though I'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.
Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy.
Will you be free and candid to your friend?
Cast. Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?
What can this mean?
Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To show your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to heaven.
Cast. I will.
Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the sufferance of a tender friend.
Cast. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand, that ministers his cure.
Pol. That's kindly said.—You know our father's ward,
The fair Monimia. Is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?
Cast. Suppose I should?
Pol. Suppose you should not, brother?
Cast. You'd say I must not.
Pol. That would sound too roughly
'Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.
Cast. Is love a fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be.
What if I love her?
Cast. Then I must inform you
I loved her first, and cannot quit the claim,
But will preserve the birth-right of my passion.
Pol. You will?
Cast. I will.
Pol. No more, I've done.
Cast. Why not?
Pol. I told you I had done:
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.
Cast. No;
Not with my Polydore; though I must own
My nature obstinate, and void of sufferance:
Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.
Pol. Yet you would break this friendship.
Cast. Not for crowns
Pol. But for a toy you would, a woman's toy;
Unjust Castalio!
Cast. Prithee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love Monimia.
Cast. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your rival.
Cast. No; sure we are such friends,
So much one man, that our affections, too,
Must be united, and the same as we are.
Pol. I doat upon Monimia.
Cast. Love her still;
Win and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.
Cast. No matter
Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for it.
Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?
Cast. Wed her!
No; were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry!
When I am old, and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.
Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so
To propagate his family and name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?
Cast. Mere vanity, and silly dotage all.
No, let me live at large, and when I die——
Pol. Who shall possess the estate you leave?
Cast. My friend,
If he survives me; if not, my king,
Who may bestow it again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offered.
Cast. By yon heaven, I love
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys;
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.
Pol. And by that heaven, eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart!—
Whose shall Monimia be?
Cast. No matter whose.
Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?
Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But the opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love:

But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offered to thy brother.
Urge all thy powers to make thy passion prosper;
But wrong not mine.
Pol. Heaven blast me, if I do.
Cast. If it prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion)
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.
Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men power, or wealthy cities pride,
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.
For if ye, powers, have happiness in store,
When ye would shower down joys on Polydore,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a friend.
[*Exeunt* CAST. *and* POL.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. So soon returned from hunting? This fair day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Passed not Castalio and Polydore this way?
Page. Madam, just now.
Mon. Sure some ill fate's upon me;
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my timorous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?
Instead of that I'm wandering into cares.
Castalio! oh, Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and would fain have it back.—
Come near, Cordelio. I must chide you, sir.
Page. Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?
Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder,
Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for you:
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oftener?
Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul:
But in the morning when you call me to you,
As by your bed I stand, and tell you stories,
I am ashamed to see your swelling breasts,
It makes me blush, they are so very white.
Mon. Oh, men! for flattery and deceit renowned!
Thus, when ye are young, ye learn it all, like him,
Till, as your years increase, that strengthens too,
To undo poor maids, and make our ruin easy.—
Tell me, Cordelio, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets;
Sometimes, at least, have they not talked of me?
Page. Oh, madam, very wickedly they have talked!
But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipped, that tell their masters' secrets.
Mon. Fear not Cordelio; it shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee with all the harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.
Page. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?
Mon. Inform me how thou hast heard
Castalio and his brother use my name.
Page. With all the tenderness of love;
You were the subject of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal proved;
But as the one grew hot, the other cooled,
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolved—
Mon. What, good Cordelio?
Page. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have them; by my dearest hope,
I would not be the argument of strife.
But surely my Castalio wont forsake me,
And make a mockery of my easy love.
Went they together?
Page. Yes, to seek you, madam.
Castalio promised Polydore to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.
Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake, a prize for love in jest?—
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it?
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
That heightened the debate?
Page. The fault was Polydore's.
Castalio played with love, and smiling shewed
The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom;
And marriage is a mortifying thing.
Mon. Then I am ruined! If Castalio's false,
Where is there faith and honour to be found?
Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide
The weak, protect, and take me to your care.
Oh, but I love him! There's the rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

He comes, the conqueror comes! lie still, my heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.
Cast. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something, that concerns you nearly.
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My lord, Castalio!
Cast. Madam?
Mon. Have you purposed
To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
Why am I left with Polydore alone?
Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away; I must attend my father.
Mon. Will you then leave me thus?
Cast. But for a moment.
Mon. It has been otherwise; the time has been,
When business might have staid, and I been heard.
Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go—— [*Exit.*
Mon. Then go, and, if it be possible, for ever.
Well, my lord Polydore, I guess your business,
And read the ill-natured purpose in your eyes.
Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true
Than ever suffered yet for love disdained,
Speak an ill nature, you accuse me justly.
Mon. Talk not of love, my lord! I must not hear it.
Pol. Who can behold such beauty and be silent?
Desire first taught us words. Man, when created,
At first alone long wandered up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts;
But when a heaven-born maid, like you, appeared,
Strange pleasures filled his eyes, and fired his heart,
Unloosed his tongue, and his first talk was love.
Mon. The first created pair indeed were blessed;
They were the only objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone:
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?
Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever. Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
Darts through my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.
Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;
And therefore, when my tender parents died,
Whose ruined fortunes too expired with them,
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
A poor and helpless orphan, to his care.
Pol. 'Twas heaven ordained it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish virtue! 'tis a cheat,
And those, who taught it first, were hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender limbs were made for yielding.
Mon. Here on my knees, by Heaven's blest power I swear, [*Kneels.*
If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.
Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
Was never in the right; ye are always false
Or silly; even your dresses are not more
Fantastic than your appetites; you think
Of nothing twice; opinion you have none;
To-day ye are nice, to-morrow none so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleased, now not; and all you know not why!
Virtue you affect; inconstancy's your practice;
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;
Every rank fool goes down.
Mon. Indeed, my lord,
I own my sex's follies; I have them all,
And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet;
I'd rather run a savage in the woods
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deformed,
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.
[*Exit.*
Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing, called man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty bull ranges through all the field,
And from the herd singling his female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.
It shall be so; I'll yet possess my love;
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours;
Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,
I' th' very minute, when her virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a storm of love,
Beat down her guard of honour all before me,
Surfeit on joys, till even desire grow sick;
Then, by long absence, liberty regain,
And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.
[*Exeunt* POL. *and Page.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Saloon.—Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, *and* POLYDORE.

Acast. To-day has been a day of glorious sport.
When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets rushed another boar,
So large, he seemed the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles raised up high,
They seemed a grove of spears upon his back;
Foaming, he came at me, where I was posted,
Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,
Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-poised javelin high,
With this bold executing arm, I struck
The ugly, brindled monster to the heart.
Cast. The actions of your life were always wondrous.
Acast. No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by it;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with it,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.
Pol. Why there?
Acast. 'Tis, next to money, current there;
To be seen daily in as many forms
As there are sorts of vanities, and men.
The supercilious statesman has his sneer,
To smooth a poor man off with, that can't bribe him;
The grave dull fellow of small business sooths
The humourist, and will needs admire his wit.
Who, without spleen, could see a hot-brained atheist
Thanking a surly doctor for his sermon?
Or a grave counsellor meet a smooth young lord,
Squeeze him by th' hand, and praise his good complexion?
Pol. Courts are the places, where best manners flourish;
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
Make shew. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I
Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies,
And ride him to advantage as I please?
Acast. Who merit, ought indeed to rise i' th' world;
But no wise man, that's honest, should expect it.
What man of sense would rack his generous mind,
To practise all the base formalities
And forms of business? force a grave starched face,
When he's a very libertine in's heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in public,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin?
Such things are done.
Cast. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her as she's fair.
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.
Acast. Go to, ye're fools, and know me not; I've learned,
Long since, to bear, revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer.
You both would fain be great, and to that end
Desire to do things worthy your ambition.
Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in every band. How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,
Yet now pine under want, whilst selfish slaves,
That e'en would cut their throats whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toiled for.
Cast. These precepts suit not with my active mind;
Methinks I would be busy.
Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.
Acast. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud ill-mannered knave in office.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My lord, my father!
Acast. Blessings on my child,
My little cherub! what hast thou to ask me?
Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news.
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wished for,
Is just arrived and entering.
Acast. By my soul
And all my honours, he is most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relic of the best loved man!
Welcome, from all the turmoils and the hazards
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune!
Welcome, as happy tidings after fears!
Cha. Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you:

Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. My brother!
Cha. Oh my sister! let me hold thee
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I have often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfied my soul
With fancied joys, 'till morning cares awaked me.
Another sister! sure it must be so;
Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me, she has claim and interest there.
Acast. Young soldier, you've not only studied war;
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.
Cha. Is she your daughter? then my heart told true,
And I'm at least her brother by adoption;
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And by that patent I have leave to love her.
Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love:
Is Chamont so? No, sure, he's more than man,
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.
Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous power,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy through all the house this day!
In every room let plenty flow at large!
It is the birth-day of my royal master.—
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return?
Cha. I have no business there;
I have not slavish temperance enough
To attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord, that wronged me, for his favour.
Acast. This you could do. [*To his sons.*
Cast. I'd serve my prince.
Acast. Who'd serve him?
Cast. I would, my lord.
Pol. And I; both would.
Acast. Away!
He needs not any servants such as you.
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath;
So just, that were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong. How would you serve him?
Cast. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.
Pol. Die for him,
As every true-born loyal subject ought.
Acast. Let me embrace you both. Now, by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I am truly happy!
For this be ever blest my marriage day,
Blest be your mother's memory, that bore you;
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour,
That gave you birth! Yes, my aspiring boys,
Ye shall have business, when your master wants you.
You cannot serve a nobler: I have served him;
In this old body yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I've, with this tongue, proclaimed
His right, even in the face of rank rebellion;
And, when a foul-mouthed traitor once profaned
His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,
Even at the head of all his giddy rout,
I rushed, and clove the rebel to the chine.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the expected guests are just arrived.
Acast. Go you, and give them welcome and reception.
[*Exeunt* CASTALIO, POLYDORE, SERINA, *&c.*
Cha. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance
In something, that concerns my peace and honour.
Acast. Spoke like the son of that brave man I loved:
So freely, friendly, we conversed together.
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it;
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.
Cha. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor your justice;
Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten.
Acast. Prithee no more of that, it grates my nature.
Cha. When our dear parents died, they died together,
One fate surprised them, and one grave received them;
My father, with his dying breath, bequeathed
Her to my love. My mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, called me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embraced me;
Then pressed me close, and, as she observed my tears,
Kissed them away. Said she, 'Chamont, my son,
'By this, and all the love I ever shewed thee,
'Be careful of Monimia; watch her youth;
'Let not her wants betray her to dishonour:
'Perhaps kind heaven may raise some friend'—then sighed,
Kissed me again; so blest us, and expired.
Pardon my grief!
Acast. It speaks an honest nature.
Cha. The friend heaven raised was you; you took her up,
An infant to the desart world exposed,
And proved another parent.
Acast. I've not wronged her.
Cha. Far be it from my fears.
Acast. Then why this argument?
Cha. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

Acast. Go on.
Cha. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly.
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where power is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us, rather than be thought behind-hand,
Pay over-price.
Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?
Cha. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate;
And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.
Acast. Then first charge her; and if the offence be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoiced in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [*Exit.*
Cha. I thank you from my soul.
Mon. Alas! my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate.
You will not kill me!
Cha. Prithee, why dost talk so?
Mon. Look kindly on me then: I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me.
My heart's so tender, should you charge me roughly,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently, like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.
Cha. Fear nothing; I will shew myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother.—
You've not forgot our father?
Mon. I shall never.
Cha. Then you'll remember too, he was a man,
That lived up to the standard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth.
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once;
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't, than if possest
Of all, that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be managed nicely.
Now, if by any chance, Monimia,
You have soiled this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me?
Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can.
Cha. I'll tell thee, then; three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dewed all my face, and trembling seized my limbs;
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortured fancy there appeared
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, who by turns caressed thee,
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.
I snatched my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me.
Then rose, and called for lights, when, oh, dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierced,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.
Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortured waking!
Cha. Have a care!
Labour not to be justified too fast.
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What followed was the riddle, that confounds me.
Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditated on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red;
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seemed withered,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.
I asked her of my way, which she informed me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister! at that word I started.
Mon. The common cheat of beggars; every day
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.
Cha. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth:
Castalio and Polydore, my sister!
Mon. Ha!
Cha. What, altered! does your courage fail you!
Now by my father's soul, the witch was honest.
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour, at a sordid game?
Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me;
That both have offered me their loves, most true.
Cha. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.
Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have pressed my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——
Cha. But Castalio!
Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse!
Yes, I confess, that he has won my soul
By generous love, and honourable vows,
Which he this day appointed to complete,

ad make himself by holy marriage mine.
Cha. Art thou then spotless? Hast thou still preserved
y virtue white, without a blot, untainted?
Mon. When I'm unchaste may heaven reject my prayers!
more, to make me wretched, may you know it!
Cha. Oh, then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
an all the comforts, ever yet blest man.
t let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
ust not a man; we are by nature false,
issembling, sublte, cruel, and inconstant.
hen a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
t if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
harge thee, let no more Castalio soothe thee!
void it, as thou wouldst preserve the peace
f a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.
Mon. I will.
Cha. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great ones,
hen merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
is heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy. [*Exit.*
Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
r, oh, Castalio! thou too much hast wronged me,
leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
e comes; and now for once, oh, love stand neuter,
hilst a hard part's performed! for I must 'tempt to
ound his soft nature, though my heart aches for it. [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia, Monimia!——She's gone;
nd seemed to part with anger in her eyes.
am a fool, and she has found my weakness;
he uses me already like a slave,
ast bound in chains, to be chastised at will.
was not well done to trifle with my brother;
might have trusted him with all the secret,
pened my silly heart, and shewn it bare.——
ut then he loves her too; but not like me:
am a doating honest slave, designed
or bondage, marriage bonds, which I have sworn
o wear. It is the only thing I e'er
lid from his knowledge; and he'll sure forgive
he first transgression of a wretched friend,
etrayed to love, and all its little follies. [*Exit.*

Enter POLYDORE *and Page at the door.*

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly.
f he should chance to meet Monimia, make
ust observation of each word and action;
ass not one circumstance without remark:
ir, 'tis your office; do't, and bring me word. [*Exit* POL.

Enter MONIMIA *and* CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia, my angel! 'twas not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn;
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.
Mon. Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false hyæna makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all,
With sighs and plaints ye entice poor women's hearts,
And all, that pity you, are made your prey.
Cast. What means my love? Oh, how have I deserved
This language, from the sovereign of my joys!
Stop, stop those tears, Monimia, for they fall,
Like baneful dew from a distempered sky;
I feel them chill me to the very heart.
Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn!
Attempt no farther to delude my faith;
My heart is fixed, and you shall shake it no more.
Cast. Who told you so? What hell-bred villain durst
Profane the sacred business of my love?
Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
The unhappy object of your father's charity,
Licentiously discoursed to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.
Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day owned it,
Taxed me with mine, and claimed a right above me.
Mon. And was your love so very tame, to shrink?
Or, rather than lose him, abandon me?
Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,
Seemed to comply with his unruly will;
Talked as he talked, and granted all he asked;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betrayed,
And I for ever had Monimia lost.
Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.
Cast. Is this Monimia? surely no; till now
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost.
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch the alluring bait,
And ne'er distrust the poison, that it hides.
Mon. When love ill-placed would find a means to break——
Cast. It never wants pretences nor excuse.
Mon. Man therefore was a lord-like creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too;
A lofty aspect given him for command,
Easily softened, when he would betray.
Like conquering tyrants, you our breasts invade,
While you are pleased to forage for a while;
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravaged province ruinate and waste.

If so, Castalio, you have served my heart,
I find that desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.
Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
But, oh, Monimia! When thou hast banished me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
As artful woman for her ends would choose,
Shall ever doat as I have done: for, oh!
No tongue my pleasure nor my pain can tell,
'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell.
Mon. Castalio, stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.
These little quarrels, love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsy thoughts, and wake the soul.
Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongu
I'm ne'er so blest, as when I hear thy vows,
And listen to the language of thy heart.
Cast. Where am I! surely paradise is n me,
Sweets planted by the hand of Heaven grow l
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madn frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beautie
Might make him rage again with love, as I
To touch thee's Heaven, but to enjoy thee!
Thou nature's whole perfection in one piec
Sure, framing thee, Heaven took unsual car
As its own beauty it designed thee fair;
And formed thee by the best loved angel th
[*Ex*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter POLYDORE *and Page.*

Pol. Were they so kind? Express it to me all
In words; 'twill make me think I saw it too.
Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes;
Monimia raged, Castalio grew disturbed;
Each thought the other wronged; yet both so haughty,
They scorned submission: though love all the while
The rebel played, and scarce could be contained.
Pol. But what succeeded?
Page. Oh, 'twas wondrous pretty!
For, of a sudden, all the storm was past,
A gentle calm of love succeeded it;
Monimia sighed and blushed, Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister, in the orange grove,
When I was first preferred to be your page.
Pol. Happy Castalio! Now, by my great soul,
My ambitious soul, that languishes for glory,
I'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will!
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio why was I refused?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?
Traduced my honour? Death! he durst not do it.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me; surprised
Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.
So poachers basely pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey,
Boy!
Page. My lord!
Pol. Go to your chamber, and prepare your lute:
Find out some song to please me, that describes
Women's hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,
Betraying smiles, feigned tears, inconstancies;
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds;
The sum of all their follies, and their falseho

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue told!
Pol. The matter!
Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat, in mirth raised hig
And chased the goblet round the joyful boa
A sudden trembling seized on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale;
His speech forsook him; life itself seemed fa
And all his friends are waiting now about hi

Enter ACASTO, *leaning on two.*

Acast. Support me; give me air; I'll yet cover.
'Twas but a slip decaying nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydo
Your brother; where's Castalio?
Serv. My lord,
I've searched, as you commanded, all the hou
He and Monimia are not to be found.
Acast. Not to be found! then where are my friends? 'Tis well;
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome ho
For I'm prepared to meet him, and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends about m

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest father's li
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!
Oh, may he live till time itself decay,
'Till good men wish him dead, or I offend hi
Acast. Thank you, Castalio; give me both yo hands,
And bear me up; I'd walk.—So, now, methin
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had raised.

ast. My lord, your chaplain.
cast. Let the good man enter.

Enter Chaplain.

hap. Heaven guard your lordship, and restore your health.
cast. I have provided for thee, if I die.
fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy office.
sons, as thus united ever live;
d for the estate you'll find, when I am dead,
ave divided it betwixt you both,
ally parted, as you shared my love;
y to sweet Monimia I've bequeathed
thousand crowns; a little portion for her,
wed her honourably as she's born.
not less friends because you're brothers; shun
e man that's singular; his mind's unsound,
spleen o'erweighs his brains; but, above all,
oid the politic, the factious fool,
e busy, buzzing, taking, hardened knave,
e quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his reason,
lls saucy loud suspicion public zeal,
d mutiny, the dictates of his spirit:
very careful how you make new friends.
n read not morals now: it was a custom:
t all are to their father's vices born;
d in their mother's ignorance are bred.
t marriage be the last mad thing you do,
r all the sins and follies of the past.
you have children, never give them knowledge;
will spoil their fortune; fools are all the fashion;
you've religion, keep it to yourselves;
heists will else make use of toleration,
d laugh you out on't. Never shew religion,
cept you mean to pass for knaves of conscience,
d cheat believing fools, that think ye honest.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My father!
Acast. My heart's darling!
Ser. Let my knees
x to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
t wake and weep, till heaven restore my father.
Acast. Rise to my arms, and thy kind prayers are answered.
r thou'rt a wondrous extract of all goodness,
rn for my joy, and no pains felt when near thee.
hamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. My lord, may it prove not an unlucky omen.
any, I see, are waiting round about you,
nd I am come to ask a blessing too!
Acast. May'st thou be happy!
Cha. Where?
Acast. In all thy wishes.
Cha. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine;
am unpractised in the trade of courtship,
nd know not how to deal out love with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.
Acast. What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?
One born to honour, and to honour bred?
One that has learned to treat even foes with kindness;
To wrong no man's good fame, nor praise himself?
Ser. Oh! name not love, for that's allied to joy,
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good fortune
Render him lovely to some happier maid!
Whilst I, at friendly distance, see him blest,
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.
Acast. Chamont, pursue her, conquer and possess her,
And, as my son, the third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.
But keep thy eyes from wandering, man of frailty.
Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton;
Shun their enticements; ruin, like a vulture,
Waits on their conquests: falsehood too's their business;
They put false beauty off to all the world,
Use false endearments to the fools that love them,
And, when they marry, to their silly husbands
They bring false virtue, broken fame and fortune.
Mon. Hear ye that, my lord?
Pol. Yes, my fair monitor, old men always talk thus.
Acast. Chamont, you told me of some doubts, that pressed you;
Are you yet satisfied that I'm your friend?
Cha. My lord I would not lose that satisfaction
For any blessing I could wish for.
As to my fears, already I have lost them;
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.
Acast. I thank you. Daughter, you must do so too.
My friends, 'tis late;
Now my disorder seems all past and over.
And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.
Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.
Acast. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness:
Let me have music, then, to lull and chase
This melancholy thought of death away.
Good-night, my friends; Heaven guard ye all! good-night!
To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.
[*Exeunt all but* CHA. *and Chap.*
Cha. Hist, hist, sir Gravity, a word with you.
Chap. With me, sir!
Cha. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour;
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.
Chap. Sir, you're a soldier?

Cha. Yes.
Chap. I love a soldier
And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me: yet I'm honest,
For all I wear black.
Cha. And that's a wonder.
Have you had long dependence on this family?
Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time is
Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical; he has good nature,
And I have manners.
His sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are.
I meddle with no man's business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasure freely;
So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.
Cha. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*
Knew you my father, the old Chamont?
Chap. I did, and was most sorry, when we lost him.
Cha. Why? didst thou love him?
Chap. Every body loved him; besides he was my master's friend.
Cha. I could embrace thee for that very notion.
If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.
Chap. I can be no man's foe.
Cha. Then prithee tell me,
Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?
Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy office
Opens thee all the secrets of the family;
Then, if thou'rt honest, use this freedom kindly.
Chap. Love your sister!
Cha. Ay, love her.
Chap. Sir, I never asked him,
And wonder you should ask it me.
Cha. Nay, but thou art an hypocrite; is there not one
Of all thy tribe that's honest? In your schools
The pride of your superiors makes ye slaves;
Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile lives;
Not free enough to practise generous truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the world.
Chap. I would deserve a better thought from you.
Cha. If thou wouldst have me not contemn thy office
And character, think all thy brethren knaves,
Thy trade a cheat, and thou its worst professor,
Inform me; for I tell thee, priest, I'll know.
Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wronged her.
Cha. How! wronged her? Have a care, for this may lay
A scene of mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wronged her, saidst thou?
Chap. Ay, sir, wronged her.
Cha. This is a secret worth a monarch's f-
tune:
What shall I give thee for't? Thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine———
Chap. I would hide nothing from you willing
Cha. Nay, then again thou'rt honest. Would'
thou tell me?
Chap. Yes, if I durst.
Cha. Why, what affrights thee?
Chap. You do,
Who are not to be trusted with the secret.
Cha. Why? I'm no fool.
Chap. So indeed you say.
Cha. Prithee be serious then.
Chap. You see I am so,
And hardly shall be mad enough to-night
To trust you with my ruin.
Cha. Art thou then
So far concerned in't? What has been thy offic
Curse on that formal steady villain's face!
Just so do all bawds look: nay, bawds, they s
Can pray upon occasions, talk of heaven,
Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,
Dissemble, lie, and preach like any priest.
Art thou a bawd?
Chap. Sir, I'm not often used thus.
Cha. Be just then.
Chap. So I shall be to the trust
That's laid upon me.
Cha. By the reverenced soul
Of that great honest man, that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou knowest concerns my h
nour,
And if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battl
May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!
Chap. I see your temper's moved, and I w
trust you.
Cha. Wilt thou?
Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you——
Cha. It never shall.
Chap. Swear then.
Cha. I do, by all
That's dear to me, by the honour of my name,
And by that power I serve, it never shall.
Chap. Then this good day, when all the hou
was busy,
When mirth and kind rejoicing filled each roo
As I was walking in the grove, I met them.
Cha. What! met them in the grove togethe
Tell me
How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, ha!
Chap. I, by their own appointment, met the
there,
Received their marriage-vows, and joined the
hands.
Cha. How, married!
Chap. Yes, sir.
Cha. Then my soul's at peace.
But why would you so long delay to give it.
Chap. Not knowing what reception it may fi
With old Acasto, may be I was too cautious

To trust the secret from me.

Cha. What's the cause
I cannot guess, though't is my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage,
Huddled i'th' dark, and done at too much venture;
The business looks with an unlucky face.
Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new matched pair. Farewell.
Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend.
[*Exit.*

Enter Castalio *and* Monimia.

Cast. Young Chamont and the chaplain? sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contrived, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look
Seems no good boding omen to her bliss;
Else prithee tell me why that look cast down?
Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart were breaking?

Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done.
The heavenly powers were sure displeased to-day;
For at the ceremony as we stood,
And as your hand was kindly joined with mine,
As the good priest pronounced the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drowned my eyes, and trembling seized my soul.
What should that mean?

Cast. Oh, thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!
When a sad story has been told, I have seen
Thy little breasts, with soft compassion swelled,
Move up and down, and heave like dying birds.
But now let fear be banished, think no more
Of danger; for there's safety in my arms;
Let them receive thee. Heaven grows jealous now;
Sure she's too good for any mortal creature!
could grow wild, and praise thee even to madness.
But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.

Pol. So hot, my brother! [Pol. *at the door.*

Mon. 'Twill be impossible;
You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible! impossible! alas:
Is it impossible to live one hour without thee?
Let me behold those eyes; they'll tell me truth.
Hast thou no longing? art thou still the same
Cold, icy virgin? No; thou'rt altered quite:
Haste, haste to bed, and let loose all thy wishes.

Mon. 'Tis but one night, my lord; I pray be ruled.

Cast. Try if thou'st power to stop a flowing tide,
Or in a tempest make the seas be calm;
And, when that's done, I'll conquer my desires.
No more, my blessing. What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betrayed.

Cast. Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse!
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and every power dissolved.
Away, my love; first take this kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past. [*Exit.* Mon.
My brother wandering too so late this way!

Pol. Castalio!

Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? Is he well recovered?

Pol. I left him happily reposed to rest;
He's still as gay as if his life were young.
But how does fair Monimia?

Cast. Doubtless, well:
A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleased,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?

Cast. She's not woman else:
Though I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren desert strayed too long.

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.
Met ye to-day?

Cast. No; she's still avoided me:
Her brother, too, is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my father.
I wish I'd never meddled with the matter:
And would enjoin thee, Polydore——

Pol. To what?

Cast. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.

Pol. What, quit my love? As soon I'd quit my post
In fight, and, like a coward, run away.
No, by my stars, I'll chase her, till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another.

Cast. Nay, she has beauty, that might shake the leagues
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds;
But I have wondrous reasons on my side,
That would persuade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak them:
What are they? Come ye to her window here,
To learn them now? Castalio, have a care;
Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,
But can discern your purpose to abuse me.
Quit your pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do;
You love capitulations, Polydore,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say you've reasons; why are they concealed?

Cast. To-morrow I may tell you.

Pol. Why not now?

Cast. It is a matter of such consequence,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.
But prithee cease to think I would abuse thee,
'Till more be known.

Pol. When you, Castalio, cease

To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.
Did not I see you part this very moment?
Cast. It seems you have watched me, then?
Pol. I scorn the office.
Cast. Prithee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.
Pol. That is henceforward making leagues with you.
Cast. Nay, if you're angry, Polydore, good-night. [*Exit.*
Pol. Good-night, Castalio, if you are in such haste.
He little thinks I have overheard the appointment;
But to his chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my love.
This is the utmost point of all my hopes;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
O, for a means now, how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder brother!
In every thing we do or undertake
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My lord!
Pol. Come hither, boy.
Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment. Canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?
Page. My lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.
Pol. 'Tis pity, then, thou should'st not be employed.
Go to my brother, he's in's chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest:
Find out some means to keep him up awhile;
Tell him a pretty story, that may please
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he will hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore,
Dissemble with thy brother! that's one point. [*Aside.*
But do not leave him, till he's in his bed.
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employed again.
Page. Doubt not, my lord. He has been always kind
To me; would often set me on his knee,
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talked of at nights.
Pol. Run quickly, then, and prosp'rous be th
wishes. [*Exit Page.*
Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief; now
To cheat this brother, will't be honest that?
I heard the sign she ordered him to give.
O, for the art of Proteus, but to change
The unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio!
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then, when I'm happily possessed of more
Than sense can think, all loosened into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give the unregarded signal; Oh,
What a malicious pleasure will that be!
'Just three soft strokes against the chamber door;
'But speak not the least word, for if you should,
''Tis surely heard, and we are both betrayed.'
How I adore a mistress, that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joys;
One that has wit to charm the very soul,
And give a double relish to delight!
Blest heavens, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the sig*
[*Maid at the window.*] Who's there?
Pol. 'Tis I.
Maid. My lord Castalio?
Pol. The same.
How does my love, my dear Monimia?
Maid. Oh!
She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've staid so long, that at each little noise
The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.
Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be opened. [*Maid descends*
Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promised bliss.
[*The door unbolts.*
It opens! Ha! what means my trembling flesh?
Limbs do your office, and support me well;
Bear me to her, then—fail me if you can! [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO *and Page.*

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning:
Pray let us hunt.
Cast. Go, you're an idle prattler.
I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds. Go, leave me,
I must to bed.
Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.
Cast. No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted;
My senses too are quite disrobed of thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good-night. Commend me to my brother.
Page. Oh!
You never heard the last new song I learned!
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were caught

Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.
Cast. You must be whipped, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.
What means this boy's impertinence to-night?
Page. What, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?
Cast. Psalms, child, psalms.
Page. Oh, dear me! boys that go to school learn psalms:
But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.
Cast. Well, leave me. I am weary.

Page. Oh! but you promised me, the last time I told you what colour my lady Monimia's stockings were of, and that she gartered them above knee, that you would give me a little horse to go a hunting upon, so you did. I'll tell you no more stories, except you keep your word with me.

Cast. Well, go, you trifler, and to-morrow ask me.
Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.
Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?
Page. No, no, indeed, my lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.
Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this mean?
Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.
Cast. What's that to me, boy?
Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.
Cast. That's a wonder! prithee tell it me.
Page. 'Tis,—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the horse, then?
Cast. I will, my child.

Page. It is my lady Momimia, look you; but don't you tell her I told you; she'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her say so, as she lay a-bed, man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me, when in her bed, Cordelio?

Page. Yes, and I sung her the song you made, too; and she did so sigh, and so look with her eyes; and her breasts did so lift up and down, I could have found in my heart to have beat them, for they made me ashamed.

Cast. Hark! what's that noise?
Take this, begone, and leave me.
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone!
[*Exit Page.*
Surely it was a noise! hist—only fancy;
For all is hushed, as Nature were retired,
And the perpetual motion standing still,
So much she from her work appears to cease.
And every warring element's at peace:
All the wild herds are in the coverts couched;
The fishes to the banks or ouze repaired,
And to the murmurs of the waters sleep;
The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,
Except of some soft breeze among the trees,
Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon them.
'Tis now, that, guided by my love, I go
To take possession of Monimia's charms.
Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.
At midnight thus the usurer steals untracked,
To make a visit to his hoarded gold,
And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon.
[*Knocks.*
She hears me not; sure she already sleeps;
Her wishes could not brook so long delay,
And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.
[*Knocks again.*
Monimia! my angel!—ha!—not yet—
How long's the shortest moment of delay,
To heart impatient of its pangs like mine,
In sight of ease, and panting to the goal.
[*Knocks again.*
Once more—
Maid. [*At the window.*] Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?
Cast. 'Tis I.
Maid. Who are you? What's your name?
Cast. Suppose the lord Castalio.
Maid. I know you not.
The lord Castalio has no business here.
Cast. Ha! have a care; what can this mean!
Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly;
Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.
Maid. Whoe'er you are, ye may repent this outrage.
My lady must not be disturbed. Good-night.
Cast. She must; tell her she shall. Go, I'm in haste,
And bring her tidings from the State of Love;
They're all in consulation met together,
How to reward my truth, and crown her vows.
Maid. Sure the man's mad!
Cast. Or this will make me so.
Obey me, or, by all the wrongs I suffer,
I'll scale the window, and come in by force,
Let the sad consequence be what it will!
This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!
Maid. My lady's answer is, you may depart.
She says she knows you; you are Polydore,
Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,
To affront and do her violence again.
Cast. I'll not believe it.
Maid. You may, sir.
Cast. Curses blast thee!
Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool evening; and, I hope,
May cure the raging fever in your blood.
Good-night.
Cast. And farewell all that's just in women!
This is contrived; a studied trick, to abuse
My easy nature, and torment my mind.
Sure now she's bound me fast, and means to lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
'Till by degrees she shape me into fool,
For all her future uses. Death and torment!
'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it.
Oh! I could grow even wild, and tear my hair!
'Tis well, Monimia, that thy empire's short;
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,
And try if all thy arts appease my wrongs;
'Till when, be this detested place my bed,
[*Lies down.*
Where I will ruminate on women's ills,
Laugh at myself, and curse the inconstant sex.

Faithless Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter Ernesto.

Ern. Either
My sense has been deluded, or this way,
I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,
And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.
Cast. Who's there?
Ern. A friend.
Cast. If thou art so, retire,
And leave this place; for I would be alone.
Ern. Castalio! my lord, why in this posture,
Stretched on the ground? Your honest, true old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.
Rise, I beseech you.
Cast. If thou art Ernesto,
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,
Once leave me to my folly.
Ern. I cannot leave you,
And not the reason know of your disorders.
Remember how, when young, I in my arms
Have often borne you, pleased you in your pleasures,
And sought an early share in your affection:
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.
Cast. Thou canst not serve me.
Ern. Why?
Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of woman; thou, poor wretch, are past them.
Ern. I hate the sex.
Cast. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto. [*Rises.*
I'd leave the world for him, that hates a woman.
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betrayed the capitol? A woman.
Who lost Marc Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman to man first as a blessing given,
When innocence and love were in their prime;
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman longed to go astray;
Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she changed her love;
To his temptations lewdly she inclined
Her soul, and for an apple damned mankind!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— *A Saloon.*

Acasto *solus.*

Acast. Blest be the morning, that has brought me health;
A happy rest has softened pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well;
A heavy melancholy clogs my heart;
I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark dreams,
Sick fancy's children have been over-busy,
And all the night played farces in my brain.
Methought I heard the midnight raven cry;
Waked with the imagined noise, my curtain seemed
To start, and at my feet my sons appeared,
Like ghosts, all pale and stiff; I strove to speak,
But could not: suddenly the forms were lost,
And seemed to vanish in a bloody cloud.
Twas odd, and for the present, shook my thoughts;
But 'twas the effect of my distempered blood:
And, when the health's disturbed, the mind's unruly.

Enter Polydore.

Good-morning, Polydore.
Pol. Heaven keep your lordship.
Acast. Have you yet seen Castalio to-day?
Pol. My lord, 'tis early day; he's hardly risen.
Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel. [*Exit* Polydore.
I cannot think all has gone well to-night;
For as I waking lay (and sure my sense
Was then my own) I thought I heard my son
Castalio's voice; but it seemed low, and mournful;
Under my window, too, I thought I heard it.
My untoward fancy could not be deceived
In every thing, and I will search the truth out.

Enter Monimia.

Already up, Monimia! you rose
Thus early, sure, to outshine the day:
Or was there any thing, that crossed your rest?
They were naughty thoughts, that would not let you sleep.
Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my lord, I've learnt
By your example to correct their ills,
And morn and evening give up the account.
Acast. Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are so good, I could not.
Though I'm deceived, or you're more fair to-day;
For beauty's heightened in your cheeks, and all
Your charms seem up, and ready in your eyes.
Mon. The little share I have's so very mean,
That it may easily admit addition;
Though you, my lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much praise, and make me proud.
Acast. Proud of an old man's praises? no, Monimia!
But if my prayers can work thee any good,
Thou shalt not want the largest share of them.
Heard you no noise to-night?
Mon. Noise! my good lord!
Acast. About midnight.
Mon. Indeed, my lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must, sure! went you early to your rest?
Mon. About the wonted hour. Why this enquiry? [*Aside.*
Acast. And went your maid to bed, too?
Mon. My lord, I guess so;
I've seldom known her disobey my orders.
Acast. Sure, goblins then, or fairies haunt the dwelling;
I'll have enquiry made through all the house,
But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.
Good-day to thee, Monimia—I'll to chapel.
[*Exit* ACASTO.
Mon. I'll but dispatch some orders to my woman,

Enter FLORELLA.

And wait upon your lordship there.
I fear the priest has played us false; if so,
My poor Castalio loses all for me;
I wonder though he made such haste to leave me;
Was't not unkind, Florella? Surely it was!
He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold; the kiss he gave me,
Seemed the forced compliment of sated love.
Would I had never married!
Maid. Why?
Mon. Methinks
The scene's quite altered; I am not the same;
I've bound up for myself a weight of cares,
And how the burden will be borne, none knows.
A husband may be jealous, rigid, false!
And should Castalio e'er prove so to me,
So tender is my heart, so nice my love,
'Twould ruin and distract my rest for ever.
Maid. Madam, he's coming.
Mon. Where, Florella? where?
Is he returning? To my chamber lead;
I'll meet him there; the mysteries of our love
Should be kept private as religious rites,
From the unhallowed view of common eyes.
[*Exit* MON. *and Maid.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Wished morning's come! And now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the fields his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits.
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up,
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow;
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.
There's no condition sure so cursed as mine!
I'm married! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a dog
Looked Hercules, thus to a distaff chained!
Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter MONIMIA *and Maid.*

Mon. I come,
I fly to my adored Castalio's arms,
My wishes' lord. May every morn begin
Like this; and with our days our loves renew!
Now I may hope you're satisfied—
[*Looking languishingly on him.*
Cast. I am
Well satisfied, that thou art—Oh—
Mon. What? speak:
Art thou not well, Castalio? Come, lean
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.
Cast. 'Tis here; 'tis in my head; 'tis in my heart;
'Tis every where: it rages like a madness;
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
Nay, wonder not, Monimia: the slave,
You thought you had secured within my breast,
Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,
And now he walks there like a lord at large.
Mon. Am I not then your wife, your loved Monimia?
I once was so, or I've most strangely dreamed.
What ails my love?
Cast. Whate'er thy dreams have been,
Thy waking thoughts ne'er meant Castalio well.
No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts!
They're useless all. I'm not that pliant tool,
That necessary utensil, you would make me;
I know my charter better—I am man,
Obstinate man; and will not be enslaved.
Mon. You shall not fear't: indeed my nature's easy;
I'll ever live your most obedient wife!
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will: for that shall be my law;
Indeed I will not.
Cast. Nay, you shall not, madam;
By yon bright heaven you shall not. All the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
'Till by afflictions, and continued cares,
I've worn thee to a homely household drudge.
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to my looser pleasures,
For thou hast wronged Castalio.
Mon. No more;
Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence!
I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,
Thus follow you all day, 'till they're worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning creature.
Castalio!——
Cast. Away! last night, last night—
Mon. It was our wedding night.
Cast. No more; forget it.
Mon. Why, do you then repent?
Cast. I do.
Mon. O, heaven!

And will you leave me thus? help, help, Florella!
[He drags her to the door, breaks from her, and exit.
Help me to hold this yet loved cruel man.
Oh, my heart breaks—I'm dying. Oh—stand off;
I'll not indulge this woman's weakness; still
Chafed and tormented let my heart swell on,
'Till with its injuries it burst, and shake
With the dire blow this prison to the earth.
Maid. What sad mistake has been the cause of this?
Mon. Castalio! Oh! how often has he swore,
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his vows to me!
Make haste, confusion, then; sun, lose thy light,
And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth;
For my Castalio's false.
Maid. Unhappy day!
Mon. False as the wind, the waters or the weather;
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey:
I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood;
Must I be long in pain? *[Sits down.]*
[Exit FLORELLA.

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. In tears, Monimia!
Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my beloved despair.
Cha. Lift up thy eyes, and see, who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
See, if my soul hast rest, 'till thou hast justice.
Mon. My brother!
Cha. Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
Mon. Oh, Castalio!
Cha. Ha!
Name me that name again! my soul's on fire
'Till I know all. There's meaning in that name;
I know he is thy husband: therefore trust me
With all the following truth!
Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature;
I'm often thus seized suddenly with grief,
I know not why.
Cha. You use me ill, Monimia;
And I might think, with justice, most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.
Mon. Truly, I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not so; would you?
Cha. Not, if I'd cause to think it was a friend.
Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?
I ne'er concealed my soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther;
For every probing pains me to the heart.
Cha. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be probed.
Where's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs you?
What! only answer me with tears? Castalio!
Nay, now they stream;
Cruel, unkind Castalio! Is't not so?
Mon. I cannot speak! grief flows so fast upon me,
It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh!
Cha. My Monimia, to my soul thou art dear
As honour to my name. Dear as the light
To eyes but just restored, and healed of blindness.
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee?
Mon. Oh! I dare not.
Cha. I have no friend but thee. We must confide
In one another. Two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are, and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks, it is a part of me, that suffers.
Mon. Oh, shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
Thou wouldst despise the abject, lost Monimia;
I am satisfied, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn me;
No more would praise this hated beauty: but,
When in some cell distracted, as I shall be,
Thou seest me lie; these unregarded locks,
Matted like furies' tresses; my poor limbs
Chained to the ground, and, stead of the delights,
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,
A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish
Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
Prithee have charity and pity for me?
Let me enjoy this thought.
Cha. Why wilt thou rack
My soul so long, Monimia? Ease me quickly
Or thou wilt run me into madness first.
Mon. Could you be secret?
Cha. Secret as the grave.
Mon. But when I have told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? For indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I've been used
From a near friend, from one, that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.
Cha. I will be calm—but has Castalio wronged thee?
Has he already wasted all his love?
What has he done? Quickly, for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale.
Mon. Oh! could you think it!
Cha. What?
Mon. I fear he'll kill me.
Cha. Ha!
Mon. Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.
Cha. What has he done?
Mon. Most barbarously used me.
Nothing so kind as he, when in my arms!
In thousand kisses, tender sighs and joys,
Not to be thought again, the night was wasted:

At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.
But, when we met, and I, with open arms,
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh, then!—
Cha. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.
Cha. How!
Mon. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begged to know the cause,
He dragged me like a slave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.
Cha. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away? with scorn?
Mon. He did! and more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,
Though I still love him with unbated passion.
Cha. What, throw thee from him!
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cha. So may this arm
Throw him to the earth, like a dead dog despised!
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!
Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!
Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be calm?
Keep my disgrace concealed? Why shouldst thou kill him?
By all my love, this arm should do him vengeance.
Alas! I love him still, and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, gods! where'er he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Sure some ill fate is towards me; in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder;
Each vassal has a wild distracted face,
And looks as full of business as a blockhead
In times of danger. Just this very moment
I met Castalio——
Cha. Then you met a villain.
Acast. Ha!
Cha. Yes, a villain.
Acast. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with Acasto's fame.
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance;
Villain to thee!
Cha. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!
Acast. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend
Was ne'er thy father; nothing of him is in thee.
What have I done in my unhappy age,
To be thus used? I scorn to upbraid thee, boy;
But I could put thee in remembrance——
Cha. Do.
Acast. I scorn it——
Cha. No, I'll calmly hear the story,
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most—Ha! is not that good old Acasto?
What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?
Acast. Why dost thou ask it?
Cha. 'Twas the rude overflowing
Of too much passion. Pray, my lord, forgive me, [*Kneels.*
Acast. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge a wrong.
Cha. I know it well; but, for this thought of mine,
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.
Acast. I will; but henceforth prithee be more kind. [*Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?
Cha. Indeed I've been to blame;
But I'll learn better; for you've been my father.
You have been her father too— [*Takes* Mon. *by the hand.*
Acast. Forbear the prologue——
And let me know the substance of thy tale.
Cha. You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipped; and, with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines. There long she flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;
'Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away.
Acast. You talk to me in parables, Chamont.
You may have known, that I am no wordy man;
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Of fools, that use them, when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be plain.
Cha. Your son——
Acast. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.
Cha. I hope so too—but——
Acast. Speak.
Cha. I must inform you,
Once more, Castalio——
Acast. Still Castalio!
Cha. Yes.
Your son Castalio has wronged Monimia.
Acast. Ha! wronged her?
Cha. Married her.
Acast. I am sorry for it.
Cha. Why sorry?
By yon blest heaven, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart!
Acast. I'll not deny it.
Cha. You dare not! By the gods you dare not;
All your family combined
In one damned falsehood to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny it.
Acast. How has Castalio wronged her?
Cha. Ask that of him. I say, my sister's wronged:
Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble as Castalio—Do her justice,
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't. Hark you, my lord! your son Castalio;

Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.
Acast. You shall have justice.
Cha. Nay, I will have justice.
Who'll sleep in safety, that has done me wrong?
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio.
Acast. I will.
Cha. 'Till then, farewell. [*Exit.*
Acast. Farewell, proud boy.
Monimia!
Mon. My lord.
Acast. You are my daughter.
Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.
Acast. When you complain to me, I'll prove a father. [*Exit.*
Mon. Now, I'm undone for ever. Who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I've lost Acasto now: his parting frowns
May well instruct me, rage is in his heart:
I shall be next abandoned to my fortune,
Thrust out a naked wanderer to the world,
And branded for the mischievous Monimia!
What will become of me? my cruel brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for aught I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder.
I would not be the cause of one man's death
To reign the empress of the earth; nay more,
I'd rather lose, for ever, my Castalio,
My dear unkind Castalio!

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. Monimia, weeping!
So morning dews on new-blown roses lodge,
By the sun's amorous heat to be exhaled.
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee:
What mean these sighs? And why thus beats thy heart?
Mon. Let me alone to sorrow. 'Tis a cause
None e'er shall know: but it shall with me die.
Pol. Happy, Monimia, he, to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings, are paid!
I am no stranger to your dearest secret:
I know your heart was never meant for me;
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.
Mon. My lord!
Pol. Nay, wonder not; last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces; heard the appointment made;
I did, Monimia, and cursed the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?
Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you swore constancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne'er my friend again?
Pol. What means my love?
Mon. Away; what meant my lord
Last night?
Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?
I hope Monimia was not much displeased.
Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a prostitute?
To assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me, if I denied admittance——
You said you were Castalio——
Pol. By those eyes
It was the same: I spent my time much better:
I tell thee, ill-natured fair one, I was posted
To more advantage, on a pleasant hill
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.
Mon. Ha—have a care——
Pol. Where is the danger near me?
Mon. I fear you're on a rock will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?
Pol. I'll trust thee with my life; on these soft breasts
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I have nothing in my heart but love.
Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the gods and angels,
By the honour of your name, that's most concerned,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?
Pol. Within thy arms
I triumphed! rest had been my foe.
Mon. 'Tis done—— [*She faints.*
Pol. She faints! No help! who waits? A curse
Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence.
Confusion! we shall be surprised anon,
And consequently all must be betrayed.
Monimia! She breathes—Monimia——
Mon. Well——
Let mischiefs multiply! Let every hour
Of my loathed life yield me increase of horror!
Oh, let the sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclipsed for ever;
May every thing, I look on, seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, Polydore, if all
The friendship e'er you vowed to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood; if you ever loved
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.
Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,
As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?
Mon. Oh! I am his wife.
Pol. What says Monimia! ha!
Speak that again.
Mon. I am Castalio's wife.
Pol. His married, wedded wife?
Mon. Yesterday's sun
Saw it performed.
Pol. And then, have I enjoyed
My brother's wife?
Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.
Pol. Must we be miserable then?

Mon. Oh!
Pol. Oh! thou mayst yet be happy.
Mon. Couldst thou be
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?
Pol. It may be yet a secret; I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee;
Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.
Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me; heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head.
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms? Curst thought!
Oh, when shall I be mad indeed!
Pol. Nay, then,
Let us embrace, and from this very moment
Vow an eternal misery together.
Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
Never grow fond of cheerful peace again?
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
And find out ways how to increase affliction?
Pol. We'll institute new arts, unknown before,
To vary plagues, and make them look like new ones.
First, if the fruit of our detested joy,
A child, be born, it shall be murdered——
Mon. No;
Sure that may live.
Pol. Why?
Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than its parents, to be branded
With all our infamy, and curse its birth.
Pol. That's well contrived.
Then thus I'll go,
Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched pair expelled their paradise.
I'll find some place, where adders nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous: where poisons hang,
Like gums, against the walls: where witches meet
By night, and feed upon some pampered imp,
Fat with the blood of babes: there I'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation;
Desire shall languish like a withering flower,
And no distinction of the sex be thought of.
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms,
But, when I'm dying, take me in thy arms.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

CASTALIO *lying on the ground.—Soft music.*

SONG.

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide:
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.
The happiest mortal once was I;
My heart no sorrows knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as heaven, whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

See where the deer trot after one another,
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,
Brother and sister, mingled all together.
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,
Calm arbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion; if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster——
Once in a season too they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave,
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Castalio! Castalio!
Cast. Who's there
So wretched but to name Castalio?
Acast. I hope my message may succeed!
Cast. My father!
'Tis joy to see you, though where sorrow's nourished.
Acast. I'm come in beauty's cause; you'll guess the rest.
Cast. A woman! If you love my peace of mind,
Name not a woman to me; but to think
Of woman, were enough to taint my brains,
Till they ferment to madness. Oh, my father!
Acast. What ails my boy?
Cast. A woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my remembrance.
Acast. Forget Monimia!
Cast. She, to chuse: Monimia!
The very sound's ungrateful to my sense.
Acast. This might seem strange, but you, I've found, will hide
Your heart from me; you dare not trust your father.
Cast. No more Monimia.
Acast. Is she not your wife?
Cast. So much the worse; who loves to hear of wife?
When you would give all worldly plagues a name,
Worse than they have already, call them wife:
But a new-married wife's a teeming mischief,
Full of herself! Why what a deal of horror

Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yesterday!

Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me
And see Monimia.

Cast. Sure my lord but mocks me.
Go see Monimia! Pray, my lord, excuse me,
And leave the conduct of this part of life
To my own choice.

Acast. I say, no more dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wronged her.

Cast. Who has complained?

Acast. Her brother, to my face, proclaimed her wronged,
And in such terms they have warmed me.

Cast. What terms? Her brother! Heaven!
Where learned he that?
What! does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not sure affront you!

Acast. No, not much.
But———

Cast. Speak, what said he?

Acast. That thou wert a villain;
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

Cast. Shame on the ill-mannered brute!
Your age secured him; he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my sword,
I would not see thee wronged, and bear it vilely:
Though I have passed my word she shall have justice.

Cast. Justice! to give her justice would undo her.
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Left joys, just opening to my sense, sought here
A place to curse my fate in, measured out
My grave at length, wished to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter Chamont.

Cha. Where is the hero, famous and renowned
For wronging innocence and breaking vows?
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acast. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio.

Cha. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.

Cast. The slave is here.

Cha. I thought e'er now to have found you
Atoning for the ills you have done Chamont;
For you have wronged the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the tears, thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are Chamont?

Cha. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.

Cast. I have heard of such a man,
That has been very busy with my honour.
I own, I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again,
You sent me by my father.

Cha. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*

Acast. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence,
Makes me his foe—— [*Draws and interposes.*
Young man, it once was thought [*To Cast.*
I was fit guardian of my house's honour;
And you might trust your share with me——For you, [*to Cha.*
Young soldier, I must tell you, you have wronged me.
I promised you to do Monimia right,
And thought my word a pledge, I would not forfeit:
But you, I find, would fright us to performance.

Cast. Sir, in my younger years, with care you taught me,
That brave revenge was due to injured honour:
Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

Cha. Into thy father's arms thou fliest for safety,
Because thou knowest that place is sanctified
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.

Cast. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be revenged for all the wrongs,
Done me by that ungrateful fair, thou plead'st for.

Cha. She wronged thee! by the fury in my heart,
Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
With thy capricious follies. The remembrance
Of the loved creature, that once filled these arms——

Cha. Has not been wronged.

Cast. It shall not.

Cha. No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though the unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
Be opprest by thee, thou proud imperious traitor!

Cast. Ha! set me free.

Cha. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Ser. Alas! alas!
The cause of these disorders! my Chamont,
Who is't has wronged thee?

Cast. Now, where art thou fled
For shelter?

Cha. Come from thine, and see what safeguard
Shall then betray my fears.

Ser. Cruel Castalio,
Sheath up thy angry sword, and don't affright me.
Chamont, let once Serina calm thy breast:
If any of my friends have done thee injuries,
I'll be revenged, and love thee better for it.

Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to shew your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

Cha. Till then, I am Castalio's friend.

Cast. Serina,
Farewell: I wish much happiness attend you.

Ser. Chamont's the dearest thing I have on earth;

Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.
Cha. Witness the gods, how happy I'm in thee!
No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,
Though the fair child of nature, newly born,
Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind Castalio,
Suppose I should a while lay by my passions,
And be a beggar in Monimia's cause,
Might I be heard?
Cast. Sir, 'twas my last request,
You would, though I find you'll not be satisfied;
So, in a word, Monimia is my scorn;
She basely sent you here to try my fears;
That was your business;
No artful prostitute, in falsehoods practised,
To make advantage of her coxcomb's follies,
Could have done more.—Disquiet vex her for it!
Cha. Farewell. [*Exit* CHA. *and* SER:
Cast. Farewell—My father, you seem troubled.
Acast. Would I'd been absent, when this boisterous brave
Came to disturb thee thus. I'm grieved I hindered
Thy just resentment. But Monimia——
Cast. Damn her.
Acast. Don't curse her.
Cast. Did I?
Acast. Yes.
Cast. I'm sorry for it.
Acast. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's but small,
It might be pardoned.
Cast. No.
Acast. What has she done?
Cast. That she's my wife, may heaven and you forgive me.
Acast. Be reconciled then.
Cast. No.
Acast. Go see her.
Cast. No.
Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.
Cast. No.
Acast. For my sake,
Castalio, and the quiet of my age.
Cast. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?
Acast. Prithee forgive her.
Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.
I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wond'rous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter FLORELLA.

Flor. My lord, where are you! Oh, Castalio!
Acast. Hark.
Cast. What's that?
Flor. Oh, shew me quickly, where's Castalio!
Acast. Why, what's the business?
Flor. Oh, the poor Monimia!
Cast. Ha!
Acast. What's the matter?
Flor. Hurried by despair,
She flies with fury over all the house,
Through every room of each apartment, crying,
'Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!
Except she see you, sure she'll grow distracted.
Cast. Ha! will she? Does she name Castalio?
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely mourner. Oh, my father!
Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose!
Cast. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
And be a man; my heart will not forget her;
But do not tell the world you saw this of me.
Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy love.
Cast. Oh! I will throw my impatient arms about her,
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,
Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia! oh! [*Exeunt* ACASTO *and* CAST.

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room!
I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
My wishes' lord, comely as the rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known!
Flowers spring where'er he treads; his eyes,
Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him!
When will they shine on me?—Oh, stay my soul!
I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

CASTALIO *within.*

Cast. Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,
That life's in love with't?
Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
So, in a camp, though at the dead of night,
If but the trumpet's cheerful noise is heard,
All at the signal leap from downy rest,
And every heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?
Cast. [*Entering.*] Here, my love.
Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.
Cast. Have I been in a dream, then, all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?
Mon. Oh, were it possible, that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.
Cast. Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet prithee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.
Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness,
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I so have wronged.
Cast. Thou hast not wronged me.
Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st

Just as thy poor heart thinks! Have not I wronged thee?
Cast. No.
Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.
Cast. What means my love?
Mon. Couldst thou but forgive me——
Cast. What?
Mon. For my fault last night; alas, thou can'st not!
Cast. I can, and do.
Mon. Thus crawling on the earth,
Would I that pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the face of heaven with hope.
Cast. Then, let's draw near.
Mon. Ah, me!
Cast. So, in the fields,
When the destroyer has been out for prey,
The scattered lovers of the feathered kind,
Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach;
'Till, joining thus, they bill, and spread their wings,
Murmuring love, and joy their fears are over.
Mon. Yet, have a care; be not too fond of peace,
Lest, in pursuance of the goodly quarry,
Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee.
Cast. My better angel, then do thou inform me,
What danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didst thou (prithee smile, and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath thy window,
Quaking with fierce and violent desires;
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness inclosed, and the winds whistled round me,
Which, with my mournful sighs, made such sad music,
As might have moved the hardest heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?
Mon. Did not I beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change, and horror from within me?
Cast. Then there is something yet, which I've not known:
What dost thou mean by horror, and forbearance
Of more inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me,
And don't betray me to a second madness!
Mon. Must I?
Cast. If, labouring in the pangs of death,
Thou would'st do any thing to give me ease,
Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.
Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again——
Cast. What means my destiny?
For all my good or evil fate dwells in thee!
Ne'er meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Cast. Where's the power
On earth that dare not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance; I served
A long and painful faithful slavery for thee:
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing?
Mon. Time will clear all; but now, let this content you.
Heaven has decreed, and therefore I'm resolved
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio)
Ever to be a stranger to thy love,
In some far distant country waste my life,
And, from this day, to see thy face no more.
Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest;
But, oh, Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked.
Wilt thou not turn? Oh! could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.
Mon. Ah, poor Castalio! [*Exit* MONIMIA.
Cast. Pity, by the gods,
She pities me! then thou wilt go eternally.
What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.
Cast. Who's there?—
Pol. Why, what art thou?
Cast. My brother Polydore?
Pol. My name is Polydore.
Cast. Canst thou inform me——
Pol. Of what!
Cast. Of my Monimia!
Pol. No. Good-day.
Cast. In haste!
Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.
Pol. Indeed, and so to me does my Castalio.
Cast. Do I?
Pol. Thou dost.
Cast. Alas, I have wond'rous reason?
I'm strangely altered, brother, since I saw thee.
Pol. Why!
Cast. Oh! to tell thee, would but put thy heart
To pain. Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose

Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;
For thou wilt pardon them, because they're mine.
Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first;
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?
Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a false friendship, when, with open arms,
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?
Oh! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!
Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.
Cast. Dost thou not love me, then?
Pol. Oh, more than life:
I never had a thought of my Castalio,
Might wrong the friendship we have vowed together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?
Cast. I hope I have.
Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?
Cast. Oh, Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.
Pol. I grieve, my friend
Knows any thing, which he's ashamed to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore?
Cast. Oh, much too oft!
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind affection of a brother,
(For I'm ashamed to call myself thy friend)
Forgive me——
Pol. Well, go on.
Cast. Our destiny contrived
To plague us both with one unhappy love.
Thou, like a friend, a constant, generous friend,
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smoothed my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.
Pol. How!
Cast. Still new ways I studied to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.
Pol. Ah, Castalio, was that well done!
Cast. No; to conceal it from thee was much a fault.
Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The tale I tell, what wilt thou call it then?
Cast. How my heart throbs!
Pol. First for thy friendship, traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this day, I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio:
This witness Heaven!
Cast. What will my fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why.
What means this, brother?
Pol. Perjured, treacherous wretch,
Farewell!
[illegible]. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.
Pol. Never.
Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How from our infancy, we, hand in hand,
Have trod the path of life and love together;
One bed hath held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions, still employed our thoughts:
When e'er had I a friend, that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a foe, that was not mine?
Even in the womb we embraced: and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me,
Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,
Plunged in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?
Pol. Go to Monimia, in her arms thou'lt find
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.
Cast. What arts?
Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband! there's a question!
Go to her fulsome bed, and wallow there;
Till some hot ruffian, full of lust and wine,
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy bargain.
Cast. Hold there, I charge thee.
Pol. Is she not a——
Cast. Whore?
Pol. Ay, whore; I think that word needs no explaining.
Cast. Alas! I can forgive even this, to thee!
But let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm grieved
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,
To wrong that virtue, which thou couldst not ruin.
Pol. It seems I lie, then?
Cast. Should the bravest man
That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
My friend may be mistaken.
Pol. Damn the evasion!
Thou mean'st the worst; and he's a base-born villain,
That said I lied.
Cast. Do draw thy sword, and thrust it through my heart;
There is no joy in life, if thou art lost.—
A base-born villain!
Pol. Yes; thou never cam'st
From old Acasto's loins; the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother, and instead
Of a true brother, in a cradle by me,
Placed some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he.
Cast. Thou art my brother still.
Pol. Thou liest.
Cast. Nay then— [*He draws.*
Yet I am calm.
Pol. A coward's always so.
Cast. Ah!—ah—that stings home—Coward!
Pol. Ay, base-born coward! villain!
Cast. This to thy heart, then, though my mother bore thee.
[*Fight; POLYDORE drops his sword, and runs on CASTALIO'S.*
Pol. Now, my Castalio is again my friend.
Cast. What have I done? my sword is in thy breast!
Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend.
Cast. Ye gods, we're taught, that all your works are justice,

You're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?
Pol. Blame not the heavens; here lies thy fate,
Castalio;
They're not the gods, 'tis Polydore has wronged
thee;
I've stained thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.
Cast. By thee!
Pol. By me, last night, the horrid deed
Was done, when all things slept but rage and
incest.
Cast. Now, where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice,
Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? Here's blood.
Cast. Ay, brother's blood.
Art thou prepared for everlasting pains?
Pol. Oh, let me charge thee, by the eternal
justice,
Hurt not her tender life!
Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye powers above, with all your choicest torments,
Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise cruelty upon her,
And wreak revenge some way yet never known.
Mon. That task myself have finished; I shall
die
Before we part; I have drank a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong
thee.
Pol. O she's innocent!
Cast. Tell me that story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.
Pol. Hadst thou, Castalio, used me like a
friend,
This ne'er had happened; hadst thou let me
know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy;
But, ignorant of that,
Hearing the appointment made, enraged to think
Thou hadst outdone me in successful love,
I, in the dark, went and supplied thy place;
Whilst, all the night, 'midst our triumphant joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceived Monimia,
Embraced, caressed, and called me her Castalio.
Cast. And all this is the work of my own for-
tune;
None but myself could e'er have been so cursed!
My fatal love, alas! has ruined thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e'er made,
Or ever human eyes and hearts adored.
I've murdered too my brother.
Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me far-
ther,
And force the sin of parricide upon me?
Pol. 'Twas my own fault, and thou art inno-
cent:
Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue;
'Twas a hard violence: I could have died
With love of thee, even when I used thee worst:
Nay, at each word, that my distraction uttered,
My heart recoiled, and 'twas half death to spea
them.
Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of me,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
And close the eyes of one, that has betrayed thee!
Cast. Oh, I'm the unhappy wretch, whose cur-
sed fate
Has weighed thee down into destruction wi
him.
Why then, thus kind to me?
Mon. When I'm laid low i' th' grave, and qui
forgotten,
May'st thou be happy in a fairer bride;
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)
Speak well of me; and, if thou find ill tongues
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wronged;
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honoured with thy love.
How my head swims! 'tis very dark. Good-
night. [Die
Cast. If I survive thee—what a thought wa
that?
Thank heaven, I go prepared against that cure.

Enter CHAMONT, *disarmed and seized by* ACASTO
and Servants.

Cha. Gape hell, and swallow me to quick dam-
nation,
If I forgive your house! if I not live
An everlasting plague to thee, Acasto,
And all thy race! Ye've overpowered me now;
But hear me, Heaven!—Ah, here's a scene of
death!
My sister, my Monimia breathless!——Now,
Ye powers above, if ye have justice, strike,
Strike bolts through me, and through the cursed
Castalio!
Acast. My Polydore!
Pol. Who calls?
Acast. How com'st thou wounded?
Cast. Stand off, thou hot-brained, boisterous,
noisy ruffian,
And leave me to my sorrows!
Cha. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;
But here remain, till my heart burst with sobbing.
Cast. Vanish, I charge thee, or—
[*Draws a dagger.*
Cha. Thou canst not kill me;
That would be kindness, and against thy nature.
Acast. What means Castalio? Sure thou wi
not pull
More sorrows on thy aged father's head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this ruin.
Pol. That must be my task:
But 'tis too long for one in pain to tell;
You'll in my closet find the story writte[illegible]
Of all our woes. Castalio's innocent,
And so's Monimia; only I'm to blame.
Enquire no farther.
Cast. Thou, unkind Chamont,

Unjustly hast pursued me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him, that never wronged thee;
Now, if thou wilt embrace a nobler vengeance,
Come, join with me, and curse——
Cha. What?
Cast. First, thyself,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth:
Confusion and disorder seize the world,
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men!
'Twixt families engender endless feuds,
n countries needless fears, in cities factions,
n states rebellion, and in churches schism!
Till all things move against the course of nature,
Till form's dissolved, the chain of causes broken,
And the original of being lost!
Acast. Have patience.
Cast. Patience! preach it to the winds,
The roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves
That teach it, laugh at ye, when ye believe them.
Strip me of all the common needs of life,
Scald me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but cursed to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.
[*Stabs himself.*
Pol. Castalio! oh!
Cast. I come.
Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath;
Comfort my mourning father, heal his griefs,
[ACAS. *faints into the arms of a servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And, for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wronged, be kind to poor Serina.
Now, all I beg, is, lay me in one grave
Thus with my love. Farewell. I now am—nothing.
[*Dies.*
Cha. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
To search the means, by which the fates have plagued us.
'Tis thus that heaven its empire does maintain;
It may afflict, but man must not complain.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

YOU'VE seen one Orphan ruin'd here, and I
May be the next, if old Acasto die;
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
Who 'tis would to the fatherless be kind.
To whose protection might I safely go?
s there amongst you no good nature? No.
What should I do? should I the godly seek,
And go a conventicling twice a week?
Quit the lewd stage, and its prophane pollution,
Affect each form and saint-like institution,
So draw the brethren all to contribution?
Or shall I (as I guess the poet may
Within these three days) fairly run away?
No, to some city-lodging I'll retire,
Seem very grave, and privacy desire:
Till I am thought some heiress rich in lands,
Fled to escape a cruel guardian's hands;
Which may produce a story worth the telling,
Of the next sparks that go a fortune-stealing.

VENICE PRESERVED;

OR,

A PLOT DISCOVERED.

BY

OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

In these distracted times, when each man dreads
The bloody stratagems of busy heads;
When we have feared three years we know not what,
Till witnesses begin to die o'th' rot,
What made our poet meddle with a plot?
Was't that he fancied, for the very sake
And name of plot, his trifling play might take?
For there's not in't one inch-broad evidence,
But 'tis, he says, to reason plain and sense,
And that he thinks a plausible defence.
Were truth by sense and reason to be tried,
Sure all our swearers might be laid aside.
No, of such tools our author has no need,
To make his plot, or make his play succeed.
He, of black bills, has no prodigious tales,
Or, Spanish pilgrims cast ashore in Wales;
Here's not one murdered magistrate at least:
Kept rank like ven'son for a city feast:
Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare,
And fit his pliant limbs to ride in chair:
Yet here's an army raised, though under ground,
But no man seen, nor one commission found:
Here is a traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, subtle, mischievous, and bold,
Bloody, revengeful, and, to crown his part,
Loves fumbling with a wench, with all his heart;
Till after having many changes past,
In spite of age, (thanks t'heaven) is hang'd at last.
Next is a senator that keeps a whore;
In Venice none a higher office bore;
To lewdness every night the letcher ran,
Shew me, all London, such another man,
Match him at Mother Creswold's, if you can.
Oh Poland! Poland! had it been thy lot,
T'have heard in time of this Venetian plot,
Thou surely chosen had'st one king from thence,
And honour'd them as thou hast England since.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke of Venice.
Priuli, *father of Belvidera.*
Bedamar, *ambassador of Spain.*
Jaffier, *husband of Belvidera.*
Pierre, *friend of Jaffier.*
Renault,
Eliot,
Spinosa,
Theodore,
Revillido,
Durand,
Conspirators.
Mazzana,
Bramveil,
Ternon,
Brabe,
Conspirators.

WOMEN.

Belvidera.
Aquilina, *a Courtezan.*
Two Women, attendants on Belvidera.
The Council of Ten.
Officer, Guard, Friar.
Executioner, and Rabble.

Scene,—*Venice.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter PRIULI *and* JAFFIER.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Begone and leave me.
Jaf. Not hear me! By my suffering but you shall!
My lord, my lord, I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wronged me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you!
Pri. Yes, wronged me! In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you have done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on,
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you,
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh Belvidera!
Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her!
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
[illegible]e in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
[illegible] for her life she paid me with herself.
Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose,
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine;
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!
Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain;
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty,
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire:
And happier than his father!
Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.
Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.
Pri. 'Twould, by heaven!
Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life was not so precious—
But she is gone, and, if I am a man,
I will forget her.
Jaf. Would I were in my grave!
Pri. And she too with thee:
For, living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers,
I once was happy.
Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety,
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune, where she would be kinder?
Pri. You dare not do it,
Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past, since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded.
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
Pri. No more.
Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night

Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked, but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.
Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then, to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats and starve—
Home, home, I say.—— [*Exit.*
Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me——
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors;
Watchful as fowlers, when their game will spring.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
Oh! Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife——
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. My friend, good-morrow.
How fares the honest partner of my heart?
What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?
Jaf. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damned starving quality,
Called honesty, got footing in the world.
Pier. Why, powerful villany first set it up,
For its own ease and safety. Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions, on which knaves
Repose and fatten. Were all mankind villains,
They'd starve each other; lawyers would want practice,
Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his brother
Himself; none would be paid or hanged for murder.
Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first
To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
And lord it uncontrouled above their betters.
Jaf. Then honesty is but a notion?
Pier. Nothing else;
Like wit, much talked of, not to be defined.
He, that pretends to most, too, has least share in it.
'Tis a ragged virtue: Honesty! no more of it.
Jaf. Sure thou art honest?
Pier. So, indeed, men think me;
But they are mistaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue
As well as they;
A fine, gay, bold-faced villain, as thou seest me.
'Tis true, I pay my debts, when they're contracted;
I steal from no man; would not cut a throat,
To gain admission to a great man's purse,
Or a whore's bed; I'd not betray my friend
To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch beneath me;
Yet, Jaffier, for all this, I am a villain.
Jaf. A villain!
Pier. Yes, a most notorious villain;
To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man: to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a shew
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters;
Yet, whom they please, they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of power,
While no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us, 'tis our charter.
Jaf. Oh, Aquilina! Friend, to lose such beauty!
The dearest purchase of thy noble labours!
She was thy right by conquest, as by love.
Pier. Oh! Jaffier! I had so fixed my heart upon her,
That, wheresoe'er I framed a scheme of life,
For time to come, she was my only joy,
With which I wished to sweeten future cares:
I fancied pleasures; none but one, that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them:
When in the extremity of all these hopes,
In the most charming hour of expectation,
Then, when our eager wishes soared the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely game,
A haggard owl, a worthless kite of prey,
With his foul wings, sailed in, and spoiled my quarry.
Jaf. I know the wretch, and scorn him as thou hatest him.
Pier. Curse on the common good, that's so protected,
Where every slave, that heaps up wealth enough
To do much wrong, becomes the lord of right!
I, who believed no ill could e'er come near me,
Found in the embraces of my Aquilina
A wretched, old, but itching senator;
A wealthy fool, that had bought out my title;
A rogue, that uses beauty like a lamb-skin,
Barely to keep him warm; that filthy cuckoo too
Was, in my absence, crept into my nest,
And spoiling all my brood of noble pleasure.
Jaf. Didst thou not chase him thence?
Pier. I did, and drove
The rank old bearded Hirco stinking home.
The matter was complained of in the senate,
I summoned to appear, and censured basely,
For violating something they called privilege——
This was the recompence of all my service.
Would I'd been rather beaten by a coward!
A soldier's mistress, Jaffier, is his religion;
When that's profaned, all other ties are broken:
That even dissolves all former bonds of service;
And from that hour I think myself as free
To be the foe, as e'er the friend, of Venice——
Nay, dear revenge, whene'er thou call'st, I'm ready.
Jaf. I think no safety can be here for virtue,

And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
n such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good;
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.
Pier. We have neither safety, unity, nor peace,
For the foundation's lost, of common good:
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make them)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up, to enslave us deeper.
Now, could this glorious cause but find out friends
To do it right, oh, Jaffier! then might'st thou
Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face;
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
dare not speak, but my heart bleeds this moment.
Jaf. Cursed be the cause, though I, thy friend, be part on't!
Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am used to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten it to thy spirit.
Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge—
Jaf. Then from thee
Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship,
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.
Pier. Then thou art ruined!
Jaf. That I long since knew;
and ill fortune have been long acquainted.
Pier. I passed this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains:
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had signed it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;
There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing: he had taken possession
Of all thy ancient, most domestic, ornaments,
Rich hangings intermixed and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding-night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.
Jaf. Now thank heaven—
Pier. Thank heaven! for what?
Jaf. That I'm not worth a ducat.
Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice,
Where brothers, friends, and fathers, are all false;
Where there's no truth, no trust; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
T[illegible]s doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers,
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads them;
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she leaned,
Kindly looked up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catched the sorrows, that fell from her!
Even the lewd rabble, that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute, when they beheld her,
Governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity.
I could have hugged the greasy rogues: they pleased me.
Jaf. I thank thee for this story, from my soul;
Since now I know the worst, that can befal me.
Ah, Pierre! I have a heart, that could have borne
The roughest wrong, my fortune could have done me;
But, when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness,
If, throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows.
Pier. Burn,
First burn and level Venice to thy ruin!
What! starve, like beggars' brats, in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!..
Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee:
Command my heart! thou art every way its master.
Jaf. No, there's a secret pride in bravely dying.
Pier. Rats die in holes and corners; dogs run mad:
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow—
Revenge, the attribute of gods; they stamped it
With their great image on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause, that calls upon thee,
And, if thou'rt base enough, die then. Remember,
Thy Belvidera suffers; Belvidera!
Die—damn first—What! be decently interred
In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues, that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o' th' soil!
Jaf. Oh!
Pier. Well said, out with't, swear a little—
Jaf. Swear! by sea and air; by earth, by heaven and hell,
I will revenge my Belvidera's tears.
Hark thee, my friend—Priuli is—a senator.
Pier. A dog.
Jaf. Agreed.
Pier. Shoot him.
Jaf. With all my heart.
No more; where shall we meet at night?
Pier. I'll tell thee;
On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation;
There we two will meet, and talk of precious
Mischief—
Jaf. Farewell.
Pier. At twelve.
Jaf. At any hour; my plagues
Will keep me waking. [*Exit* PIERRE.

Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burthens?
Why have I sense to know the curse, that's on me!
Is this just dealing, nature?—Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Poor Belvidera!
Bel. Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh smile! as when our loves were in the spring,
And cheer my fainting soul.
Jaf. As when our loves
Were in the spring! Has then our fortune changed?
Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?
Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth!
Beats not my heart, as 'twould alarum thine
To a new charge of bliss?—I joy more in thee,
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.
Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all, that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
I have so much, my heart will surely break with it:
Vows can't express it. When I would declare
How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought;
I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.
O! lead me to some desert wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning plane,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy,
And let off all the fire that's in my heart.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar;
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?
Bel. Oh! I will love thee, even in madness love thee;
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.
Jaf. Hear this, you heavens, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine!
Like gaudy ships the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant driven to unknown land,
That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that;
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PIERRE *and* AQUILINA.

Aqui. By all thy wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my arms
Than all the wealth of Venice. Prithee stay,
And let us love to-night.
Pier. No: there's fool,
There's fool about thee. When a woman sells
Her flesh to fools, her beauty's lost to me;
They leave a taint, a sully, where they have passed;

There's such a baneful quality about them,
E'en spoils complexions with their nauseousness;
They infect all they touch: I cannot think
Of tasting any thing a fool has palled.
Aqui. I loathe and scorn that fool thou mean'st, as much
Or more than thou canst; but the beast has gold,
That makes him necessary; power too,
To qualify my character, and poise me
Equal with peevish virtue, that beholds
My liberty with envy. In their hearts
They're loose as I am; but an ugly power
Sits in their faces, and frights pleasure from them.
Pier. Much good may't do you, madam, with your senator.
Aqui. My senator! Why, canst thou think that wretch
E'er filled thy Aquilina's arms with pleasure?
Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave
To foil himself at what he is unfit for;
Because I force myself to endure and suffer him,
Think'st thou, I love him? No; by all the joys
Thou ever gav'st me, his presence is my penance.
The worst thing an old man can be's a lover,
A mere *memento mori* to poor woman.
I never lay by his decrepid side,
But all that night I ponder on my grave.
Pier. Would he were well sent thither!
Aqui. That's my wish too;
For then, my Pierre, I might have cause, with pleasure,
To play the hypocrite. Oh! how I could weep
Over the dying dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time
Was come to pay my sorrows at his funeral,
(For he has already made me heir to treasures
Would make me out-act a real widow's whining)
How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!
With wringing hands attend him to his grave;
Fall swooning on his hearse; take mad possession
Even of the dismal vault, where he lay buried;
There, like the Ephesian matron, dwell, till thou,
My lovely soldier, com'st to my deliverance;
Then, throwing up my veil, with open arms
And laughing eyes, run to new-dawning joy.
Pier. No more: I've friends to meet me here to-night,
And must be private. As you prize my friendship,
Keep up your coxcomb; let him not pry, nor listen,
Nor frisk about the house, as I have seen him,
Like a tame mumping squirrel with a bell on;
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.
Aqui. What, friends to meet! May'nt I be of your council?
Pier. How! a woman ask questions out of bed!
Go to your senator; ask him what passes
Amongst his brethren; he'll hide nothing from you:
But pump not me for politics. No more!
Give order, that whoever in my name
Comes here, receive admittance. So, good-night.
Aqui. Must we ne'er meet again? embrace no more?
Is love so soon and utterly forgotten?
Pier. As you henceforward treat your fool, I'll think on't.
Aqui. Cursed be all fools—I die, if he forsakes me;
And how to keep him, Heaven or hell instruct me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. I am here; and thus, the shades of nigh around me,
I look as if all hell were in my heart,
And I in hell. Nay surely 'tis so with me!
For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids me not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate wretches, like myself,
Have wandered out at this dead time of night,
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk.
Sure I'm so cursed, that, though of Heaven forsaken,
No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell, hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Sure I've staid too long:
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?
Jaf. A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon. What's he, that asks the question?
Pier. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters; never fawn
On any, that they love not. Well met, friend:
Jaffier?
Jaf. The same. O Pierre, thou art come in season;
I was just going to pray.
Pier. Ah, that's mechanic!
Priests make a trade on't, and yet starve by it too.
No praying; it spoils business, and time's precious.
Where's Belvidera?—
Jaf. For a day or two
I've lodged her privately, till I see farther,
What fortune will do for me. Prithee, friend,
If thou wouldst have me fit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera——
Pier. Not of her?
Jaf. Oh, no!
Pier. Not name her? May be I wish her well.
Jaf. Whom well?
Pier. Thy wife; thy lovely Belvidera.
I hope a man may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done.
Jaf. You are merry, Pierre.
Pier. I am so:
Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile:

We'll all rejoice. Here's something to buy pins;
Marriage is chargeable. [*Gives him a purse.*
Jaf. I but half wished
To see the devil, and he's here already. Well!
What must this buy? Rebellion, murder, treason?
Tell me, which way I must be damned for this.
Pier. When last we parted, we had no qualms like these,
But entertained each other's thoughts like men,
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reformed, since our last meeting? What new miracles
Have happened? Has Priuli's heart relented?
Can he be honest?
Jaf. Kind Heaven, let heavy curses
Gall his old age; cramps, aches, rack his bones,
And bitterest disquiet wring his heart!
Oh! let him live, till life become his burden!
Let him groan under it long, linger an age
In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
And find its ease, but late!
Pier. Nay, couldst thou not
As well, my friend, have stretched the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain?
Jaf. But curses stick not: Could I kill with cursing,
By Heaven I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted. Senators should rot,
Like dogs on dunghills: But their wives and daughters
Die of their own diseases. Oh! for a curse
To kill with!
Pier. Daggers, daggers, are much better.
Jaf. Ha!
Pier. Daggers.
Jaf. But where are they?
Pier. Oh, a thousand
May be disposed of, in honest hands, in Venice.
Jaf. Thou talk'st in clouds.
Pier. But yet a heart, half wronged
As thine has been, would find the meaning, Jaffier.
Jaf. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
And have not I a friend will stick one here!
Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherished
To a nobler purpose, I would be that friend.
But thou hast better friends; friends, whom thy wrongs
Have made thy friends; friends, worthy to be called so.
I'll trust thee with a secret: There are spirits
This hour at work. But, as thou art a man,
Whom I have picked and chosen from the world,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter;
And when I've told thee that, which only gods,
And men like gods, are privy to, then swear,
No chance or change shall wrest it from thy bosom.
Jaf. When thou wouldst bind me, is there need of oaths?
For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou may'st see
Its bottom, sound its strength and firmness to thee.
Is coward, fool, or villain in my face?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou wouldst not use me in a little cause,
For I am fit for honour's toughest task,
Nor ever yet found fooling was my province;
And for a villainous inglorious enterprize,
I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.
Pier. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffier;
For it is founded on the noblest basis;
Our liberties, our natural inheritance.
There's no religion, no hypocrisy in it;
We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray for it;
Openly act a deed, the world shall gaze
With wonder at; and envy, when 'tis done.
Jaf. For liberty!
Pier. For liberty, my friend.
Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequestered fortunes healed again:
I shall be free from those opprobrious wrongs,
That press me now, and bend my spirit downward:
All Venice free, and every growing merit
Succeed to its just right: fools shall be pulled
From wisdom's seat: those baleful unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who, perched near fortune's top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledged virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.
Jaf. What can I do?
Pier. Canst thou not kill a senator?
Jaf. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him,
For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.
By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had; and the brave story warms me.
Pier. Swear, then!
Jaf. I do, by all those glittering stars,
And yon great ruling planet of the night;
By all good powers above, and ill below;
By love and friendship, dearer than my life,
No power, or death, shall make me false to thee.
Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
A council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire's hatching: there I'll lead thee.
But be a man! for thou'rt to mix with men,
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildest.
Jaf. I give thee thanks
For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man;
And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest my fears
Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and shew it for a coward's.
Come, let's be gone! for, from this hour, I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies,
Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have room:
Revenge!
Pier. And liberty!
Jaf. Revenge! revenge! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Changes to* AQUILINA'S *House, the Greek Courtezan.*

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Why was my choice ambition? the worst ground
A wretch can build on! It's, indeed, at distance,
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven;
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake us.—
Who's there?

Enter SPINOSA.

Spin. Renault, good-morrow, for by this time
I think the scale of night has turned the balance,
And weighs up morning. Has the clock struck twelve?
Ren. Yes; clocks will go as they are set: but man,
Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain:
I have spent at least three precious hours of darkness
In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mixed, like mine,
With giddy tempers, souls but half resolved.
Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us it can frighten.
Ren. What's then the cause, that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter ELIOT.

O, sir, welcome!
You are an Englishman: when treason's hatching,
One might have thought you'd not have been behindhand.
In what whore's lap have you been lolling?
Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.
Eli. Frenchman, you are saucy.
Ren. How!

Enter BEDAMAR *the Ambassador*, THEODORE, BRAMVEIL, DURAND, BRABE, REVILLIDO, MEZZANA, TERNON, RETROSI, *Conspirators.*

Bed. At difference? fie!
Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl: should men of your high calling,
Men separated by the choice of Providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this assembly as in one great jewel,
To adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smiled on;
Should you, like boys, wrangle for trifles?
Ren. Boys!
Bed. Renault, thy hand.
Ren. I thought I'd given my heart
Long since to every man, that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers,
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.
Bed. Eliot, thou once had'st virtue. I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bend with godlike goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy nation's glory
To hug the foe, that offers brave alliance.
One more embrace, my friends—we'll all embrace.
United thus, we are the mighty engine
Must twist this rooted empire from its basis.
Totters it not already?
Eli. Would it were tumbling!
Bed. Nay, it shall down; this night we seal its ruin.

Enter PIERRE.

Oh, Pierre! thou art welcome.
Come to my breast! for, by its hopes, thou look'st
Lovelily dreadful, and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh, my Mars!
The poets, that first feigned the god of war,
Sure prophesied of thee.
Pier. Friend, was not Brutus
(I mean that Brutus, who, in open senate,
Stabbed the first Cæsar that usurped the world)
A gallant man?
Ren. Yes, and Catiline too,
Though story wrong his fame; for he conspired
To prop the reeling glory of his country:
His cause was good.
Bed. And ours as much above it,
As, Renault, thou'rt superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.
Pier. Then to what we aim at.
When do we start? or must we talk for ever?
Bed. No, Pierre, the deed's near birth; fate seems to have set
The business up, and given it to our care;
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us,
But is firm and ready.
All. All.
We'll die with Bedamar.
Bed. O men!
Matchless, as will your glory be hereafter:
The game is for a matchless prize, if won;
If lost, disgraceful ruin.
Ren. What can lose it?
The public stock's a beggar; one Venetian
Trusts not another. Look into their stores
Of general safety: empty magazines,
A tattered fleet, a murmuring unpaid army,
Bankrupt nobility, a harassed commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided senate,
Is all the strength of Venice: let's destroy it;
Let's fill their magazines with arms to awe them;
Man out their fleet, and make their trade maintain it;
Let loose the murmuring army on their masters,
To pay themselves with plunder; lop their nobles
To the base roots, whence most of them first sprung;
Enslave the rout, whom smarting will make humble;
Turn out their droning senate, and possess

That seat of empire, which our souls were framed for.
Pier. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world:
This wretched state has starved them in its service;
And, by your bounty quickened, they're resolved
To serve your glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for the alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.
Bed. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease;
After this night it is resolved we meet
No more, till Venice owns us for her lords.
Pier. How lovelily the Adriatic whore,
Dressed in her flames, will shine! Devouring flames!
Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiss in her foundation.
Bed. Now, if any
Amongst us, that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or interest he would wish to save,
Let it be told: the general doom is sealed;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.
Pier. I must confess, you there have touched my weakness.
I have a friend; hear it! such a friend,
My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you,
He knows the very business of this hour;
But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it:
We've changed a vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.
Ren. How! all betrayed!
Pier. No—I've nobly dealt with you;
I've brought my all into the public stock:
I've but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you:
Receive and cherish him; or if, when seen
And searched, you find him worthless, as my tongue
Has lodged this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears, I wear a dagger here
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.—
Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of!

Enter JAFFIER.

Bed. His presence bears the shew of manly virtue.
Jaf. I know you'll wonder all, that thus, uncalled,
I dare approach this place of fatal councils;
But I'm amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me
To see so many virtues thus united,
To restore justice and dethrone oppression.
Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast; but, if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the cursed assembled senate:
It shrinks not, though I meet a father there.
Would you behold this city flaming? here is
A hand, shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To the arsenal, and set its gates on fire.
Ren. You talk this well, sir.
Jaf. Nay—by Heaven, I'll do this.
Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces:
You fear me a villain, and indeed 'tis odd
To hear a stranger talk thus, at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated;
But, I come ripe with wrongs, as you with councils!
I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice;
A friend to none, but men resolved, like me,
To push on mischief. Oh! did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!
Bed. Pierre, I must embrace him.
My heart beats to this man, as if it knew him.
Ren. I never loved these huggers.
Jaf. Still I see
The cause delights ye not. Your friends survey me
As I were dangerous——But I come armed
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for.
My Belvidera! Hoa! my Belvidera!
Bed. What wonder is next?
Jaf. Let me entreat you,
As I have henceforth hopes to call you friends,
That all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of councils, with my friend that owns me,
Withdraw a while, to spare a woman's blushes.
[*Exeunt all but* BED. REN. JAF. PIER.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?
Jaf. My Belvidera! Belvidera!
Bel. Who,
Who calls so loud at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?
Jaf. Indeed 'tis late.
Bel. Oh! I have slept and dreamt,
And dreamt again. Where hast thou been, thou loiterer?
Though my eyes closed, my arms have still been opened,
Stretched every way betwixt my broken slumbers,
To search, if thou wert come to crown my rest:
There's no repose without thee: Oh! the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow.
Come, come to bed, and bid thy cares good-night.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! we must change the scene,
In which the past delights of life were tasted:
The poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our labours late, and early every morning,
Midst winter frosts, thin clad, and fed with sparing,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.

Bel. Alas! where am I! whither is it you lead me?
Methinks I read distraction in your face,
Something less gentle than the fate you tell me.
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold!
Heavens guard my love, and bless his heart with patience!
Jaf. That I have patience, let our fate bear witness,
Who has ordained it so, that thou and I,
(Thou, the divinest good man e'er possessed,
And I, the wretched'st of the race of man)
This very hour, without one tear must part.
Bel. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Will my love cast me off? Have my misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me!
Why drag you from me? Whither are you going,
My dear! my life! my love!
Jaf. Oh, friends!
Bel. Speak to me.
Jaf. Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold, else, I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge thee, take her, but with tenderest care
Relieve her troubles, and assuage her sorrows.
Ren. Rise, madam, and command amongst your servants.
Jaf. To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this; when I prove unworthy—— [*Gives a dagger.*
You know the rest—Then, strike it to her heart!
And tell her, he who three whole happy years
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward for all her truth and sufferings.
Bel. Nay, take my life, since he has sold it cheaply!
Or send me to some distant clime, your slave;
But let it be far off, lest my complainings
Should reach his guilty ears, and shake his peace.
Jaf. No, Belvidera, I have contrived thy honour.
Trust to my faith, and be but fortune kind
To me, as I'll preserve that faith unbroken:
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height
Shall gather all the gazing world about thee,
To wonder what strange virtue placed thee there.
But, if we ne'er meet more—
Bel. O! thou unkind one!
Ne'er meet more! have I deserved this from you?
Look on me, tell me, speak, thou fair deceiver!
Why am I separated from thy love?
If I am false, accuse me, but if true,
Don't, prithee don't, in poverty forsake me;
But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me, yet recal me——
[*Exeunt* Ren. Bed. *and* Bel.
Jaf. Oh! my eyes,
Look not that way, but turn yourselves a while
Into my heart, and be weaned altogether!
My friend, where art thou?
Pier. Here, my honour's brother.
Jaf. Is Belvidera gone?
Pier. Renault has led her
Back to her own apartment; but, by Heaven,
Thou must not see her more, till our work's over.
Jaf. No!
Pier. Not for your life.
Jaf. Oh, Pierre, wert thou but she,
How I would pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee, till my eye-strings cracked with love!
Till all my sinews, with its fire extended,
Fixed me upon the rack of ardent longing!
Then, swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come, like a panting turtle, to thy breast;
On thy soft bosom hovering, bill and play,
Confess the cause why last I fled away;
Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it o'er,
And never follow false ambition more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter Belvidera.

Bel. I'm sacrificed! I'm sold! betrayed to shame!
Inevitable ruin has enclosed me!
No sooner was I to my bed repaired,
To weigh, and, weeping, ponder my condition,
But the old hoary wretch, to whose false care
My peace and honour were intrusted, came,
(Like Tarquin) ghastly with infernal lust.
Oh, thou Roman Lucrece!
Thou could'st find friends, to vindicate thy wrong!
I never had but one, and he's proved false!
He, that should guard my virtue, has betrayed it!
Left me! Undone me! Oh, that I could hate him!
Where shall I go? Oh! whither, whither, wander?

Enter Jaffier.

Jaf. Can Belvidera want a resting-place,
When these poor arms are ready to receive her?
Oh! 'tis in vain to struggle with desires!
Strong is my love to thee; for, every moment
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
Mourns, like a tender infant in its cradle,
Whose nurse had left it. Come, and with the songs
Of gentle love, persuade it to its peace.
Bel. I fear the stubborn wanderer will not own me;
'Tis grown a rebel, to be ruled no longer;
Scorns the indulgent bosom, that first lulled it,
And, like a disobedient child, disdains
The soft authority of Belvidera.
Jaf. There was a time——
Bel. Yes, yes, there was a time,

When Belvidera's tears, her cries, and sorrows,
Were not despised; when, if she chanced to sigh,
Or looked but sad——there was indeed a time,
When Jaffier would have ta'en her in his arms,
Eased her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her, till he found the cause.
But let her now weep seas;
Cry, till she rend the earth; sigh, till she burst
Her heart asunder; still he bears it all,
Deaf as the winds, and as the rocks unshaken.

Jaf. Have I been deaf? Am I that rock unmoved,
Against whose root, tears beat, and sighs are sent,
In vain? have I beheld thy sorrows calmly?
Witness against me, Heavens, have I done this?
Then bear me in a whirlwind back again,
And let that angry dear one ne'er forgive me.
Oh! thou too rashly censurest my love!
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night,
Dark, and alone, no pillow to my head,
Rest in my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,
Thou would'st not, Belvidera, sure thou would'st not,
Talk to me thus; but, like a pitying angel,
Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,
And hatch warm comforts there, ere sorrows freeze it.

Bel. Why then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking, with that witch the night?
On what cold stone hast thou been stretched along,
Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head,
To mix with theirs, the accents of thy woes?
Oh! now I find the cause my love forsakes me;
I am no longer fit to bear a share
In his concernments—My weak female virtue
Must not be trusted: 'tis too frail and tender.

Jaf. Oh, Portia, Portia! What a soul was thine?

Bel. That Portia was a woman; and when Brutus,
Big with the fate of Rome, (Heaven guard thy safety!)
Concealed from her the labours of his mind,
She let him see her blood was great as his,
Flowed from a spring as noble, and a heart
Fit to partake his troubles as his love.
Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower,
Thou gav'st last night in parting with me;—strike it
Here to my heart; and, as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure, as Cato's daughter's.

Jaf. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
Unworthy so much virtue. Teach me how
I may deserve such matchless love as thine,
And see with what attention I'll obey thee.

Bel. Do not despise me: that's the all, I ask.

Jaf. Despise thee! Hear me——

Bel. Oh! thy charming tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness;
Knows, let it name but love, my melting heart
Dissolves within my breast; till, with closed eyes,
I reel into thy arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaf. What shall I do?

Bel. Tell me,—be just, and tell me,
Why dwells that busy cloud upon thy face?
Why am I made a stranger? Why that sigh,
And I not know the cause? Why, when the world
Is wrapped in rest, why chuses then my love
To wander up and down in horrid darkness,
Loathing his bed, and these desiring arms?
Why are these eyes blood-shot with tedious watching?
Why starts he now, and looks as if he wished
His fate were finished? Tell me, ease my fear;
Lest, when we next time meet, I want the power
To search into the sickness of thy mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.

Jaf. Oh, Belvidera!

Bel. Why was I last night delivered to a villain?

Jaf. Ha! a villain?

Bel. Yes, to a villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches,
That look as hell had drawn them into league?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I delivered with such dreadful ceremonies?
'To you, sirs, and to your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy—
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart.'
Oh! why's that rest concealed from me?—Must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust!
For such I know I am; that's all my value.
But, by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves;
Straight to the senate, tell them all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaf. Is this the Roman virtue? this the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter?
Would she have e'er betrayed her Brutus?

Bel. No:
For Brutus trusted her. Wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Jaf. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Bel. Look not upon me as I am a woman;
But as a bone, thy wife, thy friend; who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Studied the virtues of thy gallant nature.
Thy constancy, thy courage, and thy truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learned them,
And, bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of fates for thee, and with thee share them.

Jaf. Oh, you divinest powers, look down and hear
My prayers! instruct me to reward this virtue!
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;
Think I've a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy, thou talk'st of,
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
Then, if thou should'st betray me!——

Bel. Shall I swear?

Jaf. No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature, with so rude a bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,

And love thee long, lock this within thy breast;
I have bound myself, by all the strictest sacraments,
Divine and human——
Bel. Speak!
Jaf. To kill thy father ——
Bel. My father!
Jaf. Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us,
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damned. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood!
I, and the glorious partners of my fortune,
Shouting and striding o'er the prostrate dead,
Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in safety,
Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring,
And, when night comes, with praise and love receive me.
Bel. Oh!
Jaf. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought!
For if thou dost———
Bel. I know it; thou wilt kill me.
Do, strike thy sword into this bosom; lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing,
Driven me to basest wants, can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butchered in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroyed?
And can'st thou shed the blood, that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hired slaves, bravoes, and common stabbers,
Nose-slitters, alley-lurking villains! join
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?
Jaf. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera. I have engaged,
With men of souls, fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashion.
Bel. What's he, to whose curst hands last night thou gav'st me?
Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story,
Would rouse thy lion-heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.
Jaf. Speak on, I charge thee.
Bel. O my love! if e'er
Thy Belvidera's peace deserved thy care,
Remove me from this place. Last night! last night!
Jaf. Distract me not, but give me all the truth!
Bel. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the power of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I laid on my sad bed,
But that vile wretch approached me, loose, unbutton'd,
Ready for violation. Then my heart
Throbbed with its fears: Oh, how I wept and sighed,
And shrunk and trembled! wished in vain for him,
That should protect me! Thou, alas! wert gone.
Jaf. Patience, sweet heaven, 'till I make vengeance sure!
Bel. He drew the hideous dagger forth, thou gav'st him,
And with upbraiding smiles, he said, 'Behold it!
This is the pledge of a false husband's love.'
And in my arms then pressed, and would have clasped me;
But with my cries I scared his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and muttered vows to hell.
These are thy friends! with these thy life, thy honour,
Thy love, all staked, and all will go to ruin.
Jaf. No more: I charge thee keep this secret close.
Clear up thy sorrows; look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour;
I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy love.
Bel. Oh! Should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In anger leave me, and return no more.
Jaf. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another night, to purchase the creation.
Bel. When shall we meet again?
Jaf. Anon; at twelve
I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms,
Come like a travelled dove, and bring thee peace.
Bel. Indeed!
Jaf. By all our loves.
Bel. 'Tis hard to part:
But sure no falsehood ever looked so fairly.
Farewell! remember twelve. [*Exit.*
Jaf. Let heaven forget me,
When I remember not thy truth, thy love!
How cursed is my condition, tossed and jostled
From every corner; fortune's common fool,
The jest of rogues, an instrumental ass,
For villains to lay loads of shame upon,
And drive about just for their ease and scorn.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Jaffier!
Jaf. Who calls?
Pier. A friend, that could have wished
To 've found thee otherwise employed. What, hunt
A wife on the dull soil! Sure a staunch husband
Of all hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be weaned from caudles and confections?
What feminine tales hast thou been listening to,
Of unaired shirts, catarrhs and tooth-ach, got
By thin-soaled shoes? Damnation! that a fellow,
Chosen to be a sharer in the destruction
Of a whole people, should sneak thus into corners,
To ease his fulsome lusts, and fool his mind.
Jaf. May not a man then trifle out an hour
With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?

Pier. Not in a cause like ours.
Jaf. Then, friend, our cause
Is in a damned condition: for I'll tell thee,
That canker-worm, called lechery, has touched it:
'Tis tainted vilely. Would'st thou think it? Renault
(That mortified old withered winter rogue)
Loves simple fornication like a priest;
I found him out for watering at my wife;
He visited her last night, like a kind guardian:
Faith! she has some temptation, that's the truth on't.
Pier. He durst not wrong his trust?
Jaf. 'Twas something late, though,
To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.
Pier. Was she in bed?
Jaf. Yes, faith, in virgin sheets,
White as her bosom, Pierre, dished neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Oh! how the old fox stunk, I warrant thee,
When the rank fit was on him!
Pier. Patience guide me!
He used no violence?
Jaf. No; no; out on it, violence!
Played with her neck; brushed her with his grey beard;
Struggled and touzed; tickled her, till she squeaked a little,
May be, or so—but not a jot of violence——
Pier. Damn him.
Jaf. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more of it.
All hitherto is well, and I believe
Myself no monster yet, though no man knows
What fate he is born to. Sure 'tis near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding orders:
Will the ambassador be here in person?
Pier. No, he has sent commission to that villain Renault,
To give the executing charge:
I'd have thee be a man if possible,
And keep thy temper; for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.
Jaf. Fear not, I am as cool as patience.
Had he completed my dishonour, rather
Than hazard the success our hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying virtue.
Pier. He's yonder, coming this way through the hall;
His thoughts seem full.
Jaf. Prithee retire, and leave me
With him alone; I'll put him to some trial;
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.
Pier. Be careful, then. [*Exit.*
Jaf. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.——
What! be a devil, take a damning oath
For shedding native blood! Can there be a sin
In merciful repentance? Oh, this villain!

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Perverse and peevish! What a slave is man,
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Dispatch the tool her husband—that were well.
Who's there?
Jaf. A man.
Ren. My friend, my near ally,
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge, is very well.
Jaf. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold?
Ren. What means that question?
Jaf. Oh, women have fantastic constitutions,
Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,
And never fixed. Was it not boldly done,
Even at first sight, to trust the thing I loved
(A tempting treasure too) with youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.
Ren. Who dares accuse me?
Jaf. Cursed be he that doubts
Thy virtue! I have tried it, and declare,
Were I to chuse a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping: for I know thee.
Ren. Know me!
Jaf. Ay, know thee. There's no falsehood in thee;
Thou look'st just as thou art. Let us embrace!
Now, would'st thou cut my throat, or I cut thine?
Ren. You dare not do it.
Jaf. You lie, sir.
Ren. How!
Jaf. No more,
'Tis a base world, and must reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, DURAND, BRAMVEIL, *and the rest of the Conspirators.*

Ren. Spinosa, Theodore!
Spin. The same.
Ren. You are welcome.
Spin. You are trembling, sir.
Ren. 'Tis a cold night, indeed, and I am aged;
Full of decay and natural infirmities: [PIER. *re-enters.*
We shall be warm, my friends, I hope, to-morrow.
Pier. 'Twas not well done; thou should'st have stroaked him,
And not have galled him.
Jaf. Damn him, let him chew on't.——
Heaven! Where am I? beset with cursed fiends,
That wait to damn me! What a devil's man,
When he forgets his nature—hush, my heart.
Ren. My friends, 'tis late; are we assembled all?
Where's Theodore?
Theod. At hand.
Ren. Spinosa.
Spin. Here.
Ren. Bramveil.
Bram. I'm ready.
Ren. Durand and Brabe.
Dur. Command us;
We are both prepared.
Omnes. All; all.
Ren. Mezzano, Revillido,
Ternon, Retrosi! Oh! you are men, I find,
Fit to hold your fate, and meet her summons.

To-morrow's rising sun must see you all
Decked in your honours. Are the soldiers ready?
Pier. All, all.
Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand, must possess
St Mark's; you, captain, know your charge already;
'Tis to secure the ducal palace: You,
Brabe, with an hundred more, must gain the Secque:
With the like number, Bramveil, to the Procurale;
Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
Then sheathe your swords in every breast you meet.
Jaf. Oh! reverend cruelty! damned bloody villain! [*Aside*,
Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the midst keep your battalia fast;
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
That may command the streets; whilst Revillido,
Mezzano, Ternon, and Retrosi guard you.
This done, we'll give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the arsenal gates;
Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our cannon (if it dare resist)
Batter to ruin. But, above all, I charge you,
Shed blood enough; spare neither sex nor age,
Name nor condition; if there live a senator
After to-morrow, though the dullest rogue
That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends.
f possible, let's kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.
Jaf. Merciless, horrid slave—Ay, blood enough!
Shed blood enough, old Renault! how thou charm'st me!
Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell, till fate
Join us again, or separate us for ever:
First let's embrace. Heaven knows, who next shall thus
Wing ye together; but let's all remember,
We wear no common cause upon our swords:
Let each man think, that on his single virtue
Depends the good and fame of all the rest;
Eternal honour, or perpetual infamy.
Let us remember through what dreadful hazards
Propitious fortune hitherto has led us:
How often on the brink of some discovery
Have we stood tottering, yet still kept our ground
So well, that the busiest searchers ne'er could follow
Those subtle tracks, which puzzled all suspicion.—
You droop, sir.
Jaf. No; with most profound attention
've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.
Ren. Though there be yet few hours 'twixt them and ruin,
Are not the senate lulled in full security,
Quiet and satisfied, as fools are always?
Never did so profound repose fore-run
Calamity so great. Nay, our good fortune
Has blinded the most piercing of mankind,
Strengthened the fearfullest, charmed the most suspectful,
Confounded the most subtle: for we live,
We live, my friends, and quickly shall our life
Prove fatal to these tyrants. Let's consider,
That we destroy oppression, avarice,
A people nursed up equally with vices
And leathsome lusts, which nature most abhors,
And such as without shame she cannot suffer.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! take me to thy arms,
And shew me where's my peace, for I have lost it! [*Exit.*
Ren. Without the least remorse, then, let's resolve
With fire and sword to exterminate these tyrants;
And when we shall behold those cursed tribunals,
Stained by the tears and sufferings of the innocent,
Burning with flames rather from heaven than ours,
The raging, furious, and unpitying soldier
Pulling his reeking daggers from the bosoms
Of gasping wretches; death in every quarter;
With all that sad disorder can produce,
To make a spectacle of horror: then,
Then let us call to mind, my dearest friends,
That there is nothing pure upon the earth;
That the most valued things have most allays,
And that in change of all these vile enormities,
Under whose weight this wretched country labours,
The means are only in our hands to crown them.
Pier. And may those powers above, that are propitious
To gallant minds, record this cause and bless it!
Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
Should there, my friends, be found among us one
False to this glorious enterprise, what fate,
What vengeance, were enough for such a villain?
Eli. Death here without repentance, hell hereafter.
Ren. Let that be my lot, if, as here I stand,
Listed by fate among her darling sons,
Though I had one only brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of nature; though one hour
Had given us birth, one fortune fed our wants,
One only love, and that but of each other,
Still filled our minds; could I have such a friend
Joined in this cause, and had but ground to fear
He meant foul play; may this right hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
And stab him to the heart before you. Who,
Who would do less? Would'st thou not, Pierre, the same?
Pier. You've singled me, sir, out for this hard question,
As if 'twere started only for my sake:
Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom,
Search it with all your swords. Am I a traitor?
Ren. No; but I fear your late commended friend
Is little less. Come, sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffier?
Spin. He left the room just now in strange disorder.
Ren. Nay, there is danger in him; I observed him;

During the time I took for explanation,
He was transported from most deep attention,
To a confusion which he could not smother;
His looks grew full of sadness and surprise,
All which betrayed a wav'ring spirit in him,
That laboured with reluctancy and sorrow.
What's requisite for safety must be done
With speedy execution; he remains
Yet in our power: I, for my own part, wear
A dagger——

Pier. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it——

Pier. Where?

Ren. Buried in his heart.

Pier. Away! we're yet all friends;
No more of this, 'twill breed ill blood among us.

Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search the house,
Pull him from the dark hole, where he sits brooding
O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him.

Pier. Who talks of killing? Who's he'll shed the blood,
That's dear to me? is't you, or you, or you, sir?
What, not one speak! how you stand, gaping all
On your grave oracle, your wooden god there!
Yet not a word! Then, sir, I'll tell you a secret;
Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.
[*To* REN.

Ren. A coward!—— [*Handles his sword.*

Pier. Put up thy sword, old man;
Thy hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this breach;
I am too hot, we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship cannot be so.

Pier. Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Ren. And I.

Omnes. And all.

Ren. Who are on my side?

Spin. Every honest sword.
Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pier. One such word more, by heaven I'll to the senate,
And hang ye all, like dogs, in clusters.
Why peep your coward swords half out their shells?
Why do you not all brandish them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing!

Ren. Go to the senate, and betray us! haste!
Secure thy wretched life: we fear to die
Less than thou darest be honest.

Pier. That's rank falsehood.
Fear'st not thou death! Fie, there's a knavish itch
In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting.
Had Jaffier's wife proved kind, he'd still been true.
Faugh! how that stinks! Thou die! thou kill my friend!
Or thou! or thou! with that lean withered face!
Away, disperse all to your several charges,
And meet to-morrow where your honour calls you.
I'll bring that man, whose blood you so madly thirst for,
And you shall see him venture for you fairly—
Hence! hence, I say. [*Exit* RENAULT *angrily.*

Spin. I fear we have been to blame,
And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too far urged against the man you loved.

Rev. Here, take our swords, and crush them with your feet.

Spin. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pier. Nay, now you've found
The way to melt, and cast me as you will.
I'll fetch this friend, and give him to your mercy:
Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me
For your repose, I'll quit my heart's best jewel;
But would not have him torn away by villains,
And spiteful villany.

Spin. No, may you both
For ever live, and fill the world with fame.

Pier. Now ye are too kind. Whence rose all this discord?
Oh, what a dangerous precipice have we 'scaped!
How near a fall was all we had long been building!
What an eternal blot had stained our glories,
If one, the bravest and the best of men,
Had fallen a sacrifice to rash suspicion,
Butchered by those, whose cause he came to cherish!
Oh! could you know him all, as I have known him;
How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this place till you had seen him;
Humbled yourselves before him, kissed his feet,
And gained remission for the worst of follies.
Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,
And to your loves me better recommend,
That I've preserved your fame, and saved my friend.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER *and* BELVIDERA.

Jaf. Where dost thou lead me? Every step I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb
Of a racked friend. Oh, my charming ruin!
Where are we wandering?

Bel. To eternal honour.
To do a deed, shall chronicle thy name
Among the glorious legends of those few,

hat have saved sinking nations. Thy renown
hall be the future song of all the virgins,
Vho, by thy piety, have been preserved
rom horrid violation. Every street
hall be adorned with statues to thy honour;
.nd at thy feet this great inscription written,
emember him, that propped the fall of Venice.
Jaf. Rather, remember him, who, after all
he sacred bonds of oaths, and holier friendship,
ı fond compassion to a woman's tears,
orgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,
o sacrifice the bosom, that relieved him.
hy wilt thou damn me?
Bel. Oh, inconstant man!
ow will you promise! how will you deceive!
o, return back, replace me in my bondage,
ell all thy friends how dangerously thou lov'st me,
nd let thy dagger do its bloody office.
h! that kind dagger, Jaffier, how 'twill look
ruck through my heart, drenched in my blood to the hilt!
hilst these poor dying eyes shall, with their tears,
› more torment thee; then thou wilt be free:
, if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,
ll I'm a victim to the hateful lust
that infernal devil, that old fiend,
ıat's damn'd himself, and would undo mankind.
ıst night, my love!
Jaf. Name it not again!
shews a beastly image to my fancy,
ill wake me into madness. Oh, the villain!
ıat durst approach such purity as thine
ı terms so vile: Destruction, swift destruction,
ll on my coward head, and make my name
ıe common scorn of fools, if I forgive him!
I forgive him? If I not revenge
ith utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
y sufferings, thou dear darling of my life.
Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the senate,
d tell the dismallest story ever uttered:
ll them what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
ve been prepared: how near's the fatal hour.
ve thy poor country, save the reverend blood
all its nobles, which to-morrow's dawn
ıst else see shed. Save the poor tender lives
all those little infants, which the swords
murderers are whetting for this moment.
ink, thou already hear'st their dying screams;
ink, that thou seest their sad distracted mothers,
eeling before thy feet, and begging pity
th torn dishevelled hair, and streaming eyes,
eir naked mangled breasts besmeared with blood,
d even the milk, with which their fondled babes
tly they hushed, dropping in anguish from them;
ink thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.
Jaf. Oh!
Bel. Think too, if you lose this present minute,
ıat miseries the next day brings upon thee:
agine all the horrors of that night;
ırder and rapine, waste, and desolation,
nfusedly raging: Think, what then may prove
lot; the ravisher may then come safe,
d, 'midst the terror of the public ruin,
Do a damn'd deed; perhaps may lay a train
To catch thy life: Then where will be revenge,
The dear revenge, that's due to such a wrong?
Jaf. By all heaven's powers, prophetic truth dwells in thee!
For every word thou speak'st strikes through my heart,
Like a new light, and shews it how't has wandered.
Just what thou'st made me, take me, Belvidera,
And lead me to the place, where I am to say
This bitter lesson; where I must betray
My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends.
Must I betray my friend? Ah! take me quickly
Secure me well before that thought's renewed;
If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.
Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera?
Jaf. No: thou'rt my soul itself; wealth, friendship, honour,
All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summed in thee. Methinks, when in thy arms,
Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
Why was such happiness not given me pure?
Why dashed with cruel wrongs, and bitter warnings?
Come, lead me forward, now, like a tame lamb
To sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal garlands
Decked fine and pleased, the wanton skips and plays,
Trots by the enticing flattering priestess' side,
And much transported with its little pride,
Forgets his dear companions of the plain;
Till, by her bound, he's on the altar lain,
Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.

Enter Officer and Six Guards.

Offi. Stand! who goes there?
Bel. Friends.
Jaf. Friends, Belvidera! Hide me from my friends!
By Heaven, I would rather see the face of hell,
Than meet the man I love.
Offi. But what friends are you?
Bel. Friends to the senate, and the state of Venice.
Offi. My orders are to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring them to the council,
Who are now sitting.
Jaf. Sir, you shall be obeyed.—
Hold, brute, stand off! none of your paws upon me.
Now, the lot's cast, and, Fate, do what thou wilt.
[*Exeunt guarded.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House, where appear sitting the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio, *and eight other Senators.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?

What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or its safety?
Pri. Could words express the story I have to
tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless; these sad tears,
That fall from my old eyes: but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heaven:
Heaven knows, if yet there be an hour to come,
Ere Venice be no more.
All Sen. How!
Pri. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends, our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes; nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this
moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning; but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world, in after ages,
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.
[*A noise without.*
Room, room, make room for some prisoners——
Sen. Let us raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guards.

Duke. Speak, there. What disturbance?
Offi. Two prisoners have the guards seized in
the street,
Who say, they come to inform this reverend senate
About the present danger.

Enter JAFFIER *and Officer.*

All. Give them entrance—Well, who are you?
Jaf. A villain.
Ant. Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.
Jaf. Would every man, that hears me,
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.
Duke. 'Tis rumoured, that a plot has been
contrived
Against this state; and you've a share in't too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honour
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.
Jaf. Think not, that I to save my life came hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice:
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.
Duke. The slave capitulates!—
Give him the torture!
Jaf. That you dare not do:
Your fears wont let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story, which you dread the truth of—
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get
from me.
Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are
whipt
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the torture! Name but such a th
Again, by heaven I'll shut these lips for ev
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wh
Shall force a groan away, that you may gue
Ant. A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant;
damned bloody-minded fellow.
Duke. Name your conditions.
Jaf. For myself full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends,
Whose names are here enrolled—Nay, let th
crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oa
And sacred promise of this reverend council,
That in a full assembly of the senate,
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secret of your danger.
All. We'll swear.
Duke. Propose the oath.
Jaf. By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter.
Swear.
All. We all swear.
Jaf. To grant me what I have asked.
Ye swear.
All. We swear.
Jaf. And, as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blessed,
Or cursed for ever.
All. Else be cursed for ever.
Jaf. Then here's the list, and with't the
disclose
Of all, that threatens you.— [*Delivers a pa*
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.
Ant. Why, what a dreadful catalogue of c
ting throats is here! I'll warrant you, not o
these fellows but has a face like a lion. I d
not so much as read their names over.
Duke. Give order, that all diligent search
made
To seize these men: their characters are publ
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a famed Grecian courtes
Called Aquilina; see that place secured.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear, till mor
To be our prisoner.
Jaf. Would the chains of death
Had bound me safe, e'er I had known this min
I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run
Down through the low traditions of the vulg
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffier.
Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.
Jaf. Sir, if possible,
Lead me, where my own thoughts themselv
may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life.
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehoo
Cruel remembrance! how shall I appease the
[*Exit guar*
Offi. [*Without.*] More traitors; room, roo
room, make room there.
Duke. How's this? guards!

here are our guards? Shut up the gates, the treason's
ready at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Offi. My lords, more traitors,
ized in the very act of consultation;
rnished with arms and instruments of mischief.
ing in the prisoners.

iter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, EVILLIDO, *and other Conspirators, in fetters.*

Pier. You, my lords, and fathers
s you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice,
you sit here to guide the course of justice,
hy these disgraceful chains upon the limbs,
hat have so often laboured in your service?
re these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow
n those, that bring you conquest home, and honours?
Duke. Go on; you shall be heard, sir.
Ant. And be hanged too, I hope.
Pier. Are these the trophies I've deserved for fighting
our battles with confederated powers?
hen winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
nd brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours;
hen you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
nd saw your wife, the Adriatic, ploughed,
ike a lewd whore, by bolder prows than yours,
tepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
he task of honour, and the way to greatness?
aised you from your capitulating fears
o stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
nd this my recompence! if I'm a traitor,
roduce my charge; or shew the wretch that's base
nd brave enough, to tell me I'm a traitor.
Duke. Know you one Jaffier?
[*Consp. murmur.*
Pier. Yes, and know his virtue.
is justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
rom a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Enter JAFFIER *guarded.*

Duke. See him brought forth.
Pier. My friend too bound! nay, then,
ur fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man, whose welfare's so much mine,
hey are but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
all us traitors. Art thou one, my brother?
Jaf. To thee, I am the falsest, veriest slave;
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,
Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.
Pier. So, then, all's over:
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.
No more. Farewell.
Duke. Say, will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?
Pier. Cursed be your senate! cursed your constitution!
The curse of growing factions and divisions,
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear,
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me!
Duke. Pardon, or death?
Pier. Death! honourable death!
Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give;
No shameful bonds, but honourable death.
Duke. Break up the council.—Captain, guard your prisoners.—
Jaffier, you are free, but these must wait for judgment. [*Exeunt all the Senators.*
Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:
It will not be the first time I've lodged hard,
To do the senate service.
Jaf. Hold, one moment.
Pier. Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?
Presumptuous rebel!—On. [*Strikes* JAFFIER.
Jaf. By Heaven, you stir not!
I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou can'st not wrong me;
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance;
But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications!
Pier. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not;
Dissemble and be nasty. Leave, hypocrite.
Jaf. Not know me, Pierre!
Pier. No, I know thee not. What art thou?
Jaf. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once-loved valued friend!
Though now deserv'dly scorned, and used most hardly.
Pier. Thou, Jaffier! thou my once-loved valued friend!
By Heaven thou ly'st; the man so called, my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou! a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor, even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid; nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.
Jaf. I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,
But still am honest, true, and, hope too, valiant;
My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart

Detest me utterly. Oh! look upon me,
Look back, and see my sad, sincere submission!
How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my bosom;
Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee.
What shall I do, what say, to make thee hear me?
Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? Dar'st thou call thyself
That once-loved, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?
Jaf. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.
Pier. What's that?
Jaf. To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have proposed: thou, and thy friends,
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pier. Life! ask my life! Confess, record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe!
And carry up and down this cursed city,
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men, like thee, are fit to live in't.
Jaf. By all that's just——
Pier. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.
Jaf. Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself, at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentment deal with me.
Pier. Not leave me!
Jaf. No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head: I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, though they spurn me;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms, with dear forgiveness.
Pier. Art thou not——
Jaf. What?
Pier. A traitor?
Jaf. Yes.
Pier. A villain.
Jaf. Granted.
Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour; one, who's sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life!
Jaf. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.
Pier. And would'st thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base, as thou art false——
Jaf. No; 'tis to me, that's granted:
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompence for faith and trust so broken.
Pier. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee;
And as, when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I received, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stolen:
So I restore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all those powers, which thou hast violated,
Ne'er from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaf. Say thou wilt live, then.
Pier. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.
Jaf. Oh, Pierre!
Pier. No more.
Jaf. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.
Pier. Leave me—Nay, then, thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.
Jaf. Amen. [*Exit.*
He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here's the portion he has left me: [*Holds the dagger up.*
This dagger. Well remembered! with this dagger,
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this, and Belvidera together.
Have a care, memory! drive that thought no farther:
No, I'll esteem it, as a friend's last legacy;
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That, when they meet, they start not from each other.
So now for thinking—A blow! called traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward! fough!
Oh! for a long sound sleep, and so forget it.
Down, busy devil!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation,
Not daring to look up to that dear face,
Which used to smile, even on my faults; but, down,
Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.
Jaf. Mercy! kind heaven has surely endless stores,
Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted:

Let wretches, loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength they've left,
Before the footstool of that heaven they've injured.
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth. Now, if thou hast virtue, help me;
Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion:
By heaven, I'm tottering on the very brink
Of peace, and thou art all the hold I've left.
Bel. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty:
I know thou'st cause to mourn; to mourn, my Jaffier,
With endless cries, and never-ceasing wailing:
Thou'st lost——
Jaf. Oh! I have lost what can't be counted.
My friend too, Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my heart rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave, shamefully used me:
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What should I do? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory how I've wronged him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.
Bel. What has he done?
Jaf. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.
Bel. Why?
Jaf. Oh! he has used me—yet, by heaven, I bear it;
He has used me, Belvidera—but first swear,
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,
Though vilest blots, and stains appear on me;
But still, at least, with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
Nor scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.
Bel. Have I then e'er been false, that now I am doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I am grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complaining?
Jaf. Oh!
Bel. Tell me.
Jaf. Bear my failings, for they are many.
Oh, my dear angel! in that friend, I have lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deads it in my brains!
Would'st thou believe it?
Bel. Speak.
Jaf. Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrow for his sufferings,
With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself almost beneath my nature,
As at his feet I kneeled and sued for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness,
In which we have lived so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow:
He struck me, Belvidera! by heaven, he struck me!
Buffetted, called me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? Am I a villain? Tell me!
Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation! Coward!
Bel. Oh! forgive him, Jaffier;
And, if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow!
Jaf. Ah!
Bel. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretched in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death;
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain;
What will thy heart do then? Oh! sure 'twill stream,
Like my eyes now.
Jaf. What means thy dreadful story?
Death, and to-morrow! Broken limbs and bowels!
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain!
By all my fears, I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing, if the truth's hid longer.
Bel. The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed it:
They say, according to our friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage;
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited:
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.
Jaf. Death! doomed to die! condemned unheard! unpleaded!
Bel. Nay, cruellest racks and torments are preparing,
To force confession from their dying pangs——
Oh! do not look so terribly upon me!
How your lips shake, and all your face disordered!
What means my love?
Jaf. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me—Strong temptations
Wake in my heart.
Bel. For what?
Jaf. No more, but leave me.
Bel. Why?
Jaf. Oh! by Heaven, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer
Near these cursed hands: Are they not cold upon thee?
[*Pulls the dagger half out of his bosom, and puts it back again.*
Bel. No; everlasting comfort's in thy arms.
To lean thus on thy breast, is softer ease
Than downy pillows, decked with leaves of roses.
Jaf. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns 'tis filled with:
Fly, ere they gall thee. There's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to the heart.
Art thou not terrified?
Bel. No.
Jaf. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.
Bel. Ha!

Jaf. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief!
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou should'st have fled
When thy guilt first had cause; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark, how he groans! his screams are in my ears
Already; see, they've fixed him on the wheel!
And now they tear him!—murder! Perjured senate!
Murder!—Oh!—Hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this!
Thanks to thy tears, and false persuading love.
How her eyes speak! Oh, thou bewitching creature!
Madness can't hurt thee. Come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe;
'Tis thy own citadel—Ha—yet stand off!
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy.
I'll wink, and then 'tis done——
Bel. What means the lord
Of me, my life, and love? What's in thy bosom,
Thou grasp'st at so? Nay, why am I thus treated?
[*Draws the dagger, and offers to stab her.*
What wilt thou do?—Ah! do not kill me, Jaffier!
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That used to clasp thee, when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurged soul,
And plunge it not into eternal darkness!
Jaf. Know, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee, as in trust,
To be thy portion, if I e'er proved false.
On such condition was my truth believed;
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.
[*Offers to stab her again.*
Bel. Oh! Mercy! [*Kneeling.*
Jaf. Nay, no struggling.
Bel. Now, then, kill me,
[*Leaps on his neck, and kisses him.*
While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.
Jaf. I am, I am a coward, witness heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being witness!
'Tis but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.
[*He throws away the dagger, and embraces her.*
The seal of Providence is sure upon thee;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders.
Oh! thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the power, that's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love, that still waits on thee,
Fly to thy cruel father, save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever!
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees,
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears,
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him!
Crush him in thy arms, torture him with thy softness;
Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him as thou hast conquered me!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* PRIULI'S *House.*

Enter PRIULI *solus.*

Pri. Why, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthened to this sad one? Oh! dishonour
And deathless infamy is fallen upon me!
Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.
But then, my only child, my daughter wedded;
There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seized upon my memory,
To make it rot and stink to after-ages.
Curst be the fatal minute, when I got her!
Or would that I'd been any thing but man,
And raised an issue, which would ne'er have wronged me.
The miserablest creatures (man excepted)
Are not the less esteemed, though their posterity
Degenerate from the virtues of their fathers:
The vilest beasts are happy in their offspring,
While only man gets traitors, whores, and villains.
Cursed be the names, and some swift blow from fate
Lay this head deep, where mine may be forgotten!

Enter BELVIDERA, *in a long mourning Veil.*

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,
That for three years has left an only child
Exposed to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruin!—Oh——
Pri. What child of sorrow
Art thou, that comest wrapt in weeds of sadness,
And mov'st, as if thy steps were towards a grave?
Bel. A wretch, who, from the very top of happiness,
Am fallen into the depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.
Pri. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted sorrows;
Would I could help thee!
Bel. 'Tis greatly in your power:
The world, too, speaks you charitable; and I,
Who ne'er asked alms before, in that dear hope,
Am come a begging to you, sir.
Pri. For what?
Bel. Oh, well regard me! is this voice a strange one?
Consider, too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content them.
Pri What would'st thou beg for?

Bel. Pity and forgiveness. [*Throws up her veil.*
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love!
Pri. My daughter!
Bel. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms: By all the joys she gave you,
When, in her blooming years, she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me. In my face behold
The lineaments of her's you have kissed so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.
Pri. Thou art my daughter.
Bel. Yes—and you have often told me,
With smiles of love and chaste paternal kisses,
I had much resemblance of my mother.
Pri. Oh!
Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues,
I had been too blessed!
Bel. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience; but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the impression.
For could you think how mine's perplexed, what sadness,
Fears and despairs distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,
To shelter me, with a protecting wing,
From the black gathering storm, that's just, just breaking.
Pri. Don't talk thus.
Bel. Yes, I must; and you must hear too.
I have a husband.
Pri. Damn him.
Bel. Oh! do not curse him;
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, howe'er he deals with me.
Pri. Ha! what means my child?
Bel. Oh! there's but this short moment
'Twixt me and fate: yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave; afford me one kind blessing
Before we part; just take me in your arms,
And recommend me with a prayer to heaven,
That I may die in peace; and when I am dead—
Pri. How my soul's catched!
Bel. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.
Pri. By heaven, my aching heart forebodes much mischief!
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.
Bel. No; I'm contented.
Pri. Speak!
Bel. No matter.
Pri. Tell me:
By yon blessed Heaven, my heart runs o'er with fondness!
Bel. Oh!
Pri. Utter it!
Bel. Oh! my husband, my dear husband,
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera!
Pri. Kill thee!
Bel. Yes, kill me. When he passed his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,
He gave me up a hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger and a dire commission,
Whene'er he failed, to plunge it through this bosom!
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
To attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevailed, and blest me with success!
He came, confessed, betrayed his dearest friends
For promised mercy. Now they are doomed to suffer,
Galled with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows to appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood the atonement!
Pri. Heavens!
Bel. Think you saw what passed at our last parting:
Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury: think you saw his one hand
Fixed on my throat, whilst the extended other
Grasped a keen threatening dagger: Oh! 'twas thus
We last embraced, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragged me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death. Cried out, 'My friends!
Where are my friends?' swore, wept, raged, threatened, loved,
(For yet he loved,) and that dear love preserved me
To this last trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death; but cannot bear the thought,
That that dear hand should do the unfriendly office.
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promised lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.
Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!
Bel. Will you not, my father?
Weep not, but answer me!
Pri. By Heaven I will.
Not one of them but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth, that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee:
Peace to thy heart! Farewell.
Bel. Go, and remember,
'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Final destruction seize on all the world!
Bend down, ye heavens, and, shutting round this earth,

Crush the vile globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it with elemental flames to one cursed cinder,
And all us little creepers in't, called men,
Burn, burn to nothing; but let Venice burn,
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle hell,
Ne'er to extinguish; and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains, which mine feels now!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. My life—— [*Meeting him.*
Jaf. My plague! [*Turning from her.*
Bel. Nay, then I see my ruin.
If I must die—
Jaf. No, death's this day too busy;
Thy father's ill-timed mercy came too late,
I thank thee for thy labours though; and him too;
But all my poor, betrayed, unhappy friends,
Have summons to prepare for Fate's black hour;
And yet I live.
Bel. Then be the next my doom:
I see, thou hast passed my sentence in thy heart,
And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient patience,
Meet thy dear hands, and kiss them when they wound me.
Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it
With some remorse; and when thou giv'st the blow,
View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten justice.
Jaf. Shew pity to thee!
Bel. Yes; and when thy hands,
Charged with my fate, come trembling to the deed,
As thou hast done a thousand thousand times
To this poor breast, when kinder rage hath brought thee,
When our stung hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting kisses sealed our lips together;
When joys have left me gasping in thy arms—
So let my death come now, and I'll not shrink from it.
Jaf. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy;
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.
Bel. I will, when I have done weeping——
Jaf. Fy, no more on't——
How long is it, since that miserable day
We wedded first?
Bel. Oh! Oh!
Jaf. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.
Bel. Heaven knows I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow—
Jaf. Come, I'll kiss them dry then.
Bel. But was't a miserable day?
Jaf. A cursed one.
Bel. I thought it otherwise; and you've often sworn,
In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you have sworn, you blessed it.
Jaf. 'Twas a rash oath.
Bel. Then why am I not cursed too?
Jaf. No, Belvidera; by the eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.
Bel. Still so kind!
Still then do you love me?
Jaf. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to creation,
Than I do now towards thee: Man ne'er was blessed,
Since the first pair met, as I have been.
Bel. Then sure you will not curse me?
Jaf. No, I'll bless thee.
I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee!
'Tis now, I think, three years we have lived together.
Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till, reverend grown for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace, till an eternal morning.
Jaf. When will that be? [*Sighing.*
Bel. I hope long ages hence.
Jaf. Have I not hitherto, (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) used thee with tenderest love?
Did e'er my soul rise up in wrath against thee?
Did I e'er frown, when Belvidera smiled?
Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray
Abating passion? have I ever wronged thee?
Bel. No.
Jaf. Has my heart, or have my eyes, e'er wandered
To any other woman?
Bel. Never, never—I were the worst of false ones, should I accuse thee.
I own I have been too happy, blessed above
My sex's charter.
Jaf. Did I not say, I came to bless thee?
Bel. You did.
Jaf. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven!
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand; let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one, that too much loved,
And comfort her with patience in our parting!
Bel. How! parting, parting!
Jaf. Yes, for ever parting;
I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.
Bel. O! call back
Your cruel blessing! stay with me, and curse me.
Jaf. No, 'tis resolved.
Bel. Then hear me too, just heaven!
Pour down your curses on this wretched head,
With never-ceasing vengeance; let despair,

anger, and infamy, nay all, surround me;
tarve me with wantings; let my eyes ne'er see
sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace:
ut dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors,
ild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury,
o make me mad enough for what I lose,
f I must lose him! If I must? I will not.
h! turn and hear me!

Jaf. Now, hold heart, or never.

Bel. By all the tender days we have lived together,
By all our charming nights, and joys that crown'd 'em,
Pity my sad condition! speak, but speak!

Jaf. Oh! Oh!

Bel. By these arms, that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss, and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes——

Jaf. Murder! unhold me:
By the immortal destiny, that doomed me [*Draws his dagger.*
To this cursed minute, I'll not live one longer;
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——

Bel. Hold, sir, be patient!

Jaf. Hark, the dismal bell [*Passing bell tolls.*
Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre, expects me;
He sent a message to require I would see him
Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell, for ever!

Bel. Leave thy dagger with me,
Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at parting?
Oh! my poor heart, when wilt thou break!
[*Going out, looks back at him.*

Jaf. Yet stay:
We have a child, as yet a tender infant;
Be a kind mother to him, when I am gone;
Breed him in virtue, and the paths of honour,
But never let him know his father's story;
I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate
May do his future fortune, or his name.
Now—nearer yet— [*Approaching each other.*
Oh! that my arms were rivetted
Thus round thee ever! But my friend! my oath!
This, and no more. [*Kisses her.*

Bel. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you have ta'en such care of!
I will give it him truly.

Jaf. So now, farewell!

Bel. For ever?

Jaf. Heaven knows for ever; all good angels guard thee! [*Exit.*

Bel. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.
Cursed be my days, and doubly cursed my nights,
Which I must now mourn out with widowed tears;
Blasted be every herb, and fruit, and tree;
Cursed be the rain, that falls upon the earth,
And may the general curse reach man and beast!
Oh! give me daggers, fire or water!
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves
Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
Oh! there's all quiet, here all rage and fury:
The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;
I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell! hell!
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter PRIULI *and Servants.*

Who's there? [*They raise her.*

Pri. Run, seize, and bring her safely home:
Guard her as you would life! Alas, poor creature!

Bel. What, to my husband! then conduct me quickly;
Are all things ready? Shall we die most gloriously?
Say not a word of this to my old father:
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers!
Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Opening, discovers a scaffold, and a wheel prepared for the execution of PIERRE; *then enter Officer,* PIERRE, *and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great rabble.*

Offi. Room, room there—stand all by, make room for the prisoner.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Fri. Why are you so obstinate?

Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch can't die in peace,
But you, like ravens, will be croaking round him?—

Fri. Yet Heaven——

Pier. I tell thee, Heaven and I are friends:
I ne'er broke peace with it yet by cruel murders,
Rapine, or perjury, or vile deceiving,
But lived in moral justice towards all men;
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers,
Howe'er my own short-sighted faith confine me.

Fri. But an all-seeing Judge——

Pier. You say my conscience
Must be my accuser; I have searched that conscience,
And find no records there of crimes, that scare me.

Fri. 'Tis strange, you should want faith.

Pier. You want to lead
My reason blindfold, like a hampered lion,
Check'd of its nobler vigour; then, when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange tricks, which you call signs of faith:
So silly souls are gulled, and you get money.
Away; no more.—Captain, I'd have hereafter
This fellow write no lies of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours,

Enter Jaffier.

Jaf. Hold: eyes, be dry;
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me, to take
The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
Betrayed by my vile falsehood, to his ruin.
Oh, Pierre!
Pier. Yet nearer.
Jaf. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee:
How shall I look up to thy injured face,
That always used to smile with friendship on me?
It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
And stripes are fitter for me, than embraces.
Pier. Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame,
I can't forget to love thee. Prithee, Jaffier,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
I'm now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.
Jaf. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er
Suffer'd the shameful fate, thou'rt going to taste of.
Why was I sent for to be used thus kindly?
Call, call me villain, as I am! describe
The foul complexion of my hateful deeds:
Lead me to the rack, and stretch me in thy stead!
I have crimes enough to give it its full load,
And do it credit: thou wilt but spoil the use of it—
And honest men hereafter bear its figure
About them, as a charm from treacherous friendship.
Offi. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.
Jaf. Dead!
Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffier; they have all died like men, too,
Worthy their character.
Jaf. And what must I do?
Pier. Oh, Jaffier!
Jaf. Speak aloud thy burthened soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortured friend.
Pier. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,
I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heaven knows, I want a friend.
Jaf. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.
Pier. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffier.
Jaf. Yes, I will live;
But it shall be to see thy fall revenged
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.
Pier. Wilt thou?
Jaf. I will, by Heaven.
Pier. Then still thou art noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh!—yet—shall I trust thee?
Jaf. No; I have been false already.
Pier. Dost thou love me?
Jaf. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings!
Pier. Curse on this weakness! [*He weeps.*
Jaf. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy bosom,
That must have vent: Though I'm a villain, tell me.
Pier. Seest thou that engine? [*Pointing to the wheel.*
Jaf. Why?
Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has lived with honour,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,
Be exposed a common carcase on a wheel?
Jaf. Ha!
Pier. Speak! is it fitting?
Jaf. Fitting!
Pier. Yes; is it fitting?
Jaf. What's to be done?
Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it.
Offi. The day grows late, sir.
Pier. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier!
Though thou'st betrayed me, do me some way justice.
Jaf. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfied;
I have a wife, and she shall bleed: my child, too,
Yield up his little throat, and all
To appease thee—— [*Going away,* Pierre *holds him.*
Pier. No—this—no more. [*He whispers* Jaffier.
Jaf. Ha! is't then so?
Pier. Most certainly.
Jaf. I'll do it.
Pier. Remember.
Offi. Sir!
Pier. Come, now I'm ready.
[*He and* Jaffier *ascend the scaffold.*
Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour;
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.
Come. [*Takes off his gown, executioner prepares to bind him.*
Fri. Son.
Pier. Hence, tempter!
Offi. Stand off, priest.
Pier. I thank you, sir. [*To the Officer.*
You'll think on't? [*To* Jaffier.
Jaf. It won't grow stale before to-morrow.
Pier. Now, Jaffier! now I'm going. Now—
[*Executioner having bound him.*
Jaf. Have at thee,
Thou honest heart, then—here! [*Stabs him.*
And this is well too. [*Stabs himself.*
Fri. Damnable deed!
Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.
This was done nobly—We have deceived the senate.
Jaf. Bravely.
Pier. Ha, ha, ha—oh! oh! [*Dies.*

Jaf. Now, ye cursed rulers,
Thus of the blood ye have shed I make libation,
And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you,
And all your race! Be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste
Your generation—Oh, poor Belvidera!
Sir, I've a wife, bear this in safety to her,
A token, that with my dying breath I blessed her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick—I'm quiet. [*Dies.*
Offi. Bear this news to the senate,
And guard their bodies, till there's further orders.
Heaven grant I die so well!
[*Scene shuts upon them.*

SCENE IV.

Soft Music—Enter BELVIDERA *distracted, led by two of her women,* PRIULI *and Servants.*

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heaven!
Bel. Come, come, come, come, come, nay, come to bed,
Prithee, my love! The winds; hark how they whistle;
And the rain beats: Oh! how the weather shrinks me!—
You are angry now, who cares? Pish, no indeed,
Chuse then; I say you shall not go, you shall not;
Whip your ill-nature; get you gone then. Oh!
Are you returned? See, father, here he's come again:
Am I to blame to love him? O, thou dear one,
Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?
Jaffier, where art thou? father, why do you do thus?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.
Stand off, I say: What, gone? Remember it, tyrant:
I may revenge myself for this trick, one day.
I'll do't—I'll do't. Renault's a nasty fellow;
Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Enter Officer.

Pri. News, what news?
[*Officer whispers* PRIULI.
Offi. Most sad, sir;
Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stabbed Pierre, and next himself;
Both fell together.
Pri. Daughter!
Bel. Ha! look there!
My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision!
On these poor trembling knees I beg it. Vanished—
Here they went down—Oh, I'll dig, dig the den up!
You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, Jaffier, Jaffier!
Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him!
I've got him, father: Oh! now how I'll smuggle him!
My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell— [*Dies.*
Maid. She's dead;
Breathless and dead.
Pri. Oh! guard me from the sight on't!
Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning:
Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun,
May never enter: hang it round with black:
Set up one taper, that may last a day,
As long as I've to live; and there all leave me:
Sparing no tears, when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

The text is done, and now for application;
And when that's ended, pass your approbation.
Though the conspiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there;
And there's a certain faction fain would sway,
If they had strength enough, and damn this play:
But this the author bade me boldly say;
If any take this plainness in its part,
He's glad on't from the bottom of his heart;
Poets in honour of the truth should write,
With the same spirit brave men for it fight.
And though against him causeless hatreds rise,
And daily where he goes of late, he spies
The scowl of sullen and revengeful eyes,
'Tis what he knows, with much contempt to bear,
And serves a cause too good to let him fear:
He fears no poison from an incens'd drab,
No ruffian's five-foot sword, nor rascal's stab;
Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
Not a Rose-alley-cudgel ambuscade,
From any private cause where malice reigns,

Or general pique all blockheads have to brains:
Nothing shall daunt his pen when truth does call;
No, not the * picture-mangler at Guildhall.
The rebel tribe, of which that vermin's one,
Have now set forward, and their course begun;
And while that prince's figure they deface,
As they before had massacred his name,
Durst their base fears but look him in the face,
They'd use his person as they've us'd his fame:
A face in which such lineaments they read
Of that great martyr's, whose rich blood they shed,
That their rebellious hate they still retain,
And in his son would murder him again.
With indignation then, let each brave heart
Rouse, and unite to take his injur'd part;
Till royal love and goodness call him home,
And songs of triumph meet him as he come;
Till heaven his honour, and our peace restore,
And villains never wrong his virtue more.

---

* The rascal that cut the Duke of York's picture.

ISABELLA;

OR,

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

ALTERED FROM

SOUTHERN.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS BRACEGIRDLE.

WHEN once a poet settles an ill name,
Let him write well, or ill, 'tis all the same:
For critics now-a-days, like flocks of sheep,
All follow, when the first has made the leap.
And, do you justice, most are well inclin'd
To censure faults you know not how to find:
Some cavil at the style, and some the actors;
For, right or wrong, we pass for malefactors.
Some well-bred persons carp at the decorum,
As if they bore the drawing-room before 'em.
Sometimes your soft respectful spark discovers,
Our ladies are too coming to their lovers;
For they who still pursue, but ne'er enjoy,
In ev'ry case expect a siege of Troy.
There are some authors too who offer battle,
And with their time and place, maul Aristotle.
Ask what they mean; and, after some grimace,
They tell you, twelve's the time; and for the place,
The chocolate-house, at the looking-glass.
To please such judges, some have tir'd their brains,
And almost had their labour for their pains:
After a twelvemonth vainly spent in plotting,
These mettled critics cry 'tis good for nothing:
But wiser authors turn their plots upon you,
And plot to purpose when they get your money.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Count BALDWIN, *father to Biron and Carlos.*
BIRON, *married to Isabella, supposed dead.*
CARLOS, *his younger brother.*
VILLEROY, *in love with Isabella, marries her.*
SAMPSON, *porter to Count Baldwin.*
A child of Isabella by Biron.
BELFORD, *a friend of Biron's.*
PEDRO, *an accomplice of Carlos.*

WOMEN.

ISABELLA, *married to Biron and Villeroy.*
Nurse to Biron.
Officers, Servants, Men, and Women.

SCENE,—*Brussels.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before Count* BALDWIN'S *House.*

Enter VILLEROY *and* CARLOS.

Car. This constancy of yours will establish an immortal reputation among the women.

Vil. If it would establish me with Isabella—

Car. Follow her, follow her: Troy town was won at last.

Vil. I have followed her these seven years, and now but live in hopes.

Car. But live in hopes! Why, hope is the ready road, the lover's baiting-place; and, for aught you know, but one stage short of the possession of your mistress.

Vil. But my hopes, I fear, are more of my own making than her's; and proceed rather from my wishes, than any encouragement she has given me.

Car. That I cannot tell: the sex is very various; there are no certain measures to be prescribed or followed, in making our approaches to the women. All that we have to do, I think, is to attempt them in the weakest part. Press them but hard, and they will all fall under the necessity of a surrender at last. That favour comes at once; and sometimes when we least expect it.

Vil. I shall be glad to find it so.

Car. You will find it so. Every place is to be taken, that is not to be relieved: she must comply.

Vil. I am going to visit her.

Car. What interest a brother-in-law can have with her, depend upon.

Vil. I know your interest, and I thank you.

Car. You are prevented; see, the mourner comes;
She weeps, as seven years were seven hours;
So fresh, unfading, is the memory
Of my poor brother's, Biron's, death:
I leave you to your opportunity. [*Exit* VIL.
Though I have taken care to root her from our house,
I would transplant her into Villeroy's——
There is an evil fate that waits upon her,
To which I wish him wedded—Only him:
His upstart family, with haughty brow,
(Though Villeroy and myself are seeming friends)
Looks down upon our house; his sister, too,
Whose hand I asked, and was with scorn refused,
Lives in my breast, and fires me to revenge.——
They bend this way——
Perhaps, at last, she seeks my father's doors;
They shall be shut, and be prepared to give
The beggar and her brat a cold reception.
That boy's an adder in my path—they come;
I'll stand apart, and watch their motions.
[*Retires.*

Enter VILLEROY, *with* ISABELLA *and her little Son.*

Isa. Why do you follow me? you know I am
A bankrupt every way; too far engaged
Ever to make return: I own you have been
More than a brother to me, my friend;
And at a time when friends are found no more,
A friend to my misfortunes.

Vil. I must be always your friend.

Isa. I have known, and found you
Truly my friend; and would I could be yours;
But the unfortunate cannot be friends:
Fate watches the first motion of the soul,
To disappoint our wishes; if we pray
For blessings, they prove curses in the end,
To ruin all about us. Pray, be gone;
Take warning, and be happy.

Vil. Happiness!
There's none for me without you: Riches, name,
Health, fame, distinction, place, and quality,
Are the incumbrances of groaning life,
To make it but more tedious without you.
What serve the goods of fortune for? To raise
My hopes, that you at last will share them with me.
Long life itself, the universal prayer,
And Heaven's reward of well-deservers here,
Would prove a plague to me; to see you always,
And never see you mine! still to desire,
And never to enjoy!

Isa. I must not hear you.

Vil. Thus, at this awful distance, I have served
A seven years' bondage—Do I call it bondage,
When I can never wish to be redeemed?
No, let me rather linger out a life
Of expectation, that you may be mine,
Than be restored to the indifference
Of seeing you, without this pleasing pain:
I've lost myself, and never would be found,
But in these arms.

Isa. Oh, I have heard all this!
But must no more——the charmer is no more:
My buried husband rises in the face
Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay:
Canst thou forgive me, child?

Child. Why, have you done a fault? You cry as if you had. Indeed now, I have done nothing to offend you: but if you kiss me, and look so very sad upon me, I shall cry too.

Isa. My little angel, no, you must not cry;
Sorrow will overtake thy steps too soon:
I should not hasten it.

Vil. What can I say!
The arguments that make against my hopes
Prevail upon my heart, and fix me more;
Those pious tears you hourly throw away
Upon the grave, have all their quickening charms,
And more engage my love, to make you mine:

hen yet a virgin, free, and undisposed,
oved, but saw you only with my eyes;
:ould not reach the beauties of your soul:
ıave since lived in contemplation,
ıd long experience of your growing goodness:
hat then was passion, is my judgment now,
ırough all the several changes of your life,
›nfirmed and settled in adoring you.

Isa. Nay, then, I must be gone. If you are
my friend,
you regard my little interest,
o more of this; you see, I grant you all
ıat friendship will allow: be still my friend:
ıat's all I can receive, or have to give.
ım going to my father; he needs not an excuse
› use me ill: pray leave me to the trial.

Vil. I am only born to be what you would
have me,
ıe creature of your power, and must obey;
every thing obey you. I am going:
ıt all good fortune go along with you. [*Exit.*

Isa. I shall need all your wishes—— [*Knocks.*
ocked! and fast!
'here is the charity that used to stand,
ı our forefathers' hospitable days,
t great men's doors, ready for our wants,
ike the good angel of the family,
'ith open arms taking the needy in,
o feed and clothe, to comfort and relieve them!
'ow even their gates are shut against their poor.
[*She knocks again.*

Enter SAMPSON *to her.*

Samp. Well, what's to do now, I trow? You nock as loud as if you were invited; and that more than I heard of; but I can tell you, you ıay look twice about you for a welcome in a reat man's family, before you find it, unless you ring it along with you.

Isa. I hope I bring my welcome along with ıe: Is your lord at home? Count Baldwin lives ere still?

Samp. Ay, ay, Count Baldwin does live here; nd I am his porter: but what's that to the purose, good woman, of my lord's being at home?

Isa. Why, dont you know me, friend?

Samp. Not I, not I, mistress; I may have seen ou before, or so; but men of employment must orget their acquaintance; especially such as we re never to be the better for.

[*Going to shut the door, Nurse enters, having overheard him.*

Nurse. Handsomer words would become you, ınd mend your manners, Sampson: do you know vho you prate to?

Isa. I am glad you know me, nurse.

Nurse. Marry, Heaven forbid, madam, that I should ever forget you, or my little jewel: pray, go in—[ISABELLA *goes in with her child.*] Now my blessing go along with you wherever you go, or whatever you are about. Fie, Sampson, how could'st thou be such a Saracen! A Turk would have been a better Christian, than to have done so barbarously by a good lady.

Samp. Why look you, nurse, I know you of old: by your good-will you would have a finger in every body's pye: but mark the end of it; if I am called to account about it, I know what I have to say.

Nurse. Marry come up here! say your pleasure, and spare not. Refuse his eldest son's widow, and poor child, the comfort of seeing him? She does not trouble him so often.

Samp. Not that I am against it, nurse: but we are but servants, you know: we must have no likings, but our lord's; and must do as we are ordered.

Nurse. Nay, that's true, Sampson.

Samp. Besides, what I did was all for the best: I have no ill-will to the young lady, as a body may say, upon my own account; only that I hear she is poor; and indeed I naturally hate your decayed gentry: they expect as much waiting upon as when they had money in their pockets, and were able to consider us for the trouble.

Nurse. Why, that is a grievance indeed in great families, where the gifts, at good times, are better than the wages. It would do well to be reformed.

Samp. But what is the business, nurse? You have been in the family before I came into the world: what is the reason, pray, that this daughter-in-law, who has so good a report in every body's mouth, is so little set by, by my lord?

Nurse. Why, I tell you, Sampson, more or less: I will tell the truth, that's my way, you know, without adding or diminishing.

Samp. Ay, marry, nurse.

Nurse. My lord's eldest son, Biron by name, the son of his bosom, and the son that he would have loved best, if he had as many as king Pyramus of Troy——

Samp. How! King Pyramus of Troy! Why, how many had he?

Nurse. Why, the ballad sings he had fifty sons: but no matter for that. This Biron, as I was saying, was a lovely sweet gentleman, and, indeed, nobody could blame his father for loving him: he was a son for the king of Spain; God bless him, for I was his nurse. But now I come to the point, Sampson; this Biron, without asking the advice of his friends, hand over head, as young men will have their vagaries, not having the fear of his father before his eyes, as I may say, wilfully marries this Isabella.

Samp. How, wilfully! he should have had her consent, methinks.

Nurse. No, wilfully marries her; and, which was worse, after she had settled all her fortune upon a nunnery, which she broke out of to run away with him. They say they had the church's forgiveness, but I had rather it had been his father's.

Samp. Why, in good truth, these nunneries I see no good they do. I think the young lady was in the right to run away from a nunnery: and I think our young master was not in the wrong but in marrying without a portion.

Nurse. That was the quarrel, I believe, Sampson: upon this, my old lord would r see him; disinherited him; took his younger brother, Carlos, into favour, whom he never cared for before; and at last forced Biron to go to the siege of Candy, where he was killed.

Samp. Alack-a-day, poor gentleman!

Nurse. For which my old lord hates her, as if she had been the cause of his going thither.

Samp. Alas, alas, poor lady! she has suffered for it: she has lived a great while a widow.

Nurse. A great while indeed, for a young woman, Sampson.

Samp. Gad so! here they come; I will not venture to be seen.

Enter Count BALDWIN, *followed by* ISABELLA *and her Child.*

C. Bald. Whoever of your friends directed you,
Misguided and abused you—there's your way;
I can afford to shew you out again.
What could you expect from me?
Isa. Oh, I have nothing to expect on earth!
But misery is very apt to talk:
I thought I might be heard.
C. Bald. What can you say?
Is there in eloquence, can there be in words
A recompensing power, a remedy,
A reparation of the injuries,
The great calamities, that you have brought
On me and mine? You have destroyed those hopes
I fondly raised, through my declining life,
To rest my age upon; and most undone me.
Isa. I have undone myself too.
C. Bald. Speak it again!
Say still you are undone, and I will hear you,
With pleasure hear you.
Isa. Would my ruin please you?
C. Bald. Beyond all other pleasures.
Isa. Then you are pleased——for I am most undone.
C. Bald. I prayed but for revenge, and Heaven has heard,
And sent it to my wishes: these grey hairs
Would have gone down in sorrow to the grave,
Which you have dug for me, without the thought,
The thought of leaving you more wretched here.
Isa. Indeed I am most wretched—When I lost
My husband——
C. Bald. Would he had never been,
Or never had been yours!
Isa. I then believed
The measure of my sorrow then was full:
But every moment of my growing days
Makes room for woes, and adds them to the sum.
I lost with Biron all the joys of life:
But now its last supporting means are gone.
All the kind helps that Heaven in pity raised,
In charitable pity to our wants,
At last have left us: now bereft of all,
But this last trial of a cruel father,
To save us both from sinking. Oh, my child!
Kneel with me, knock at nature in his heart!
Let the resemblance of a once-loved son
Speak in this little one, who never wronged me,
And plead the fatherless and widow's cause!
Oh, if you ever hope to be forgiven,
As you will need to be forgiven too,
Forget our faults, that Heaven may pardon yours!
C. Bald. How dare you mention Heaven! Call to mind
Your perjured vows; your plighted, broken faith
To Heaven, and all things holy: were you not
Devoted, wedded to a life recluse,
The sacred habit on, professed and sworn,
A votary for ever? Can you think
The sacrilegious wretch, that robs the shrine,
Is thunder-proof?
Isa. There, there, began my woes.
Let women all take warning at my fate;
Never resolve, or think they can be safe,
Within the reach and tongue of tempting men.
Oh! had I never seen my Biron's face,
Had he not tempted me, I had not fallen,
But still continued innocent and free
Of a bad world, which only he had power
To reconcile, and make me try again.
C. Bald. Your own inconstancy, your graceless thoughts,
Debauched and reconciled you to the world:
He had no hand to bring you back again,
But what you gave him. Circe, you prevailed
Upon his honest mind, transforming him
From virtue, and himself, into what shapes
You had occasion for; and what he did
Was first inspired by you. A cloister was
Too narrow for the work you had in hand:
Your business was more general; the whole world
To be the scene: therefore you spread your charms
To catch his soul, to be the instrument,
The wicked instrument, of your cursed flight.
Not that you valued him; for any one,
Who could have served the turn, had been as welcome.
Isa. Oh! I have sins to Heaven, but none to him.
C. Bald. Had my wretched son
Married a beggar's bastard; taken her
Out of her rags, and made her of my blood,
The mischief might have ceased, and ended there.
But bringing you into a family,
Entails a curse upon the name and house
That takes you in: the only part of me
That did receive you, perished for his crime.
'Tis a defiance to offended Heaven
Barely to pity you: your sins pursue you:
The heaviest judgments that can fall upon you,
Are your just lot, and but prepare your doom:
Expect them, and despair—Sirrah, rogue,
How durst thou disobey me? [*To the Porter.*
Isa. Not for myself—for I am past the hopes
Of being heard——but for this innocent——
And then I never will disturb you more.
C. Bald. I almost pity the unhappy child:
But being yours——
Isa. Look on him as your son's;
And let his part in him answer for mine.

h, save, defend him, save him from the wrongs,
hat fall upon the poor!

C. Bald. It touches me,
nd I will save him. But to keep him safe,
ever come near him more.

Isa. What! take him from me!
o, we must never part: 'tis the last hold
f comfort I have left; and, when he fails,
ll goes along with him: Oh! could you be
he tyrant to divorce life from my life?
ive but in my child.
o, let me pray in vain, and beg my bread
rom door to door, to feed his daily wants,
ather than always lose him.

C. Bald. Then have your child, and feed him with your prayers.—
ou, rascal, slave, what do I keep you for?
ow came this woman in?

Samp. Why, indeed, my lord, I did as good
tell her, before, my thoughts upon the mat-
r——

C. Bald. Did you so, sir? Now, then, tell her mine;
Tell her, I sent you to her.
There's one more to provide for.
[*Thrusts him towards her*.

Samp. Good my lord, what I did was in perfect obedience to the old nurse there. I told her what it would come to.

C. Bald. What! this was a plot upon me.—And you, too, beldam, were you in the conspiracy? Begone, go altogether: I have provided you an equipage, now set up when you please. She's old enough to do you service; I have none for her. The wide world lies before you: begone! take any road but this to beg or starve in—I shall be glad to hear of you: but never, never, see me more. [*He drives them off before him.*

Isa. Then Heaven have mercy on me!
[*Exit with her Child, followed by* SAMPSON *and Nurse.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter VILLEROY *and* CARLOS, *meeting.*

Vil. My friend, I fear to ask—but Isabella—
he lovely widow's tears, her orphan's cries,
hy father must feel for them—No, I read,
read their cold reception in thine eyes—
hou pitiest them—though Baldwin—but I spare him
or Carlos' sake; thou art no son of his.
here needs not this to endear thee more to me.
[*Embrace.*

Car. My Villeroy, the fatherless, the widow,
re terms not understood within these gates—
ou must forgive him, sir; he thinks this woman
Biron's fate, that hurried him to death—
must not think on't, lest my friendship stagger.
y friend's, my sister's mutual advantage
ave reconciled my bosom to its task.

Vil. Advantage! think not I intend to raise
n interest from Isabella's wrongs.
our father may have interested ends
her undoing; but my heart has none:
er happiness must be my interest,
nd that I would restore.

Car. Why, so I mean.
hese hardships that my father lays upon her,
am sorry for, and wish I could prevent;
ut he will have his way.
ince there's no hope from her prosperity, her
hange of fortune may alter the condition of her
oughts, and make for you.

Vil. She is above her fortune.

Car. Try her again. Women commonly love
ccording to the circumstances they are in.

Vil. Common women may.

Car. Since you are not accessary to the injustice, you may be persuaded to take the advantage of other people's crimes.

Vil. I must despise all those advantages,
That indirectly can advance my love.
No, though I live but in the hopes of her,
And languish for the enjoyment of those hopes,
I'd rather pine in a consuming want
Of what I wish, than have the blessing mine,
From any reason but consenting love.
Oh! let me never have it to remember,
I could betray her coldly to comply!
When a clear generous choice bestows her on me,
I know to value the unequalled gift:
I would not have it, but to value it.

Car. Take your own way; remember what I offered came from a friend.

Vil. I understand it so. I'll serve her for herself, without the thought of a reward. [*Exit.*

Car. Agree that point between you. If you marry her any way, you do my business.
I know him—What his generous soul intends
Ripens my plots—I'll first to Isabella.——
I must keep up appearances with her too.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ISABELLA'S *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and Nurse;* ISABELLA'S *little Son at play upon the floor.*

Isa. Sooner, or later, all things pass away,
And are no more.—The beggar and the king,
With equal steps, tread forward to their end:
The reconciling grave swallows distinction first,
that made us foes.
Though they appear of different natures now,
They meet at last:
Then all alike lie down in peace together.
When will that hour of peace arrive for me?

In heaven I shall find it——not in heaven,
If my old tyrant father can dispose
Of things above—but, there, his interest
May be as poor as mine, and want a friend
As much as I do here. [*Weeping.*

Nurse. Good madam, be comforted.

Isa. Do I deserve to be this outcast wretch;
Abandoned thus, and lost? But 'tis my lot,
The will of Heaven, and I must not complain:
I will not for myself: let me bear all
The violence of your wrath; but spare my child!
Let not my sins be visited on him!
They are, they must; a general ruin falls
On every thing about me: thou art lost,
Poor nurse, by being near me.

Nurse. I can work, or beg, to do you service.

Isa. Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to: I am not the first
That have been wretched: but to think how much
I have been happier! Wild hurrying thoughts
Start every way from my distracted soul,
To find out hope, and only meet despair.
What answer have I?

Enter SAMPSON.

Samp. Why truly, very little to the purpose: like a Jew as he is, he says you have had more already than the jewels are worth: he wishes you would rather think of redeeming them, than expect any more money upon them. [*Exit* SAMPSON.

Isa. 'Tis very well——
So: poverty at home, and debts abroad!
My present fortune bad; my hopes yet worse!
What will become of me?
This ring is all I have left of value now:
'Twas given me by my husband: his first gift
Upon our marriage: I have always kept it,
With my best care, the treasure next my life,
And now but part with it to support life,
Which only can be dearer. Take it, nurse;
'Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time,
Provide us bread, and bring a short reprieve,
To put off the bad day of beggary,
That will come on too soon. Take care of it:
Manage it as the last remaining friend
That would relieve us. [*Exit Nurse.*] Heaven can only tell
Where we shall find another——My dear boy!
The labour of his birth was lighter to me
Than of my fondness now; my fears for him
Are more, than in that hour of hovering death,
They could be for myself——He minds me not,
His little sports have taken up his thoughts:
Oh, may they never feel the pangs of mine!
Thinking will make me mad: why must I think,
When no thought brings me comfort?

Nurse returns.

Nurse. Oh, madam! you are utterly ruined and undone; your creditors of all kinds are come in upon you: they have mustered up a regiment of rogues, that are come to plunder your house, and seize upon all you have in the world; they are below. What will you do, madam?

Isa. Do! nothing: no, for I am born to suffer.

Enter CARLOS *to her.*

Car. Oh, sister! can I call you by that name,
And be the son of this inhuman man,
Inveterate to your ruin? Do not think
I am a-kin to his barbarity:
I must abhor my father's usage of you,
And from my bleeding honest heart must pity,
Pity your lost condition. Can you think
Of any way that I may serve you in?
But what enrages most my sense of grief,
My sorrow for your wrongs, is, that my father,
Fore-knowing well the storm that was to fall,
Has ordered me not to appear for you.

Isa. I thank your pity; my poor husband fell
For disobeying him; do not you stay
To venture his displeasure too for me.

Car. You must resolve on something— [*Exit.*

Isa. Let my fate
Determine for me; I shall be prepared.
The worst that can befall me, is to die: [*A noise.*
When once it comes to that, it matters not
Which way 'tis brought about: whether I starve,
Or hang, or drown, the end is still the same;
Plagues, poison, famine, are but several names
Of the same thing, and all conclude in death:
But sudden death; Oh, for a sudden death,
To cheat my persecutors of their hopes,
The expected pleasure of beholding me
Long in my pains, lingering in misery!
It will not be, that is denied me too.
Hark! they are coming; let the torrent roar!
It can but overwhelm me in its fall;
And life and death are now alike to me.
[*Exeunt, the Nurse leading the Child.*

SCENE III.—*Opens, and shews* CARLOS *and* VILLEROY *with the Officers.*

Vil. No farther violence—
The debt in all is but four thousand crowns:
Were it ten times the sum, I think you know
My fortune very well can answer it.
You have my word for this: I will see you paid.

Offi. That's as much as we can desire: so we have the money, no matter whence it comes.

Vil. To-morrow you shall have it.

Car. Thus far all's well—

Enter ISABELLA, *and Nurse, with the Child.*

And now my sister comes to crown the work.
[*Aside.*

Isa. Where are the raving blood-hounds, that pursue
In a full cry, gaping to swallow me?
I meet your rage, and come to be devoured:
Say, which way are you to dispose of me?
To dungeons, darkness, death!

Car. Have patience.

Isa. Patience!
Offi. You will excuse us, we are but in our office:
ebts must be paid.
Isa. My death will pay you all. [*Distractedly.*
Offi. While there is law to be had, people will
ave their own.
Vil. 'Tis very fit they should; but pray be gone.
o-morrow certainly— [*Exeunt Officers.*
Isa. What of to-morrow?
m I then the sport,
he game of fortune, and her laughing fools?
he common spectacle, to be exposed
rom day to day, and baited for the mirth
f the lewd rabble? Must I be reserved
or fresh afflictions?
Vil. For long happiness
f life, I hope.
Isa. There is no hope for me.
he load grows light, when we resolve to bear:
am ready for my trial.
Car. Pray be calm,
nd know your friends.
Isa. My friends! Have I a friend?
Car. A faithful friend; in your extremest need,
illeroy came in to save you——
Isa. Save me! How?
Car. By satisfying all your creditors.
Isa. Which way? For what?
Vil. Let me be understood,
nd then condemn me: you have given me leave
o be your friend; and in that only name
now appear before you. I could wish
here had been no occasion for a friend,
ecause I know you hate to be obliged;
nd still more loth to be obliged by me.
Isa. 'Twas that I would avoid—— [*Aside.*
Vil. I am most unhappy that my services
an be suspected to design upon you;
have no farther ends than to redeem you
rom fortune's wrongs; to shew myself at last,
What I have long professed to be, your friend:
llow me that; and to convince you more
hat I intend only your interest,
orgive what I have done, and in amends
(If that can make you any, that can please you)
I'll tear myself for ever from my hopes,
Stifle this flaming passion in my soul,
That has so long broke out to trouble you,
And mention my unlucky love no more.
Isa. This generosity will ruin me. [*Aside.*
Vil. Nay, if the blessing of my looking on you
Disturbs your peace, I will do all I can
To keep away, and never see you more,
Car. You must not go.
Vil. Could Isabella speak
Those few short words, I should be rooted here,
And never move but upon her commands.
Car. Speak to him, sister; do not throw away
A fortune that invites you to be happy.
In your extremity he begs your love;
And has deserved it nobly. Think upon
Your lost condition, helpless and alone.
Though now you have a friend, the time must come
That you will want one; him you may secure
To be a friend, a father, husband to you.
Isa. A husband!
Car. You have discharged your duty to the dead,
And to the living; 'tis a wilfulness
Not to give way to your necessities,
That force you to this marriage.
Nurse. What must become of this poor innocence? [*To the child.*
Car. He wants a father to protect his youth,
And rear him up to virtue: you must bear
The future blame, and answer to the world,
When you refuse the easy honest means
Of taking care of him.
Nurse. Of him and me,
And every one that must depend upon you:
Unless you please now to provide for us,
We must all perish.
Car. Nor would I press you——
Isa. Do not think I need
Your reasons, to confirm my gratitude;
I have a soul that's truly sensible
Of your great worth, and busy to contrive, [*To* VILLEROY.
If possible, to make you a return.
Vil. Oh! easily possible!
Isa. It cannot be your way: my pleasures are
Buried, and cold in my dead husband's grave;
And I should wrong the truth, myself, and you,
To say that I can ever love again.
I owe this declaration to myself:
But, as a proof that I owe all to you,
If, after what I have said, you can resolve
To think me worth your love——Where am I going?
You cannot think it; 'tis impossible.
Vil. Impossible!
Isa. You should not ask me now, nor should I grant;
I am so much obliged, that to consent
Would want a name to recommend the gift:
'Twould show me poor, indebted, and compelled,
Designing, mercenary; and I know
You would not wish to think I could be bought.
Vil. Be bought! where is the price that can pretend
To bargain for you! Not in fortune's power.
The joys of Heaven and love must be bestowed;
They are not to be sold, and cannot be deserved.
Isa. Some other time I will hear you on this subject.
Vil. Nay, then, there is no time so fit for me, [*Following her.*
Since you consent to hear me, hear me now;
That you may grant: you are above
The little forms which circumscribe your sex;
We differ but in time, let that be mine.
Isa. You think fit
To get the better of me, and you shall;
Since you will have it so——I will be yours.
Vil. I take you at your word,

Isa. I give you all—
My hand; and would I had a heart to give!
But if it ever can return again,
'Tis wholly yours.
Vil. Oh, ecstacy of joy!
Leave that to me. If all my services,
If prosperous days, and kind indulging nights,
If all that man can fondly say or do,
Can beget love, love shall be born again.—
Oh, Carlos! now my friend, and brother too!
And, nurse, I have eternal thanks for thee.
Send for the priest——
[*Nurse goes out in haste.*
This night you must be mine.
Let me command in this, and all my life
Shall be devoted to you.
Isa. On your word,
Never to press me to put off these weeds,
Which best become my melancholy thoughts,
You shall command me.
Vil. Witness Heaven and earth
Against my soul, when I do any thing
To give you a disquiet.
Car. I long to wish you joy.
Vil. You'll be a witness of my happiness!
Car. For once I'll be my sister's father,
And give her to you.
Vil. Next my Isabella,
Be near my heart: I am for ever yours. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Count* BALDWIN'S *House.*

Enter COUNT BALDWIN *and* CARLOS.

C. Bald. Married to Villeroy, say'st thou?
Car. Yes, my lord.
Last night the priest performed his holy office,
And made them one.
C. Bald. Misfortune join them!
And may her violated vows pull down
A lasting curse, a constancy of sorrow,
On both their heads!—I have not yet forgot
Thy slighted passion, the refused alliance;
But having her, we are revenged at full.
Heaven will pursue her still, and Villeroy
Share the judgments she calls down.
Car. Soon he'll hate her,
Though warm and violent in his raptures now.
When full enjoyment palls his sickened sense,
And reason, with satiety, returns,
Her cold constrained acceptance of his hand
Will gall his pride, which (though of late o'erpowered
By stronger passions) will, as they grow weak,
Rise in full force, and pour its vengeance on her.
C. Bald. Now, Carlos, take example to thy aid!
Let Biron's disobedience, and the curse
He took into his bosom, prove a warning,
A monitor to thee, to keep thy duty
Firm and unshaken.
Car. May those rankling wounds,
Which Biron's disobedience gave my father,
Be healed by me!
C. Bald. With tears I thank thee, Carlos——
And may'st thou ever feel those inward joys,
Thy duty gives thy father—but, my son,
We must not let resentment choak our justice;
'Tis fit that Villeroy know he has no claim
From me, in right of Isabella. Biron
(Whose name brings tears), when wedded to this woman,
By me abandoned, sunk the little fortune
His uncle left, in vanity and fondness:
I am possest of those your brother's papers,
Which now are Villeroy's; and should aught remain,
In justice it is his; from me to him
You shall convey them——follow me, and take them. [*Exit C.* BALDWIN.
Car. Yes, I will take them; but ere I part with them,
I will be sure my interest will not suffer
By these his high, refined, fantastic notions
Of equity and right.—What a paradox
Is man! My father here, who boasts his honour,
And even but now was warm in praise of justice,
Can steel his heart against the widow's tears,
And infant's wants; the widow and the infant
Of Biron; of his son, his favourite son.
'Tis ever thus weak minds, who court opinion,
And dead to virtuous feeling, hide their wants
In pompous affectation.—Now to Villeroy—
Ere this his friends, for he is much beloved,
Crowd to his house, and with their nuptial songs
Awake the wedded pair: I'll join the throng,
And in my face, at least, bear joy and friendship.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A hall in* VILLEROY'S *house. A band of music, with the friends of* VILLEROY.

Enter a Servant.

1 F. Where's your master, my good friend?
Ser. Within, sir,
Preparing for the welcome of his friends.
1 F. Acquaint him we are here: yet stay,
The voice of music gently shall surprise him,
And breathe our salutations to his ear.
Strike up the strain to Villeroy's happiness,
To Isabella's—But he's here already.

Enter VILLEROY.

Vil. My friends, let me embrace you:
Welcome all——
What means this preparation? [*Seeing the music.*
1 F. A slight token
Of our best wishes for your growing happiness—
You must permit our friendship——

Vil. You oblige me——

1 F. But your lovely bride,
That wonder of her sex, she must appear,
And add new brightness to this happy morning.

Vil. She is not yet prepared; and let her will,
My worthiest friend, determine her behaviour;
To win, and not to force, her disposition,
Has been my seven years task. She will, anon,
Speak welcome to you all. The music stays.

[VILLEROY *and his Friends seat themselves.*

EPITHALAMIUM.

AIR.

Woman. *Let all, let all be gay,*
Begin the rapturous lay;
Let mirth, let mirth and joy,
Each happy hour employ
Of this fair bridal day.
Man. *Ye love-winged hours, your flight,*
Your downy flight prepare,
Bring every soft delight
To soothe the brave and fair.
Hail, happy pair, thus in each other blest;
Be ever free from care, of every joy possessed!

Vil. I thank you for the proof of your affection:
I am so much transported with the thoughts
Of what I am, I know not what I do.
My Isabella!—but possessing her,
Who would not lose himself?——You'll pardon me——
Oh! there was nothing wanting to my soul,
But the kind wishes of my loving friends——
But our collation waits: where's Carlos now?
Methinks I am but half myself without him.

2 F. This is wonderful! Married a night and a day, and yet in raptures!

Vil. Oh! when you all get wives, and such as mine
(If such another woman can be found),
You will rave too, dote on the dear content,
And prattle in their praise out of all bounds.
I cannot speak my bliss! 'Tis in my head,
'Tis in my heart, and takes up all my soul——
The labour of my fancy. You'll pardon me;
About some twelve months hence I may begin
To speak plain sense.—Walk in, and honour me.

Enter ISABELLA.

My Isabella! Oh, the joy of my heart,
That I have leave, at last, to call you mine!
When I give up that title to the charms
Of any other wish, be nothing mine!—
But let me look upon you, view you well.
This is a welcome gallantry indeed!
I durst not ask, but it was kind to grant,
Just at this time; dispensing with your dress
Upon this second day to greet our friends.

Isa. Black might be ominous;
I would not bring ill luck along with me.

Vil. Oh! if your melancholy thoughts could change
With shifting of your dress—Time has done cures
Incredible this way, and may again.

Isa. I could have wished if you had thought it fit,
Our marriage had not been so public.

Vil. Do not you grudge me my excess of love;
That was a cause it could not be concealed:
Besides, 'twould injure the opinion
I have of my good fortune, having you,
And lessen it in other people's thoughts,
Busy, on such occasions, to enquire,
Had it been private.

Isa. I have no more to say.

Enter CARLOS.

Vil. My Carlos too, who came in to the support
Of our bad fortune, has an honest right,
In better times, to share the good with us.

Car. I come to claim that right, to share your joy;
To wish you joy; and find it in myself:
For a friend's happiness reflects a warmth,
A kindly comfort, into every heart
That is not envious.

Vil. He must be a friend,
Who is not envious of a happiness
So absolute as mine; but if you are
(As I have reason to believe you are)
Concerned for my well-being, there's the cause;
Thank her for what I am, and what must be.

[*Music flourish.*

I see you mean a second entertainment.
My dearest Isabella, you must hear
The raptures of my friends; from thee they spring;
Thy virtues have diffused themselves around,
And made them all as happy as myself.

Isa. I feel their favours with a grateful heart,
And willingly comply.

RECITATIVE.

Take the gifts the gods intend ye;
Grateful meet the proffered joy:
Truth and honour shall attend ye;
Charms that ne'er can change or cloy.

DUETTO.

Man. *Oh, the raptures of possessing,*
Taking beauty to thy arms!
Woman. *Oh, the joy, the lasting blessing,*
When with virtue beauty charms!
Man. *Purer flames shall gently warm ye;*
Woman. *Love and honour both shall charm thee.*
Both. *Oh, the raptures of, &c. &c.*

CHORUS.

Far from hence be care and strife,
Far the pang that tortures life:
May the circling minutes prove
One sweet round of peace and love!

Car. 'Tis fine, indeed!
You'll take my advice another time, sister.

Vil. What have you done? A rising smile
Stole from her thoughts, just red'ning on her cheek,
And you have dashed it.

Car. I'm sorry for it.

Vil. My friends, you will forgive me, when I own,
I must prefer her peace to all the world.
Come, Isabella, let us lead the way:
Within we'll speak our welcome to our friends,
And crown the happy festival with joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room.*

Enter SAMPSON *and Nurse.*

Samp. Ay, marry, nurse, here's a master indeed! He will double our wages for us! If he comes on as fast with my lady, as he does with his servants, we are all in the way to be well pleased.

Nurse. He is in a rare humour; if she be in as good a one——

Samp. If she be, marry, we may even say, they have begot it upon one another.

Nurse. Well; why do not you go back again to your old count? You thought your throat cut, I warrant you, to be turned out of a nobleman's service.

Samp. For the future, I will never serve in a house where the master or mistress of it lie single: they are out of humour with every body when they are not pleased themselves. Now, this matrimony makes every thing go well. There's mirth and money stirring about, when these matters go as they should do.

Nurse. Indeed, this matrimony, Sampson——

Samp. Ah, nurse! this matrimony is a very good thing——but, what, now my lady is married, I hope we shall have company come to the house: there's something always coming from one gentleman or other upon those occasions, if my lady loves company. This feasting looks well, nurse.

Nurse. Odso, my master! we must not be seen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VILLEROY *with a letter, and* ISABELLA.

Vil. I must away this moment—see his letter,
Signed by himself: alas! he could no more;
My brother's desperate, and cannot die
In peace, but in my arms.

Isa. So suddenly!

Vil. Suddenly taken, on the road to Brussels;
To do us honour, love; unfortunate!
Thus to be torn from thee, and all those charms,
Though cold to me and dead.

Isa. I'm sorry for the cause.

Vil. Oh! could I think,
Could I persuade myself that your concern
For me, or for my absence, were the spring,
The fountain of these melancholy thoughts,
My heart would dance, spite of the sad occasion,
And be a gay companion in my journey;
But——

Enter CARLOS *from supper.*

My good Carlos, why have you left my friends?

Car. They are departed home.
They saw some sudden melancholy news
Had stolen the lively colour from your cheek—
You had withdrawn, the bride, alarmed, had followed:
Mere ceremony had been constraint; and this
Good-natured rudeness——

Vil. Was the more obliging.
There, Carlos, is the cause. [*Gives the letter*

Car. Unlucky accident!
The Archbishop of Malins, your worthy brother—
With him to-night! Sister, will you permit it?

Vil. It must be so.

Isa. You hear it must be so.

Vil. Oh, that it must!

Car. To leave your bride so soon!

Vil. But having the possession of my love,
I am the better able to support
My absence, in the hopes of my return.

Car. Your stay will be but short?

Vil. It will seem long;
The longer that my Isabella sighs:
I shall be jealous of this rival, grief,
That you indulge and fondle in my absence.
It takes so full possession of thy heart,
There is not room enough for mighty love.

Enter Servant, and bows.

My horses wait: farewell, my love! You, Carlos,
Will act a brother's part, 'till I return,
And be the guardian here. All, all I have,
That's dear to me, I give up to your care.

Car. And I receive her as a friend and brother.

Vil. Nay, stir not, love! for the night air's cold,
And the dews fall—Here be our end of parting;
Carlos will see me to my horse.
[*Exit with* CARLOS.

Isa. Oh, may thy brother better all thy hopes!
Adieu.——
A sudden melancholy bakes my blood!
Forgive me, Villeroy——I do not find
That cheerful gratitude thy service asks:
Yet, if I know my heart, and sure I do,
'Tis not averse from honest obligation.
I'll to my chamber, and to bed; my mind,
My harassed mind, is weary. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter BIRON *and* BELFORD, *just arrived.*

Bir. The longest day will have an end; we are got home at last.

Bel. We have got our legs at liberty; and liberty is home wherever we go; though mine lies most in England.

Bir. Pray let me call this yours: for what I can command in Brussels, you shall find your own. I have a father here, who, perhaps, after seven years absence, and costing him nothing in my travels, may be glad to see me. You know my story—How does my disguise become me?

Bel. Just as you would have it; 'tis natural, and will conceal you.

Bir. To-morrow you shall be sure to find me here, as early as you please. This is the house; you have observed the street.

Bel. I warrant you; I have not many visits to make before I come to you.

Bir. To-night I have some affairs that will oblige me to be in private.

Bel. A good bed is the privatest affair that I desire to be engaged in to-night; your directions will carry me to my lodgings. [*Exit.*

Bir. Good night, my friend.—— [*Knocks.*
The long expected moment is arrived!
And if all here is well, my past sorrows
Will only heighten my excess of joy,
And nothing will remain to wish or hope for!
[*Knocks again.*

Enter SAMPSON.

Samp. Who's there! What would you have?

Bir. Is your lady at home, friend?

Samp. Why, truly, friend, it is my employment to answer impertinent questions: but, for my lady's being at home, or no, that's just as my lady pleases.

Bir. But how shall I know whether it pleases her or no?

Samp. Why, if you will take my word for it, you may carry your errand back again; she never pleases to see any body at this time of night that she does not know; and by your dress and appearance I am sure you must be a stranger to her.

Bir. But I have business; and you don't know how that may please her.

Samp. Nay, if you have business, she is the best judge whether your business will please her or no; therefore I will proceed in my office, and know of my lady whether or no she is pleased to be at home, or no—— [*Going.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Who's that you are so busy withal? Methinks, you might have found out an answer in fewer words; but, Sampson, you love to hear yourself prate sometimes, as well as your betters, that I must say for you. Let me come to him.—Who would you speak with, stranger?

Bir. With you, mistress, if you could help me to speak to your lady.

Nurse. Yes, sir, I can help you in a civil way: but can nobody do your business but my lady?

Bir. Not so well; but if you carry her this ring, she will know my business better.

Nurse. There's no love-letter in it, I hope? you look like a civil gentleman. In an honest way, I may bring you an answer. [*Exit.*

Bir. My old nurse, only a little older. They say the tongue grows always: mercy on me! then hers is seven years longer since I left her. Yet there's something in these servants' folly pleases me; the cautious conduct of the family appears, and speaks in their impertinence. Well, mistress——

Nurse returns.

Nurse. I have delivered your ring, sir. Pray Heaven you bring no bad news along with you!

Bir. Quite contrary, I hope.

Nurse. Nay, I hope so too; but my lady was very much surprised when I gave it her. Sir, I am but a servant, as a body may say; but if you walk in, that I may shut the doors, for we keep very orderly hours, I can shew you into the parlour, and help you to an answer, perhaps as soon as those that are wiser.

Bir. I'll follow you. [*Exit Nurse.*
Now all my spirits hurry to my heart,
And every sense has taken the alarm
At this approaching interview.
Heav'ns, how I tremble! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter ISABELLA, *and Servant.*

Isa. I have heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
That have made nature start from her old course;
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
From her career, still paler, and subdued
To the abuses of this under world!
Now, I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears:
Conjured the sense of honour, and of love,
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself!
I dare not think of them—
I'll call you when I want you. [*Servant goes out.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman's below.

Isa. I had forgot, pray let me speak with him.
[*Exit Nurse.*
This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my [illegible]

Oh, do I live to hope that he died there!
It must be so: he's dead, and this ring left
By his last breath to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again:
[BIRON *introduced—Nurse retires.*
That's all I have to trust to—
My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all:
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.
Bir. Have you forgot me quite?
Isa. Forgot you!
Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!
My Isabella!
[*He goes to her; she shrieks, and falls in a swoon.*]
Isa. Ha!
Bir. Oh! come again!
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Once I had charms to wake thee:
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Isa. My husband! Biron!
Bir. Excess of love and joy, for my return,
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared:
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstacy has made my welcome more
Than words could say: words may be counterfeit,
False-coined, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.
Isa. Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me?
I know his voice: my life upon the wing,
Here's the soft lure that brings me back again;
'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man!
My true-loved husband! Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again? Can I believe it?
Nothing but you could work so great a change:
There's more than life itself in dying here;
If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.
Bir. Live ever in these arms!
Isa. But pardon me,
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul:
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me——
Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!
Isa. Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again? O, satisfy
The impatience of my heart! I long to know
The story of your sufferings. You would think
Your pleasures sufferings, so long removed
From Isabella's love. But tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
Bir. My best life! at leisure, all.
Isa. We thought you dead; killed at the siege of Candy.
Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave:
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too——
Isa. What a world of woe
Had been prevented, but in hearing from you!
Bir. Alas! thou could'st not help me!
Isa. You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all:
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants——
Bir. My little boy!
Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive—which now, too late, I find.
[*Aside.*
Bir. No more, my love. Complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again—
I have a thousand things to say to thee—
Isa. Would I were past the hearing! [*Aside.*
Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he's living still.
Isa. Well both, both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none!
Bir. Come, no more tears.
Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,
Have mourned with me——
Bir. And all my days behind
Shall be employed in a kind recompence
For thy afflictions.—Can't I see my boy?
Isa. He's gone to bed: I'll have him brought to you.
Bir. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.
Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?
Bir. Nothing but rest, my love! To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.
Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order every thing
As you would have it. [*Exit.*
Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means,
To make this wondrous goodness some amends,
And let me then forget her, if I can!
O! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father, and his fortune, for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons:
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heart-felt happiness?
[*Bursts into tears.*
What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

ISABELLA *returns.*

Isa. I have obeyed your pleasure;
Every thing is ready for you.

Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me:
I know the way, my love; I shall sleep sound.
Isa. Shall I attend you?
Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after—— [*Goes in.*
Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you—
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give, I have enjoyed; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long line of woe.
Yet I may shorten it——
I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband,
To follow him to bed——my husband! ha!
What then is Villeroy? But yesterday
That very bed received him for its lord,
Yet a warm witness of my broken vows.
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner,
I would have followed thee through beggary,
Through all the chances of this weary life;
Wandered the many ways of wretchedness
With thee, to find a hospitable grave;
For that's the only bed that's left me now.
[*Weeping.*
——What's to be done?—for something must be done.
Two husbands! yet not one! By both enjoyed,
And yet a wife to neither! Hold my brain——
This is to live in common! Very beasts,
That welcome all they meet, make just such wives.
My reputation! Oh, 'twas all was left me!
The virtuous pride of an uncensured life;
Which the dividing tongues of Biron's wrongs,
And Villeroy's resentments, tear asunder,
To gorge the throats of the blaspheming rabble.
This is the best of what can come to-morrow,
Besides old Baldwin's triumph in my ruin:
I cannot bear it——
Therefore no morrow: Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm—no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow—yet I will see him first—
Have a last look to heighten my despair,
And then to rest for ever.—

BIRON *meets her.*

Bir. Despair and rest for ever! Isabella!
These words are far from thy condition,
And be they ever so! I heard thy voice,
And could not bear thy absence: come, my love!
You have staid long; there's nothing, nothing sure
Now to despair of in succeeding fate.
Isa. I am contented to be miserable,
But not this way: I have been too long abused,
And can believe no more.
Let me sleep on to be deceived no more.
Bir. Look up, my love! I never did deceive thee,
Nor never can; believe thyself, thy eyes,
That first inflamed, and lit me to my love;
Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys—
Isa. And me to my undoing: I look round,
And find no path, but leading to the grave.
Bir. I cannot understand thee.
Isa. My good friends above,
I thank them, have at last found out a way
To make my fortune perfect; having you,
I need no more; my fate is finished here.
Bir. Both our ill fates, I hope.
Isa. Hope is a lying, fawning flatterer,
That shews the fair side only of our fortunes,
To cheat us easier into our fall;
A trusted friend, who only can betray you;
Never believe him more. If marriages
Are made in Heaven, they should be happier:
Why was I made this wretch?
Bir. Has marriage made thee wretched?
Isa. Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.
Bir. Do I live to hear thee say so?
Isa. Why, what did I say?
Bir. That I have made thee miserable.
Isa. No: you are my only earthly happiness;
And my false tongue belied my honest heart,
If it said otherwise.
Bir. And yet you said,
Your marriage made you miserable.
Isa. I know not what I said:
I have said too much, unless I could speak all.
Bir. Thy words are wild; my eyes, my ears, my heart,
Were all so full of thee, so much employed
In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it:
Now I perceive it plain——
Isa. You will tell nobody—— [*Distractedly.*
Bir. Thou art not well.
Isa. Indeed I am not; I knew that before;
But where's the remedy?
Bir. Rest will relieve thy cares: come, come, no more;
I'll banish sorrow from thee.
Isa. Banish first the cause.
Bir. Heaven knows how willingly!
Isa. You are the only cause.
Bir. Am I the cause? the cause of thy misfortunes?
Isa. The fatal innocent cause of all my woes.
Bir. Is this my welcome home! this the reward
Of all my miseries, long labours, pains,
And pining wants of wretched slavery,
Which I have outlived, only in hopes of thee!
Am I thus paid at last for deathless love,
And called the cause of thy misfortunes now?
Isa. Enquire no more; 'twill be explained too soon. [*She is going off.*
Bir. What! canst thou leave me too?
[*He stops her.*

Isa. Pray let me go:
For both our sakes, permit me.
Bir. Rack me not with imaginations
Of things impossible——Thou canst not mean
What thou hast said——Yet something she must mean.—
'Twas madness all——Compose thyself, my love!
The fit is past; all may be well again:
Let us to bed.
Isa. To bed! You have raised the storm
Will sever us for ever. Oh, Biron!
While I have life, still I must call you mine:
I know I am, and always was, unworthy
To be the happy partner of your love;
And now must never, never share it more.
But oh! if ever I was dear to you,
As sometimes you have thought me, on my knees,
(The last time I shall care to be believed)
I beg you, beg to think me innocent,
Clear of all crimes, that thus can banish me
From this world's comforts, in my losing you.
Bir. Where will this end?
Isa. The rugged hand of fate has got between
Our meeting hearts, and thrusts them from their joys.
Since we must part——
Bir. Nothing shall ever part us.
Isa. Parting's the least that is set down for me:
Heaven has decreed, and we must suffer all.
Bir. I know thee innocent: I know myself so:
Indeed we both have been unfortunate;
But sure misfortunes ne'er were faults in love.
Isa. Oh! there's a fatal story to be told;
Be deaf to that, as Heaven has been to me!
And rot the tongue that shall reveal my shame:
When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been wronged,
How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,
Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,
And throw me like a poisonous weed away!
Can I bear that? Bear to be curst and torn,
And thrown out of thy family and name,
Like a disease? Can I bear this from thee?
I never can: no, all things have their end.
When I am dead, forgive and pity me. [*Exit.*
Bir. Stay, my Isabella——
What can she mean? These doubtings will distract me:
Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light;
I cannot bear it——I must be satisfied——
'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.
She shall—if the sad tale at last must come,
She is my fate, and best can speak my doom.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter BIRON. *Nurse following him.*

Bir. I know enough: the important question
Of life or death, fearful to be resolved,
Is cleared to me: I see where it must end,
And need inquire no more——Pray, let me have
Pen, ink, and paper. I must write a-while,
And then I'll try to rest——to rest for ever!
[*Exit Nurse.*
Poor Isabella! now I know the cause,
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder
That it has turned thy brain. If I look back
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.
Oh, any curse but this might be removed!
But 'twas the rancorous malignity
Of all ill-stars combined, of heaven and fate—
Hold, hold my impious tongue—Alas! I rave:
Why do I tax the stars, or heaven, or fate?
They are all innocent of driving us
Into despair; they have not urged my doom;
My father and my brother are my fates
That drive me to my ruin. They knew well
I was alive. Too well they knew how dear
My Isabella—Oh, my wife no more!
How dear her love was to me—Yet they stood,
With a malicious silent joy, stood by,
And saw her give up all my happiness,
The treasure of her beauty to another;
Stood by, and saw her married to another.
Oh, cruel father! and unnatural brother!
Shall I not tell you that you have undone me!
I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,
And then to fall forgotten—Sleep or death
Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains:
Either is welcome; but the hand of death
Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.
[*Exit* BIRON.

Enter Nurse and SAMPSON.

Nurse. Here's strange things towards, Sampson: what will be the end of them, do you think?

Samp. Nay, marry, nurse, I cannot see so far; but the law, I believe, is on Biron, the first husband's side.

Nurse. Yes; no question, he has the law on his side.

Samp. For I have heard, the law says, a woman must be a widow, all out seven years, before she can marry again, according to law.

Nurse. Ay, so it does: and our lady has not been a widow altogether seven years.

Samp. Why, then, nurse, mark my words, and say I told you so. The man must have his wife again, and all will do well.

Nurse. But if our master, Villeroy, comes back again——

Samp. Why, if he does, he is not the first man that has had his wife taken from him.

Nurse. For fear of the worst, will you go to the old count, desire him to come as soon as he can; there may be mischief, and he is able to prevent it.

Samp. Now you say something; now I take you, nurse; that will do well, indeed: mischief should be prevented; a little thing will make a quarrel, when there's a woman in the way. I will about it instantly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Draws, shews* BIRON *asleep on a couch.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Asleep so soon! Oh, happy, happy thou,
Who thus can sleep! I never shall sleep more—
If then to sleep be to be happy, he,
Who sleeps the longest, is the happiest:
Death is the longest sleep—Oh, have a care!
Mischief will thrive apace.—Never wake more.
[*To* BIRON.
If thou didst ever love thy Isabella,
To-morrow must be doomsday to thy peace.
The sight of him disarms even death itself.
The starting transport of new quickening life
Gives just such hopes: and pleasure grows again
With looking on him—Let me look my last—
But is a look enough for parting love!
Sure I may take a kiss—Where am I going!
Help, help me, Villeroy! Mountains and seas
Divide your love, never to meet my shame!
[*Throws herself upon the floor; after a short pause she raises herself upon her elbow.*
What will this battle of the brain do with me!
This little ball, this ravaged province, long
Cannot maintain——The globe of earth wants room
And food for such a war—I find I am going—
Famine, plagues, and flames,
Wide waste and desolation, do your work
Upon the world, and then devour yourselves!
The scene shifts fast—[*She rises*]—and now 'tis better with me;
Conflicting passions have at last unhinged
The great machine! the soul itself seems changed!
Oh, 'tis a happy revolution here!
The reasoning faculties are all deposed,
Judgment, and understanding, common-sense,
Driven out as traitors to the public peace.
Now I am revenged upon my memory!
Her seat dug up, where all the images
Of a long mis-spent life were rising still,
To glare a sad reflection of my crimes,
And stab a conscience through them! You are safe,
You monitors of mischief! What a change!
Better and better still! This is the infant state
Of innocence, before the birth of care.
My thoughts are smooth as the Elysian plains,
Without a rub: the drowsy falling streams
Invite me to their slumbers.
Would I were landed there——
[*Sinks into a chair.*
What noise was that? A knocking at the gate!
It may be Villeroy——No matter who.
Bir. Come, Isabella, come.——
Isa. Hark! I am called!
Bir. You stay too long from me.
Isa. A man's voice! in my bed! How came he there?
Nothing but villany in this bad world! [*Rises.*
Coveting neighbours' goods, or neighbours' wives:
Here's physic for your fever.
[*Draws a dagger, and goes backward to the couch.*]
Breathing a vein is the old remedy.
If husbands go to heaven,
Where do they go that send them?—This to try——
[*Just going to stab him, he rises; she knows him, and shrieks.*]
What do I see!
Bir. Isabella, armed!
Isa. Against my husband's life!
Who, but the wretch, most reprobate to grace,
Despair e'er hardened for damnation,
Could think of such a deed—Murder my husband!
Bir. Thou didst not think it.
Isa. Madness has brought me to the gates of hell,
And there has left me. Oh, the frightful change
Of my distractions! Or is this interval
Of reason but to aggravate my woes,
To drive the horror back with greater force
Upon my soul, and fix me mad for ever?
Bir. Why dost thou fly me so?
Isa. I cannot bear his sight; distraction, come,
Possess me all, and take me to thyself!
Shake off thy chains, and hasten to my aid;
Thou art my only cure——Like other friends,
He will not come to my necessities;
Then I must go to find the tyrant out—
Which is the nearest way? [*Running out.*
Bir. Poor Isabella! she's not in a condition
To give me any comfort, if she could:
Lost to herself——as quickly I shall be
To all the world——Horrors come fast around me;
My mind is overcast—the gathering clouds
Darken the prospect—I approach the brink,
And soon must leap the precipice! Oh, Heaven!
While yet my senses are my own, thus kneeling,
Let me implore thy mercies on my wife:
Release her from her pangs; and if my reason,
O'erwhelmed with miseries, sink before the tempest,
Pardon those crimes despair may bring upon me!
[*Rises.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Sir, there is somebody at the door must needs speak with you; he will not tell his name.

Bir. I come to him. [*Exit Nurse.*
'Tis Belford, I suppose; he little knows
Of what has happened here; I wanted him,
Must employ his friendship, and then——[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter CARLOS *with three Ruffians.*

Car. A younger brother! I was one too long,
Not to prevent my being so again.
We must be sudden. Younger brothers are
But lawful bastards of another name,
Thrust out of their nobility of birth

And family, and tainted into trades.
Shall I be one of them—Bow, and retire,
To make more room for the unwieldy heir
To play the fool in! No———
But how shall I prevent it?—Biron comes
To take possession of my father's love—
Would that were all! there's a birth-right too
That he will seize. Besides, if Biron lives,
He will unfold some practices, which I
Cannot well answer—therefore he shall die;
This night must be disposed of: I have means
That will not fail my purpose.—Here he comes.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. Ha! am I beset! I live but to revenge me.

[*They surround him, fighting;* VILLEROY *enters with two servants; they rescue him;* CARLOS *and his party fly.*

Vil. How are you, sir? Mortally hurt, I fear.
Take care, and lead him in.
Bir. I thank you for this goodness, sir; though 'tis
Bestowed upon a very wretch; and death,
Though from a villain's hand, had been to me
An act of kindness, and the height of mercy—
But I thank you, sir. [*He is led in.*

SCENE IV.—*The Inside of the House.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Murder my husband! Oh! I must not dare
To think of living on; my desperate hand
In a mad rage may offer it again.
Stab me any where but there. Here's room enough
In my own breast, to act the fury in,
The proper scene of mischief. Villeroy comes;
Villeroy and Biron come! Oh! hide me from them—
They rack, they tear; let them carve out my limbs,
Divide my body to their equal claims!
My soul is only Biron's; that is free,
And thus I strike for him and liberty.

[*Going to stab herself,* VILLEROY *runs in and prevents her, by taking the dagger from her.*

Vil. Angels defend and save thee!
Attempt thy precious life! the treasury
Of nature's sweets! life of my little world!
Lay violent hands upon thy innocent self!
Isa. Swear I am innocent, and I'll believe you.
What would you have with me? Pray let me go.
Are you there, sir! You are the very man
Have done all this—You would have made
Me believe you married me; but the fool
Was wiser, I thank you: 'tis not all gospel
You men preach upon that subject.
Vil. Dost thou not know me, love?
Isa. O yes: very well. [*Staring on him.*
You are the widow's comforter, that marries
Any woman when her husband's out of the way:
But I'll never, never take your word again.
Vil. I am thy loving husband.
Isa. I have none; no husband——— [*Weeping.*
Never had but one, and he died at Candy!
Did he not? I am sure you told me so; you,
Or somebody, with just such a lying look,
As you have now. Speak, did he not die there!
Vil. He did, my life.
Isa. But swear it, quickly swear,

BIRON *enters bloody, and leaning upon his sword.*

Before that screaming evidence appears,
In bloody proof against me———

[*She, seeing* BIRON, *swoons in a chair;* VILLEROY *helps her.*

Vil. Help there! Nurse, where are you?
Ha! I am distracted too!
[*Going to call for help, sees* BIRON.
Biron alive!
Bir. The only wretch on earth that must not live.
Vil. Biron or Villeroy must not, that's decreed.
Bir. You saved me from the hands of murderers:
Would you had not, for life's my greatest plague!
And then, of all the world, you are the man
I would not be obliged to—Isabella!
I came to fall before thee: I had died
Happy not to have found your Villeroy here:
A long farewell, and a last parting kiss.
[*Kisses her.*
Vil. A kiss! Confusion! It must be your last.
[*Draws.*
Bir. I know it must—Here I give up that death
You but delayed: since what is past has been
The work of fate, thus we must finish it.
Thrust home, be sure. [*Faints.*
Vil. Alas! he faints: some help there!
Bir. 'Tis all in vain, my sorrows soon will end.
Oh, Villeroy! let a dying wretch entreat you
To take this letter to my father. My Isabella!
Could'st thou but hear me, my last words should bless thee.
I cannot, though in death, bequeath her to thee.
[*To* VILLEROY.
But I could hope my boy, my little one,
Might find a father in thee—Oh, I faint—
I can no more—Hear me, Heaven! Oh! support
My wife, my Isabella—Bless my child!
And take a poor unhappy— [*Dies.*
Vil. He's gone—Let what will be the consequence,
I'll give it him. I have involved myself,
And would be cleared; that must be thought on now.
My care of her is lost in wild amaze.
[*Going to* ISABELLA.
Are you all dead within there? Where, where are you? [*Exit.*

ISABELLA *comes to herself.*

Isa. Where have I been? Methinks I stand upon
The brink of life, ready to shoot the gulph,
That lies between me and the realms of rest,
But still, detained, I cannot pass the strait;
Denied to live, and yet I must not die;
Doomed to come back, like a complaining ghost,
To my unburied body—here it lies—
[*Throws herself by* BIRON'S *body.*
My body, soul, and life. A little dust,
To cover our cold limbs in the dark grave—
There, there we shall sleep safe and sound together.

Enter VILLEROY, *with Servants.*

Vil. Poor wretch! upon the ground! She's not herself:
Remove her from the body.
[*Servants going to raise her.*
Isa. Never, never———
You have divorced us once, but shall no more—
Help, help me, Biron! Ha! bloody and dead!
Oh, murder! murder! you have done this deed;
Vengeance and murder! bury us together—
Do any thing but part us.
Vil. Gently, gently raise her.
She must be forced away.
[*She drags the body after her: they get her into their arms, and carry her off.*
Isa. Oh, they tear me! Cut off my hands—
Let me leave something with him—
They'll clasp him fast—
Oh, cruel, cruel men!
This you must answer one day.
Vil. Good nurse, take care of her.
[*Nurse follows her.*
Send for all helps: all, all that I am worth,
Shall cheaply buy her peace of mind again.
Be sure you do, [*To a Servant.*
Just as I ordered you. The storm grows louder.
[*Knocking at the door.*
I am prepared for it. Now let them in.

Enter Count BALDWIN, CARLOS, BELFORD, *Friends, with Servants.*

C. Bald. Oh, do I live to this unhappy day!
Where is my wretched son?
Car. Where is my brother?
[*They see him, and gather about the body.*
Vil. I hope in heaven.
Car. Canst thou pity!
Wish him in Heaven, when thou hast done a deed,
That must forever cut thee from the hopes
Of ever coming there?
Vil. I do not blame you——
You have a brother's right to be concerned
For his untimely death.
Car. Untimely death, indeed!
Vil. But yet you must not say I was the cause.
Car. Not you the cause! Why, who should murder him?
We do not ask you to accuse yourself.]
But I must say that you have murdered him;
And will say nothing else, till justice draws
Upon our side, at the loud call of blood,
To execute so foul a murderer.
Bel. Poor Biron! Is this thy welcome home!
Fr. Rise, sir; there is a comfort in revenge,
Which yet is left you. [*To C.* BALD.
Car. Take the body hence. [BIRON *carried off.*
C. Bald. What could provoke you?
Vil. Nothing could provoke me
To a base murder, which, I find, you think
Me guilty of. I know my innocence;
My servants too can witness that I drew
My sword in his defence, to rescue him.
Bel. Let thy servants be called.
Fr. Let us hear what they can say.
Car. What they can say! Why, what should servants say?
They're his accomplices, his instruments,
And will not charge themselves. If they could do
A murder for his service, they can lie,
Lie nimbly, and swear hard to bring him off.—
You say you drew your sword in his defence:
Who were his enemies? Did he need defence?
Had he wronged any one? Could he have cause
To apprehend a danger, but from you?
And yet you rescued him! No, no, he came
Unseasonably (that was all his crime),
Unluckily to interrupt your sport:
You were new married—married to his wife;
And therefore you, and she, and all of you,
(For all of you I must believe concerned)
Combined to murder him out of the way.
Bel. If it is so——
Car. It can be only so.
Fr. Indeed it has a face——
Car. As black as hell.
C. Bald. The law will do me justice: send for the magistrate.
Car. I'll go myself for him—— [*Exit.*
Vil. These strong presumptions, I must own, indeed,
Are violent against me; but I have
A witness, and on this side heaven too.
——Open that door.
[*Door opens, and* PEDRO *is brought forward by* VILLEROY'S *servants.*
Here's one can tell you all.
Ped. All, all; save me but from the rack, I'll confess all.
Vil. You and your accomplices designed
To murder Biron?——Speak.
Ped. We did.
Vil. Did you engage upon your private wrongs,
Or were employed?
Ped. He never did us wrong.
Vil. You were set on, then?
Ped. We were set on.
Vil. What do you know of me?
Ped. Nothing, nothing:
You saved his life, and have discovered me.
Vil. He has acquitted me.
If you would be resolved of any thing,
He stands upon his answer.

Bel. Who set you on to act this horrid deed?
C. Bald. I'll know the villain; give me quick his name,
Or I will tear it from thy bleeding heart!
Ped. I will confess.
C. Bald. Do then.
Ped. It was my master, Carlos, your own son.
C. Bald. Oh, monstrous! monstrous! most unnatural!
Bel. Did he employ you to murder his own brother?
Ped. He did; and he was with us when 'twas done.
C. Bald. If this be true, this horrid, horrid tale,
It is but just upon me: Biron's wrongs
Must be revenged: and I the cause of all!
Fr. What will you do with him?
C. Bald. Take him apart——
I know too much. [Pedro *goes in.*
Vil. I had forgot—Your wretched, dying son
Gave me this letter for you.
[*Gives it to* Baldwin.
I dare deliver it. It speaks of me,
I pray to have it read.
C. Bald. You know the hand.
Bel. I know 'tis Biron's hand.
C. Bald. Pray, read it.
[Belford *reads the letter.*

'Sir,

'I find I am come only to lay my death at your door. I am now going out of the world; but cannot forgive you, nor my brother Carlos, for not hindering my poor wife Isabella from marrying with Villeroy; when you knew, from so many letters, that I was alive.

Biron.'

Vil. How!—Did you know it, then?
C. Bald. Amazement all!

Enter Carlos, *with Officers.*

Oh, Carlos! are you come? Your brother here,
Here, in a wretched letter, lays his death
To you and me—Have you done any thing
To hasten his sad end?
Car. Bless me, sir, I do any thing! Who, I?
C. Bald. He talks of letters that were sent to us;
I never heard of any. Did you know
He was alive?
Car. Alive! Heaven knows, not I.
C. Bald. Had you no news of him, from a report,
Or letter, never?
Car. Never, never I.
Bel. That's strange, indeed: I know he often writ
To lay before you the conditions [*To C.* Bald.
Of his hard slavery: and more I know,
That he had several answers to his letters.
He said they came from you; you are his brother.
Car. Never from me.
Bel. That will appear.
The letters, I believe, are still about him;
For some of them I saw but yesterday.
C. Bald. What did those answers say?
Bel. I cannot speak to the particulars;
But I remember well, the sum of them
Was much the same, and all agreed,
That there was nothing to be hoped from you:
That 'twas your barbarous resolution
To let him perish there.
C. Bald. Oh, Carlos! Carlos! hadst thou been a brother——
Car. This is a plot upon me. I never knew
He was in slavery, or was alive,
Or heard of him, before this fatal hour.
Bel. There, sir, I must confront you.
He sent you a letter, to my knowledge, last night;
And you sent him word you would come to him.
I fear you came too soon.
C. Bald. 'Tis all too plain.——
Bring out that wretch before him.
[Pedro *produced.*
Car. Ha! Pedro there!—Then I am caught indeed!
Bel. You start at sight of him;
He has confessed the bloody deed.
Car. Well, then, he has confessed,
And I must answer it.
Bel. Is there no more?
Car. Why, what would you have more? I know the worst,
And I expect it.
C. Bald. Why hast thou done all this?
Car. Why, that which damns most men has ruined me;
The making of my fortune. Biron stood
Between me and your favour; while he lived,
I had not that; hardly was thought a son,
And not at all a-kin to your estate.
I could not bear a younger brother's lot,
To live depending upon courtesy——
Had you provided for me like a father,
I had been still a brother.
C. Bald. 'Tis too true!
I never loved thee, as I should have done:
It was my sin, and I am punished for it.
Oh! never may distinction rise again
In families; let parents be the same
To all their children; common in their care,
And in their love of them—I am unhappy,
For loving one too well.
Vil. You knew your brother lived; why did you take
Such pains to marry me to Isabella?
Car. I had my reasons for't——
Vil. More than I thought you had.
Car. But one was this——
I knew my brother loved his wife so well,
That if he ever should come home again,
He could not long outlive the loss of her.
Bel. If you relied on that, why did you kill him?
Car. To make all sure. Now, you are answered all.
Where must I go? I am tired of your questions.
C. Bald. I leave the judge to tell thee what thou art;

father cannot find a name for thee.
t parricide is highest treason, sure,
sacred nature's law; and must be so,
sentenced in thy crimes. Take him away—
e violent remedy is found at last,
at drives thee out, thou poison of my blood,
fected long, and only found in thee.
[Carlos *led off.*
ant me, sweet Heaven! the patience to go through
e torment of my cure—Here, here begins
e operation—Alas! she's mad.

nter Isabella *distracted, held by her Women; hair dishevelled; her little Son running in before, being afraid of her.*

Vil. My Isabella! poor unhappy wretch!
hat can I say to her?
Isa. Nothing, nothing; 'tis a babbling world—
l hear no more on't. When does the court sit?
l not be bought——What! to sell innocent blood!
ou look like one of the pale judges here;
inos, or Radamanth, or Æacus—
have heard of you.
have a cause to try, an honest one;
ill you not hear it? Then I must appeal
o the bright throne—Call down the heavenly powers
o witness how you use me.
Wom. Help, help, we cannot hold her.
Vil. You but enrage her more.
C. Bald. Pray, give her way; she'll hurt nobody.
Isa. What have you done with him? He was here but now;
saw him here. Oh! Biron, Biron! where,
Where have they hid thee from me? He is gone——
But here's a little flaming cherubim——
Child. Oh, save me, save me!
[*Running to* Baldwin.
Isa. The Mercury of Heaven, with silver wings,
mpt for the flight, to overtake his ghost,
And bring him back again!
Child. I fear she'll kill me.
C. Bald. She will not hurt thee.
[*She flings away.*
Isa. Will nothing do? I did not hope to find
Justice on earth; 'tis not in heaven neither.
Biron has watched his opportunity——
Softly; he steals it from the sleeping gods,
And sends it thus—— [*Stabs herself.*
Now, I laugh at you, defy you all,
You tyrant murderers!
Vil. Call, call for help——Oh, Heaven! this was too much.
C. Bald. Oh, thou most injured innocence! Yet live,
Live but to witness for me to the world,
How much I do repent me of the wrongs,
The unnatural wrongs, which I have heaped on thee,
And have pulled down this judgment on us all!
Vil. Oh, speak, speak but a word of comfort to me!
C. Bald. If the most tender father's care and love
Of thee, and thy poor child, can make amends—
Oh, yet look up and live!
Isa. Where is that little wretch?
[*They raise her.*
I die in peace, to leave him to your care.
I have a wretched mother's legacy,
A dying kiss——pray let me give it him—
My blessing; that, that's all I have to leave thee.
Oh, may thy father's virtues live in thee,
And all his wrongs be buried in my grave!
[*Dies.*
Vil. She's gone, and all my joys of life with her!—
Where are your officers of justice now?
Seize, bind me, drag me to the bloody bar!
Accuse, condemn me; let the sentence reach
My hated life———No matter how it comes;
I'll think it just, and thank you as it falls.
Self-murder is denied me; else how soon
Could I be past the pain of my remembrance!
But I must live, grow grey with lingering grief,
To die at last in telling this sad tale.
C. Bald. Poor wretched orphan of most wretched parents!
'Scaping the storm, thou'rt thrown upon a rock,
To perish there. The very rocks would melt,
Soften their nature, sure, to foster thee;
I find it by myself: my flinty heart,
That barren rock, on which thy father starved,
Opens its springs of nourishment to thee.
There's not a vein but shall run milk for thee.
Oh, had I pardoned my poor Biron's fault,
His first, his only fault—this had not been!
To erring youth there's some compassion due;
But while with rigour you their crimes pursue,
What's their misfortune, is a crime for you.
Hence, learn offending children to forgive:
Leave punishment to Heaven—'tis Heaven's prerogative. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS VERBRUGGEN.

Now tell me, when you saw the lady die,
Were you not puzzled for a reason why?
A buxom damsel, and of play-house race,
Not to out-live th' enjoyment of a brace!
Were that the only marriage curse in store,
How many would compound to suffer more,
And yet live on, with comfort, to threescore.
But on our *Exits* there is no relying,
We women are so whimsical in dying.
Some pine away for loss of ogling fellows;
Nay some have died for love, as stories tell us.
Some, say our histories, though long ago,
For having undergone a rape, or so,
Plung'd the fell dagger, without more ado.
But time has laugh'd those follies out of fashion,
And sure they'll never gain the approbation
Of ladies who consult their reputation.
For if a rape must be esteemed a curse,
Grim death and publication make it worse.
Should the opinion of the world be try'd,
They'll scarce give judgment on the plaintiff's side;
For all must own, 'tis most egregious nonsense,
To die for being pleas'd with a safe conscience.
Nay, look not on your fans, nor turn away,
For tell me, ladies, why d'you marry, pray,
But to enjoy your wishes as you may?

OROONOKO;

BY

SOUTHERN.

PROLOGUE.

SENT BY AN UNKNOWN HAND, AND SPOKEN BY MR POWELL.

s when, in hostile times, two neighbouring states
trive by themselves, and their confederates;
he war at first is made with awkward skill,
nd soldiers clumsily each other kill,
ill time, at length, their untaught fury tames,
nd into rules their heedless rage reclaims;
hen every science by degrees is made
ubservient to the man-destroying trade;
Vit, wisdom, reading, observation, art;
well-turn'd head to guide a generous heart:
o it may prove with our contending stages,
f you will kindly but supply their wages;
Vhich you with ease may furnish, by retrenching
our superfluities of wine and wenching.
Vho'd grudge to spare, from riot and hard drinking,
o lay it out on means to mend his thinking?
o follow such advice you should have leisure,
ince what refines your sense, refines your pleasure:
Vomen, grown tame by use, each fool can get,
ut cuckolds are all made by men of wit.
To virgin favours, fools have no pretence;
For maidenheads were made for men of sense.
'Tis not enough to have a horse well bred,
To shew his mettle, he must be well fed:
Nor is it all in provender and breed;
He must be try'd, and strain'd to mend his speed:
A favour'd poet, like a pamper'd horse,
Will strain his eye-balls out to win the course.
Do you but in your wisdoms vote it fit
To yield due succours to this war of wit,
The buskin with more grace should tread the stage,
Love sigh in softer strains, heroes less rage:
Satire shall show a triple row of teeth,
And comedy shall laugh your fops to death:
Wit shall refine, and Pegasus shall foam,
And soar in search of ancient Greece and Rome.
And, since the nation's in the conquering fit,
As you by arms, we'll vanquish France in wit:
The work were over, could our poets write
With half the spirit that our soldiers fight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ROONOKO, *prince of Angola.*
BOAN, *his friend.*
ieutenant-Governor of Surinam.
LANDFORD, } *Planters.*
TANMORE, }
ACK STANMORE. }
aptain DRIVER, *a slave-captain.*
ANIEL, *son to Widow Lackitt.*
OTMAN, *a slave.*

WOMEN

IMOINDA, *wife to Oroonoko.*
Widow LACKITT.
CHARLOT WELLDON, *in man's clothes.*
LUCY WELLDON, *her sister.*

Planters, Indians, Negroes, Men, Women, and Children.

The SCENE,—*Surinam, a colony in the West-Indies; at the time of the action of this Tragedy, in the possession of the English.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Welldon *following* Lucy.

Lucy. What will this come to? What can it end in? You have persuaded me to leave dear England, and dearer London, the place of the world most worth living in, to follow you a husband-hunting into America: I thought husbands grew in these plantations.

Well. Why, so they do, as thick as oranges, ripening one under another. Week after week they drop into some woman's mouth: 'Tis but a little patience, spreading your apron in expectation, and one of 'em will fall into your lap at last.

Lucy. Ay, so you say, indeed.

Well. But you have left dear London, you say: Pray, what have you left in London that was very dear to you, that had not left you before?

Lucy. Speak for yourself, sister.

Well. Nay, I'll keep you in countenance. The young fellows, you know, the dearest part of the town, and without whom London had been a wilderness to you and me, had forsaken us a great while.

Lucy. Forsaken us! I don't know that they ever had us.

Well. Forsaken us the worst way, child; that is, did not think us worth having; they neglected us, no longer designed upon us, they were tired of us. Women in London are like the rich silks, they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out.

Lucy. The devil take the fashion, I say.

Well. You may tumble 'em over and over at their first coming up, and never disparage their price; but they fall upon wearing immediately, lower and lower in their value, till they come to the broker at last.

Lucy. Ay, ay, that's the merchant they deal with. The men would have us at their own scandalous rates: their plenty makes them wanton, and in a little time, I suppose, they won't know what they would have of the women themselves.

Well. O yes, they know what they would have. They would have a woman give the town a pattern of her person and beauty, and not stay in it so long to have the whole piece worn out. They would have the good face only discover'd, and not the folly that commonly goes along with it. They say there is a vast stock of beauty in the nation, but a great part of it lies in unprofitable hands; therefore, for the good of the public, they would have a draught made once a quarter, send the decaying beauties for breeders into the country, to make room for new faces to appear, to countenance the pleasures of the town.

Lucy. 'Tis very hard, the men must be young as long as they live, and poor women be thought decaying and unfit for the town at one or two and twenty. I'm sure we were not seven years in London.

Well. Not half the time taken notice of, sister. The two or three last years we could make nothing of it, even in a vizard mask; not in a vizard mark, that has cheated many a man into an old acquaintance. Our faces began to be as familiar to the men of intrigue, as their duns, and as much avoided. We durst not appear in public places, and were almost grudged a gallery in the churches: Even there they had their jests upon us, and cried,—she's in the right on't, good gentlewoman! since no man considers her body, she does very well indeed to take care of her soul.

Lucy. Such unmannerly fellows there will always be.

Well. Then you may remember, we were reduced to the last necessity, the necessity of making silly visits to our civil acquaintance, to bring us into tolerable company. Nay, the young inns-of-court beaux, of but one term's standing in the fashion, who knew nobody, but as they were shewn 'em by the orange-women, had nicknames for us: How often have they laughed out,—There goes my landlady; is not she come to let lodgings yet?

Lucy. Young coxcombs, that knew no better.

Well. And that we must have come to. For your part, what trade could you set up in? You would never arrive at the trust and credit of a guinea-bawd: You would have too much business of your own, ever to mind other people's.

Lucy. That is true, indeed.

Well. Then, as a certain sign that there was nothing more to be hoped for, the maids at the chocolate houses found us out, and laugh'd at us: our *billets-doux* lay there neglected for waste-paper: we were cry'd down so low, we could not pass upon the city; and became so notorious in our galloping way, from one end of the town to t'other, that at last we could hardly compass a competent change of petticoats to disguise us to the hackney-coachmen: and then it was near walking afoot indeed.

Lucy. Nay, that I began to be afraid of.

Well. To prevent which, with what youth and beauty was left, some experience, and the small remainder of fifteen hundred pounds a-piece, which amounted to bare two hundred between us both, I persuaded you to bring your person for a venture to the Indies. Every thing has succeeded in our voyage: I pass for your brother: One of the richest planters here happening to die just as we landed, I have claimed kindred with him: So, without making his will, he has left us the credit of his relation to trade upon: We pass for his cousins, coming here to Surinam chiefly upon his invitation: We live in reputation; have the best acquaintance of the place; and we shall see our account in't, I warrant you.

Lucy. I must rely upon you.

Enter Widow LACKITT.

Wid. Mr Welldon, your servant. Your servant, Mrs Lucy. I am an ill visitor, but 'tis not too late, I hope, to bid you welcome to this side of the world. [*Salutes* LUCY.

Well. Gad so, I beg your pardon, widow, I should have done the civilities of my house before: But, as you say, 'tis not too late I hope. [*Going to kiss her.*

Wid. What! You think now this was a civil way of begging a kiss? and, by my troth, if it were, I see no harm in't; 'tis a pitiful favour indeed that is not worth asking for: though I have known women speak plainer before now, and not understood neither.

Well. Not under my roof. Have at you, widow!

Wid. Why, that's well said; spoke like a younger brother, that deserves to have a widow. [*He kisses her.*] You're a younger brother, I know, by your kissing.

Well. How so, pray?

Wid. Why, you kiss as if you expected to be paid for't; you have birdlime upon your lips. You stick so close, there's no getting rid of you.

Well. I am a-kin to a younger brother.

Wid. So much the better: we widows are commonly the better for younger brothers.

Lucy. Better, or worse, most of you. But you won't be much better for him, I can tell you. [*Aside.*

Well. I was a younger brother; but an uncle of my mother's has maliciously left me an estate, and, I'm afraid, spoiled my fortune.

Wid. No, no; an estate will never spoil your fortune. I have a good estate myself, thank Heav'n, and a kind husband that left it behind him.

Well. Thank Heav'n, that took him away from it, widow, and left you behind him.

Wid. Nay, Heav'n's will must be done; he's in a better place.

Well. A better place for you, no doubt on't: now you may look about you; chuse for yourself. Mrs Lackitt, that's your business; for I know you design to marry again.

Wid. O dear! Not I, I protest and swear; I don't design it: but I won't swear neither; one does not know what may happen to tempt one.

Well. Why, a lusty young fellow may happen to tempt you.

Wid. Nay, I'll do nothing rashly: I'll resolve against nothing. The devil, they say, is very busy upon these occasions, especially with the widows. But, if I am to be tempted, it must be with a young man, I promise you.—Mrs Lucy, your brother is a very pleasant gentleman: I came about business to him, but he turns every thing in merriment.

Well. Business, Mrs Lackitt? Then, I know, you would have me to yourself. Pray leave us together, sister. [*Exit* LUCY.] What am I drawing upon myself here? [*Aside.*

Wid. You have taken a very pretty house here; every thing so neat about you already. I hear you are laying out for a plantation.

Well. Why, yes truly, I like the country, and would buy a plantation, if I could reasonably.

Wid. O! by all means, reasonably.

Well. If I could have one to my mind, I would think of settling among you.

Wid. O! you can't do better. Indeed we can't pretend to have so good company for you, as you had in England; but we shall make very much of you. For my own part, I assure you, I shall think myself very happy to be more particularly known to you.

Well. Dear Mrs Lackitt, you do me too much honour.

Wid. Then, as to a plantation, Mr Welldon, you know I have several to dispose of. Mr Lackitt, I thank him, has left, though I say it, the richest widow upon the place: therefore I may afford to use you better than other people can. You shall have one upon any reasonable terms.

Well. That's a fair offer indeed.

Wid. You shall find me as easy as any body you can have to do with, I assure you. Pray try me, I would have you try me, Mr Welldon. Well, I like that name of yours exceedingly, Mr Welldon.

Well. My name?

Wid. O exceedingly! if any thing could persuade me to alter my own name, I verily believe nothing in the world would do it so soon, as to be called Mrs Welldon.

Well. Why, indeed, Welldon does sound something better than Lackitt.

Wid. O! a great deal better. Not that there is so much in a name neither. But I don't know, there is something: I should like mightily to be called Mrs Welldon.

Well. I'm glad you like my name.

Wid. Of all things. But then, there's the misfortune; one can't change one's name, without changing one's condition.

Well. You'll hardly think it worth that, I believe.

Wid. Think it worth what, sir? Changing my condition? Indeed, sir, I think it worth every thing. But, alas! Mr Welldon, I have been a widow but six weeks; 'tis too soon to think of changing one's condition yet; indeed it is: Pray don't desire it of me: Not but that you may persuade me to any thing, sooner than any person in the world—

Well. Who, I, Mrs Lackitt?

Wid. Indeed you may, Mr Welldon, sooner than any man living. Lord, there's a great deal in saving a decency: I never minded it before: Well, I am glad you spoke first, to excuse my modesty. But what! modesty means nothing, and is the virtue of a girl, that does not know what she would be at; a widow should be wiser. Now I will own to you—but I won't confess neither—I have had a great respect for you a great while I beg your pardon, sir, and I must declare to you, indeed I must, if you desire to dispose of all I have in the world, in an honourable way, which I don't pretend to be any way deserving your consideration, my fortune and person,—if you won't understand me without telling you so,—are both at your service. Gad so! another time——

Enter STANMORE *to them.*

Stan. So, Mrs Lackitt, your widowhood is waning apace. I see which way 'tis going. Welldon, you're a happy man. The women and their favours come home to you.

Wid. A fiddle of favour, Mr Stanmore: I am a lone woman, you know it, left in a great deal of business, and business must be followed or lost. I have several stocks and plantations upon my hands, and other things to dispose of, which Mr Welldon may have occasion for.

Well. We were just upon the brink of a bargain, as you came in.

Stan. Let me drive it on for you.

Well So you must, I believe, you or somebody for me.

Stan. I'll stand by you: I understand more of this business than they can pretend to.

Well. I don't pretend to't; 'tis quite out of my way indeed.

Stan If the widow gets you to herself, she will certainly be too hard for you: I know her of old: she has no conscience in a corner; a very Jew in a bargain, and would circumcise you to get more of you.

Well. Is this true, widow?

Wid. Speak as you find, Mr Welldon: I have offered you very fair: think upon't, and let me hear of you: the sooner the better, Mr Welldon. [*Exit.*

Stan. I assure you, my friend, she'll cheat you if she can.

Well. I don't know that; but I can cheat her, if I will.

Stan. Cheat her? How?

Well. I can marry her; and then I'm sure I have it in my power to cheat her.

Stan. Can you marry her?

Well. Yes, faith, so she says: her pretty person and fortune (which, one with the other, you know, are not contemptible) are both at my service.

Stan. Contemptible! very considerable, egad; very desirable: Why, she's worth ten thousand pounds, man, a clear estate: no charge upon't, but a boobily son: he indeed was to have half; but his father begot him, and she breeds him up, not to know or have more than she has a mind to: and she has a mind to something else, it seems.

Well. There's a great deal to be made of this— [*Musing.*

Stan. A handsome fortune may be made on't; and I advise you to't, by all means.

Well. To marry her! an old wanton witch! I hate her.

Stan. No matter for that: let her go to the devil for you. She'll cheat her son of a go estate for you; that's a perquisite of a widow portion always.

Well. I have a design, and will follow her least, till I have a pennyworth of the plantatio

Stan. I speak as a friend, when I advise yo to marry her. For 'tis directly against the interest of my own family. My cousin Jack has belaboured her a good while that way.

Well. What! honest Jack! I'll not hin him. I'll give over the thoughts of her.

Stan. He'll make nothing on't; she does no care for him. I'm glad you have her in your pow

Well. I may be able to serve him.

Stan. Here's a ship come into the river; I was in hopes it had been from England.

Well. From England!

Stan. No, I was disappointed; I long to see this handsome cousin of yours: the picture you gave me of her has charmed me.

Well. You'll see whether it has flattered her or no, in a little time, if she be recovered of the illness, that was the reason of her staying behind us. I know she will come with the first opportunity. We shall see her, or hear of her death.

Stan. We'll hope the best. The ships from England are expected every day.

Well. What ship is this?

Stan. A rover, a buccaneer, a trader in slaves: that's the commodity we deal in, you know. If you have a curiosity to see our manner of marketting, I'll wait upon you.

Well. We'll take my sister with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An open Place.*

Enter Lieutenant-Governor and BLANDFORD.

Gov. There's no resisting your fortune, Blandford; you draw all the prizes.

Blan. I draw for our lord governor, you know: his fortune favours me.

Gov. I grudge him nothing this time; but if fortune had favoured me in the last sale, the fair slave had been mine; Clemene had been mine.

Blan. Are you still in love with her?

Gov. Every day more in love with her.

Enter Captain DRIVER, *teazed and pulled about by Widow* LACKITT *and several planters. Enter at another door,* WELLDON, LUCY, STANMORE.

Wid. Here have I six slaves in my lot, and not a man among 'em; all women and children! what can I do with 'em, captain? Pray consider; I am a woman myself, and can't get my own slaves, as some of my neighbours do.

1 *Plan.* I have all men in mine: pray, captain, let the men and women be mingled together, for procreation's sake, and the good of the plantation.

2 *Plan.* Ay, ay, a man and woman, captain, for the good of the plantation.

Capt. Let 'em mingle together and be damned, what care I? would you have me pimp for the good of the plantation!

1 *Plan.* I am a constant customer, captain.

Wid. I am always ready money to you, captain.

1 *Plan.* For that matter, mistress, my money s as ready as yours.

Wid. Pray hear me, captain.

Capt. Look you, I have done my part by you; have brought the number of slaves you bargained for; if your lots have not pleased you, you must draw again among yourselves.

3 *Plan.* I am contented with my lot.

4 *Plan.* I am very well satisfied.

3 *Plan.* We'll have no drawing again.

Capt. Do you hear, mistress? you may hold your tongue: for my part, I expect my money.

Wid. Captain, no body questions or scruples the payment. But I won't hold my tongue; 'tis too much to pray and pay too: one may speak for one's own, I hope.

Capt. Well, what would you say?

Wid. I say no more than I can make out.

Capt. Out with it then.

Wid. I say, things have not been so fair carried as they might have been. How do I know but you have juggled together in my absence? You drew the lots before I came, I'm sure.

Capt. That's your own fault, mistress: you might have come sooner.

Wid. Then here's a prince, as they say, among the slaves, and you set him down to go as a common man.

Capt. Have you a mind to try what a man he is? you'll find him no more than a common man at your business.

Wid. Sir, you're a scurvy fellow to talk at this rate to me. If my husband were alive, gadsbodikins! you would not use me so.

Capt. Right, mistress, I would not use you at all.

Wid. Not use me! your betters every inch of you, I would have you to know, would be glad to use me, sirrah. Marry come up here, who are you, I trow? You begin to think yourself a captain, forsooth, because we call you so. You forget yourself as fast as you can; but I remember you; I know you for a pitiful paltry fellow, as you are; an upstart to prosperity; one that is but just come acquainted with cleanliness, and that never saw five shillings of your own, without deserving to be hanged for 'em.

Gov. She has given you a broadside, captain; you'll stand up to her.

Capt. Hang her, stink-pot, I'll come no nearer.

Wid. By this good light, it would make a woman do a thing she never designed; marry again, though she were sure to repent it, to be revenged of such a——

J. Stan. What's the matter, Mrs Lackitt; can I serve you?

Wid. No, no, you can't serve me: you are for serving yourself, I'm sure. Pray, go about your business, I have none for you: you know I have told you so. Lord! how can you be so troublesome? nay, so unconscionable, to think that every rich widow must throw herself away upon a young fellow that has nothing?

Stan. Jack, you are answered, I suppose.

J. Stan. I'll have another pluck at her.

Wid. Mr Welldon, I am a little out of order; but pray bring your sister to dine with me.—Gad's my life! I'm out of all patience with that pitiful fellow; my flesh rises at him: I can't stay in the place where he is. [*Exit.*

Blan. Captain, you have used the widow very familiarly.

Capt. This is my way; I have no design, and therefore am not over civil. If she had ever a handsome daughter, to wheedle her out of; or if I could make any thing of her booby son——

Well. I may improve that hint, and make something of him. [*Aside.*

Gov. She's very rich.

Capt. I'm rich myself. She has nothing that I want: I have no leaks to stop. Old women are fortune-menders. I have made a good voyage, and would reap the fruits of my labour. We plough the deep, my masters, but our harvest is on shore. I'm for a young woman.

Stan. Look about, captain, there's one ripe, and ready for the sickle.

Capt. A woman? indeed! I will be acquainted with her: Who is she?

Well. My sister, sir.

Capt. Would I were a-kin to her! If she were my sister, she should never go out of the family. What say you, mistress? You expect I should marry you, I suppose.

Luc. I shan't be disappointed if you don't. [*Turning away.*

Well. She won't break her heart, sir.

Capt. But I mean—— [*Following her.*

Well. And I mean— [*Going between him and* LUCY.] that you must not think of her without marrying.

Capt. I mean so too.

Well. Why then your meaning's out.

Capt. You're very short.

Well. I will grow, and be taller for you.

Capt. I shall grow angry, and swear.

Well. You'll catch no fish, then.

Capt. I don't well know whether he designs to affront me, or no.

Stan. No, no, he's a little familiar; 'tis his way.

Capt. Say you so? nay, I can be as familiar as he, if that be it. Well, sir, look upon me full: What say you? How do you like me for a brother-in-law?

Well. Why, yes, faith, you'll do my business, [*Turning him about.*] if we can agree about my sister's.

Capt. I don't know whether your sister will like me or not: I can't say much to her: but I have money enough; and if you are her brother, as you seem to be a-kin to her, I know that will recommend me to you.

Well. This is your market for slaves; my sister is a free woman, and must not be disposed of in public. You shall be welcome to my house if you please; and, upon better acquaintance, if my sister likes you, and I like your offers——

Capt. Very well, sir, I'll come and see her.

Gov. Where are the slaves, captain? They are long a-coming.

Blan. And who is this prince that's fallen to my lot, for the lord-governor? Let me know something of him, that I may treat him accordingly: Who is he?

Capt. He's the devil of a fellow, I can tell you; a prince every inch of him. You have paid dear enough for him, for all the good he'll do you: I was forced to clap him in irons, and did not think the ship safe neither. You are in hostility with the Indians, they say; they threaten you daily: you had best have an eye upon him.

Blan. But who is he?

Gov. And how do you know him to be a prince?

Capt. He is son and heir to the great king of Angola; a mischievous monarch in those parts, who, by his good will, would never let any of his neighbours be in quiet. This son was his general, a plaguy fighting fellow: I have formerly had dealings with him for slaves, which he took prisoners, and have got pretty roundly by him. But, the wars being at an end, and nothing more to be got by the trade of that country, I made bold to bring the prince along with me.

Gov. How could you do that?

Blan. What! steal a prince out of his own country? Impossible!

Capt. 'Twas hard indeed; but I did it. You must know this Oroonoko——

Blan. Is that his name?

Capt. Ay, Oroonoko.

Gov. Oroonoko.

Capt. Is naturally inquisitive about the men and manners of the white nations. Because I could give him some account of the other parts of the world, I grew very much into his favour: in return of so great an honour, you know I could do no less, upon my coming away, than invite him on board me. Never having been in a ship, he appointed his time, and I prepared my entertainment: he came the next evening as privately as he could, with about some twenty along with him. The punch went round; and as many of his attendants as would be dangerous, I sent dead drunk on shore; the rest we secured: and so you have the prince Oroonoko.

1 *Plan.* Gad a-mercy, captain, there you were with him, i'faith.

2 *Plan.* Such men as you are fit to be employed in public affairs: the plantation will thrive by you.

3 *Plan.* Industry should be encouraged.

Capt. There's nothing to be done without it, boys: I have made my fortune this way.

Blan. Unheard-of villainy!

Stan. Barbarous treachery!

Blan. They applaud him for't!

Gov. But, captain, methinks you have taken a great deal of pains for this prince Oroonoko; why did you part with him at the common rate of slaves?

Capt. Why, lieutenant-governor, I'll tell you; I did design to carry him to England, to have shewed him there; but I found him troublesome upon my hands, and I'm glad I'm rid of him— Oh, ho, here they come.

Black Slaves, Men, Women, and Children, pass across the Stage by two and two; ABOAN, *and others of* OROONOKO'S *attendants, two and two:* OROONOKO, *last of all, in chains.*

Luc. Are all these wretches slaves?

Stan. All sold, they and their posterity, all slaves.

Luc. O miserable fortune!

Blan. Most of 'em know no better; they were born so, and only change their masters. But a prince, born only to command, betray'd and sold! My heart drops blood for him.

Capt. Now, governor, here he comes; pray observe him.

Oro. So, sir, you have kept your word with me.

Capt. I am a better Christian, I thank you, than to keep it with a heathen.

Oro. You are a Christian, be a Christian still:
If you have any god that teaches you
To break your word, I need not curse you more:
Let him cheat you, as you are false to me—
You faithful followers of my better fortune,
We have been fellow-soldiers in the field;
[*Embracing his friends.*
Now we are fellow-slaves. This last farewell.
Be sure of one thing that will comfort us;
Whatever world we next are thrown upon
Cannot be worse than this.
[*All Slaves go off but* OROONOKO.

Capt. You see what a bloody pagan he is, governor; but I took care that none of his followers should be in the same lot with him, for fear they should undertake some desperate action, to the danger of the colony.

Oro. Live still in fear; it is the villain's curse,
And will revenge my chains: fear even me,
Who have no power to hurt thee. Nature abhors,
And drives thee out from the society
And commerce of mankind, for breach of faith.
Men live and prosper but in mutual trust,
A confidence of one another's truth:
That thou hast violated. I have done;
I know my fortune, and submit to it.

Gov. Sir, I am sorry for your fortune, and would help it, if I could.

Blan. Take off his chains. You know your condition; but you are fallen into honourable hands: you are the lord-governor's slave, who will use you nobly: in his absence, it shall be my care to serve you.
[BLANDFORD *applying to him.*

Oro. I hear you, but I can believe no more.

Gov. Captain, I'm afraid the world won't speak so honourably of this action of yours as you would have 'em.

Capt. I have the money. Let the world speak and be damned, I care not.

Oro. I would forget myself. Be satisfied,
[*To* BLAN.

I am above the rank of common slaves;
Let that content you. The Christian there, that knows me,
For his own sake will not discover me.

Capt. I have other matters to mind. You have him; and much good may do you with your prince. [*Exit.*

The planters pulling and staring at OROONOKO.

Blan. What would you have there? You stare as if you never saw a man before. Stand farther off. [*Turns them away.*

Oro. Let 'em stare on;
I am unfortunate, but not ashamed
Of being so: no, let the guilty blush,
The white man that betray'd me: honest black
Disdains to change its colour. I am ready:
Where must I go? dispose me as you please.
I am not well acquainted with my fortune,
But must learn to know it better: so I know, you say,
Degrees make all things easy.

Blan. All things shall be easy.

Oro. Tear off this pomp, and let me know myself:
The slavish habit best becomes me now.
Hard fare, and whips, and chains, may overpower
The frailer flesh, and bow my body down:
But there's another, nobler part of me,
Out of your reach, which you can never tame.

Blan. You shall find nothing of this wretchedness
You apprehend. We are not monsters all.
You seem unwilling to disclose yourself:
Therefore, for fear the mentioning your name
Should give you new disquiets, I presume
To call you Cæsar.

Oro. I am myself; but call me what you please.

Stan. A very good name, Cæsar.

Gov. And very fit for his character.

Oro. Was Cæsar then a slave?

Gov. I think he was; to pirates too: he was a great conqueror, but unfortunate in his friends——

Oro. His friends were Christians?

Blan. No.

Oro. No! that's strange.

Gov. And murdered by 'em.

Oro. I would be Cæsar then. Yet I will live.

Blan. Live to be happier.

Oro. Do what you will with me.

Blan. I'll wait upon you, attend, and serve you. [*Exit with* OROONOKO.

Lucy. Well, if the captain had brought this prince's country along with him, and would make me queen of it, I would not have him, after doing so base a thing.

Well. He's a man to thrive in the world, sister: he'll make you the better jointure.

Lucy. Hang him, nothing can prosper with him.

Stan. Inquire into the great estates, and you will find most of 'em depend upon the same title of honesty: the men who raise 'em first are much of the captain's principles.

Well. Ay, ay, as you say, let him be damn'd for the good of his family. Come, sister, we are invited to dinner.

Gov. Stanmore, you dine with me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Widow* LACKITT'S *House.*

Enter Widow LACKITT *and* WELLDON.

Well. This is so great a favour, I don't know how to receive it.

Wid. O dear sir! you know how to receive, and how to return a favour, as well as any body, I don't doubt it: 'tis not the first you have had from our sex, I suppose.

Well. But this is so unexpected.

Wid. Lord, how can you say so, Mr. Welldon! I won't believe you. Don't I know you handsome gentlemen expect every thing that a woman can do for you? And by my troth, you're in the right on't: I think one can't do too much for a handsome gentleman; and so you shall find it.

Well. I shall never have such an offer again, that's certain: What shall I do? I am mightily divided—— [*Pretending a concern.*

Wid. Divided! O dear, I hope not so, sir. If I marry, truly I expect to have you to myself.

Well. There's no danger of that, Mrs Lackitt, I am divided in my thoughts. My father, upon his death-bed, obliged me to see my sister disposed of, before I married myself; 'tis that sticks upon me. They say, indeed, promises are to be broken or kept; and I know 'tis a foolish thing to be tied to a promise; but I can't help it; I don't know how to get rid of it.

Wid. Is that all?

Well. All in all to me. The commands of a dying father, you know, ought to be obeyed.

Wid. And so they may.

Well. Impossible, to do me any good.

Wid. They shan't be your hinderance. You would have a husband for your sister, you say he must be very well to pass too in the world, I suppose?

Well. I would not throw her away.

Wid. Then marry her out of hand, to the sea captain you were speaking of.

Well. I was thinking of him, but 'tis to no purpose; she hates him.

Wid. Does she hate him? nay, 'tis no matter; an impudent rascal as he is, I would not advise her to marry him.

Well. Can you think of nobody else?

Wid. Let me see!—

Well. Ay, pray do; I should be loth to part with my good fortune in you, for so small a matter as a sister: but you find how it is with me.

Wid. Well remembered, i'faith: Well, if I thought you would like of it, I have a husband for her. What do you think of my son?

Well. You don't think of it yourself.

Wid. I protest but I do: I am in earnest, if you are. He shall marry her within this half hour, if you'll give your consent to it.

Well. I give my consent! I'll answer for my sister, she shall have him: you may be sure I shall be glad to get over the difficulty.

Wid. No more to be said then, that difficulty is over. But I vow and swear you frightened me, Mr. Welldon. If I had not had a son now for your sister, what must I have done, do you think? Were not you an ill-natured thing, to boggle at a promise? I could break twenty for you.

Well. I am the more obliged to you: but this son will save all.

Wid. He's in the house; I'll go and bring him myself. [*Going.*] You would do well to break the business to your sister; she's within, I'll send her to you.— [*Going again, comes back.*

Well. Pray do.

Wid. But do you hear? Perhaps she may stand upon her maidenly behaviour, and blush, and play the fool, and delay; but don't be answered so: What! she is not a girl at these years. Shew your authority, and tell her roundly, she must be married immediately. I'll manage my son, I warrant you.— [*Goes out in haste.*

Well. The widow's in haste, I see; I thought I had laid a rub in the road, about my sister; but she has stept over that. She's making way for herself as fast as she can; but little thinks where she is going: I could tell her she is going to play the fool: but people don't love to hear of their faults; besides, that is not my business at present.

Enter Lucy.

So, sister, I have a husband for you—

Lucy. With all my heart: I don't know what confinement marriage may be to the men, but I'm sure the women have no liberty without it. I am for any thing that will deliver me from the care of a reputation, which I begin to find impossible to preserve.

Well. I'll ease you of that care: you must be married immediately.

Lucy. The sooner the better; for I am quite tired of setting up for a husband. The widow's foolish son is the man, I suppose.

Well. I considered your constitution, sister, and finding you would have occasion for a fool, I have provided accordingly.

Lucy. I don't know what occasion I may have for a fool when I am married; but I find none but fools have occasion to marry.

Well. Since he is to be a fool then, I thought it better for you to have one of his mother's making than your own; 'twill save you the trouble.

Lucy. I thank you; you take a great deal of pains for me: but, pray, tell me what you are doing for yourself all this while?

Well. You were never true to your own secrets; and therefore I won't trust you with mine. Only remember this, I am your elder sister, and consequently, laying my breeches aside, have as much occasion for a husband as you can have. I have a man in my eye, be satisfied.

Enter Widow Lackitt, *with her Son* Daniel.

Wid. Come, Daniel, hold up thy head, child; look like a man: You must not take it as you have done; Gad's my life! there's nothing to be done with twirling your hat, man.

Dan. Why, mother, what's to be done then?

Wid. Why look me in the face, and mind what I say to you.

Dan. Marry, who's the fool then? What shall I get by minding what you say to me?

Wid. Mrs Lucy, the boy is bashful, don't discourage him; pray come a little forward, and let him salute you.

[*Going between* Lucy *and* Daniel.

Lucy. A fine husband I am to have, truly.

[*To* Welldon.

Wid. Come, Daniel, you must be acquainted with this gentlewoman.

Dan. Nay, I'm not proud, that is not my fault: I am presently acquainted, when I know the company; but this gentlewoman is a stranger to me.

Wid. She is your mistress, I have spoke a good word for you; make her a bow, and go and kiss her.

Dan. Kiss her! have a care what you say; I warrant she scorns your words. Such fine folk are not used to be slopt and kiss'd. Do you think I don't know that, mother?

Wid. Try her, try her, man. [Daniel *bows, she thrusts him forward.*] Why, that's well done; go nearer her.

Dan. Is the devil in the woman? Why so I can go nearer her, if you would let a body alone. [*To his Mother.*] Cry your mercy, forsooth. My mother is always shaming one before company: she would have me as unmannerly as herself, and offer to kiss you. [*To* Lucy.

Well. Why won't you kiss her?

Dan. Why, pray, may I?

Well. Kiss her, kiss her, man.

Dan. Marry, and I will. [*Kisses her.*] Gadsooks! she kisses rarely! An' please you, mistress, and seeing my mother will have it so, I don't much care if I kiss you again, forsooth.

[*Kisses her again.*

Lucy. Well, how do you like me now?

Dan. Like you! marry, I don't know. You have bewitched me, I think: I was never so in my born days before.

Wid. You must marry this fine woman, Daniel.

Dan. Hey-day, marry her! I was never mar-ed in all my life. What must I do with her ıen, mother?

Wid. You must live with her, eat and drink ith her, go to bed with her, and sleep with her.

Dan. Nay, marry, if I must go to bed with er, I shall never sleep, that's certain: she'll reak me of my rest, quite and clean, I tell you eforehand. As for eating and drinking with er, why, I have a good stomach, and can play ıy part in any company. But how do you think can go to bed to a woman I don't know?

Well. You shall know her better.

Dan. Say you so, sir?

Well. Kiss her again. [DANIEL *kisses* LUCY.

Dan. Nay, kissing, I find, will make us presently acquainted. We'll steal into a corner to ractise a little, and then I shall be able to do ny thing.

Well. The young man mends apace.

Wid. Pray don't baulk him.

Dan. Mother, mother, if you'll stay in the oom by me, and promise not to leave me, I lon't care for once, if I venture to go to bed with her.

Wid. There's a good child! go in and put on hy best clothes; pluck up a spirit; I'll stay in he room by thee. She won't hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Dan. Nay, as to that matter, I'm not afraid of her: I'll give her as good as she brings: I have a Rowland for her Oliver, and so you may tell her. [*Exit.*

Wid. Mrs Lucy, we shan't stay for you; you are in a readiness, I suppose.

Well. She's always ready to do what I would have her, I must say that for my sister.

Wid. 'Twill be her own, another day. Mr Welldon, we'll marry 'em out of hand, and then——

Well. And then, Mrs Lackitt, look to yourself.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter OROONOKO *and* BLANDFORD.

Oro. You grant I have good reason to suspect
All the professions you can make to me?
Blan. Indeed you have.
Oro. The dog that sold me did profess as much
As you can do—But yet, I know not why—
Whether it is because I'm fallen so low,
And have no more to fear—That is not it:
I am a slave no longer than I please.
'Tis something nobler!—Being just myself,
I am inclining to think others so:
'Tis that prevails upon me to believe you.
Blan. You may believe me.
Oro. I do believe you.
From what I know of you, you are no fool:
Fools only are the knaves, and live by tricks;
Wise men may thrive without 'em, and be honest.

Blan. They won't all take your counsel.— [*Aside.*
Oro. You know my story, and you say you are
A friend to my misfortunes: that's a name
Will teach you what you owe yourself and me.
Blan. I'll study to deserve to be your friend.
When once our noble governor arrives,
With him you will not need my interest;
He is too generous not to feel your wrongs.
But be assured I will employ my pow'r,
And find the means to send you home again.
Oro. I thank you, sir.—My honest, wretched friends,
Their chains are heavy: they have hardly found [*Sighing.*
So kind a master. May I ask you, sir,
What is become of them? Perhaps I should not.
You will forgive a stranger.
Blan. I'll enquire,
And use my best endeavours, where they are,
To have 'em gently us'd.
Oro. Once more I thank you.
You offer every cordial that can keep
My hopes alive, to wait a better day.
What friendly care can do, you have applied.
But, oh! I have a grief admits no cure.
Blan. You do not know, sir—
Oro. Can you raise the dead,
Pursue and overtake the wings of time,
And bring about again the hours, the days,
The years that made me happy?
Blan. That is not to be done.
Oro. No, there is nothing to be done for me.
[*Kneeling, and kissing the earth.*
Thou god ador'd! thou ever-glorious sun!
If she be yet on earth, send me a beam
Of thy all-seeing power, to light me to her!
Or if thy sister goddess has preferr'd
Her beauty to the skies to be a star;
O tell me where she shines, that I may stand
Whole nights, and gaze upon her!
Blan. I am rude, and interrupt you.
Oro. I am troublesome;
But pray give me your pardon. My swollen heart
Bursts out its passage, and I must complain.
O! can you think of nothing dearer to me?
Dearer than liberty, my country, friends,
Much dearer than my life, that I have lost?
The tenderest, best belov'd, and loving wife.
Blan. Alas! I pity you.
Oro. Do pity me:
Pity's a-kin to love; and every thought
Of that soft kind, is welcome to my soul.
I would be pitied here.
Blan. I dare not ask
More than you please to tell me: but if you
Think it convenient to let me know
Your story, I dare promise you to bear
A part in your distress, if not assist you.
Oro. Thou honest-hearted man! I wanted such,
Just such a friend as thou art, that would sit

Still as the night, and let me talk whole days
Of my Imoinda. O! I'll tell thee all
From first to last: and pray observe me well.
Blan. I will most heedfully.
Oro. There was a stranger in my father's court,
Valued and honour'd much: he was a white,
The first I ever saw of your complexion:
He chang'd his gods for ours, and so grew great;
Of many virtues, and so fam'd in arms,
He still commanded all my father's wars:
I was bred under him. One fatal day,
The armies joining, he before me stept,
Receiving in his breast a poison'd dart
Levell'd at me; he died within my arms:——
I've tir'd you already.
Blan. Pray go on.
Oro. He left an only daughter, whom he brought
An infant to Angola. When I came
Back to the court, a happy conqueror,
Humanity obliged me to condole
With this sad virgin, for a father's loss,
Lost for my safety. I presented her
With all the slaves of battle, to atone
Her father's ghost. But when I saw her face,
And heard her speak, I offer'd up myself
To be the sacrifice. She bow'd and blush'd;
I wonder'd and ador'd. The sacred power
That had subdu'd me, then inspir'd my tongue,
Inclin'd her heart; and all our talk was love.
Blan. Then you were happy.
Oro. O! I was too happy.
I married her: and though my country's custom
Indulg'd the privilege of many wives,
I swore myself never to know but her.
She grew with child, and I grew happier still.
O my Imoinda! but it could not last.
Her fatal beauty reach'd my father's ears;
He sent for her to court, where, cursed court!
No woman comes, but for his amorous use.
He, raging to possess her, she was forc'd
To own herself my wife. The furious king
Started at incest; but, grown desperate,
Not daring to enjoy what he desired,
In mad revenge, which I could never learn,
He poison'd her, or sent her far, far off,
Far from my hopes ever to see her more.
Blan. Most barbarous of fathers! the sad tale
Has struck me dumb with wonder.
Oro. I have done.
I'll trouble you no farther: Now and then,
A sigh will have its way: that shall be all.

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. Blandford, the lieutenant-governor is gone to your plantation. He desires you would bring the royal slave with you. The sight of his fair mistress, he says, is an entertainment for a prince; he would have his opinion of her.

Oro. Is he a lover?

Blan. So he says himself: he flatters a beautiful slave that I have, and calls her mistress.

Oro. Must he then flatter her, to call her mistress?
I pity the proud man, who thinks himself
Above being in love. What, though she be a sla
She may deserve him.
Blan. You shall judge of that, when you
her, sir.
Oro. I go with you. [Exe

SCENE III.—*A Plantation.*

Lieut-Governor following IMOINDA.

Gov. I have disturb'd you; I confess
fault,
My fair Clemene; but begin again,
And I will listen to your mournful song,
Sweet as the soft complaining nightingale's,
While every note calls out my trembling soul,
And leaves me silent as the midnight groves,
Only to shelter you; sing, sing again,
And let me wonder at the many ways
You have to ravish me.
Imo. O! I can weep
Enough for you, and me, if that will please you
Gov. You must not weep: I come to
your tears,
And raise you from your sorrow. Look up
me:
Look with the eyes of kind indulging love,
That I may have full cause for what I say:
I come to offer you your liberty,
And be myself the slave. You turn away;
[*Following h*
But every thing becomes you. I may take
This pretty hand; I know your modesty
Would draw it back; but you would take it
If I should let it go; I know you would.
You shall be gently forc'd to please yourself;
That you will thank me for.
[*She struggles, and gets her hand from*
then he offers to kiss her.
Nay, if you struggle with me, I must take——
Imo. You may my life, that I can part w
freely. [Ex

Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, *and* OROONOKO *to him.*

Blan. So, governor, we don't disturb you,
hope: your mistress has left you: you we
making love: she's thankful for the honour,
suppose.

Gov. Quite insensible to all I say and do:
When I speak to her, she sighs or weeps;
But never answers me as I would have her.

Stan. There's something nearer than her sla
very, that touches her.

Blan. What do her fellow slaves say of her;
can't they find the cause?

Gov. Some of them, who pretend to be wis
than the rest, and hate her, I suppose, for bei
used better than they are, will needs have it th
she is with child.

Blan. Poor wretch! if it be so, I pity her;
she has lost a husband, that perhaps was de
to her; and then you cannot blame her.

Oro. If it be so, indeed you cannot blame her.
[*Sighi*

Gov. No, no, it is not so; if it be so,
nust still love her: and, desiring still,
nust enjoy her.

Blan. Try what you can do with fair means,
d welcome.

Gov. I'll give you ten slaves for her.

Blan. You know she is our lord governor's:
t if I could dispose of her, I would not now,
pecially to you.

Gov. Why not to me?

Blan. I mean against her will. You are in love with her;
nd we all know what your desires would have:
ove stops at nothing but possession.
ere she within your power, you do not know
ow soon you would be tempted to forget
he nature of the deed, and, may be, act
violence, you after would repent.

Oro. 'Tis godlike in you to protect the weak.

Gov. Fie, fie, I would not force her. Though she be
slave, her mind is free, and should consent.

Oro. Such honour will engage her to consent:
nd then, if you're in love, she's worth the having.
hall we not see this wonder?

Gov. Have a care;
ou have a heart, and she has conquering eyes.

Oro. I have a heart; but if it could be false
o my first vows, ever to love again,
hese honest hands should tear it from my breast,
nd throw the traitor from me. O! Imoinda!
iving or dead, I can be only thine.

Blan. Imoinda was his wife: she's either dead,
r, living, dead to him; forc'd from his arms
y an inhuman father. Another time
'll tell you all. [*To the Gov. and* STAN.

Stan. Hark! the slaves have done their work;
nd now begins their evening merriment.

Blan. The men are all in love with fair Clemene
s much as you are: and the women hate her,
rom an instinct of natural jealousy.
hey sing and dance, and try their little tricks
o entertain her, and divert her sadness.
May be she is among them.—Shall we see?
[*Exeunt.*

The Scene drawn shews the Slaves, Men, Women, and Children, upon the ground; some rise and dance, others sing the following songs.

A SONG

BY SIR HARRY SHEERS.

Set by Mr COURTEVILL, *and sung by the boy to Miss* CROSS.

A lass there lives upon the green,
Could I her picture draw;
A brighter nymph was never seen,
That looks and reigns a little queen,
And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,
Her eye-brows are his bow;
Her silken hair the silver strings,
Which sure and swift destruction brings
To all the vale below.

If Pastorella's dawning light
Can warm and wound us so,
Her noon will shine so piercing bright,
Each glancing beam will kill outright,
And every swain subdue.

A SONG

BY MR CHEEK.

Sett by Mr COURTEVILL, *and sung by Mr* LEVERIDGE.

Bright Cynthia's power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thousand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign,
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings;
Her breath gives balmy blisses;
I hear an angel, when she sings,
And taste of heav'n in kisses.

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From nature's richest treasure:
Let me the other sense employ,
And I shall die with pleasure.

During the entertainment, the Governor, BLANDFORD, STANMORE, *and* OROONOKO, *enter as spectators; that ended, Captain* DRIVER, JACK STANMORE, *and several Planters enter with their swords drawn.*
[*A bell rings.*

Capt. Where are you, governor? Make what haste you can
To save yourself, and the whole colony.
I bid 'em ring the bell.

Gov. What's the matter?

J. Stan. The Indians are come down upon us: they have plundered some of the plantations already, and are marching this way as fast as they can.

Gov. What can we do against 'em?

Blan. We shall be able to make a stand, till more planters come in to us.

J. Stan. There are a great many more without, if you would shew yourself, and put us in order.

Gov. There's no danger of the white slaves, they'll not stir. Stanmore, come you along with me: some of you stay here to look after the black slaves. [*All go out but the Captain and six planters, who all at once seize* OROONOKO.

1 *Plan.* Ay, ay, let us alone.

Capt. In the first place, we secure you, sir,
As an enemy to the government.

Oro. Are you there, sir? you are my constant friend.

1 *Plan.* You will be able to do a great deal of mischief.

Capt. But we shall prevent you: bring the irons hither. He has the malice of a slave in him, and would be glad to be cutting his masters' throats; I know him. Chain his hands and feet, that he may not run over to them. If they have him, they shall carry him on their backs, that I can tell them.

[*As they are chaining him,* BLANDFORD *enters, runs to them.*

Blan. What are you doing there?

Capt. Securing the main chance: this is a bosom enemy.

Blan. Away, you brutes! I'll answer with my life for his behaviour; so tell the governor.

Capt. Plan. Well, sir, so we will.

[*Exeunt Captain and Planters.*

Oro. Give me a sword, and I'll deserve your trust.

A party of Indians enter, hurrying IMOINDA *among the slaves; another party of Indians sustains them, retreating, followed at a distance by the Governor, with the Planters.* BLANDFORD *and* OROONOKO *join them.*

Blan. Hell and the devil! they drive away our slaves before our faces. Governor, can you stand tamely by, and suffer this? Clemene, sir, your mistress, is among 'em.

Gov. We throw ourselves away, in the attempt to rescue 'em.

Oro. A lover cannot fall more glorious,
Than in the cause of love. He that deserves
His mistress' favour, wonnot stay behind!
I'll lead you on. Be bold, and follow me.

[OROONOKO *at the head of the Planters, falls upon the Indians with a great shout, and beats them off.*

Enter IMOINDA.

Imo. I'm tost about by my tempestuous fate,
And no where must have rest: Indians, or English,
Whoever has me, I am still a slave.
No matter whose I am, since I'm no more
My royal master's; since I am his no more!
O, I was happy! nay, I will be happy,
In the dear thought that I am still his wife,
Though far divided from him.

[*Draws off to a corner of the stage.*

After a shout, enter the Governor, with OROONOKO, BLANDFORD, STANMORE, *and the Planters.*

Gov. Thou glorious man! thou something greater sure
Than Cæsar ever was! that single arm
Has sav'd us all.—Accept our general thanks.

[*All bow to* OROONOKO.

And what we can do more to recompence
Such noble services, you shall command.
Clemene too shall thank you——she is safe——
Look up, and bless your brave deliverer.

[*Brings* CLEMENE *forward, looking down on the ground.*

Oro. Bless me indeed!

Blan. You start.

Oro. O, all you gods,
Who govern this great world, and bring about
Things strange and unexpected! Can it be?

Gov. What is't you stare at so?

Oro. Answer me, some of you, you who have power,
And have your senses free! or are you all
Struck through with wonder too?

[*Looking still fixt on her.*

Blan. What would you know?

Oro. My soul steals from my body, through my eyes!
All that is left of life, I'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.

Gov. This is strange!

Oro. If you but mock me with her image here;
If she be not Imoinda———

[*She looks upon him, and falls into a swoon, he runs to her.*

Ha! she faints!
Nay, then it must be she: It is Imoinda:
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here.
I feel her all, in every part of me!
O! let me press her in my eager arms,
Wake her to life, and with this kindling kiss
Give back that soul, she only sent to me.

[*Kisses her.*

Gov. I am amazed!

Blan. I am as much as you.

Oro. Imoinda! O! thy Oroonoko calls.

[IMOINDA *coming to life.*

Imo. My Oroonoko! O! I can't believe
What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceived, there's something in that name,
That voice, that face! [*Staring on him.*
O! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken.

[*Runs and embraces* OROONOKO.

Oro. Never here;
You cannot be mistaken; I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have;
Your tender, loving husband.

Imo. All indeed
That I would have: my husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think them true.
But I believe all that you say to me;
For truth itself, and everlasting love,
Grow in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.

Oro. Take, take me all: enquire into my heart,
(You know the way to every secret there,)
My heart, the sacred treasury of love:
And if, in absence, I have misemployed
A mite from the rich store; if I have spent

A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,
May I be curs'd to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me!
Imo. O! I believe,
And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort; or once wish'd to see
The light of any other heav'n, but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more!
Oro. Imoinda! O! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness:
I cannot miss it now. Governor,—friend,—
You think me mad: but let me bless you all,
Who, any way, have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda's found!
And every thing that I would have in her.
[*Embracing her in the most passionate fondness.*

Stan. Where's your mistress now, governor?

Gov. Why, where most men's mistresses are forc'd to be sometimes, with her husband, it seems: but I won't lose her so. [*Aside.*

Stan. He has fought lustily for her, and deserves her, I'll say that for him.

Blan. Sir, we congratulate your happiness: I do most heartily.

Gov. And all of us: but how it comes to pass——
Oro. That will require
More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier, than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Even you, who most have wrong'd me, I forgive.
I wonnot say you have betray'd me now:
I'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my lov'd Imoinda here.
Imo. How, how shall I receive you; how be worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?
These are the transports of prosperity,
When fortune smiles upon us.
Oro. Let the fools,
Who follow fortune, live upon her smiles.
All our prosperity is plac'd in love;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon,
Is more to me, than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to power unknown;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter ABOAN, *with several Slaves, and* HOTMAN.

Hot. What! to be slaves to cowards! slaves to rogues, who can't defend themselves!

Abo. Who is this fellow? he talks as if he were acquainted with our design: Is he one of us? [*Aside to his own gang.*

Slave. Not yet; but he will be glad to make one, I believe.

Abo. He makes a mighty noise.

Hot. Go, sneak in corners; whisper out your griefs,
For fear your masters hear you; cringe and crouch
Under the bloody whip, like beaten curs,
That lick their wounds, and know no other cure:
All, wretches all! you feel their cruelty
As much as I can feel, but dare not groan.
For my part, while I have a life and tongue,
I'll curse the authors of my slavery.
Abo. Have you been long a slave?
Hot. Yes, many years.
Abo. And do you only curse?
Hot. Curse? only curse? I cannot conjure,
To raise the spirits up of other men:
I am but one. O! for a soul of fire,
To warm and animate our common cause,
And make a body of us: then I would
Do something more than curse.
Abo. That body set on foot, you would be one?
A limb, to lend it motion?
Hot. I would be
The heart of it; the head, the hand, and heart.
Would I could see the day!
Abo. You will do all yourself.
Hot. I would do more
Than I shall speak: but I may find a time.
Abo. The time may come to you; be ready for't.—
Methinks he talks too much: I'll know him more,
Before I trust him farther. [*Aside.*
Slave. If he dares
Half what he says, he'll be of use to us.

Enter BLANDFORD *to them.*

Blan. If there be any one among you here
That did belong to Oroonoko, speak,
I come to him.
Abo. I did belong to him.—Aboan my name.
Blan. You are the man I want; pray come with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter OROONOKO *and* IMOINDA.

Oro. I do not blame my father for his love:
(Though that had been enough to ruin me)
'Twas nature's fault that made you like the sun,
The reasonable worship of mankind:
He could not help his adoration.
Age had not lock'd his senses up so close,
But he had eyes, that opened to his soul,
And took your beauties in: he felt your power,
And therefore I forgive his loving you.
But when I think on his barbarity,
That could expose you to so many wrongs,
Driving you out to wretched slavery,
Only for being mine; then, I confess,
I wish I could forget the name of son,
That I might curse the tyrant.
Imo. I will bless him,
For I have found you here: Heaven only knows
What is reserved for us; but if we guess
The future by the past, our fortune must
Be wonderful, above the common size
Of good or ill; it must be in extremes:
Extremely happy, or extremely wretched.
Oro. 'Tis in our power to make it happy now.
Imo. But not to keep it so.

Enter BLANDFORD *and* ABOAN.

Blan. My royal lord,
I have a present for you.
Oro. Aboan!
Abo. Your lowest slave.
Oro. My tried and valued friend.
This worthy man always prevents my wants:
I only wished, and he has brought thee to me.
Thou art surprised: carry thy duty there,
[ABOAN *goes to* IMOINDA, *and falls at her feet.*
While I acknowledge mine.—How shall I thank
you? [*To* BLANDFORD.
Blan. Believe me honest to your interest,
And I am more than paid. I have secured
That all your followers shall be gently used.
This gentleman, your chiefest favourite,
Shall wait upon your person, while you stay
Among us.
Oro. I owe every thing to you.
Blan. You must not think you are in slavery.
Oro. I do not find I am.
Blan. Kind Heaven has miraculously sent
These comforts, that may teach you to expect
Its farther care, in your deliverance.
Oro. I sometimes think myself, Heaven is concerned
For my deliverance.
Blan. It will be soon:
You may expect it. Pray, in the mean time,
Appear as cheerful as you can among us.
You have some enemies, that represent
You dangerous, and would be glad to find
A reason, in your discontent, to fear:
They watch your looks. But there are honest
men,
Who are your friends: you are secure in them.
Oro. I thank you for your caution.
Blan. I will leave you:
And be assured, I wish your liberty. [*Exit.*
Abo. He speaks you very fair.
Oro. He means me fair.
Abo. If he should not, my lord.
Oro. If he should not!
I'll not suspect his truth: but if I did,
What shall I get by doubting?
Abo. You secure
Not to be disappointed: but besides,
There's this advantage in suspecting him;
When you put off the hopes of other men,
You will rely upon your godlike self,
And then you may be sure of liberty.
Oro. Be sure of liberty! what dost thou mean,
Advising to rely upon myself?
I think I may be sure on't: we must wait;
'Tis worth a little patience. [*Turning to* IMOINDA.
Abo. O my lord!
Oro. What dost thou drive at?
Abo. Sir, another time
You would have found it sooner: but I see
Love has your heart, and takes up all your
thoughts.
Oro. And canst thou blame me?
Abo. Sir, I must not blame you.
But as our fortune stands, there is a passion
(Your pardon, royal mistress, I must speak)
That would become you better than your love,—
A brave resentment; which, inspired by you,
Might kindle and diffuse a generous rage
Among the slaves, to rouse and shake our chains,
And struggle to be free.
Oro. How can we help ourselves?
Abo. I knew you when you would have found
a way.
How help ourselves! the very Indians teach us:
We need but to attempt our liberty,
And we can carry it. We have hands sufficient,
Double the number of our masters' force,
Ready to be employed. What hinders us
To set 'em, then, at work? we want but you,
To head our enterprize, and bid us strike.
Oro. What would you do?
Abo. Cut our oppressors' throats.
Oro. And you would have me join in your design
Of murder?
Abo. It deserves a better name:
But be it what it will, 'tis justified
By self-defence, and natural liberty.
Oro. I'll hear no more on't.
Abo. I am sorry for't.
Oro. Nor shall you think of it.
Abo. Not think of it!
Oro. No, I command you not.
Abo. Remember, sir,
You are a slave yourself; and to command
Is now another's right. Not think of it!
Since the first moment they put on my chains,
I've thought of nothing but the weight of 'em,
And how to throw 'em off: Can yours sit easy?
Oro. I have a sense of my condition,
As painful, and as quick, as yours can be.

I feel for my Imoinda and myself;
moinda, much the tenderest part of me
But though I languish for my liberty,
I would not buy it at the Christian price
Of black ingratitude: they shall not say,
That we deserved our fortune by our crimes.
Murder the innocent!

Abo. The innocent!

Oro. These men are so, whom you would rise against.
f we are slaves, they did not make us slaves,
But bought us in an honest way of trade;
As we have done before 'em, bought and sold
Many a wretch, and never thought it wrong.
They paid our price for us, and we are now
Their property, a part of their estate,
To manage as they please. Mistake me not,
do not tamely say, that we should bear
All they could lay upon us; but we find
The load so light, so little to be felt,
Considering they have us in their power,
And may inflict what grievances they please)
We ought not to complain.

Abo. My royal lord!
You do not know the heavy grievances,
The toils, the labours, weary drudgeries,
Which they impose; burdens more fit for beasts,
For senseless beasts to bear, than thinking men.
Then if you saw the bloody cruelties
They execute on every slight offence;
Nay, sometimes in their proud, insulting sport,
How worse than dogs they lash their fellow-creatures,
Your heart would bleed for them. O! could you know
How many wretches lift their hands and eyes
To you for their relief!

Oro. I pity them,
And wish I could with honesty do more.

Abo. You must do more, and may with honesty.
O royal sir, remember who you are;
A prince, born for the good of other men,
Whose god-like office is to draw the sword
Against oppression, and set free mankind;
And this I'm sure you think oppression now.
What, though you have not felt these miseries,
Never believe you are obliged to them:
They have their selfish reasons, may be now,
For using of you well; but there will come
A time, when you must have your share of 'em.

Oro. You see how little cause I have to think so:
Favoured in my own person, in my friends,
ndulged in all that can concern my care,
n my Imoinda's soft society. [*Embracing her.*

Abo. And therefore would you lie contented down,
n the forgetfulness, and arms of love,
To get young princes for 'em?

Oro. Sayest thou! ha!

Abo. Princes, the heirs of empire, and the last
Of your illustrious lineage, to be born
To pamper up their pride, and be their slaves!

Oro. Imoinda, save me, save me from that thought!

Imo. There is no safety from it; I have long
Suffered it with a mother's labouring pains,
And can no longer. Kill me, kill me now,
While I am blest, and happy in your love,
Rather than let me live to see you hate me,
As you must hate me; me, the only cause,
The fountain of these flowing miseries.
Dry up this spring of life, this poisonous spring,
That swells so fast, to overwhelm us all.

Oro. Shall the dear babe, the eldest of my hopes,
Whom I begot a prince, be born a slave?
The treasure of this temple was designed
To enrich a kingdom's fortune: shall it here
Be seized upon by vile unhallowed hands,
To be employed in uses most profane?

Abo. In most unworthy uses; think of that,
And while you may, prevent it. O my lord!
Rely on nothing that they say to you.
They speak you fair, I know, and bid you wait;
But think what 'tis to wait on promises,
And promises of men, who know no tie
Upon their words, against their interest;
And where's their interest in freeing you?

Imo. Oh! where indeed, to lose so many slaves?

Abo. Nay, grant this man, you think so much your friend,
Be honest, and intends all that he says,
He is but one; and in a government,
Where, he confesses, you have enemies,
That watch your looks,—what looks can you put on,
To please these men, who are before resolved
To read them their own way? Alas! my lord!
If they incline to think you dangerous,
They have their knavish arts to make you so:
And then, who knows how far their cruelty
May carry their revenge?

Imo. To every thing
That does belong to you, your friends, and me;
I shall be torn from you, forced away,
Helpless, and miserable:—Shall I live
To see that day again!

Oro. That day shall never come.

Abo. I know you are persuaded to believe
The governor's arrival will prevent
These mischiefs, and bestow your liberty:
But who is sure of that? I rather fear
More mischiefs from his coming. He is young,
Luxurious, passionate, and amorous;
Such a complexion, and made bold by power,
To countenance all he is prone to do,
Will know no bounds, no law against his lusts.
If, in a fit of his intemperance,
With a strong hand, he should resolve to seize,
And force my royal mistress from your arms,
How can you help yourself?

Oro. Ha! thou hast roused
The lion in his den! he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.
I find the danger now; my spirits start
At the alarm, and from all quarters come
To man my heart, the citadel of love.
Is there a power on earth to force you from me?
And shall I not resist it? Not strike first

To keep, to save you; to prevent that curse?
This is your cause, and shall it not prevail?
Oh! you were born always to conquer me.
Now I am fashioned to thy purpose; speak,
What combination, what conspiracy,
Wouldst thou engage me in? I'll undertake
All thou wouldst have me now for liberty,
For the great cause of love and liberty.

Abo. Now, my great master, you appear yourself:
And since we have you joined in our design,
It cannot fail us. I have mustered up
The choicest slaves, men who are sensible
Of their condition, and seem most resolved:
They have their several parties.

Oro. Summon them,
Assemble them; I will come forth, and shew
Myself among them; if they are resolved,
I'll lead their foremost resolutions.

Abo. I have provided those will follow you.

Oro. With this reserve in our proceeding still,
The means that lead us to our liberty
Must not be bloody.

Abo. You command in all.
We shall expect you, sir.

Oro. You shall not long.
[*Exeunt* ORO. *and* IMO. *at one door;* ABO. *at another.*

SCENE III.

WELLDON *coming in before Mrs* LACKITT.

Wid. These unmannerly Indians were something unseasonable, to disturb us just in the nick, Mr Welldon; but I have the parson within call still, to do us the good turn.

Well. We had best stay a little I think, to see things settled again, had not we? Marriage is a serious thing, you know.

Wid. What do you talk of a serious thing, Mr Welldon? I think you have found me sufficiently serious: I have married my son to your sister, to pleasure you; and now I come to claim your promise to me, you tell me marriage is a serious thing!

Well. Why, is it not?

Wid. Fiddle faddle, I know what it is: 'tis not the first time I have been married, I hope: but I shall begin to think you don't design to do fairly by me, so I shall.

Well. Why, indeed, Mrs Lackitt, I am afraid I can't do as fairly as I would by you. 'Tis what you must know, first or last; and I should be the worst man in the world to conceal it any longer; therefore I must own to you, that I am married already.

Wid. Married! you don't say so, I hope! how have you the conscience to tell me such a thing to my face: have you abused me then, fooled and cheated me? What do you take me for, Mr Welldon? Do you think I am to be served at this rate? But you shan't find me the silly creature, you think me: I would have you to know, I understand better things, than to ruin my son without a valuable consideration. If I can't have you, I can keep my money. Your son shan't have the catch of him she expected;—I won't part with a shilling to them.

Well. You made the match yourself, you know, you can't blame me.

Wid. Yes, yes, I can, and do blame you: you might have told me before, you were married.

Well. I would not have told you now; but you followed me so close, I was forced to it. Indeed, I am married in England; but 'tis, as if it were not; for I have been parted from my wife a great while; and to do reason on both sides, we hate one another heartily. Now, I have a design, and will marry you still, if you'll have a little patience.

Wid. A likely business truly.

Well. I have a friend in England that I will write to, to poison my wife, and then I can marry you with a good conscience: if you love me, as you say you do, you'll consent to that, I'm sure.

Wid. And will he do it, do you think?

Well. At the first word, or he is not the man I take him to be.

Wid. Well, you are a dear devil, Mr Welldon: and would you poison your wife for me?

Well. I would do any thing for you.

Wid. Well, I am mightily obliged to you. But 'twill be a great while before you can have an answer of your letter.

Well. 'Twill be a great while indeed.

Wid. In the mean time, Mr Welldon—

Well. Why, in the mean time——Here's company—We'll settle that within—I'll follow you.
[*Exit Wid.*

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, sir, you carry your business swimmingly:—you have stolen a wedding I hear.

Well. Ay, my sister is married; and I was very near being run away with myself.

Stan. The widow will have you then.

Well. You come very seasonably to my rescue. Jack Stanmore is to be had, I hope?

Stan. At half an hour's warning.

Well. I must advise with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OROONOKO *with* ABOAN, HOTMAN, *and Slaves.*

Oro. Impossible! nothing's impossible:
We know our strength only by being tried.
If you object the mountains, rivers, woods
Unpassable, that lie before our march,—
Woods we can set on fire; we swim by nature:
What can oppose us then but we may tame?
All things submit to virtuous industry—
That we can carry with us, that is ours.

Slave. Great sir, we have attended all you said
With silent joy and admiration;
And, were we only men, would follow such,
So great a leader, through the untried world.
But, Oh! consider we have other names,
Husbands and fathers, and have things more dear
To us than life, our children and our wives,
Unfit for such an expedition:——

hat must become of them?
Oro. We will not wrong
ie virtue of our women, to believe
iere is a wife among 'em would refuse
) share her husband's fortune. What is hard,
e must make easy to them in our love: while we live,
id have our limbs, we can take care of them;
ierefore, I still propose to lead our march
)wn to the sea, and plant a colony;
here, in our native innocence, we shall live
ee, and be able to defend ourselves,
ll stress of weather, or some accident,
ovide a ship for us.
Abo. An accident,
ie luckiest accident presents itself:
ie very ship, that brought and made us slaves,
vims in the river still; I see no cause
it we may seize on that.
Oro. It shall be so:
iere is a justice in it pleases me.
) you agree to it? [*To the Slaves.*
Omnes. We follow you.
Oro. You do not relish it. [*To* HOTMAN.
Hot. I am afraid
)u'll find it difficult and dangerous.
Abo. Are you the man to find the danger first?
)u should have given example. Dangerous!
hought you had not understood the word:
)u, who would be the head, the hand, and heart:
r, I remember you, you can talk well;
will not doubt but you'll maintain your word.
Oro. This fellow is not right, I'll try him farther.
[*To* ABOAN.
he danger will be certain to us all;
nd death most certain in miscarrying.
'e must expect no mercy, if we fail;
herefore, our way must be not to expect.
'e'll put it out of expectation,
y death upon the place, or liberty.
here is no mean, but death or liberty.
here's no man here, I hope, but comes prepared
)r all that can befall him.
Abo. Death is all;
i most conditions of humanity
o be desired, but to be shunned in none:
he remedy of many; wish of some;
nd certain end of all.
there be one among us, who can fear
he face of death appearing like a friend,
s in this cause of honour death must be,—
ow will he tremble, when he sees him drest
i the wild fury of our enemies,
i all the terrors of their cruelty?
or now, if we should fall into their hands,
ould they invent a thousand murdering ways,
y racking torments, we should feel them all.
Hot. What will become of us?
Oro. Observe him now.
[*To* ABO. *concerning* HOT.
could die altogether, like a man;
is you, and you, and all of us may do;
ut who can promise for his bravery
Upon the rack? Where fainting, weary life,
Hunted through every limb, is forced to feel
An agonizing death of all its parts.
Who can bear this? Resolve to be impaled—
His skin flead off—And roasted yet alive:—
The quivering flesh torn from his broken bones
By burning pincers—Who can bear these pains?
Hot. They are not to be borne.
[*Discovering all the confusion of fear.*
Oro. You see him now, this man of mighty words.
Abo. How his eyes roll!
Oro. He cannot hide his fear;
I tried him this way, and have found him out.
Abo. I could not have believed it. Such a blaze,
And not a spark of fire!
Oro. His violence
Made me suspect him first; now I'm convinced.
Abo. What shall we do with him?
Oro. He is not fit———
Abo. Fit! Hang him: he is only fit to be
Just what he is, to live and die a slave,
The base companion of his servile fears.
Oro. We are not safe with him.
Abo. Do you think so?
Oro. He'll certainly betray us.
Abo. That he shan't:
I can take care of that; I have a way
To take him off his evidence.
Oro. What way?
Abo. I'll stop his mouth before you, stab him here;
And then let him inform.
[*Going to stab* HOTMAN, OROONOKO *holds him.*
Oro. Thou art not mad!
Abo. I would secure ourselves.
Oro. It shall not be this way; nay, cannot be;
His murder would alarm all the rest;
Make 'em suspect us of barbarity,
And, may be, fall away from our design.
We'll not set out in blood.—We have, my friends,
This night to furnish what we can provide
For our security and just defence.
If there be one among us we suspect
Of baseness, or vile fear, it will become
Our common care, to have an eye on him:
I will not name the man.
Abo. You guess at him. [*To* HOTMAN.
Oro. To-morrow, early as the breaking day,
We rendezvous behind the citron grove.
That ship secured, we may transport ourselves
To our respective homes: my father's kingdom
Shall open her wide arms to take you in,
And nurse you for her own, adopt you all,
All, who will follow me.
Omnes. All, all will follow you.
Oro. There I can give you all your liberty;
Bestow its blessings, and secure 'em yours.
There you shall live with honour, as becomes
My fellow-sufferers, and worthy friends.
This, if we do succeed: but if we fail
In our attempt, 'tis nobler still to die,
Than drag the galling yoke of slavery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Welldon *and* Jack Stanmore.

Well. You see, honest Jack, I have been industrious for you: you must take some pains now to serve yourself.

J. Stan. Gad, Mr. Welldon, I have taken a great deal of pains; and if the widow speaks honestly, faith and troth, she'll tell you what a pains-taker I am.

Well. Fie, fie, not me; I am her husband, you know; she won't tell me what pains you have taken with her; besides, she takes you for me.

J. Stan. That's true; I forgot you had married her. But if you knew all———

Well. 'Tis no matter for my knowing all, if she does—

J. Stan. Ay, ay, she does know, and more than ever she knew since she was a woman, for the time, I will be bold to say; for I have done——

Well. The devil take you, for you'll never have done.

J. Stan. As old as she is, she has a wrinkle behind more than she had, I believe—For I have taught her what she never knew in her life before.

Well. What care I what wrinkles she has, or what you have taught her? If you'll let me advise you, you may: if not, you may prate on, and ruin the whole design.

J. Stan. Well, well, I have done.

Well. Nobody but your cousin, and you, and I, know any thing of this matter. I have married Mrs Lackitt, and put you to bed to her, which she knows nothing of, to serve you: in two or three days, I'll bring it about so, to resign up my claim, and with her consent, quietly to you.

J. Stan. But how will you do it?

Well. That must be my business: in the mean time, if you should make any noise, 'twill come to her ears, and be impossible to reconcile her.

J. Stan. Nay, as for that, I know the way to reconcile her, I warrant you.

Well. But how will you get her money? I am married to her.

J. Stan. That I don't know, indeed.

Well. You must leave it to me, you find; all the pains I shall put you to, will be to be silent: you can hold your tongue for two or three days?

J. Stan. Truly, not well, in a matter of this nature: I should be very unwilling to lose the reputation of this night's work, and the pleasure of telling.

Well. You must mortify that vanity a little: you will have time enough to brag and lie of your manhood, when you have her in a bare-faced condition to disprove you.

J. Stan. Well, I'll try what I can do: the hopes of her money must do it.

Well. You'll come at night again? 'Tis your own business.

J. Stan. But you have the credit on't.

Well. 'Twill be your own another day, as the widow says. Send your cousin to me: I want his advice.

J. Stan. I want to be recruited, I'm sure, a good breakfast, and to bed: she has rocked my cradle sufficiently. [*Exit.*

Well. She would have a husband; and if all be as he says, she has no reason to complain: but there's no relying on what the men say upon these occasions: they have the benefit of their bragging, by recommending their abilities to other women: theirs is a trading estate, that lives upon credit, and increases by removing it out of one bank into another. Now, poor women have not these opportunities: we must keep our stocks dead by us at home, to be ready for a purchase when it comes, a husband, let him be never so dear, and be glad of him; or venture our fortunes abroad, on such rotten security, that the principal and interest, nay very often our persons, are in danger. If the women would agree (which they never will) to call home their effects, how many proper gentlemen would sneak into another way of living, for want of being responsible in this? Then husbands would be cheaper. Here comes the widow; she'll tell truth; she'll not bear false witness against her own interest, I know.

Enter Widow Lackitt.

Well. Now, Mrs Lackitt.

Wid. Well, well, Lackitt, or what you will now, now I am married to you: I am very well pleased with what I have done, I assure you.

Well. And with what I have done too, I hope.

Wid. Ah! Mr Welldon! I say nothing; but you're a dear man, and I did not think it had been in you.

Well. I have more in me than you imagine.

Wid. No, no, you can't have more than I imagine. 'Tis impossible to have more: you have enough for any woman, in an honest way; that I will say for you.

Well. Then I find you are satisfied.

Wid. Satisfied! no indeed, I'm not to be satisfied with you or without you: to be satisfied, is to have enough of you; now 'tis a folly to lie; I shall never think I can have enough of you. I shall be very fond of you: would you have me fond of you? What do you do to me, to make me love you so well?

Well. Can't you tell what?

Wid. Go; there's no speaking to you: you ing all the blood of one's body into one's face, you do: why do you talk so?

Well. Why, how do I talk?

Wid. You know how: but a little colour be- omes me, I believe: How do I look to-day?

Well. O! most lovingly, most amiably.

Wid. Nay, this can't be long a secret, I find; shall discover it by my countenance.

Well. The women will find you out, you look chearfully.

Wid. But do I, do I really look so chearfully, amiably? There's no such paint in the world the natural glowing of a complexion. Let m find me out, if they please; poor creatures, pity 'em: they envy me, I'm sure, and would glad to mend their looks upon the same oc- sion. The young, jilt-flirting girls, forsooth, lieve nobody must have a husband but them- lves; but I would have 'em to know, there are her things to be taken care of besides their een-sickness.

Well. Ay, sure, or the physicians would have t little practice.

Wid. Mr Welldon—what must I call you? I ust have some pretty fond name or other for u. What shall I call you?

Well. I thought you liked my own name.

Wid. Yes, yes, I like it; but I must have a ick-name for you: most women have nick- ames for their husbands.

Well. Cuckold.

Wid. No, no; but 'tis very pretty before com- any: it looks negligent, and is the fashion, you now.

Well. To be negligent of their husbands, it is, deed.

Wid. Nay, then, I won't be in the fashion; r I can never be negligent of dear Mr Welldon: nd, to convince you, here's something to en- ourage you not to be negligent of me. [*Gives im a purse and a little casket.*] Five hundred ounds in gold in this, and jewels to the value f five hundred pounds more in this.

[WELLDON *opens the casket.*

Well. Ay, marry, this will encourage me in- eed.

Wid. There are comforts in marrying an el- erly woman, Mr Welldon. Now, a young wo- an would have fancied she had paid you with er person, or had done you the favour.

Well. What do you talk of young women? ou are as young as any of 'em, in every thing, ut their folly and ignorance.

Wid. And do you think me so? but I have no eason to suspect you. Was not I seen at your ouse this morning, do you think?

Well. You may venture again: you'll come at ight, I suppose.

Wid. O dear! at night? so soon!

Well. Nay, if you think it so soon——

Wid. O no, it is not for that, Mr Welldon, ut——

Well. You won't come, then?

Wid. Won't! I don't say I won't: that is not word for a wife: if you command me——

Well. To please yourself.

Wid. I will come to please you.

Well. To please yourself, own it.

Wid. Well, well, to please myself, then: you're the strangest man in the world, nothing can 'scape you; you'll to the bottom of every thing.

Enter DANIEL, LUCY *following.*

Dan. What would you have? What do you follow me for?

Lucy. Why, may'nt I follow you? I must follow you now all the world over.

Dan. Hold you, hold you there: not so far by a mile or two; I have enough of your company already, by'r-lady, and something to spare: you may go home to your brother, an you will; I have no farther to do with you.

Wid. Why, Daniel, child, thou art not out of thy wits, sure, art thou?

Dan. Nay, marry, I don't know; but I am very near, I believe: I am altered for the worse mightily since you saw me; and she has been the cause of it, there.

Wid. How so, child?

Dan. I told you before what would come on't, of putting me to bed to a strange woman; but you would not be said nay.

Wid. She is your wife now, child, you must love her.

Dan. Why, so I did, at first.

Wid. But you must love her always.

Dan. Always! I loved her as long as I could, mother; and as long as loving was good, I believe, for I find now I don't care a fig for her.

Lucy. Why, you lubberly, slovenly, misbegotten blockhead——

Wid. Nay, Mrs Lucy, say any thing else, and spare not; but as to his begetting, that touches me: he is as honestly begotten, though I say it, that he is the worse again.

Lucy. I see all good nature is thrown away upon you—

Wid. It was so with his father before him: he takes after him.

Lucy. And therefore I will use you as you deserve, you Tony.

Wid. Indeed, he deserves bad enough; but don't call him out of his name; his name is Daniel, you know.

Dan. She may call me hermaphrodite, if she will; for I hardly know whether I am a boy or a girl.

Well. A boy, I warrant thee, as long as thou liv'st.

Dan. Let her call me what she pleases, mother; 'tis not her tongue that I am afraid of.

Lucy. I will make such a beast of thee, such a cuckold!

Wid. O pray, no, I hope; do nothing rashly, Mrs Lucy.

Lucy. Such a cuckold I will make of thee!

Dan. I had rather be a cuckold than what you would make of me in a week, I'm sure: I have no more manhood left in me already, than th——

is, saving the mark, in one of my mother's old under-petticoats here.

Wid. Sirrah, sirrah, meddle with your wife's petticoats, and let your mother's alone, you ungracious bird you. [*Beats him.*

Dan. Why, is the devil in the woman? What have I said now? Do you know, if you were asked, I trow? but you are all of a bundle: even hang together: he that unties you makes a rod for his own tail; and so he will find it, that has any thing to do with you.

Wid. Ay, rogue, enough; you shall find it; I have a rod for your tail still.

Dan. No wife, and I care not.

Wid. I'll swinge you into better manners, you booby. [*Beats him off. Exit.*

Well. You have consummated our project upon him.

Lucy. Nay, if I have a limb of the fortune, I care not who has the whole body of the fool.

Well. That you shall, and a large one, I promise you.

Lucy. Have you heard the news? They talk of an English ship in the river.

Well. I have heard on't; and am preparing to receive it, as fast as I can.

Lucy. There's something the matter, too, with the slaves; some disturbance or other; I don't know what 'tis.

Well. So much the better still: we fish in troubled waters: we shall have fewer eyes upon us. Pray go you home, and be ready to assist me in your part of the design.

Lucy. I can't fail in mine. [*Exit.*

Well. The widow has furnished me, I thank her, to carry it on. Now I have got a wife, 'tis high time to think of getting a husband. I carry my fortune about me, a thousand pounds in gold and jewels. Let me see——'Twill be a considerable trust; and I think I shall lay it out to advantage.

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. So, Welldon, Jack has told me his success, and his hopes of marrying the widow by your means.

Well. I have strained a point, Stanmore, upon your account, to be serviceable to your family.

Stan. I take it upon my account, and am very much obliged to you. But here we are all in an uproar.

Well. So they say: What's the matter?

Stan. A mutiny among the slaves: Oroonoko is at the head of them. Our governor is gone out with his rascally militia against them: what it may come to, nobody knows.

Well. For my part, I shall do as well as the rest: but I'm concerned for my sister and cousin, whom I expect in the ship from England.

Stan. There's no danger of them.

Well. I have a thousand pounds here, in gold and jewels, for my cousin's use, that I would more particularly take care of: 'tis too great a sum to venture at home; and I would not have her wronged of it: therefore, to secure it, I think my best way will be, to put it into your keeping.

Stan. You have a very good opinion of honesty. [*Takes the purse and*

Well. I have indeed: if any thing should pen to me in this bustle, as nobody is secure accidents, I know you will take my cousin your protection and care.

Stan. You may be sure on't.

Well. If you hear she is dead, as she may then I desire you to accept of the thous pound, as a legacy, and token of my friendship my sister is provided for.

Stan. Why, you amaze me: but you are the nearer dying, I hope, for making your

Well. Not a jot: but I love to be before-hand with fortune. If she comes safe, this is no place for a single woman, you know: pray her married as soon as you can.

Stan. If she be as handsome as her picture can promise her a husband.

Well. If you like her when you see her, I nothing so much as to have you marry her self.

Stan. From what I have heard of her, and engagements to you, it must be her fault don't: I hope to have her from your own

Well. And I hope to give her to you, for this.

Stan. Ay, ay, hang these melancholy reflections. Your generosity has engaged all my services.

Well. I always thought you worth making friend.

Stan. You shan't find your good opinion thrown away upon me: I am in your debt, shall think so as long as I live. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter on one side of the stage, Oroonoko *Aboan, with the Slaves.* Imoinda *bow and quiver. The women, some lead others carrying their children upon backs.*

Oro. The women, with their children, fall
hind.
Imoinda, you must not expose yourself:
Retire, my love: I almost fear for you.

Imo. I fear no danger! Life, or death, I will
Enjoy with you.

Oro. My person is your guard.

Abo. Now, sir, blame yourself: If you had prevented my cutting his throat, that coward there had not discovered us: he comes now upbraid you.

Enter, on the other side, Governor, talking to Hotman, *with his rabble.*

Gov. This is the very thing I would have
wish'd.
Your honest service to the government
[*To* Hotman
Shall be rewarded with your liberty.

Abo. His honest service! call it what it is,

is villainy! the service of his fear:
f he pretends to honest services,
et him stand out, and meet me, like a man.
[*Advancing.*
Oro. Hold, you: and you who come against us, hold;
charge you in a general good to all;
nd wish I could command you to prevent
he bloody havoc of the murdering sword.
would not urge destruction uncompell'd;
ut if you follow fate, you find it here.
he bounds are set, the limits of our lives:
etween us lies the gaping gulph of death,
o swallow all:—Who first advances——

Enter the Captain, with his Crew.

Capt. Here, here, here they are, governor:
hat, seize upon my ship!
ome, boys, fall on——
[*Advancing first,* OROONOKO *kills him.*
Oro. Thou art fallen indeed;
hy own blood be upon thee!
Gov. Rest it there:
e did deserve his death. Take him away.
[*The body removed.*
ou see, sir, you, and those mistaken men,
ust be our witnesses, we do not come
s enemies, and thirsting for your blood.
f we desired your ruin, the revenge
f our companion's death had push'd it on.
ut that we over-look, in a regard
o common safety, and the public good.
Oro. Regard that public good: draw off your men,
nd leave us to our fortune: we are resolved.
Gov. Resolved! on what? your resolutions
re broken, overturned, prevented, lost.
hat fortune now can you raise out of them?
ay, grant we should draw off, what can you do?
here can you move? What more can you resolve?
nless it be to throw yourselves away.
amine must eat you up, if you go on.
ou see our numbers could with ease compel
What we request: And what do we request?
nly to save yourselves.
[*The women with their children, gathering about the men.*
Oro. I'll hear no more.
Women. Hear him, hear him! He takes no care of us.
Gov. To those poor wretches, who have been seduced,
And led away, to all, and every one,
We offer a full pardon——
Oro. Then fall on. [*Preparing to engage.*
Gov. Lay hold upon it, before it be too late,
Pardon and mercy.—
[*The women clinging about the men, they leave* OROONOKO, *and fall upon their faces, crying out for pardon.*
Slaves. Pardon, mercy, pardon!
Oro. Let 'em go all. Now, governor, I see,
I own the folly of my enterprise,
The rashness of this action; and must blush,
Quite through this veil of night, a whitely shame,
To think I could design to make those free,
Who were by nature slaves; wretches, design'd
To be their masters' dogs, and lick their feet.
Whip, whip 'em to the knowledge of your gods,
Your Christian gods, who suffer you to be
Unjust, dishonest, cowardly, and base;
And give 'em your excuse for being so.
I would not live on the same earth with creatures,
That only have the faces of their kind:
Why should they look like men, who are not so?
When they put off their noble natures, for
The grovelling qualities of downcast beasts,
I wish they had their tails.
Abo. Then we should know 'em.
Oro. We were too few before for victory,
We're still enow to die.
[*To* IMOINDA *and* ABOAN.

Enter BLANDFORD.

Gov. Live, royal sir;
Live, and be happy long on your own terms:
Only consent to yield, and you shall have
What terms you can propose, for you and yours.
Oro. Consent to yield! Shall I betray myself?
Gov. Alas! we cannot fear that your small force,
The force of two, with a weak woman's arm,
Should conquer us. I speak in the regard
And honour of your worth; in my desire
And forwardness to serve so great a man.
I would not have it lie upon my thoughts,
That I was the occasion of the fall
Of such a prince, whose courage, carried on
In a more noble cause, would well deserve
The empire of the world.
Oro. You can speak fair.
Gov. Your undertaking, though it would have brought
So great a loss to us, we must all say
Was generous, and noble; and shall be
Regarded only as the fire of youth,
That will break out sometimes in gallant souls.
We'll think it but the natural impulse,
A rash impatience of liberty:
No otherwise.
Oro. Think it what you will.
I was not born to render an account
Of what I do, to any but myself.
[BLAN. *comes forward.*
Blan. I am glad you have proceeded by fair means. [*To the Governor.*
I came to be a mediator.
Gov. Try what you can work upon him.
Oro. Are you come against me too?
Blan. Is this to come against you?
[*Offering his sword to* OROONOKO.
Unarm'd to put myself into your hands?
I come, I hope, to serve you.
Oro. You have served me:
I thank you for it; and I am pleased to think
You were my friend, while I had need of one:
But now 'tis past: this farewell, and begone.
[*Embraces him.*

Blan. It is not past, and I must serve you still.
I would make up these breaches, which the sword
Will widen more; and close us all in love.

Oro. I know what I have done, and I should be
A child, to think they ever can forgive:
Forgive! were there but that, I would not live
To be forgiven. Is there a power on earth,
That I can ever need forgiveness from?

Blan. You shall not need it.

Oro. No, I will not need it.

Blan. You see he offers you your own conditions,
For you, and yours

Oro. I must capitulate?
Precariously compound, on stinted terms,
To save my life?

Blan. Sir, he imposes none;
You make 'em for your own security.
If your great heart cannot descend to treat,
In adverse fortune, with an enemy;
Yet sure your honour's safe, you may accept
Offers of peace, and safety from a friend.

Gov. He will rely on what you say to him: [*To* BLAN.
Offer him what you can, I will confirm
And make all good: be you my pledge of trust.

Blan. I'll answer with my life for all he says.

Gov. Ay, do, and pay the forfeit if you please. [*Aside.*

Blan. Consider, sir, can you consent to throw
That blessing from you, you so hardly found, [*Of* IMOINDA.
And so much valued once?

Oro. Imoinda! Oh!
'Tis she that holds me on this argument
Of tedious life: I could resolve it soon,
Were this curs'd being only in debate.
But my Imoinda struggles in my soul;
She makes a coward of me, I confess:
I am afraid to part with her in death;
And more afraid of life, to lose her here.

Blan. This way you must lose her; think upon
The weakness of her sex, made yet more weak
With her condition, requiring rest,
And soft indulging ease, to nurse your hopes,
And make you a glad father.

Oro. There I feel
A father's fondness, and a husband's love.
They seize upon my heart, strain all its strings,
To pull me to 'em, from my stern resolve.
Husband and father! All the melting art
Of eloquence lives in those soft'ning names.
Methinks I see the babe, with infant hands,
Pleading for life, and begging to be born:
Shall I forbid his birth? Deny him light,
The heavenly comforts of all-cheering light?
And make the womb the dungeon of his death,
His bleeding mother his sad monument?
These are the calls of nature, that call loud;
They will be heard, and conquer in their cause.
He must not be a man who can resist them.
No, my Imoinda! I will venture all
To save thee, and that little innocent:
The world may be a better friend to him,
Than I have found it. Now I yield myself: [*Gives up his sword.*
The conflict's past, and we are in your hands.

[*Several men get about* OROONOKO *and* ABOAN, *and seize them.*

Gov. So you shall find you are.—Dispose of them,
As I commanded you.

Blan. Good Heav'n forbid! You cannot mean——

Gov. This is not your concern.
[*To* BLANDFORD, *who goes to* OROONOKO.
I must take care of you. [*To* IMOINDA.

Imo. I'm at the end
Of all my care: Here I will die with him. [*Holding* OROONOKO.

Oro. You shall not force her from me. [*He holds her.*

Gov. Then I must [*They force her from him.*
Try other means, and conquer force by force:
Break, cut off his hold, bring her away.

Imo. I do not ask to live, kill me but here.

Oro. O bloody dogs! Inhuman murderers!

[IMOINDA *forced out of one door by the Governor, and others.* OROONOKO *and* ABOAN *hurried out of another.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter STANMORE, LUCY, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Stan. 'Tis strange we cannot hear of him: Can nobody give an account of him?

Lucy. Nay, I begin to despair: I give him for gone.

Stan. Not so, I hope.

Lucy. There are so many disturbances in this devilish country! Would we had never seen it.

Stan. This is but a cold welcome for you, madam, after so troublesome a voyage.

Char. A cold welcome indeed, sir, without my cousin Welldon: he was the best friend I had in the world.

Stan. He was a very good friend of yours indeed, madam.

Lucy. They have made him away, murdered him for his money, I believe: he took a considerable sum out with him, I know that has been his ruin.

Stan. That has done him no injury, to my knowledge; for this morning he put into my custody what you speak of, I suppose, a thousand pounds, for the use of this lady.

Char. I was always obliged to him; and he has shewn his care of me, in placing my little affairs in such honourable hands.

Stan. He gave me a particular charge of you, madam, very particular; so particular, that you will be surprised when I tell you.

Char. What, pray, sir?

Stan. I am engaged to get you a husband, I promised that before I saw you; and now I have seen you, you must give me leave to offer you myself.

Lucy. Nay, cousin, never be coy upon the matter: to my knowledge, my brother always designed you for this gentleman.

Stan. You hear, madam, he has given me his interest, and 'tis the favour I would have begg'd of him. Lord! you are so like him——

Char. That you are obliged to say, you like me for his sake.

Stan. I should be glad to love you for your own.

Char. If I should consent to the fine things you can say to me, how would you look at last, to find them thrown away upon an old acquaintance?

Stan. An old acquaintance!

Char. Lord, how easily are you men to be imposed upon! I am no cousin newly arrived from England, not I; but the very Welldon you wot of.

Stan. Welldon!

Char. Not murdered, nor made away, as my sister would have you believe, but am in very good health; your old friend in breeches that was, and now your humble servant in petticoats.

Stan. I'm glad we have you again. But what service can you do me in petticoats, pray?

Char. Can't you tell what?

Stan. Not I, by my troth: I have found my friend, and lost my mistress, it seems, which I did not expect from your petticoats.

Char. Come, come, you have had a friend of your mistress long enough, 'tis high time now to have a mistress of your friend.

Stan. What do you say?

Char. I am a woman, sir.

Stan. A woman!

Char. As arrant a woman as you would have had me but now, I assure you.

Stan. And at my service?

Char. If you have any for me in petticoats.

Stan. Yes, yes, I shall find you employment.

Char. You wonder at my proceeding, I believe.

Stan. 'Tis a little extraordinary, indeed.

Char. I have taken some pains to come into your favour.

Stan. You might have had it cheaper a great deal.

Char. I might have married you in the person of my English cousin, but could not consent to cheat you, even in the thing I had a mind to.

Stan. 'Twas done as you do every thing.

Char. I need not tell you, I made that little plot, and carried it on only for this opportunity. I was resolved to see whether you liked me as a woman, or not. If I had found you indifferent, I would have endeavoured to have been so too; but you say you like me, and therefore I have ventured to discover the truth.

Stan. Like you! I like you so well, that I'm afraid you won't think marriage a proof on't: Shall I give you any other?

Char. No, no, I'm inclined to believe you, and that shall convince me. At more leisure I'll satisfy you how I came to be in man's clothes; for no ill I assure you, though I have happened to play the rogue in them: they have assisted me in marrying my sister, and have gone a great way in befriending your cousin Jack with the widow. Can you forgive me for pimping for your family?

Enter JACK STANMORE.

Stan. So, Jack, what news with you?

J. Stan. I am the fore part of the widow, you know; she's coming after with the body of the family, the young squire in her hand, my son-in-law that is to be, with the help of Mr Welldon.

Char. Say you so, sir?

[*Clapping* JACK *upon the back.*

Enter Widow LACKITT, *with her son* DANIEL.

Wid. So, Mrs Lucy, I have brought him about again; I have chastised him, I have made him as supple as a glove for your wearing, to pull on, or to throw off, at your pleasure. Will you ever rebel again? Will you, sirrah? but come, come, down on your marrow-bones, and ask her forgiveness. [DANIEL *kneels.*] Say after me, Pray forsooth, wife.

Dan. Pray forsooth, wife.

Lucy. Well, well, this is a day of good-nature, and so I take you into favour: but first take the oath of allegiance. [*He kisses her hand, and rises.*] If ever you do so again——

Dan. Nay, marry, if I do, I shall have the worst on't.

Lucy. Here's a stranger, forsooth, would be glad to be known to you, a sister of mine, pray salute her. [*Starts at* CHARLOTTE.

Wid. Your sister, Mrs Lucy! what do you mean? This is your brother, Mr Welldon; do you think I do not know Mr. Welldon?

Lucy. Have a care what you say: this gentleman's about marrying her: you may spoil all.

Wid. Fiddle faddle! what, you would put a trick upon me?

Char. No faith, widow, the trick is over, it has taken sufficiently; and now I will teach you the trick, to prevent your being cheated another time.

Wid. How! cheated, Mr Welldon!

Char. Why, ay, you will always take things by the wrong handle; I see you will have me Mr Welldon: I grant you, I was Mr Welldon a little while, to please you, or so: but Mr Stanmore here has persuaded me into a woman again.

Wid. A woman! pray let me speak with you. [*Drawing her aside.*] You are not in earnest, I hope! A woman!

Char. Really a woman.

Wid. Gads my life! I could not be cheated in every thing: I know a man from a woman at these years, or the devil's in't. Pray, did not you marry me?

Char. You would have it so.

Wid. And did not I give you a thousand pounds this morning?

Char. Yes indeed, 'twas more than I deserved; but you had your pennyworth for your penny, I suppose: you seemed to be pleased with your bargain.

Wid. A rare bargain I have made on't, truly! I have laid out my money to fine purpose upon a woman.

Char. You would have a husband, and I provided for you as well as I could.

Wid. Yes, yes, you have provided for me.

Char. And you have paid me very well for't; I thank you.

Wid. 'Tis very well; I may be with child too, for aught I know, and may go look for the father.

Char. Nay, if you think so, 'tis time to look about you indeed. Even make up the matter as well as you can, I advise you as a friend, and let us live neighbourly and lovingly together.

Wid. I have nothing else for it, that I know now.

Char. For my part, Mrs Lackitt, your thousand pounds will engage me not to laugh at you. Then my sister is married to your son, he is to have half your estate, I know; and indeed they may live upon it, very comfortably to themselves, and very creditably to you.

Wid. Nay, I can blame nobody but myself.

Char. You have enough for a husband still, and that you may bestow upon honest Jack Stanmore.

Wid. Is he the man then?

Char. He is the man you are obliged to.

J. Stan. Yes, faith, widow, I am the man. I have done fairly by you, you find, you know what you have to trust to before-hand.

Wid. Well, well, I see you will have me; ev'n marry me, and make an end of the business.

Stan. Why, that's well said, now we are all agreed, and all provided for.

Enter a Servant to STANMORE.

Serv. Sir, Mr Blandford desires you to come to him, and bring as many of your friends as you can with you.

Stan. I come to him. You'll all go along with me.—Come, young gentleman, marriage is the fashion, you see you must like it now.

Dan. If I don't, how shall I help myself?

Lucy. Nay, you may hang yourself in the noose, if you please, but you'll never get out on't with struggling.

Dan. Come then, let's ev'n jog on in the old road.
Cuckold, or worse, I must be now contented;
I'm not the first has married, and repented.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Governor with BLANDFORD, *and Planters.*

Blan. Have you no reverence of future fame!
No awe upon your actions, from the tongues,
The censuring tongues of men, that will be free!
If you confess humanity, believe
There is a God, or devil, to reward
Our doings here: do not provoke your fate.
The hand of Heav'n is arm'd against these crimes,
With hotter thunder-bolts, prepared to shoot,
And nail you to the earth, a sad example;
A monument of faithless infamy.

Enter STANMORE, J. STANMORE, CHARLOTTE, LUCY, *Widow, and* DANIEL.

So, Stanmore, you, I know, the women too,
Will join with me: 'Tis Oroonoko's cause,
A lover's cause, a wretched woman's cause,
That will become your intercession.
[*To the Women.*

1 *Plan.* Never mind 'em, governor; he ought to be made an example for the good of the plantation.

2 *Plan.* Ay, ay, 'twill frighten the negroes from attempting the like again.

1 *Plan.* What, rise against their lords and masters! at this rate no man is safe from his own slaves.

2 *Plan.* No, no more he is. Therefore one and all, governor, we declare for hanging.

Om. Plan. Ay, ay, hang him, hang him.

Wid. What! hang him! O! forbid it, governor.

Cha. Lucy. We all petition for him.

J. Stan. They are for a holiday; guilty or not is not the business, hanging is their sport.

Blan. We are not, sure, so wretched, to have these,
The rabble, judge for us: the changing crowd;
The arbitrary guard of fortune's power,
Who wait to catch the sentence of her frowns,
And hurry all to ruin she condemns?

Stan. So far from farther wrong, that 'tis a shame
He should be where he is: good governor,
Order his liberty: he yielded up
Himself, his all, at your discretion.

Blan. Discretion! no, he yielded on your word;
And I am made the cautionary pledge,
The gage, and hostage of your keeping it.
Remember, sir, he yielded on your word;
Your word! which honest men will think should be
The last resort of truth, and trust on earth:
There's no appeal beyond it, but to Heav'n:
An oath is a recognisance to Heav'n,
Binding us over, in the courts above,
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,
That those who 'scape this world should suffer there.
But in the common intercourse of men,

(Where the dread majesty is not invok'd,
His honour not immediately concern'd,
Not made a party in our interests)
Our word is all to be relied upon.

Wid. Come, come, you'll be as good as your word, we know.

Stan. He's out of all power of doing any harm now, if he were disposed to it.

Char. But he is not disposed to it.

Blan. To keep him where he is, will make him soon
Find out some desperate way to liberty:
He'll hang himself, or dash out his mad brains.

Char. Pray try him by gentle means: we'll all be sureties for him.

Om. All, all.

Lucy. We will all answer for him now.

Gov. Well, you will have it so; do what you please, just what you will with him, I give you leave. [*Exit.*

Blan. We thank you, sir; this way, pray come with me. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene drawn, shews OROONOKO *upon his back, his legs and arms stretched out, and chained to the ground.*

Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, *&c.*

Blan. O miserable sight! help every one,
Assist me all to free him from his chains.
[*They help him up, and bring him forward, looking down.*]
Most injur'd prince! how shall we clear ourselves?
We cannot hope you will vouchsafe to hear,
Or credit, what we say in the defence
And cause of our suspected innocence.

Stan. We are not guilty of your injuries,
No way consenting to 'em; but abhor,
Abominate, and loathe this cruelty.

Blan. It is our curse, but make it not our crime;
A heavy curse upon us, that we must
Share any thing in common, ev'n the light,
The elements and seasons, with such men,
Whose principles, like the fam'd dragon's teeth,
Scatter'd, and sown, would shoot a harvest up
Of fighting mischiefs, to confound themselves,
And ruin all about 'em.

Stan. Profligates!
Whose bold Titanian impiety
Would once again pollute their mother earth,
Force her to teem with her old monstrous brood
Of giants, and forget the race of men.

Blan. We are not so: believe us innocent.
We come prepar'd with all our services,
To offer a redress of your base wrongs.
Which way shall we employ 'em?

Stan. Tell us, sir,
If there is any thing that can atone;
But nothing can; that may be some amends—

Oro. If you would have me think you are not all
Confederates, all accessary to
The base injustice of your governor;
If you would have me live, as you appear
Concern'd for me; if you would have me live
To thank, and bless you, there is yet a way
To tie me ever to your honest love:
Bring my Imoinda to me; give me her,
To charm my sorrows, and, if possible,
I'll sit down with my wrongs; never to rise
Against my fate, or think of vengeance more.

Blan. Be satisfied, you may depend upon us;
We'll bring her safe to you, and suddenly.

Char. We will not leave you in so good a work.

Wid. No, no, we'll go with you.

Blan. In the mean time,
Endeavour to forget, sir, and forgive;
And hope a better fortune. [*Exeunt.*

OROONOKO *alone.*

Oro. Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget,
When I forgive: But while I am a man,
In flesh, that bears the living marks of shame,
The print of his dishonourable chains,
My memory still rousing up my wrongs,
I never can forgive this governor,
This villain; the disgrace of trust and place,
And just contempt of delegated power.
What shall I do? If I declare myself,
I know him, he will sneak behind his guard
Of followers, and brave me in his fears.
Else, lion-like, with my devouring rage,
I would rush on him, fasten on his throat,
Tear a wide passage to his treacherous heart,
And that way lay him open to the world.
[*Pausing.*
If I should turn his Christian arts on him,
Promise him, speak him fair, flatter, and creep,
With fawning steps, to get within his faith,
I could betray him then, as he has me.
But am I sure by that to right myself?
Lying's a certain mark of cowardice:
And when the tongue forgets its honesty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be resolved, or done.
The man must go together, bad, or good:
In one part frail, he soon grows weak in all.
Honour should be concern'd in honour's cause,
That is not to be cured by contraries,
As bodies are, whose health is often drawn
From rankest poisons. Let me but find out
An honest remedy,—I have the hand,
A ministring hand, that will apply it home!
[*Exit.*

SCENE—*The Governor's House.*

Enter Governor.

Gov. I would not have her tell me, she consents;
In favour of the sex's modesty,
That still should be presumed, because there is
A greater impudence in owning it,
Than in allowing all that we can do.
This truth I know, and yet against myself,
(So unaccountable are lovers' ways)
I talk, and lose the opportunities,
Which love, and she, expect I should employ:
Ev'n she expects: For when a man has said

All that is fit, to save the decency,
The women know the rest is to be done.
I will not disappoint her. [*Going.*

Enter to him BLANDFORD, *the* STANMORES, DANIEL, *Mrs* LACKITT, CHARLOTTE, *and* LUCY.

Wid. O governor! I'm glad we have lit upon you.

Gov. Why! what's the matter?

Char. Nay, nothing extraordinary. But one good action draws on another. You have given the prince his freedom: now we come a begging for his wife: you won't refuse us?

Gov. Refuse you? No, no, what have I to do to refuse you?

Wid. You won't refuse to send her to him, she means.

Gov. I send her to him!

Wid. We have promised him to bring her.

Gov. You do very well; 'tis kindly done of you: ev'n carry her to him, with all my heart.

Lucy. You must tell us where she is.

Gov. I tell you! why, don't you know?

Blan. Your servants say she's in the house.

Gov. No, no, I brought her home at first indeed; but I thought it would not look well to keep her here: I removed her in the hurry, only to take care of her. What! she belongs to you: I have nothing to do with her.

Char. But where is she now, sir?

Gov. Why, faith, I can't say certainly: you'll hear of her at Parham House, I suppose: there, or thereabouts: I think I sent her there.

Blan. I'll have an eye on him. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt all but the Governor.*

Gov. I have lied myself into a little time,
And must employ it: they'll be here again;
But I must be before 'em.

[*Going out, he meets* IMOINDA, *and seizes her.*

Are you come?
I'll court no longer for a happiness
That is in mine own keeping: you may still
Refuse to grant, so I have power to take.
The man that asks deserves to be denied.

[*She disengages one hand, and draws his sword from his side upon him. Governor starts and retires,* BLANDFORD *enters behind him.*

Imo. He does indeed, that asks unworthily.

Blan. You hear her, sir, that asks unworthily.

Gov. You are no judge.

Blan. I am of my own slave.

Gov. Be gone, and leave us.

Blan. When you let her go.

Gov. To fasten upon you.

Blan. I must defend myself.

Imo. Help, murder, help!

[IMOINDA *retreats towards the door, favoured by* BLANDFORD; *when they are closed, she throws down the sword, and runs out. Governor takes up his sword, they fight close, and fall,* BLANDFORD *upon him. Servants enter, and part them.*

Gov. She shall not 'scape me so. I've gone too far,
Not to go farther. Curse on my delay!
But yet she is, and shall be in my power.

Blan. Nay then it is the war of honesty;
I know you, and will save you from yourself.

Gov. All come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*The Last.*

Enter OROONOKO.

Oro. To honour bound! and yet a slave to love!
I am distracted by their rival powers,
And both will be obey'd. O great revenge!
Thou raiser and restorer of fall'n fame!
Let me not be unworthy of thy aid,
For stopping in thy course: I still am thine;
But can't forget I am Imoinda's too.
She calls me from my wrongs, to rescue her.
No man condemn me, who has never felt
A woman's power, or tried the force of love:
All tempers yield, and soften in those fires:
Our honours, interests, resolving down,
Run in the gentle current of our joys;
But not to sink, and drown our memory;
We mount again to action, like the sun,
That rises from the bosom of the sea,
To run his glorious race of light anew,
And carry on the world. Love, love will be
My first ambition, and my fame the next.

Enter ABOAN, *bloody.*

My eyes are turn'd against me, and combine
With my sworn enemies, to represent
This spectacle of horror. Aboan!
My ever faithful friend!

Abo. I have no name,
That can distinguish me from the vile earth,
To which I'm going: A poor abject worm,
That crawl'd a while upon a bustling world,
And now am trampled to my dust again.

Oro. I see thee gash'd and mangled.

Abo. Spare my shame,
To tell how they have used me: But believe
The hangman's hand would have been merciful.
Do not yet scorn me, sir, to think I can
Intend to live under this infamy.
I do not come for pity, to complain.
I've spent an honourable life with you,
The earliest servant of your rising fame,
And would attend it with my latest care:
My life was yours, and so shall be my death.
You must not live.
Bending and sinking, I have dragg'd my steps
Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live:
To warn you of those ignominious wrongs,
Whips, rods, and all the instruments of death,
Which I have felt, and are prepared for you.
This was the duty that I had to pay;
'Tis done, and now I beg to be discharged.

Oro. What shall I do for thee?

Abo. My body tires,
And will not bear me off to liberty:
I shall again be taken, made a slave.
A sword, a dagger, yet would rescue me.
I have not strength to go to find out death,
You must direct him to me.

Oro. Here he is, [*Gives him a dagger.*
The only present I can make thee now;
And next the honourable means of life,
would bestow the honest means of death.
Abo. I cannot stay to thank you. If there is
A being after this, I shall be yours
n the next world, your faithful slave again.
This is to try. [*Stabs himself.*] I had a living sense
Of all your royal favours, but this last
Strikes through my heart. I will not say farewell,
For you must follow me. [*Dies.*
Oro. In life and death,
The guardian of my honour! Follow thee!
I should have gone before thee: then perhaps
Thy fate had been prevented. All his care
Was to preserve me from the barbarous rage
That worried him, only for being mine.
Why, why, you gods! why am I so accurst,
That it must be a reason of your wrath,
A guilt, a crime sufficient to the fate
Of any one, but to belong to me?
My friend has found it, and my wife will soon:
My wife! the very fear's too much for life;
I can't support it. Where? Imoinda! Oh!
[*Going out, she meets him, running into his arms.*
Thou bosom softness! down of all my cares!
I could recline my thoughts upon this breast
To a forgetfulness of all my griefs,
And yet be happy! But it will not be.
Thou art disordered, pale, and out of breath!
If fate pursues thee, find a shelter here.
What is it thou would'st tell me?
Imo. 'Tis in vain to call him villain.
Oro. Call him governor: is it not so?
Imo. There's not another, sure.
Oro. Villain's the common name of mankind here;
But his most properly. What! what of him?
I fear to be resolv'd, and must enquire.
He had thee in his power.
Imo. I blush to think it.
Oro. Blush! to think what?
Imo. That I was in his power.
Oro. He could not use it!
Imo. What can't such men do?
Oro. But did he? durst he?
Imo. What he could, he dared.
Oro. His own gods damn him then! for ours have none,
No punishment for such unheard-of crime.
Imo. This monster, cunning in his flatteries,
When he had wearied all his useless arts,
Leap'd out, fierce as a beast of prey, to seize me.
I trembled, feared.
Oro. I fear, and tremble now.
What could preserve thee? What deliver thee?
Imo. That worthy man, you used to call your friend—
Oro. Blandford.
Imo. Came in, and saved me from his rage.
Oro. He was a friend indeed to rescue thee!
And for his sake, I'll think it possible
A Christian may be yet an honest man.
Imo. O! did you know what I have struggled through,
To save me yours, sure you would promise me
Never to see me forc'd from you again.
Oro. To promise thee! O! do I need to promise?
But there is now no farther use of words.
Death is security for all our fears.
[*Shews* ABOAN'S *body on the floor.*
And yet I cannot trust him.
Imo. Aboan!
Oro. Mangled and torn, resolved to give me time
To fit myself for what I must expect,
Groan'd out a warning to me, and expired.
Imo. For what you must expect!
Oro. Would that were all.
Imo. What! to be butcher'd thus——
Oro. Just as thou seest.
Imo. By barbarous hands, to fall at last their prey!
Oro. I have run the race with honour; shall I now
Lag, and be overtaken at the goal?
Imo. No.
Oro. I must look back to thee. [*Tenderly.*
Imo. You shall not need;
I'm always present to your purpose. Say,
Which way would you dispose me?
Oro. Have a care,
Thou'rt on a precipice, and dost not see
Whither that question leads thee. O! too soon
Thou dost enquire what the assembled gods
Have not determined, and will latest doom.
Yet this I know of fate, this is most certain,
I cannot, as I would, dispose of thee;
And, as I ought, I dare not. Oh, Imoinda!
Imo. Alas! that sigh! why do you tremble so?
Nay, then 'tis bad indeed, if you can weep.
Oro. My heart runs over; if my gushing eyes
Betray a weakness which they never knew,
Believe, thou, only thou could'st cause these tears:
The gods themselves conspire with faithless men,
To our destruction.
Imo. Heaven and earth our foes!
Oro. It is not always granted to the great,
To be most happy: if the angry powers
Repent their favours, let them take 'em back:
The hopes of empire, which they gave my youth,
By making me a prince, I here resign.
Let them quench in me all those glorious fires,
Which kindled at their beams: that lust of fame,
That fever of ambition, restless still,
And burning with the sacred thirst of sway,
Which they inspired, to qualify my fate,
And make me fit to govern under them,
Let them extinguish. I submit myself
To their high pleasure, and devoted bow
Yet lower, to continue still a slave;
Hopeless of liberty: and if I could

Live after it, would give up honour too,
To satisfy their vengeance, to avert
This only curse, the curse of losing thee.

Imo. If Heaven could be appeas'd, these cruel men
Are not to be entreated or believed:
O! think on that, and be no more deceived.

Oro. What can we do?

Imo. Can I do any thing!

Oro. But we were born to suffer.

Imo. Suffer both.
Both die, and so prevent them.

Oro. By thy death!
O! let me hunt my travell'd thoughts again;
Range the wide waste of desolate despair;
Start any hope. Alas! I lose myself,
'Tis pathless, dark, and barren all to me.
Thou art my only guide, my light of life,
And thou art leaving me.—Send out thy beams
Upon the wing; let them fly all around,
Discover every way: is there a dawn,
A glimmering of comfort? The great God,
That rises on the world, must shine on us.

Imo. And see us set before him.

Oro. Thou bespeak'st,
And goest before me.

Imo. So I would in love,
In the dear unsuspected part of life,
In death for love. Alas! what hopes for me?
I was preserved but to acquit myself,
To beg to die with you.

Oro. And can'st thou ask it?
I never durst inquire into myself
About thy fate, and thou resolv'st it all.

Imo. Alas! my lord! my fate's resolv'd in yours.

Oro. O! keep thee there: let not thy virtue shrink
From my support, and I will gather strength,
Fast as I can, to tell thee——

Imo. I must die:
I know 'tis fit, and I can die with you.

Oro. O! thou hast banished hence a thousand fears,
Which sickened at my heart, and quite unmann'd me.

Imo. Your fears for me; I know you fear'd my strength,
And could not overcome your tenderness,
To pass this sentence on me: and indeed
There you were kind, as I have always found you,
As you have ever been: for though I am
Resigned, and ready to obey my doom,
Methinks it should not be pronounc'd by you.

Oro. O! that was all the labour of my grief.
My heart and tongue forsook me in the strife:
I never could pronounce it.

Imo. I have for you, for both of us.

Oro. Alas! for me! my death
I could regard as the last scene of life,
And act it through with joy, to have it done.
But then to part with thee!——

Imo. 'Tis hard to part.
Parting thus, as the most happy must,
Parting in death, makes it the easier.
You might have thrown me off, forsaken me,
And my misfortunes: that had been a death
Indeed of terror, to have trembled at.

Oro. Forsaken! thrown thee off!

Imo. But 'tis a pleasure more than life can give,
That with unconquer'd passion to the last,
You struggle still, and fain would hold me to you.

Oro. Ever, ever! and let those stars, which are my enemies,
Witness against me in the other world,
If I would leave this mansion of my bliss,
To be the brightest ruler of their skies.
O! that we could incorporate, be one, [*Embracing her.*
One body, as we have been long one mind;
That blended so, we might together mix,
And losing thus our being to the world,
Be only found to one another's joys!

Imo. Is this the way to part?

Oro. Which is the way?

Imo. The god of love is blind, and cannot find it.—
But quick, make haste, our enemies have eyes
To find us out, and shew us the worst way
Of parting: think on them.

Oro. Why dost thou wake me?

Imo. O! no more of love!
For if I listen to you, I shall quite
Forget my dangers, and desire to live.
I can't live yours. [*Takes up the dagger.*

Oro. There all the stings of death
Are shot into my heart:——What shall I do?

Imo. This dagger will instruct you. [*Gives it him.*

Oro. Ha! this dagger!
Like fate, it points me to the horrid deed.

Imo. Strike, strike it home, and bravely save us both.
There is no other safety.

Oro. It must be——
But first a dying kiss—— [*Kisses her.*
This last embrace—— [*Embracing her.*
And now——

Imo. I'm ready.

Oro. O! where shall I strike?
Is there the smallest grain of that lov'd body
That is not dearer to me than my eyes,
My bosom'd heart, and all the life-blood there?
Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,
Dig out these eyes, though I would keep them last
To gaze upon thee: But to murder thee!
The joy, and charm of every ravish'd sense,
My wife! forbid it, nature.

Imo. 'Tis your wife,
Who on her knees conjures you. O! in time
Prevent those mischiefs that are falling on us,
You may be hurried to a shameful death,
And I too dragg'd to the vile governor;
Then I may cry aloud: when you are gone,
Where shall I find a friend again to save me!

Oro. It will be so. Thou unexampled virtue!

hy resolution has recovered mine:
nd now prepare thee.
Imo. Thus with open arms,
welcome you, and death.
[*He drops his dagger as he looks on her, and throws himself on the ground.*
Oro. I cannot bear it.
let me dash against this rock of fate,
ig up this earth, tear, tear her bowels out,
o make a grave, deep as the centre down,
o swallow wide, and bury us together!
will not be. O! then some pitying God
f there be one a friend to innocence)
ind yet a way to lay her beauties down
ently in death, and save me from her blood!
Imo. O rise! 'tis more than death to see you thus.
'll ease your love, and do the deed myself—
[*She takes up the dagger, he rises in haste to take it from her.*
Oro. O! hold, I charge thee, hold.
Imo. Though I must own,
would be nobler for us both from you.
Oro. O! for a whirlwind's wing to hurry us
o yonder cliff, which frowns upon the flood:
hat in embraces lock'd we might plunge in,
nd perish thus in one another's arms!
Imo. Alas! what shout is that?
Oro. I see 'em coming.
They shall not overtake us. This last kiss,
nd now farewell.
Imo. Farewell, farewell for ever!
Oro. I'll turn my face away, and do it so.
Now, are you ready?
Imo. Now. But do not grudge me
he pleasure in my death of a last look:
ray look upon me—Now I'm satisfied.
Oro. So fate must be by this.
[*Going to stab her, he stops short; she lays her hand on his, in order to give the blow.*
Imo. Nay, then I must assist you;
nd since it is the common cause of both,
Tis just that both should be employ'd in it.
Thus, thus 'tis finish'd, and I bless my fate, [*Stabs herself.*
That where I lived, I die, in these loved arms. [*Dies.*
Oro. She's gone. And now all's at an end with me.
oft, lay her down; O we will part no more.
[*Throws himself by her.*
But let me pay the tribute of my grief,
A few sad tears to thy loved memory,
And then I follow— [*Weeps over her.*
But I stay too long. [*A noise again.*
The noise comes nearer. Hold, before I go,
There's something would be done. It shall be so.
And then, Imoinda, I'll come all to thee.
[*Rises.*

BLANDFORD *and his Party enter before the Governor and his Party, swords drawn on both sides.*

Gov. You strive in vain to save him, he shall die.
Blan. Not while we can defend him with our lives.
Gov. Where is he?
Oro. Here's the wretch whom you would have
Put up your swords, and let not civil broils
Engage you in the cursed cause of one
Who cannot live, and now entreats to die.
This object will convince you.
Blan. 'Tis his wife!
[*They gather about the body.*
Alas! there was no other remedy.
Gov. Who did the bloody deed?
Oro. The deed was mine:
Bloody I know it is, and I expect
Your laws should tell me so. Thus self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your hands,
The hands of justice—But I hold the sword
For you—and for myself.
[*Stabs the Governor, and himself, then throws himself by* IMOINDA'S *body.*
Stan. He has kill'd the governor, and stabb'd himself.
Oro. 'Tis as it should be now. I have sent his ghost
To be a witness of that happiness
In the next world, which he denied us here.
[*Dies.*
Blan. I hope there is a place of happiness
In the next world for such exalted virtue.
Pagan or unbeliever, yet he lived
To all he knew: And if he went astray,
There's mercy still above to set him right.
But Christians, guided by the heav'nly ray,
Have no excuse if we mistake our way.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY CONGREVE, AND SPOKEN BY MRS VERBRUGGEN.

You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and sunshine mix'd, in April weather.
Your different tastes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears.
Thus while he strives to please, he's forced to do't,
Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.

Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profession:
We damsels fly, to save our reputation:
So they their valour shew, we our discretion.
To lands of monsters, and fierce beasts they go:
We, to those islands, where rich husbands grow:
Though they're no monsters, we may make 'em so.
If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with patience:
But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives!
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor soul! she wanted some of our town-breeding.
Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse;
Their law no Christian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault,
Then damn the heathen school, where she was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

BY

CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE.

E time has been when plays were not so plenty,
d a less number, new, would well content ye.
ew plays did then like almanacks appear,
d one was thought sufficient for a year:
ough they are more like almanacks of late;
r in one year, I think they're out of date.
r were they, without reason, join'd together;
r just as one prognosticates the weather,
ow plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,
hat peals of thunder, or what showers of rain;
t'other can foretell, by certain rules,
hat crops of coxcombs, or what floods of fools.
suchlike prophecies were poets skill'd,
hich now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd.
he dearth of wit they did so long presage,
fallen on us, and almost starves the stage.
ere you not grieved, as often as you saw
or actors thresh such empty sheafs of straw?
oiling and lab'ring at their lungs' expence
o start a jest, or force a little sense?
ard fate for us, still harder in th' event:
ur authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our charge, write worse;
'Twere some amends, if they could reimburse.
But there's the devil, though their cause is lost,
There's no recovering damages or cost.
Good wits, forgive this liberty we take,
Since custom gives the losers leave to speak.
But if provok'd your dreadful wrath remains,
Take your revenge upon the coming scenes:
For that damn'd poet's spar'd, who damns a brother,
As one thief 'scapes, that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better fate.
To please, and move, has been one poet's theme,
Art may direct, but nature is his aim;
And, nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his art,
For only nature can affect the heart.
Then freely judge the scenes that shall ensue;
But, as with freedom, judge with candour too.
He would not lose, through prejudice, his cause;
Nor would obtain, precariously, applause.
Impartial censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd by just decrees to stand or fall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ANUEL, *king of Granada.*
ONSALEZ, *his favourite.*
ARCIA, *son to Gonsalez.*
EREZ, *captain of the guards.*
LONZO, *an officer, creature to Gonsalez.*
SMYN, *a noble prisoner.*
ELI, *a prisoner, his friend.*
ELIM, *an eunuch.*

WOMEN.

ALMERIA, *the princess of Granada.*
ZARA, *a captive queen.*
LEONORA, *chief attendant on the princess.*

Women, eunuchs, and mutes attending Zara, guards, &c.

SCENE,—*Granada.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room of State. The curtain rising slowly to soft music, discovers Almeria *in mourning,* Leonora *waiting in mourning.*

After the music, Almeria *rises from her chair, and comes forward.*

Alm. Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O, force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb received the good old king.
He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?
Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cause——
Alm. No cause! Peace, peace; there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.
Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft, at night, when all have been retired,
Have stolen from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his gaoler slept, I through the grate
Have softly whispered, and enquired his health;
Sent in my sighs and prayers for his deliverance,
For sighs and prayers were all that I could offer.
Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
Oh, Leonora! hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.
Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause;
My love of you begot my grief for him:
For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had blessed Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success; that then, in spite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso,
His son, the brave Valentian prince, and you,
To end the long dissention, and unite
The jarring crowns.
Alm. Alphonso! O Alphonso!
Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace
Both, both! father and son are now no more.
Then why am I? Oh, when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus? Is it of force?
Is there necessity I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heaven,
That I should be afflicted thus? If not,
Why is it thus contrived? Why are things hi
By some unseen hand, so as of sure consequen
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?
Leon. Alas! you search too far, and think t
deeply.
Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's cou
Or there, why was I used so tenderly?
Why not ill-treated, like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.
Oh, Alphonso, Alphonso!
Devouring seas have washed thee from my sig
No time shall raze thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb,
But in my heart thou art interred; there, the
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fixed;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though h
Leon. Husband! Oh, Heavens!
Alm. Alas! what have I said?
My grief has hurried me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret; though I kno
Thy love, and faith to me deserve all confiden
But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, a
mourn,
And, glutton-like, alone devour.
Leon. Indeed,
I knew not this.
Alm. Oh, no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my sorrows—if thou dids
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?
Tell me; I know thou wouldst; thou art co
passionate.
Leon. Witness these tears—
Alm. I thank thee, Leonora—
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress:
For 'tis, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness to be wretched, and unpitied—
But I did promise I would tell thee—What!
My miseries! Thou dost already know the
And when I told thee thou didst nothing k
It was because thou didst not know Alphons
For to have known my loss, thou must ha
known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.
Leon. The memory of that brave prince sta
fair
In all report—

nd I have heard imperfectly his loss;
it, fearful to renew your troubles past,
ever did presume to ask the story.
Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
was a welcome captive in Valentia,
en on the day when Manuel, my father,
d on his conquering troops high as the gates
king Anselmo's palace; which, in rage,
nd heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired.
e good king, flying to avoid the flames,
arted amidst his foes, and made captivity
is fatal refuge—Would that I had fallen
midst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
phonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
ad borne the queen and me on board a ship,
eady to sail; and, when this news was brought,
e put to sea; but being betrayed by some
ho knew our flight, we closely were pursued
nd almost taken; when a sudden storm
rove us, and those that followed, on the coast
Afric: There our vessel struck the shore,
nd, bulging 'gainst a rock, was dashed in pieces;
it heaven spared me for yet much more affliction!
nducting them who followed us, to shun
e shore, and save me floating on the waves,
hile the good queen and my Alphonso perished.
Leon. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?
Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were joined.
r when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
nd saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
e came to me, and begged me by my love,
would consent the priest should make us one;
hat, whether death or victory ensued,
might be his, beyond the power of fate;
he queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
nd in one day was wedded and a widow.
Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful—
Alm. 'Twas as I have told thee—
r which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
or will I change these black and dismal robes,
r ever dry these swoln and watery eyes,
r ever taste content, or peace of heart,
hile I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.
Leon. Look down, good heaven, with pity on her sorrows,
nd grant that time may bring her some relief!
Alm. Oh, no! time gives increase to my afflictions.
he circling hours, that gather all the woes
hich are diffused through the revolving year,
ome heavy laden with the oppressing weight
o me; with me successively, they leave
he sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
nd all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight:
hey shake their downy wings, and scatter all
he dire collected dews on my poor head,
hen fly with joy and swiftness from me.
[*Shouts at a distance.*
Leon. Hark!
he distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.
cease, for heaven's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief; for, this I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drowned in tears.
When joy appears in every other face.
Alm. And joy he brings to every other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine:
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths—Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make! [*Kneels.*
One moment, cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me!
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arrived,
Through all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heaven, where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow!
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord, may then just heaven shower down
Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd! And now [*Rising.*
My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharged this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.
Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.
Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all
Are wrapped and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.
Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.
Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence—I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought;
Upon my word, no more.
Leon. I will attend you.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The lord Gonsalez comes to tell your highness,
The king is just arrived.
Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* ALON.
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds,
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am armed with ice around my heart,
Not to be warmed with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter GONSALEZ.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this!
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspired to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequalled lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is entering now, in martial pomp, the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.

Chariots of war, adorned with glittering gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills,
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdained the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow;
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise.
The swarming populace spread every wall,
And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
Their hold; through clifted stones stretching and staring,
As if they were all eyes, and every limb
Would feel its faculty of admiration;
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (though twice
The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord, my eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours;
Nor will my ears be charmed with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase, the pageantry of fools.
But that my father is returned in safety,
I bend to heaven with thanks.

Gon. Excellent princess!
But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age,
With dying words to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done, in proving with his sword
The force and influence of your matchless charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, though I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the king. [*Flourish.*

Alm. My women. I would meet him.

[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in mourning.*

Symphony of warlike music. Enter the King, attended by Garcia *and several officers. Files of prisoners in chains, and guards, who are ranged in order round the stage.* Almeria *meets the King, and kneels: afterwards* Gonsalez *kneels and kisses the king's hand, while* Garcia *does the same to the princess.*

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonsalez, rise.
What, tears! my good old friend—

Gon. But tears of joy.
Believe me, sir, to see you thus, has filled
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By heaven, thou lov'st me, and I'm pleased thou dost;
Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—Some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success.
Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vowed to pay to heaven,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliverance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expired.

King. Your zeal to heaven is great, so is your debt:
Yet something, too, is due to me, who gave
That life, which heaven preserved. A day bestowed
In filial duty, had atoned and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more!
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day,
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interred—By heaven,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him! just so
Thy senseless vow appeared to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserved,
But that wherein the cursed Alphonso perished.
Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that!

Gon. Have patience, royal sir; the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One 'pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance, is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth; such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his,
My daughter should have revelled at his death,
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! by heaven,
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smiled that hour through all his care,
And shook his chains, in transport and rude harmony.

Gon. What she has done, was in excess of goodness;
Betrayed by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended. Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I would not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire; divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black: on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

King. Rise, Garcia, I forgot.—Yet stay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand, and, Garcia, yours:
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress!

Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

King. No more: my promise long since passed, thy services,

And Garcia's well-tried valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials——
Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*
Gar. She faints! Help to support her.
Gon. She recovers.
King. A fit of bridal fear. How is't, Almeria?
Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.
Your leave, sir, to retire.
King. Garcia, conduct her.
GARCIA *leads* ALMERIA *to the door, and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears;
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin, not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken.—Now, what would Alonzo?

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arrived,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquered.
King. It is our will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?
[*Prisoners led off.*
Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.
King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he speak,
Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.
King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?
Gar. My lord, she did.
King. That, joined with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have them watched; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Enter ALONZO, ZARA, *and* OSMYN *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a guard, and attended by* SELIM *and several mutes and eunuchs in a train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence graced,
The expecting crowd had been deceived; and seen
The monarch enter, not triumphant, but,
In pleasing triumph led, your beauty's slave.
Zara. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,
Of equal value with unborrowed rule,
And native right to arbitrary sway,
I might be pleased, when I behold this train
With usual homage wait: but when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself,
And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock praises, and dissembled state.
King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should be free.
How durst you, Perez, disobey?
Per. Great sir,
Your order was she should not wait your triumph,
But at some distance follow, thus attended.
King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free;
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and her's,
With speed—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here.——Thus I release you,
And, by releasing you, enslave myself.
Zara. Such favours, so conferred, though when unsought,
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks as one, hating to be obliged,
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.
King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes; so, by pre-eminence of soul,
To rule all hearts!—
Garcia, what's he, who, with contracted brow,
[*Beholding* OSMYN *as they unbind him.*
And sullen port, glooms downward with his eyes,
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?
Gar. That, sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's Osmyn.
King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?
Osm. Because captivity
Has robbed me of a dear and just revenge.
King. I understand not that.
Osm. I would not have you.
Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he loved; and the regret,
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caused this melancholy and despair.
King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.
[*To Gon.*
Gon. That friend might be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concerned.
King. I'll have inquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?
Zara. Heli.
King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
For, lingering there, in long suspence she st

Shifting the prize in unresolving hands;
Unused to wait, I broke through her delay,
Fixed her by force, and snatched the doubtful
day.
Now late I find that war is but her sport;
In love the goddess keeps her awful court;
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Representing the Aisle of a Temple.*

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

Gar. This way, we're told, Osmyn was seen
to walk;
Chusing this lonely mansion of the dead,
To mourn, brave Heli, thy mistaken fate.
Heli. Let Heaven with thunder to the centre
strike me,
If to arise in very deed from death,
And to revisit, with my long-closed eyes,
This living light, could to my soul or sense
Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,
In least proportion to the vast delight
I feel, to hear of Osmyn's name; to hear
That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him.
Gar. I've heard, with admiration, of your
friendship.
Per. Yonder, my lord, behold the noble Moor.
Heli. Where? Where?
Gar. I saw him not, nor any like him——
Per. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my view,
And striding with distempered haste; his eyes
Seemed flame, and flashed upon me with a glance;
Then forward shot their fires which he pursued,
As to some object frightful, yet not feared.
Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the
cause.
Heli. My lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the cause.
I know his melancholy, and such starts
Are usual to his temper. It might raise him
To act some violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
And when his soul gives all her passion way,
Secure and loose in friendly solitude.
I know his noble heart would burst with shame,
To be surprised by strangers in its frailty.
Gar. Go, generous Heli, and relieve your
friend.
Far be it from me officiously to pry
Or press upon the privacies of others.
[*Exit* HELI.
Perez, the king expects, from our return,
To have his jealousy confirmed, or cleared,
Of that appearing love which Zara bears
To Osmyn; but some other opportunity
Must make that plain.
Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And every look from him and her confirms it.
Gar. If so, unhappiness attends their love,
And I could pity them. I hear some coming.
The friends, perhaps, are met; let us avoid them.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient
wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen——
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No, all is hushed, and still as death—'tis
dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to them.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering
earth,
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse,
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again,
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.
Leon. I go; but Heaven can tell with what re-
gret. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HELI.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monu-
ments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—There it sounds!—I'll fol-
low it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Opening, discovers a place of Tombs: one Monument, fronting the view, greater than the rest.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose
womb

The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms.
What do I see? Oh, Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretched upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves!

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
nvites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burthen down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast: My father, then,
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia, too,
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs, and milky-ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
n liquid light, and float, on seas of bliss,
To my Alphonso's soul. Oh, joy too great!
Oh, ecstacy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call; to thee, Alphonso:
Oh, Alphonso!

OSMYN *ascending from the tomb.*

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! Oh, speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers, [*Coming forward.*
That, motionless, I may be still deceived!
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade!
Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she, 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, it is my wife!

Enter HELI.

Leon. Alas! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He, too, is fainting——Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Hel. Ha! 'tis he! and with——Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happiness! Oh, joy
Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she!
Let me behold, and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine—'Tis she, I am not deceived;
I taste her breath, I warm her and am warmed.
Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband!

Alm. I have sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why do ye force me?
Is this a father?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?
Am I so altered, or art thou so changed,
That, seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice—I know him now, I know him all.
Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
Oh, how hast thou returned? How hast thou charmed
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this;
That, thus relenting, they have given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me?

Osm. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer, how or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance,
Or means, by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while——
Let me look on thee yet a little more.

Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?

Alm. I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see thee thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heaven, what are we?
Oh, my strained heart—let me again behold thee,
For I weep to see thee—Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art changed!

Osm. Not in my love.

Alm. No, no! thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my love, to say too ter

No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
My arms which ache to hold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart!
Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have married me; but I had sworn
To Heaven and thee, and sooner would have died——
Osm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love!
Alm. Indeed I would—Nay, I would tell thee all,
If I could speak; how I have mourned and prayed:
For I have prayed to thee, as to a saint;
And thou hast heard my prayer; for thou art come
To my distress, to my despair, which Heaven
Could only, by restoring thee, have cured.
Osm. Grant me but life, good Heaven, but length of days,
To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engaged to this all-excellence;
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarned:
Then, then, 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
I shall have passed all æras then
Of yet unmeasured time; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompence of love and matchless truth.
Alm. 'Tis more than recompence to see thy face:
If Heaven is greater joy, it is no happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say?
I have a thousand things to know and ask,
And speak—That thou art here beyond all hope,
All thought; and all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
Is such surprise, such mystery, such extasy,
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise?
Osm. I did; and thou, my love, didst call me; thou.
Alm. True; but how cam'st thou there? Wert thou alone?
Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturbed the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listened,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;
I thought I saw thee too; but, Oh, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——
Alm. But still, how cam'st thou thither? How thus?——Ha!
What's he, who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen?
Osm. Where? Ha! What do I see, Antonio!
I am fortunate indeed—my friend, too, safe!
Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blessed.
Alm. More miracles! Antonio escaped!
Osm. And twice escaped; both from the rage of seas
And war: for in the fight I saw him fall.
Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free; hither I came,
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.
Osm. There are no wonders; or else all is wonder.
Heli. I saw you on the ground, and raised you up,
When with astonishment I saw Almeria.
Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.
Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.
Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heaven,
That persevering still, with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy!
Where will this end? But Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.
Leon. Or I am deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the aisle;
Who, by their pointing, seem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.
Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. Zara and Selim, sir, I saw and know them:
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? Who is she? Why are you alarmed?
Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee.
Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I escaped, how I am here, and thus;
How I am not called Alphonso now, but Osmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——
Alm. Sure we shall meet again——
Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence!
[*Exeunt* ALM. LEON. *and* HELI.
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,
So shall you still behold her—'twill not be.
Oh, impotence of sight! Mechanic sense!
Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images:
Not what they would, but must; a star, or toad;

ust as the hand of chance administers.
Not so the mind, whose undetermined view
Resolves, and to the present adds the past,
Essaying farther to futurity;
But that in vain. I have Almeria here
At once, as I before have seen her often——

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. See where he stands, folded and fixed to earth,
tiff'ning in thought, a statue among statues!—
Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus?
s it well done? Is this, then, the return
or fame, for honour, and for empire lost?
But what is loss of honour, fame, and empire?
s this the recompence reserved for love?
Why dost thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
o find this place of horror and obscurity?
Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
hat thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My love? But to the grave I'll follow thee—
He looks not, minds not, hears not! barbarous man!
Am I neglected thus! Am I despised!
Not heard! Ungrateful Osmyn!
Osm. Ha, 'tis Zara!
Zara. Yes, traitor; Zara, lost, abandoned Zara,
s a regardless suppliant now, to Osmyn.
he slave, the wretch that she redeemed from death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.
Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
saw you not till now.
Zara. Now then you see me—
But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.
Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,
And only for his sorrows chose this solitude?
Look round; joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.
You have pursued misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.
Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus,
And, with perverseness, from the purpose answer?
What is it to me, this house of misery?
What joy do I require? if thou dost mourn,
come to mourn with thee, to share thy griefs,
And give thee, for them, in exchange, my love.
Osm. Oh! that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.
Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one—
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
or all I've done, and all I have endured:
or saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
ale and expiring, drenched in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, 'till my compassion found thee;
Compassion! scarce will it own that name, so soon,
So quickly, was it love; for thou wert godlike
Even then. Kneeling on earth, I loosed my hair,
And with it dried thy watery cheeks, then chafed
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And, like the morn, vermillioned o'er thy face.
Oh, Heaven! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips!
Osm. Oh, call not to my mind what you have done;
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shews me poor and bankrupt even in hopes.
Zara. The faithful Selim, and my women, know
The danger which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abused the credulous king;
What arts I used to make you pass on him,
When he received you as the prince of Fez,
And, as my kinsman, honoured and advanced you.
Oh! why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this war
Commenced? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urged my husband
To this invasion; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now; from empire fallen to slavery;
Think on my sufferings first, then look on me;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fallen, the lost, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandoned——Say, what then is Osmyn?
Osm. A fatal wretch—A huge, stupendous ruin,
That, tumbling on its prop, crushed all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.
Zara. Yet thus, thus fallen, thus levelled with the vilest,
If I have gained thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtained, down with the scaffolding
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they've serv'd their end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorned.
Osm. Why was I made the instrument, to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind!
Zara. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.
Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require,
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.
Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.
Osm. Alas! You know me not.
Zara. Not who thou art:
But what this last ingratitude declares,

This grovelling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a name;
But something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have loved thee makes me yet more lost
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold, and perfidious slave!
A slave not daring to be free, nor dares
To love above him; for 'tis dangerous.
'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with eyes
Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my charms have reached thy very soul,
And thrilled thee through with darted fires; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The king!
There, there's the dreadful sound! The king's thy rival!

Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.

Zara. As I could wish; by Heaven, I'll be revenged.

Enter the KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mentioned.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?

Zara. There, he, your prisoner, and that was my slave.

King. How? better than my hopes! Does she accuse him? [*Aside.*

Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my power,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heaven,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but to think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a god. Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embraced: to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.
[*Guards seize* OSMYN, *and exeunt.*

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former faith had merited much more:
And, through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large; thence sprung his insolence,
And what was charity, he construed love.

King. Enough; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend, and joys,
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And spread, like roses, to the morning sun:
Where every hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious wasting day.
Life, without love, is load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Prison.*

OSMYN *with a Paper.*

Osm. But now, and I was closed within the tomb,
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was prisoner, I am too imprisoned.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heaven that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will show:
'If my Alphonso'——Ha! [*Reading.*
'If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heaven;
'Give me more weight, crush my declining years
'With bolts, with chains, imprisonment, and want;
'But bless my son, visit not him for me!'
It is his hand; this was his prayer——yet more;
'Let every hair, which sorrow by the roots
[*Reading.*
'Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
'Be doubled in thy mercies to my son!
'Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious'—
'Tis wanting what should follow—Heaven should follow;
But 'tis torn off—Why should that word alone
Be torn from this petition? 'Twas to Heaven,
But Heaven was deaf, Heaven heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the name of Heaven from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, shutting the gates of prayer against him.
If piety be thus debarred access
On high, and of good men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward? Or what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax eternal justice!
Yet I may think—I may, I must; for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wandering life, that winks and wakes by turns,

Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining.
What noise! Who's there? My friend? How cam'st thou hither?

Enter HELI.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling.
The captain, influenced by Almeria's power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.
Osm. How does Almeria? But I know she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?
Heli. You may. Anon, at midnight, when the king
Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retired,
Who takes the privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a bridegroom's right, she'll come.
Osm. She'll come; 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? Oh, Heaven!
To a vile prison, and a captived wretch;
To one whom, had she never known, she had
Been happy. Why, why was that heavenly creature
Abandoned o'er to love what Heaven forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One, who has tired misfortune with perusing?
One driven about the world, like blasted leaves
And chaff, the sport of adverse winds; 'till late,
At length imprisoned in some cleft of rock,
On earth it rests, and rots to silent dust?
Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I have learned there are disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice
Converts. This news has reached Valentia's frontiers,
Where many of your subjects, long oppressed
With tyranny, and grievous impositions,
Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them, to regain their rights and liberty.
Osm. By Heaven, thou hast roused me from my lethargy!
The spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,
Deaf to revenge—nay, which refused to hear
The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love
Yet unenjoyed; what not Almeria could
Revive and raise, my people's voice has wakened.
Heli. Our posture of affairs, and scanty time,
My lord, require you should compose yourself.
Osm. Oh, my Antonio! I am all on fire;
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe with conquering troops.
I hear them call to lead them on to liberty,
To victory; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heavens. Where is the king?
Where is Alphonso? Ha! where! where indeed?
Oh, I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty;
Off, slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar and stoop at victory beneath.
Heli. Our posture of affairs, and scanty time,
My lord, require you should compose yourself,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restored. That gained,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape. Mean time, I have thought already
With speed and safety to convey myself,
Where, not far off, some malcontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.
Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will, with patience, wait my fortune.
Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.
Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But as I may I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would shew thee, friend, but that the sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
Within I found it, by my father's hand
'Twas writ; a prayer for me, wherein appears
Paternal love, prevailing o'er his sorrows;
Such sanctity, such tenderness, so mixed
With grief, as would draw tears from inhumanity.
Heli. The care of providence sure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain. Heaven has in store
For you those blessings it withheld from him.
In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting, will confirm.
Osm. Farewel,
My friend; the good thou dost deserve, attend thee!— [*Exit* HELI.
I have been to blame, and questioned, with impiety,
The care of Heaven. Not so my father bore
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me;
This lesson, in some hour of inspiration
By him set down, when his pure thoughts were borne,
Like fumes of sacred incense, o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence, on angels' wings, through ways
Of light, to the bright source of all. For there
He in the book o' prescience saw this day;
And, waking to the world and mortal sense,
Left this example of his resignation,
This his last legacy to me: which, here,
I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal power.

Enter ZARA, *veiled.*

Osm. What brightness breaks upon me thus, through shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling?
Is it my love?

Zara. Oh, that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying!
Osm. Zara! I am betrayed
By my surprise.
Zara. What! does my face displease thee?
That, having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror?
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing,
And unseen. 'Is it my love?' Ask again
That question; speak again in that soft voice;
And look again with wishes in thy eyes!—
Oh, no! thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
As she, whose savage breast hath been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she, whose barbarous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.
Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness;
Could one who loved, thus torture whom she loved?
No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge,
And detestation, that could use thee thus.
So dost thou think; then do but tell me so;
Tell me; and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
This heart of flint, till it shall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.
Osm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
As still to meditate revenge on all,
Whom chance, or fate, working by secret causes,
Has made, per-force, subservient to that end
The heavenly powers allot me; no, not you,
But destiny, and inauspicious stars,
Have cast me down to this low being. Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserved it.
Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
Oh, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it, passion! then, be still more kind,
And call that passion love.
Osm. Give it a name,
Or being, as you please, such I will think it.
Zara. Oh, thou dost wound me more with this thy goodness,
Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.
Osm. Yet I could wish——
Zara. Haste me to know it what?
Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.
Zara. What thing?
Osm. This slave.
Zara. Oh, Heaven! my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruined.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so cursed?
Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which, winged with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.
Zara. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn,
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news few minutes past arrived, which seemed
To shake the temper of the king—Who knows
What racking cares disease a monarch's bed?
Or love, that late at night still lights his lamp,
And strikes his rays through dusk and folded lids,
Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.
Osm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.
Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I have already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu. [*Exit.*
Osm. This woman has a soul
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem; to this, she's fair, few more can boast
Of personal charms, or with less vanity
Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings;
But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But, behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart!

Enter ALMERIA.

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms, withheld by fetters?
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled,
And pinioned, like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?
Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou toldst me thou wouldst think how we might meet,
To part no more—Now, we will part no more;
For these, thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.
Osm. Hard means to ratify that word! Oh cruelty!
That ever I should think beholding thee
A torture! Yet such is the bleeding anguish
Of my heart, to see thy sufferings—Oh, Heaven!
That I could almost turn my eyes away,
Or wish thee from my sight.
Alm. Oh, say not so!

Though 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,
On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite; and, mingling in
One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
Drink bitter draughts, with never-slaking thirst;
Thus better, than for any cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
Upon me—speak, and take me in thy arms—
Thou canst not; thy poor arms are bound, and strive,
n vain, with the remorseless chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy flesh, festering thy limbs
With rankling rust.
Osm. Oh! O——
Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red, and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.
Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy breast
With such a dagger as then struck my heart.
Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.
Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness.
Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense.
Oh, wouldst thou be less killing soft, or kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts against me.
Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my heart,
If there he shoot not every other shaft;
Thy second self should feel each other wound,
And woe should be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife——
Osm. Oh, thou hast searched too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.
Alm. Then I am cursed
Indeed, if that be so! if I am thy torment,
Kill me, then, kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the bosom-snake
That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart?
Oh, that thy words had force to break those bonds,
As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder,
So shouldst thou be at large from all oppression!
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?
Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy sorrows have disturbed thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.
Alm. Didst not thou say, that racks and wheels were balm,
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?
Osm. No, no; nor should the subtlest pains that hell,
Or hell-born malice, can invent, extort
A wish, or thought, from me to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride—
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplished: his mysterious rites
Delayed; nor has our Hymeneal torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice;
But dashed with rain from eyes, and swailed with sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damped with woes,
Is this our marriage-bed? are these our joys?
Is this to call thee mine? Oh, hold, my heart!
To call thee mine! Yes; thus, even thus, to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest extasy.
But, Oh, thou art not mine, not even in misery;
And 'tis denied to me to be so blessed,
As to be wretched with thee.
Alm. No; not that
The extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.
Osm. Oh, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolved,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is denied my hands:
Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush,
To follow thee, my separating soul.
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel, with gashed hands, to scratch a grave,
Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive!
Alm. Heart-breaking horror!
Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
And thou, per-force, must yield, and aid his transport.
Hell! hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips, to this?
Are they not soothing softness, sinking ease,
And wafting air, to this? Oh, my Almeria!
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing heaven, to know it lost for ever?
Alm. Oh, I am struck; thy words are bolts of ice,
Which, shot into my breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint, with thrilling fears.
No, hold me not! Oh, let us not support,
But sink each other deeper yet, down, down,

Where, levelled low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of incessant scalding rain.

Enter ZARA, PEREZ, *and* SELIM.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom.
Dare you dispute the king's command? Behold
The royal signet.
Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your entering, till the princess is returned
From visiting the noble prisoner.
Zara. Ha!
What say'st thou?
Osm. We are lost! undone! discovered!
Retire, my life, with speed—Alas! we are seen:
Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the king;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible——
Alm. I cannot speak.
Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.
Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain I have been abused—Death and destruction!
How shall I search into this mystery?
The bluest blast of pestilential air
Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes!
Perdition catch them both, and ruin part them!
Osm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* ALMERIA *as she goes out.*
Distressed, Heaven will repay; all thanks are poor. [*Exit* ALMERIA.
Zara. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver.—You seem much surprised.
Osm. At your return so soon, and unexpected!
Zara. And so unwished, unwanted too, it seems.
Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.—
You are grown a favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I am saucy and intruding—
Osm. Madam!
Zara. I did not know the princess' favourite.
Your pardon, sir—mistake me not; you think
I am angry; you are deceived. I came to set
You free; but shall return much better pleased,
To find you have an interest superior.
Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries?
Zara. I do.
Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.
Zara. I know thou couldst; but I am not often pleased,
And will indulge it now. What miseries?
Who would not be thus happily confined,
To be the care of weeping majesty;
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forsake their down, to wake with watery eyes,
And watch, like tapers, o'er your hours of rest?
Oh, curse! I cannot hold—
Osm. Come, 'tis too much.
Zara. Villain!
Osm. How, madam!
Zara. Thou shalt die.
Osm. I thank you.
Zara. Thou liest, for now I know for whom thou'dst live.
Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.
Zara. Hell! hell!
Yet I will be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand
Of fate is stretched to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.
Osm. You may be still deceived, 'tis in my power—
Zara. Ha! say'st thou—but I will prevent it—
Who waits there? As you will answer it, look this slave [*To the guard.*
Attempt no means to make himself away.
I have been deceived. The public safety now
Requires he should be more confined, and none,
No, not the princess, suffered or to see
Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the king.—
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourned,
Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State.*

ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. Thou hast already racked me with thy stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?
Sel. Your accusation highly has incensed
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but, to that, fresh news
Is since revived, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli, too, is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is signed;
And order given for public execution.
Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight,

More than his crown, to impart ere Osmyn die.
Sel. It needs not, for the king will straight be here,
And, as to your revenge, not his own interest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.
Zara. What shall I say, invent, contrive, advise?
Something to blind the king, and save his life,
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman, and a lover still.
Oh! 'tis more grief but to suppose his death,
Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.
From my despair my anger had its source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever! that's despair—it was distrust
Before; distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust; both short-lived pains.
But in despair, an ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
Oh, torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne—Devise the means to shun it,
Quick; or, by Heaven, this dagger drinks thy blood.
Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.
Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done, or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop the approaching danger?
Sel. You must still seem more resolute, and fixed
On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.
Zara. On what pretence?
Sel. Your own request's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape;
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king, to have him strangled
In secret, by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant, and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

Enter KING, GONSALEZ, *and* PEREZ.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,
The ignoble curs that yelp to fill the cry,
And spend their mouths in barking tyranny.
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let them be led away to present death.
Perez, see it performed.
Gons. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferred,
Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.
King. Then be it so.—
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.
Are none of those returned who followed Heli?
Gons. None, sir. Some papers have been since discovered
In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seemed to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valentia:
Which wears, indeed, the colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispersed, to amuse the people; whereupon
Some, ready of belief, have raised this rumour,—
That, being saved upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclosed himself to Albuccacim,
And, by a secret compact made with him,
Opened and urged the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valentia,
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.
Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then Alphonso?
Oh, Heaven! a thousand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
Oh, certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known—If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness now,
To yield him up—No, I will conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.
Gons. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be,
That same impostor has usurped his name.
Your beauteous captive Zara can inform,
If such a one, so escaping, was received,
At any time, in Albuccacim's court.
King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing, now, apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.
Zara. You're too secure: the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage suffers you to see;
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.
King. His doom
Is passed; if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One, who did call himself Alphonso,
Was cast upon my coast, as 'tis reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embarked for Spain.
What I know more is, that a triple league,
Of strictest friendship, was professed between
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.
King. Public report is ratified in this.
Zara. And Osmyn's death required, of strong necessity.
King. Give order strait, that all the prisoners die.
Zara. Forbear a moment! somewhat more I have,
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.
King. Let all, except Gonsalez, leave the room.
[*Exeunt* PEREZ, *&c.*
Zara. I am your captive, and you've used me nobly;
And, in return of that, though otherwise
Your enemy, I have discovered Osmyn,
His private practice, and conspiracy,

Against your state: and, fully to discharge
Myself of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; some among them have resolved
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.
King. Is treason, then, so near us as our guards?
Zara. Most certain; though my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.
King. What's to be done?
Zara. That, too, I will advise.
I have, remaining in my train, some mutes,
A present once from the sultana queen,
In the grand signior's court. These, from their infancy,
Are practised in the trade of death; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.
Gons. My lord, the queen advises well.
King. What offering, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've saved,
Though on the head that wears it, were too little.
Zara. Of that hereafter: but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict charge that none may be admitted
To see the prisoner, but such mutes as I
Shall send.
King. Who waits there?

Enter PEREZ.

On your life, take heed
That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.
Zara. They, and no other, not the princess' self.
Per. Your majesty shall be obeyed.
King. Retire. [*Exit* PEREZ.
Gons. That interdiction, so particular,
Pronounced with vehemence, against the princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefaced.
This king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. [*Aside.*]—Your majesty, sure, might have spared
The last restraint: you hardly can suspect
The princess is confederate with the Moor.
Zara. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.
Gons. Ha!
King. How! She visit Osmyn! What, my daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruined all.
Zara. And after did solicit you, on his
Behalf.—
King. Never. You have been misinformed.
Zara. Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper, spread by some
Who wished it so; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instructions for my ministers of death.
[*Exeunt* ZARA *and* SELIM.
Gons. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree:
I like it not. [*Aside.*
King. What dost thou think, Gonsalez?
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?
Gons. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employed
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
Corrupted! How? By whom? Who told her so?
I' th' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet, to release him;
In the morning he must die again; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This, put together, suits not well.
King. Yet that there's truth in what she has discovered
Is manifest, from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation; that Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too, with her report.
Gons. I grant it, sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy, she has discovered what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceived.
But why that needless caution of the princess?
What if she had seen Osmyn? Though 'twere strange;
But if she had, what was't to her, unless
She feared her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt?
King. I thank thee, friend.
There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warned.—
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor?
Gons. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible
But she might wish, on his account, to see him.
King. Say'st thou? By Heaven, thou hast roused a thought,
That, like a sudden earthquake, shakes my frame.
Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish Moor!
Gons. That were too hard a thought——but see, she comes—
'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divined aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concerned
For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend:
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
I had determined to have sent for you.
Let your attendant be dismissed; I have
[LEORORA *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
What mean those swollen and red-flecked eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguish? Why this on the day
Which was designed to celebrate thy nuptials;

But that the beams of light are to be stained
With reeking gore, from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferred the marriage-rites;
Nor shall the guilty horrors of the day
Profane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this, the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguished roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cause;
And look thou answer me with truth; for know
am not unacquainted with thy falsehood.
Why art thou mute? Base and degenerate maid!

Gons. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense the king.

Alm. What is't to speak? Or wherefore should I speak?
What mean these tears but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind;
They mean thy guilt, and say thou wert confederate
With damned conspirators, to take my life.
Oh, impious parricide! Now canst thou speak?

Alm. O earth! behold I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion; take
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race! Hear me, thou common parent,
——I have no parent else—be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was—who was, but is no more, a father;
ut brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And, for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee, rise—and if thou wouldst
Acquit thyself of these detested names,
wear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doomed to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes. So Heaven's
My witness.

King. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence! Oh, patience! hear—she owns it!
Confesses it! By Heaven, I'll have him racked,
Torn, mangled, flayed, impaled—all pains and tortures
That wit of man, or dire revenge, can think,
hall he, accumulated, underbear.

Alm. Oh, I am lost!——There fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me; then, if thou canst, reply; know, traitress,
m not to learn that cursed Alphonso lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is.

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die.
ince thou'rt revealed, alone thou shalt not die;
nd yet alone would I have died, Heaven knows,
epeated deaths, rather than have revealed thee.
Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, though each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,
And cleaves my heart, I would have borne it all,
Nay, all the pains that are prepared for thee;
To the remorseless rack I would have given
This weak and tender flesh, to have been bruised
And torn, rather than have revealed thy being.

King. Hell! hell! Do I hear this, and yet endure!
What! dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed;
Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! Think I am your child,
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling!
Now, curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever father curse his kneeling child?
Never: for always blessings crown that posture.
Nature inclines, and half way meets that duty,
Stooping to raise from earth the filial reverence;
For bended knees returning folding arms,
With prayers, and blessings, and paternal love.
Oh, hear me, then, thus crawling on the earth—

King. Be thou advised, and let me go, while yet
The light impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this hold,
'Till you are moved, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! Who may live? Take heed! No more of that;
For, on my soul, he dies, though thou and I,
And all, should follow, to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go——Call her attendants.

[LEONORA *and women return.*

Alm. Drag me, and harrow the earth with my bare bosom;
I will not go till you have spared my husband!

King. Ha! What say'st thou? Husband! Husband! damnation!
What husband! which? Who?

Alm. He, he is my husband!

King. Poison and daggers! Who?

Alm. Oh!— [*Faints.*

Gons. Help! support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
I'll scrape, till I collect his rotten bones,
And cloath their nakedness with my own flesh;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:
I will be death! then, though you kill my husband,
He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

King. What husband? whom dost thou mean?

Gons. She raves.

Alm. Oh, that I did! Osmyn, he is my husband.

King. Osmyn!

Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear
And wedded husband—Heaven, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave;
Should I hear more, I too should catch thy madness.—
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word;

And look that she attempt not on her life.
[*Exit King.*

Alm. Oh, stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I would to Heaven I were—He's gone.

Gons. Have comfort.

Alm. Cursed be that tongue that bids me be of comfort!
Cursed my own tongue, that could not move his pity!
Cursed these weak hands that could not hold him here!
For he is gone, to doom Alphonso's death.

Gons. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-timed flatterer,
Source of my woes! thou and thy race be cursed!
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy
And fraud to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso.

Gons. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? What dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly head glares by, all smeared with blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after, see!
Behold, a damp, dead hand, has dropped a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My father's voice! Hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.
[*Exeunt* ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Gons. She's greatly grieved; nor am I less surprised.
Osmyn Alphonso! No, she over-rates
My policy; I ne'er suspected it;
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband, too! Ha! where is Garcia then;
And where the crown that should descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think—if I should tell the king—
Things come to this extremity: his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past,
And urged by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And though I know he hates, beyond the gr
Anselmo's race; yet if—that If concludes
To doubt, when I may be assured, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who mea
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain. O wel
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king.
If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
One to my wish.—Alonzo, thou art welcome.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.

Gons. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i' th' way at present, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return, an
say
I have not seen you.

Gons. Do, my best Alonzo.
Yet stay, I would—but go; anon will serve—
Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.
I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gons. Say thou art my friend.
I have seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can, your lordship shall com-
mand.

Gons. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word.
Thou'st seen,
Amongst the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known b
signs?

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gons. Couldst thou procure, with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, though purchased by his death, I'd g
Thee such reward, as should exceed thy wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I w
your lordship?

Gons. At my apartment. Use thy utmost di-
ligence;
And say, I've not been seen—Haste, go
Alonzo. [*Exit* ALONZ
So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then removed.
Almeria, widowed, yet again may wed,
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [*Ex*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State.*

Enter King, PEREZ, *and* ALONZO.

King. Not to be found! in an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you? none! What, not the favourite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet required admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Osmyn so disposed, as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at fu
length,
He lies supine on earth: with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.
[*A mute appears, and seeing the king, re*
Ha! stop and seize that mute; Alonzo, follo
him.

Entering, he met my eyes, and, starting back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal the importance of his errand.
[ALONZO *follows him, and returns with a paper.*

Alon. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seized the man,
He snatched from out his bosom this—and strove,
With rash and greedy haste, at once, to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrenched his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a poniard from his side,
And, on the instant, plunged it in his breast.

King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
Twill quit me of my promise to Gonsalez.
[*Aside. Exit.*

Per. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.

King. How's this! My mortal foe beneath my roof! [*Having read the letter.*
Oh, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury—Ha! who's there?

Per. My lord.

King. Hence, slave! how dar'st thou bide to watch, and pry
nto how poor a thing a king descends,
How like thyself, when passion treads him down!
Ha! stir not, on thy life; for thou wert fixed,
And planted here, to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook—by Heaven, you're all
Rank traitors! thou'rt with the rest combined:
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso; knew'st
My daughter privately with him conferred;
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amazed——

King. Thou liest.
Thou art accomplice too with Zara; here
Where she sets down—'Still I will set thee free.'
[*Reading.*
That somewhere is repeated—'I have power
O'er them that are thy guards.'—Mark that, thou traitor.

Per. It was your majesty's command I should
obey her order.

King. [*Reading.*] 'And still will I set
thee free, Alphonso'—Hell! cursed, cursed Alphonso!
alse and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
Away, begone, thou feeble boy, fond Love!
All nature, softness, pity, and compassion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
ell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.
By Heaven, I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
Mark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave!

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that—thy service! thine! [*Strikes him.*
What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart——
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or——

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.
[PEREZ *going.*
Stay thee—I've farther thought—I will add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell, where she'll expect to see him,
Be darkened, so as to abuse the sight.
I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his turban and his robe arrayed,
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.
When, for Alphonso's, she shall take my hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my lips, for his;
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see, she comes. I'll shun the encounter; thou
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.
[*Exeunt*

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. The mute not yet returned! ha! 'twas the king,
The king that parted hence! frowning he went;
His eyes, like meteors, rolled, then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its course: Dost think
He saw me?

Sel. Yes: but then, as if he thought
His eyes had erred, he hastily recalled
The imperfect look, and sternly turned away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.
Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen, imperfect mischief.
Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller, and after hear'st
Not his pursuing voice; even when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess, and point the path which thou hast crept.
Oh, fate of fools! officious in contriving;
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.

Sel. Avert it, Heaven, that you should ever suffer
For my defect; or that the means which I
Devised to serve, should ruin your design!
Prescience is Heaven's alone, not given to man;
If I have failed, in what, as being man,
I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but punish nature in me;
I plead not for a pardon, and to live,

But to be punished and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.
Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high,
And more important fate, requires my thought.
When I've concluded on myself, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply,
To what I give in charge: for I'm resolved.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mixed, as will, with speed,
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable death.—
Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such liberty as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee, to keep my word.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Opening, shews the Prison.*

Enter GONSALEZ *disguised like a mute, with a dagger.*

Gon. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unbarred!
And all as still, as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.
There lies my way; that door, too, is unlocked.
[*Looking in.*
Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face seems turned, to favour
Th' attempt: I'll steal and do it unperceived.
What noise! somebody coming! is't Alonzo?
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without——I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart,
Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer't.
[*Goes in.*

Enter GARCIA *and* ALONZO.

Gar. Where, where, Alonzo, where's my father? where
The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
All's lost, all ruined by surprise and treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou mislead me?
Alon. My lord, he entered but a moment since,
And could not pass me unperceived—What hoa!
My lord, my lord! What hoa! my lord Gonsalez!

Enter GONSALEZ, *bloody.*

Gons. Perdition choak your clamours—whence this rudeness?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death,
Are entering now our doors. Where is the king?
What means this blood; and why this face of horror?
Gons. No matter—give me first to know the cause
Of these your rash, and ill-timed exclamations.
Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betrayed,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choak the passage,
Had entered, long ere now, and borne down all
Before them, to the palace walls. Unless
The king in person animate our men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a postern fled, and joined the foe.
Gons. Would all were false as that! for whom you call
The Moor, is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.
Gar. Impossible; for Osmyn was, while flying,
Pronounced aloud by Perez for Alphonso.
Gons. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wronged your easy faith.
[GARCIA goes in.
Alon. My lord, for certain truth, Perez is fled;
And has declared, the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had given him.
Gar. [*Returning.*] Ruin and horror! Oh heart-wounding sight!
Gons. What says my son? What ruin? Ha! what horror?
Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed—Oh, dire mistake! Oh, fatal blow!
The king—
Gons. Alon. The king!
Gar. Dead, weltering, drowned in blood.
See, see, attired like Osmyn, where he lies!
[*They look in.*
Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner or the cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to enquire,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his blood.
Gons. Oh, wretch! Oh, cursed, rash, deluded fool!
On me, on me turn your avenging swords.
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of mine own son.
Gar. Ha! what! atone this murder with greater!
The horror of that thought has damped my rage.
The earth already groans to bear this deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
Self-murder.
Gons. Oh, my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose.
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plunged into this sea of sin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While the other bore the crown (to wreathe thy brow,)
Whose weight has sunk me, ere I reached the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is entered: [*Shout.*
The shrillness of that shout speaks them at hand.
We have no time to search into the cause
Of this surprising, and most fatal error.
What's to be done! the king's death known, would strike
The few remaining soldiers with despair,
And make them yield to mercy of the conqueror.

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body.
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what you may then approve.
[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gons. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amused with hopes,
And, in the mean time, fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, but haste and try,
Or to repel their force, or bravely die.
[*Exit* GARCIA.

Re-enter ALONZO.

Gons. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed,
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings, reduced to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead? I have from the body
Severed the head, and in an obscure corner
Disposed it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk;
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if, in seeking for the king,
They chance to find it.

Gons. 'Twas an act of horror,
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence, with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow, with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good, and shelter, his retreat.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter ZARA, *followed by* SELIM, *and two Mutes bearing the bowls.*

Zara. Silence and solitude are every where.
Through all the gloomy ways, and iron doors,
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful din was wont
To grate the sense, when entered here, from groans,
And howls of slaves condemned; from clink of chains,
And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges:
And ever and anon the sight was dashed
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners.
Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
It may be, that the cause of this my errand
And purpose, being changed from life to death,
Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.
Or does my heart bode more? What can it, more
Than death?
Let them set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
That I am here—so. You return, and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The king; tell him, what he required, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.
[*Exit* SELIM.

Enter Mutes.

Zara. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus,
[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
What is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.
[*They go to the Scene, which opening, she perceives the Body.*
Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! Oh—I'm lost.
Oh, Osmyn! Oh, Alphonso! Cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel, oh, more than killing object!
I came prepared to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepared myself to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
Oh, this accursed, this base, this treacherous king!

Enter SELIM.

Sel. I've sought in vain, for no where can the king
Be found—

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there.
[*Stabs him.*
His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.
The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
And forced to yield your letter with his life;
I found the dead and bloody body stripped—
My tongue faulters, and my voice fails—I sink—
Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—[*Dies.*

Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But oh, he died unknowing in my heart!
He knew I loved, but knew not to what height;
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr, and a victim to my vows;
Insensible of this last proof he's gone.
Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
Of sense: his soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
And fixed event, of my persisting faith.
Then wherefore do I pause? Give me the bowl.
[*A Mute kneels, and gives one of the Bowls.*
Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliss, when joined above.
[*Drinks.*
Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart!

Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and frost.
I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;
Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides
Still farther from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach,—
Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark— [*Dies.*
[*The Mutes kneel, and mourn over her.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Alm. Oh, let me seek him in this horrid cell!
For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.
Leon. Heavens! what dismal scene
Of death is this? The eunuch, Selim, slain!
Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of death;
But want a guide; for tears have dimmed my sight.
Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling remorse, too late, for what they've done.
But, oh, forbear—lift up your eyes no more;
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries are multiplied; return,
Return, and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood——
Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?
What! dead at last? quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there, I see him; there he lies, the blood
Yet bubbling from his wounds—Oh, more than savage!
Had they or hearts or eyes, that did this deed?
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?
——I do not weep! The springs of tears are dried;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my husband's murdered!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this heart,
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
——Those men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have erred,
And wrongfully have slain those innocents:
I am the sacrifice designed to bleed,
And come prepared to yield my throat—They shake
Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence!
[*They point at the bowl on the ground.*
And point! What mean they? Ha! a cup; Oh, well
I understand what medicine has been here.
Oh, noble thirst! yet greedy to drink all——
——Oh, for another draught of death——What mean they?
[*They point at the other cup.*
Ha! point again! 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the liberal hand that filled thee thus!
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment—
Leon. Oh, hold,
For mercy's sake! Upon my knee I beg——
Alm. With thee the kneeling world should in vain.
Seest thou not there? Behold who prostrate
And pleads against thee; who shall then pre
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
From his pale lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank juice should blister on my
And stain the colour of my last adieu.
Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face.
[*Coming near the body, starts and lets the cup.*
But spouting veins, and mangled flesh! Oh, C

Enter Alphonso, Heli, Perez, *with* Ga *prisoner. Guards and Attendants.*

Alph. Away, stand off! Where is she? le fly,
Save her from death, and snatch her to my hea
Alm. Oh!
Alph. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold h up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
Oh, let me talk, to thy reviving sense,
The words of joy and peace; warm thy col beauties
With the new-flushing ardour of my cheek;
Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs; and reinspire thy bosom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake, Almeri
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.
Alm. Where am I? Heaven! what does th dream intend?
Alph. Oh, may'st thou never dream of less de light,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys!
Alm. Given me again from death! Oh, all powers,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My sight against my sight? and shall I trust
That sense, which, in one instant, shews him dead
And living?—Yes, I will; I've been abused
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father, too, shall have compassion—
Alph. Oh, my heart's comfort! 'tis not given to this
Frail life to be entirely blessed. Even now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dashed to think that thou must weep;
Thy father fell where he designed my death.
Gonsalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have, with their last breath, confessed
The just decree of Heaven, which on themselves
Has turned their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus—
[*She weeps.*
Let them remove the body from her sight.—
Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! Alas!
Thy error then is plain! but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.—

, Garcia!
hose virtue has renounced thy father's crimes,
est thou how just the hand of Heaven has been?
t us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
[*Exeunt omnes*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ALMERIA.

IE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
 more a princess, but in *statu quo;*
d now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
 if indeed a widow or an heir.
e leisure now, to mark your sev'ral faces,
d know each critic by his sour grimaces.
 poison plays, I see them where they sit,
atter'd like ratsbane up and down the pit;
hile others watch, like parish searchers hir'd,
 tell of what disease the play expir'd.
h, with what joy they run to spread the news
f a damn'd poet and departed muse!
ut if he 'scape, with what regret they're seiz'd!
nd how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
ritics to plays for the same end resort,
That surgeons wait on trials in a court:
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
As Sussex men, that dwell upon the shore,
Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands,
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of providence;
So critics throng to see a new play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our poet from these prospects draws;
And therefore to the fair commends his cause.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom he hopes this play will favour find,
Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.

TAMERLANE.

BY

ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

Of all the muse's various labours, none
Have lasted longer, or have higher flown,
Than those that tell the fame by ancient heroes won.
With pleasure, Rome, and great Augustus, heard
'Arms and the man' sung by the Mantuan bard.
In spite of time, the sacred story lives,
And Cæsar and his empire still survives.
Like him (though much unequal to his flame)
Our author makes a pious prince his theme:
High with the foremost names, in arms he stood,
Had fought, and suffer'd, for his country's good,
Yet sought not fame, but peace, in fields of blood.
Safe under him his happy people sat,
And griev'd, at distance, for their neighbour's fate;
Whilst with success a Turkish monarch crown'd,
Like spreading flame, deform'd the nations round;
With sword and fire he forc'd his impious way
To lawless pow'r, and universal sway.
Some abject states, for fear, the tyrant join,
Others, for gold, their liberties resign,
And venal princes sold their right divine:
Till Heav'n, the growing evil to redress,
Sent Tamerlane to give the world a peace.
The hero rous'd, asserts the glorious cause,
And to the field the cheerful soldier draws.
Around, in crowds, his valiant leaders wait,
Anxious for glory, and secure of fate;
Well pleas'd, once more, to venture on his side,
And prove that faith again, which had so oft been tried.
The peaceful fathers, who in senates meet,
Approve an enterprise so just, so great;
While with their prince's arms, their voice thus join'd,
Gains half the praise of having sav'd mankind.
Ev'n in a circle, where, like this, the fair
Were met, the bright assembly did declare,
Their house, with one consent, were for the war;
Each urg'd her lover to unsheath his sword,
And never spare a man who broke his word.
Thus fir'd, the brave on to the danger press;
Their arms were crown'd abroad with just success,
And blest at home with beauty and with peace.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Tamerlane, *emperor of Tartary.*
Bajazet, *emperor of the Turks.*
Axalla, *friend to Tamerlane.*
Moneses, *a captive prince.*
Stratocles, *his friend.*
Prince of **Tanais.**
Omar, *a Tartarian lord.*
Mirvan, } *Courtiers.*
Zama, }
Haly, *confidant of Bajazet.*
Dervise.

WOMEN.

Arpasia, *forced to wed by Bajazet.*
Selima, *daughter to Bajazet.*

Parthian and Tartarian Soldiers. Mutes belonging to Bajazet. Other Attendants.

Scene,—*Tamerlane's Camp, near Angoria, in Galatia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before* TAMERLANE'S *Tent.*

Enter the Prince of TANAIS, ZAMA, *and* MIRVAN.

Pr. HAIL to the sun! from whose returning light
The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take,
To deck the pomp of battle. O, my friends!
Was ever such a glorious face of war?
See, from this height, how all Galatia's plains,
With nations numberless, are covered o'er;
Who, like a deluge, hide the face of earth,
And leave no object in the vast horizon,
But glittering arms, and skies.
Zam. Our Asian world,
From this important day, expects a lord;
This day they hope an end of all their woes,
Of tyranny, of bondage, and oppression,
From our victorious emperor, Tamerlane.
Mir. Well has our holy Alla mark'd him out,
The scourge of lawless pride, and dire ambition,
The great avenger of the groaning world.
Well has he worn the sacred cause of justice
Upon his prosperous sword. Approving Heaven
Still crowned the righteous warrior with success;
As if it said, 'Go forth, and be my champion,
Thou, most like me of all my works below.'
Pr. No lust of rule, the common vice of kings,
No furious zeal, inspir'd by hot-brain'd priests,
ll hid beneath religion's specious name,
E'er drew his temperate courage to the field:
But to redress an injur'd people's wrongs,
To save the weak one from the strong oppressor,
s all his end of war. And, when he draws
The sword to punish, like relenting Heaven,
He seems unwilling to deface his kind.
Mir. So rich his soul, in every virtuous grace,
That, had not nature made him great by birth,
Yet all the brave had sought him for their friend.
The Christian prince, Axalla, nicely bred
n polished arts of European courts,
For him forsakes his native Italy,
And lives a happy exile in his service.
Pr. Pleased with the gentle manners of that prince,
Our mighty lord is lavish of his friendship;
Though Omar and the Tartar lords repine,
And loudly tax their monarch as too partial.
Zam. Ere the mid hour of night, from tent to tent,
Unwearied, through the numerous host he past,
Viewing, with careful eyes, each several quarter;
Whilst from his looks, as from divinity,
The soldiers took presage, and cried, 'Lead on,
Great Alla, and our emperor! lead on
To victory, and everlasting fame.'
Mir. Hear you of Bajazet?
Pr. Late in the evening
A slave, of near attendance on his person,
Scaped to our camp. From him we learned, the tyrant,
With rage redoubled, for the fight prepares;
Some accidental passion fires his breast,
(Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair Grecian captive)
And adds new horror to his native fury.
For five returning suns, scarce was he seen
By any, the most favoured of his court,
But in lascivious ease, among his women,
Lived, from the war retired; or else alone,
In sullen mood, sat meditating plagues
And ruin to the world; till yester morn,
Like fire, that, labouring upwards, rends the earth,
He burst with fury from his tent, commanding
All should be ready for the fight this day.
Zam. I know his temper well, since in his court,
Companion of the brave Axalla's embassy,
I oft observed him; proud, impatient
Of aught superior, e'en of Heaven that made him;
Fond of false glory, of the savage power
Of ruling without reason, of confounding
Just and unjust, by an unbounded will;
By whom religion, honour, all the bands
That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,
Were held the tricks of state, snares of wise princes,
To draw their easy neighbours to destruction.
Mir. Thrice, by our law and prophet, has he sworn,
By the world's lord and maker, lasting peace,
With our great master, and his royal friend,
The Grecian emperor; as oft, regardless
Of plighted faith, with most unkingly baseness,
Has ta'en the advantage of their absent arms,
Without a war proclaimed, or cause pretended,
To waste, with sword and fire, their fruitful fields;
Like some accursed fiend, who, 'scaped from hell,
Poisons the balmy air through which he flies,
He blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,
The labouring hind's best hopes, and marks his way with ruin.
Pr. But see his fate! The mighty Tamerlane
Comes, like the proxy of inquiring Heaven,
To judge, and to redress. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter TAMERLANE, *Guards, and other Attendants.*

Tam. Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect;
Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
Of thousands and eternity, what change
Shall hasty death make in yon glittering plain!
Oh, thou fell monster, War! that in a moment
Layest waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
That wears, in vain, the impression of his image,
Unprivileged from thee!—
Health to our friends, and to our arms success,
[*To the Prince,* ZAMA, *and* MIRVAN.
Such as the cause for which we fight deserves!
Pr. Nor can we ask beyond what Heaven bestows,
Preventing still our wishes. See, great sir
The universal joy your soldiers wear,

Omen of prosperous battle.
Impatient of the tedious night, in arms
Watchful they stood, expecting opening day;
And now are hardly by their leaders held
From darting on the foe. Like a hot courser,
That, bounding, paws the mouldering soil, disdaining
The rein that checks him, eager for the race.
Tam. Yes, prince, I mean to give a loose to war.
This morn Axalla, with my Parthian horse,
Arrives to join me. He, who, like a storm,
Swept, with his flying squadrons, all the plains
Between Angoria's walls and yon tall mountains,
That seem to reach the clouds; and now he comes,
Loaden with spoils and conquest, to my aid.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.*
Tam. These trumpets speak his presence——

Enter Axalla, *who kneels to* Tamerlane.

Tam. Welcome! thou worthy partner of my laurels,
Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred
Than nature's brittle tie! By holy friendship,
Glory and fame stood still for thy arrival!
My soul seemed wanting in its better half,
And languished for thy absence; like a prophet,
That waits the inspiration of his god.
Ax. My emperor! My ever royal master!
To whom my secret soul more lowly bends,
Than forms of outward worship can express;
How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,
Who wears his every hour of life out for you!
Yet 'tis his all, and what he has, he offers;
Nor now disdain to accept the gift he brings,

Enter Selima, Moneses, Stratocles, *Prisoners; Guards, Mutes, &c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,
The noblest prize that ever graced my arms!
Approach, my fair——
Tam. This is indeed to conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy conquest;
The bloom of opening flowers, unsullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
But say, Axalla——
Sel. Most renowned in war,
[*Kneeling to* Tam.
Look with compassion on a captive maid,
Though born of hostile blood; nor let my birth,
Derived from Bajazet, prevent that mercy,
Which every subject of your fortune finds.
War is the province of ambitious man,
Who tears the miserable world for empire;
Whilst our weak sex, incapable of wrong,
On either side claims privilege of safety.
Tam. [*raising her.*] Rise, royal maid! the pride of haughty power
Pays homage, not receives it, from the fair.
Thy angry father fiercely calls me forth,
And urges me, unwillingly, to arms.
Yet, though our frowning battles menace death,
And mortal conflict, think not that we hold
Thy innocence and virtue as our foe.
Here, till the fate of Asia is decided,
In safety stay. To-morrow is your own.
Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose;
Fortune on either side shall wait thy wishes.
Sel. Where shall my wonder and my praise begin?
From the successful labours of thy arms,
Or from a theme more soft, and full of peace,
Thy mercy and thy gentleness? Oh, Tamerlane!
What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
But grateful praise? So Heaven itself is paid.
Give peace, ye powers above, peace to mankind:
Nor let my father wage unequal war,
Against the force of such united virtues!
Tam. Heaven hear thy pious wish!—But since our prospect
Looks darkly on futurity, till fate
Determine for us, let thy beauty's safety
Be my Axalla's care; in whose glad eyes,
I read what joy the pleasing service gives him.—
Is there amongst thy other prisoners aught
[*To* Ax.
Worthy our knowledge?
Ax. This brave man, my lord,
[*Pointing to* Mon.
With long resistance held the combat doubtful.
His party, prest with numbers, soon grew faint,
And would have left their charge an easy prey;
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,
Though hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly;
Nor yielded, till, o'ermatched by many hands,
He seemed to shame our conquest, whilst he owned it.
Tam. Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a soldier,
Just to the worth he finds.—I would not war
[*To* Mon.
With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of greatness.
Thy habit speaks thee Christian—Nay, yet more,
My soul seems pleased to take acquaintance with thee,
As if allied to thine: perhaps 'tis sympathy
Of honest minds; like strings wound up in music,
Where, by one touch, both utter the same harmony.
Why art thou, then, a friend to Bajazet?
And why my enemy?
Mon. If human wisdom
Could point out every action of our lives,
And say, 'Let it be thus, in spite of fate
Or partial fortune,' then I had not been
The wretch I am.
Tam. The brave meet every accident
With equal minds. Think nobler of thy foes,
Than to account thy chance in war an evil.
Mon. Far, far from that: I rather hold it grievous,
That I was forced even but to seem your enemy;
Nor think the baseness of a vanquished slave
Moves me to flatter for precarious life,
Or ill-bought freedom, when I swear, by Heaven!
Were I to chuse, from all mankind, a master,

t should be Tamerlane.
Tam. A noble freedom
wells with the brave, unknown to fawning sycophants,
nd claims a privilege of being believed.
take thy praise as earnest of thy friendship.
Mon. Still you prevent the homage I should offer.
, royal sir! let my misfortunes plead,
nd wipe away the hostile mark I wore.
was, when, not long since, my fortune hailed me,
lessed to my wish, I was the prince Moneses;
orn, and bred up to greatness: witness the blood,
Vhich through successive heroes' veins, allied
o our Greek emperors, rolled down to me,
eeds the bright flame of glory in my heart.
Tam. Even that, that princely tie should bind thee to me,
f virtue were not more than all alliance.
Mon. I have a sister,—oh, severe remembrance!
ur noble house's, nay, her sex's pride;
or think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her
air as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste
s its cold precepts; wise beyond her sex
nd blooming youth; soft as forgiving mercy,
et greatly brave, and jealous for her honour:
uch as she was, to say I barely loved her,
s poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy,
here grew a mutual tenderness between us,
ill, not long since, her vows were kindly plighted
o a young lord, the equal of her birth.
he happy day was fixed, and now approaching,
Vhen faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,
n solemn treaty given, the Greeks depended,)
Vith sudden war, broke in upon the country,
ecure of peace, and for defence unready.
Tam. Let majesty no more be held divine,
ince kings, who are called gods, profane themselves.
Mon. Among the wretches, whom that deluge swept
way to slavery, myself and sister,
hen passing near the frontiers to the court,
Which waited for her nuptials) were surprised,
nd made the captives of the tyrant's power.
oon as we reached his court, we found our usage
eyond what we expected, fair and noble;
was then the storm of your victorious arms
ooked black, and seemed to threaten, when he prest me
By oft repeating instances) to draw
y sword for him: But when he found my soul
isdained his purpose, he more fiercely told me,
hat my Arpasia, my loved sister's fate,
epended on my courage shewn for him.
had long learnt to hold myself at nothing;
ut for her sake, to ward the blow from her,
bound my service to the man I hated.
ix days are past, since, by the sultan's order,
left the pledge of my return behind,
nd went to guard this princess to his camp:
he rest the brave Axalla's fortune tells you.
Tam. Wisely the tyrant strove to prop his cause,
y leaguing with thy virtue; but just Heaven
Has torn thee from his side, and left him naked
To the avenging bolt, that drives upon him.
Forget the name of captive, and I wish
I could as well restore that fair one's freedom,
Whose loss hangs heavy on thee: yet ere night,
Perhaps, we may deserve thy friendship nobler;
The approaching storm may cast thy shipwrecked wealth
Back to thy arms: till that be past, since war
(Though in the justest cause) is ever doubtful,
I will not ask thy sword to aid my victory,
Lest it should hurt that hostage of thy valour,
Our common foe detains.
Mon. Let Bajazet
Bend to his yoke repining slaves by force;
You, sir, have found a nobler way to empire,
Lord of the willing world.
Tam. Oh, my Axalla!
Thou hast a tender soul, apt for compassion,
And art thyself a lover and a friend;
Does not this prince's fortune move thy temper?
Ax. Yes, sir, I mourn the brave Moneses' fate,
The merit of his virtue hardly matched
With disadventurous chance: yet, prince, allow me,
Allow me, from the experience of a lover,
To say, one person, whom your story mentioned,
(If he survive) is far beyond you wretched:
You named the bridegroom of your beauteous sister.
Mon. I did. Oh, most accurst!
Ax. Think what he feels,
Dashed in the fierceness of his expectation:
Then, when the approaching minute of possession
Had wound the imagination to the height—
Think, if he lives!
Mon. He lives! he does: 'tis true
He lives! But how? To be a dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a state as his:
He holds down life, as children do a potion,
With strong reluctance and convulsive struggIings,
Whilst his misfortunes press him to disgorge it.
Tam. Spare the remembrance; 'tis an useless grief,
And adds to the misfortune by repeating.
The revolution of a day may bring
Such turns, as Heaven itself could scarce have promised,
Far, far beyond thy wish: let that hope cheer thee.
Haste, my Axalla, to dispose with safety
Thy beauteous charge, and on the foe revenge
The pain which absence gives; thy other care,
Honour and arms, now summon thy attendance.
Now do thy office well, my soul! Remember
Thy cause, the cause of Heaven and injured earth.
O thou Supreme! if thy great spirit warms
My glowing breast, and fires my soul to arms,
Grant that my sword, assisted by thy power,
This day may peace and happiness restore,
That war and lawless rage may vex the world no more!

[*Exeunt* TAMERLANE, MONESES, STRATOCLES, *Prince of* TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, *and Attendants.*

Ax. The battle calls, and bids me haste to leave thee;
Oh, Selima!—but let destruction wait.
Are there not hours enough for blood and slaughter?
This moment shall be love's, and I will waste it
In soft complainings, for thy sighs and coldness,
For thy forgetful coldness; even at Birsa,
When in thy father's court my eyes first owned thee,
Fairer than light, the joy of their beholding,
Even then thou wert not thus.
Sel. Art not thou changed,
Christian Axalla? Art thou still the same?
Those were the gentle hours of peace, and thou
The world's good angel, that didst kindly join
Its mighty masters in harmonious friendship:
But since those joys that once were ours are lost,
Forbear to mention them, and talk of war;
Talk of thy conquests and my chains, Axalla.
Ax. Yet I will listen, fair, unkind upbraider!
Yet I will listen to thy charming accents,
Although they make me curse my fame and fortune,
My laurel wreaths, and all the glorious trophies,
For which the valliant bleed—Oh, thou unjust one!
Dost thou then envy me this small return
My niggard fate has made, for all the mournings,
For all the pains, for all the sleepless nights,
That cruel absence brings?
Sel. Away, deceiver!
I will not hear thy soothing. Is it thus
That Christian lovers prove the faith they swear?
Are war and slavery the soft endearments,
With which they court the beauties they admire?
'Twas well my heart was cautious of believing
Thy vows, and thy protesting. Know, my conqueror,
Thy sword has vanquished but the half of Selima;
Her soul disdains thy victory.
Ax. Hear, sweet heaven!
Hear the fair tyrant, how she wrests love's laws,
As she had vowed my ruin! What is conquest?
What joy have I from that, but to behold thee,
To kneel before thee, and, with lifted eyes,
To view thee, as devotion does a saint,
With awful, trembling pleasure; then to swear
Thou art the queen and mistress of my soul?
Has not even Tamerlane (whose word, next Heaven's,
Makes fate at second-hand) bid thee disclaim
Thy fears? And dost thou call thyself a slave,
Only to try how far the sad impression
Can sink into Axalla?
Sel. Oh, Axalla!
Ought I to hear you?
Ax. Come back, ye hours,
And tell my Selima what she has done!
Bring back the time, when to her father's court
I came, ambassador of peace from Tamerlane;
When, hid by conscious darkness and disguise,
I past the dangers of the watchful guards,
Bold as the youth who nightly swam the Hellespont:
Then, then she was not sworn the foe of love;
When, as my soul confest its flame, and sued
In moving sounds for pity, she frowned rarely,
But, blushing, heard me tell the gentle tale;
Nay, even confest, and told me, softly sighing,
She thought there was no guilt in love like mine.
Sel. Young, and unskilful in the world's false arts,
I suffered love to steal upon my softness,
And warm me with a lambent guiltless flame:
Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand times,
And call the conscious powers of heaven to witness
The tenderest, truest, everlasting passion.
But, oh! 'tis past; and I will charge remembrance
To banish the fond image from my soul.
Since thou art sworn the foe of royal Bajazet,
I have resolved to hate thee.
Ax. Is it possible!
Hate is not in thy nature; thy whole frame
Is harmony, without one jarring atom.
Why dost thou force thy eyes to wear this coldness?
It damps the springs of life. Oh! bid me die,
Much rather bid me die, if it be true
That thou hast sworn to hate me!——
Sel. Let life and death
Wait the decision of the bloody field;
Nor can thy fate, my conqueror, depend
Upon a woman's hate. Yet, since you urge
A power which once perhaps I had, there is
But one request that I can make with honor.
Ax. Oh, name it! say!——
Sel. Forego your right of war,
And render me this instant to my father
Ax. Impossible!—The tumult of the battle,
That hastes to join, cuts off all means of commerce
Betwixt the armies.
Sel. Swear then to perform it,
Which way soe'er the chance of war determines,
On my first instance.
Ax. By the sacred majesty
Of heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee
Yes, I will give thee this severest proof
Of my soul's vowed devotion; I will part with thee,
(Thou cruel, to command it!) I will part with thee,
As wretches, that are doubtful of hereafter,
Part with their lives, unwilling, loth, and fearful,
And trembling at futurity. But is there nothing,
No small return that honour can afford,
For all this waste of love?
Sel. The gifts of captives
Wear somewhat of constraint; and generous minds
Disdain to give, where freedom of the choice
Does but seem wanting.
Ax. What! not one kind look?
Then thou art changed indeed. [*Trumpets.*] Hark.
I am summoned,
And thou wilt send me forth like one unblest:
Whom fortune has forsaken, and ill fate
Marked for destruction. Thy surprising coldness
Hangs on my soul, and weighs my courage down.

And the first feeble blow I meet shall raze me
From all remembrance: nor is life or fame
Worthy my care, since I am lost to thee. [*Going.*
Sel. Ha! goest thou to the fight?
Ax. I do. Farewell!
Sel. What! and no more! A sigh heaves in my breast,
And stops the struggling accents on my tongue,
Else, sure, I should have added something more,
And made our parting softer.
Ax. Give it way.
The niggard honour, that affords not love,
Forbids not pity.
Sel. Fate perhaps has set
This day, the period of thy life and conquests;
And I shall see thee, borne at evening back,
A breathless corse.——Oh! can I think on that,
And hide my sorrows?—No—they will have way,
And all the vital air, that life draws in,
s rendered back in sighs.
Ax. The murmuring gale revives the drooping flame,
That at thy coldness languished at my breast:
So breathe the gentle zephyrs on the spring,
And waken every plant, and odorous flower,
Which winter frost had blasted, to new life.
Sel. To see thee for this moment, and no more—
Oh! help me to resolve against this tenderness,
That charms my fierce resentments, and presents thee,
Not as thou art, mine and my father's foe,
But as thou wert, when first thy moving accents
Won me to hear; when, as I listened to thee,
The happy hours past by us unperceived,
So was my soul fixt to the soft enchantment.
Ax. Let me be still the same! I am, I must be.
f it were possible my heart could stray,
One look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the wanderer for ever thine.
Sel. Where is my boasted resolution now?
[*Sinking into his arms.*
Oh, yes! thou art the same; my heart joins with thee,
And, to betray me, will believe thee still:
t dances to the sounds that moved it first,
And owns at once the weakness of my soul.
So when some skilful artist strikes the strings,
The magic numbers rouse our sleeping passions,
And force us to confess our grief and pleasure.
Alas! Axalla, say——dost thou not pity
My artless innocence, and easy fondness?
Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with blushing!
Ax. No, let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee!
From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring,
To revel in the roses—'twill not be,
[*Trumpets.*
This envious trumpet calls, and tears me from thee—
Sel. My fears increase, and doubly press me now:
I charge thee, if thy sword comes cross my father,
Stop for a moment, and remember me.
Ax. Oh, doubt not but his life shall be my care;
Even dearer than my own——
Sel. Guard that for me too.
Ax. O, Selima! thou hast restored my quiet.
The noble ardour of the war, with love
Returning, brightly burns within my breast,
And bids me be secure of all hereafter.
So cheers some pious saint a dying sinner
(Who trembled at the thought of pains to come)
With Heaven's forgiveness, and the hopes of mercy:
At length, the tumult of his soul appeased,
And every doubt and anxious scruple eased,
Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain road;
The peace, his holy comforter bestowed,
Guides, and protects him like a guardian god.
[*Exit.*
Sel. In vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and seem severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes.
If the dear youth her pity strives to move,
And pleads with tenderness, the cause of love,
Nature asserts her empire in her heart,
And kindly takes the faithful lover's part.
By love herself, and nature, thus betrayed,
No more she trusts in pride's fantastic aid,
But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid.
[*Exit* SELIMA, *Guards following.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—TAMERLANE'S *Camp.*

Enter MONESES.

Mon. THE dreadful business of the war is over;
And Slaughter, that, from yester morn 'till even,
With giant steps past striding o'er the field,
Besmeared and horrid with the blood of nations,
Now, weary, sits among the mangled heaps,
And slumbers o'er her prey; while from this camp
The cheerful sounds of victory and Tamerlane
Beat the high arch of heaven. Deciding Fate,
That crowns him with the spoils of such a day,
Has given it as an earnest of the world,
That shortly shall be his.

Enter STRATOCLES.

My Stratocles!
Most happily returned, might I believe
Thou bringst me any joy?
Stra. With my best diligence,
This night I have enquired of what concerns you.
Scarce was the sun, who shone upon the horror
Of the past day, sunk to the western ocean,
When, by permission from the prince Axalla,

I mixt among the tumult of the warriors
Returning from the battle: here, a troop
Of hardy Parthians, red with honest wounds,
Confessed the conquest they had well deserved:
There, a dejected crew of wretched captives,
Sore with unprofitable hurts, and groaning
Under new bondage, followed sadly after
The haughty victor's heels. But that, which fully
Crowned the success of Tamerlane, was Bajazet,
Fallen, like the proud archangel, from the height
Where once (even next to majesty divine)
Enthroned he sat, down to the vile descent
And lowness of a slave: but, oh! to speak
The rage, the fierceness, and the indignation!—
It bars all words, and cuts description short.
Mon. Then he is fallen! that comet which on high
Portended ruin; he has spent his blaze,
And shall distract the world with fears no more.
Sure it must bode me well; for oft my soul
Has started into tumult at his name,
As if my guardian angel took the alarm,
At the approach of somewhat mortal to me.
But say, my friend, what hear'st thou of Arpasia?
For there my thoughts, my every care is centered.
Stra. Though on that purpose still I bent my search,
Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this;
That in the pillage of the sultan's tent
Some women were made prisoners, who, this morning,
Were to be offered to the emperor's view:
Their names and qualities, though oft enquiring,
I could not learn.
Mon. Then must my soul still labour
Beneath uncertainty and anxious doubt,
The mind's worst state. The tyrant's ruin gives me
But a half ease.
Stra. 'Twas said, not far from hence
The captives were to wait the emperor's passage.
Mon. Haste we to find the place.—Oh, my Arpasia!
Shall we not meet? Why hangs my heart thus heavy,
Like death, within my bosom? Oh! 'tis well,
The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence,
Else who could bear it?
When thy loved sight shall bless my eyes again,
Then I will own I ought not to complain,
Since that sweet hour is worth whole years of pain.
[*Exeunt* Moneses *and* Stratocles.

SCENE II.—*The inside of a magnificent Tent. Symphony of warlike Music.*

Enter Tamerlane, Axalla, *Prince of* Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, *Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

Ax. From this auspicious day the Parthian name
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend
Even from the dawning east to utmost Thule,
The limits of its sway.
Pr. Nations unknown,
Where yet the Roman eagle never flew,
Shall pay their homage to victorious Tamerlane;
Bend to his valour and superior virtue,
And own, that conquest is not given by chance.
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,
Waits on his arms.
Tam. It is too much: you dress me
Like an usurper, in the borrowed attributes
Of injured Heaven. Can we call conquest ours?
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,
Vaunt of himself, and say, 'Thus have I done this?'
Oh, vain pretence to greatness! Like the moon,
We borrow all the brightness which we boast,
Dark in ourselves, and useless. If that hand,
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with honour,
'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,
And arrogate a praise which is not ours.
Ax. With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosperous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune: in adversity
The mind grows tough by buffetting the tempest,
Which, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.
Tam. Oh, Axalla!
Could I forget I am a man as thou art,
Would not the winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Sickness, or thirst, and hunger, all the train
Of nature's clamorous appetites, asserting
An equal right in kings and common men,
Reprove me daily?—No—If I boast of aught,
Be it to have been Heaven's happy instrument,
The means of good to all my fellow creatures:
This is a king's best praise.

Enter Omar.

Om. Honour and fame [*Bowing to* Tamerlane.
For ever wait the emperor! May our prophet
Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,
And every day like this! The captive sultan,
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
Attends your sacred will.
Tam. Let him approach.

Enter Bajazet, *and other Turkish Prisoners in chains, with a guard of Soldiers.*

When I survey the ruins of this field,
The wild destruction which thy fierce ambition
Has dealt among mankind (so many widows
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,
That half our eastern world this day are mourners),
Well may I, in behalf of heaven and earth,
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.
Baj. Make thy demand to those that own thy power!
Know, I am still beyond it; and though Fortune
(Curse on that changeling deity of fools!)
Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,
That outside of a king, yet still my soul,
Fixt high, and of itself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal, and even now,

As at the head of battle, does defy thee:
I know what power the chance of war has given,
And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,
This after-game of words, is what most irks me;
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all——
e it as it may.
Tam. Well was it for the world,
When on their borders neighbouring princes met,
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
Preventing wasteful war: such should our meeting
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard
The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,
That power supreme, which made thee and thy prophet,
Will, with impunity, let pass that breach
Of sacred faith given to the royal Greek?
Baj. Thou pedant talker! ha! art thou a king,
Possest of sacred power, Heaven's darling attribute,
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets!
I hate the Greek (perdition on his name!)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As death does human nature, for destruction.
Tam. Causeless to hate, is not of human kind:
The savage brute, that haunts in woods remote
And desart wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.
Baj. Can a king want a cause, when empire bids
Go on? What is he born for, but ambition?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be satisfied,
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.
Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,
Since souls, that differ so, by nature hate,
And strong antipathy forbids their union.
Baj. The noble fire, that warms me, does indeed
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleased we differ,
Nor think alike.
Tam. No—for I think like man;
Thou, like a monster, from whose baneful presence
Nature starts back; and though she fixed her stamp
On thy rough mass, and marked thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,
As formed for her destruction.
'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been:
Honour and glory, too, have been my aim;
But, though I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet would I chuse to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy, and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind;
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.
Baj. Prophet, I thank thee.——
Damnation! Couldst thou rob me of my glory,
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise?—
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have lived secure
In lazy peace, and, with debating senates,
Shared a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,
And let bold factions canton out thy power,
And wrangle for the spoils they robbed thee of;
Whilst I (curse on the power that stops my ardour!)
Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alla,
My angry thunder on the frighted world.
Tam. The world!—'twould be too little for thy pride:
Thou wouldst scale heaven——
Baj. I would:—Away! my soul
Disdains thy conference.
Tam. Thou vain, rash thing,
That, with gigantic insolence, hast dared
To lift thy wretched self above the stars,
And mate with power Almighty—thou art fallen!
Baj. 'Tis false! I am not fallen from aught I have been;
At least my soul resolves to keep her state,
And scorns to take acquaintance with ill-fortune.
Tam. Almost beneath my pity art thou fallen;
Since, while the avenging hand of Heaven is on thee,
And presses to the dust thy swelling soul,
Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest.
To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper
Been hurried, if success had crowned thy wishes!
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquered?
Baj. Oh, glorious thought! By Heaven I will enjoy it,
Though but in fancy; imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast idea.
Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,
I had used thee, as thou art to me—a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred:
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle:
Then, when thy daily servile task was done,
I would have caged thee, for the scorn of slaves,
Till thou hadst begged to die; and even that mercy
I had denied thee. Now thou know'st my mind,
And question me no farther.
Tam. Well dost thou teach me,
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee:
Loudly they call, to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.
Baj. Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once
Of its worst fear.
Tam. Why slept the thunder,
That should have armed the idol deity,
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,
To shake the soul of Tamerlane? Hadst thou an arm
To make thee feared, thou shouldst have proved it on me,
Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,

When, through the tumult of the war, I sought thee,
Fenced in with nations.
Baj. Curse upon the stars,
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!
Oh! could my sword have met thee!——
Tam. Thou hadst then,
As now, been in my power, and held thy life
Dependent on my gift—Yes, Bajazet,
I bid thee—live! So much my soul disdains
That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but Heaven:
Nay, more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
Live, and be still a king, that thou may'st learn
What man should be to man, in war remembering
The common tie and brotherhood of kind.
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
Nor will I use my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace, but such as thou may'st offer
With honour, I with honour may receive.
[Tamerlane *signs to an Officer, who unbinds* Bajazet.
Baj. Ha! say'st thou—no—our prophet's vengeance blast me,
If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire.
Damnation on thee, thou smooth fawning talker!
Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,
And gratify my rage: or, if thou wilt
Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition,
Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.
Thy folly on thy head!
Tam. Be still my foe.
Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return: thy stubborn pride,
That spurns the gentle office of humanity,
Shall in my honour own, and thy despite,
I have done as I ought. Virtue still does
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,
She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.
[*Exeunt* Tamerlane, Axalla, *Prince of* Tanais, Mirvan, Zama, *and Attendants.*
Baj. Come, lead me to my dungeon! plunge me down,
Deep from the hated sight of man and day,
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,
My soul may brood, at leisure, o'er its anguish!
Om. Our royal master would, with noble usage,
Make your misfortunes light: he bids you hope—
Baj. I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with hope,
And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and horror!
Ha! wherefore am I thus?—Perdition seize me,
But my cold blood runs shivering to my heart,
As at some phantom, that, in dead of night,
With dreadful action stalks around our beds!
The rage and fiercer passions of my breast
Are lost in new confusion.——

Enter Haly.

Arpasia!—Haly!
Ha. Oh, emperor! for whose hard fate our prophet,
And all the heroes of thy sacred race,
Are sad in paradise, thy faithful Haly,
The slave of all thy pleasures, in this ruin,
This universal shipwreck of thy fortunes,

Enter Arpasia.

Has gathered up this treasure for thy arms:
Nor even the victor, haughty Tamerlane
(By whose command once more thy slave beholds thee),
Denies this blessing to thee, but, with honour,
Renders thee back thy queen, thy beauteous bride.
Baj. Oh! had her eyes, with pity, seen my sorrows,
Had she the softness of a tender bride,
Heaven could not have bestowed a greater blessing,
And love had made amends for loss of empire.
But see, what fury dwells upon her charms!
What lightning flashes from her angry eyes!
With a malignant joy she views my ruin:
Even beauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,
And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.
Arp. And dar'st thou hope, thou tyrant ravisher,
That Heaven has any joy in store for thee?
Look back upon the sum of thy past life,
Where tyranny, oppression, and injustice,
Perjury, murders, swell the black account;
Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,
Thy last recorded crime. But Heaven has found thee;
At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee.
My weary soul shall bear a little longer
The pain of life, to call for justice on thee:
That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,
And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee.
Baj. Thou rail'st! I thank thee for it—Be perverse,
And muster all the woman in thy soul:
Goad me with curses, be a very wife,
That I may fling off this tame love, and hate thee.

Enter Moneses. [Bajazet *starting.*

Ha! Keep thy temper, heart! nor take alarm
At a slave's presence.
Mon. It is Arpasia!—Leave me, thou cold fear!
Sweet as the rosy morn she breaks upon me,
And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,
Gives way before the golden dawn she brings.
Baj. [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha! Christian! Is it well that we meet thus?
Is this thy faith!
Mon. Why does thy frowning brow

Put on this form of fury? Is it strange
We should meet here, companions in misfortune,
The captives in one common chance of war?
Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has failed
Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,
When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,
With half the warring world upon thy side,
Couldst not stand up against his dreadful battle,
That crushed thee with its shock. Thy men can witness,
Those cowards that forsook me in the combat,
My sword was not inactive.

Baj. No, 'tis false;
Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast
Betrayed her to the Tartar; or, even worse,
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;
And, like a coward now, would cast the blame
On fortune and ill stars.

Mon. Ha! saidst thou like a coward?
What sanctity, what majesty divine
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,
That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?

Baj. Out, thou slave,
And know me for thy lord!——

Mon. I tell thee, tyrant,
When in the pride of power thou sat'st on high,
When like an idol thou wert vainly worshipped,
By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls;
Even when thou wert a king, thou wert no more,
Nor greater than Moneses; born of a race
Royal, and great as thine. What art thou now, then?
The fate of war has set thee with the lowest;
And captives (like the subjects of the grave),
Losing distinction, serve one common lord.

Baj. Braved by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,
And curse thyself! curse thy false cheating prophet!
Ha! yet there's some revenge.—Hear me, thou Christian!
Thou left'st that sister with me: Thou impostor!
Thou boaster of thy honesty! Thou liar!
But take her to thee back.
Now to explore my prison—if it holds
Another plague like this! The restless damned
(If muftis lie not) wander thus in hell;
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain.
[*Exeunt* BAJAZET *and* HALY.

Arp. Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee by my wrongs!
Stay and unfold a tale of so much horror
As only fits thy telling.—Oh, Moneses!

Mon. Why dost thou weep? Why this tempestuous passion,
That stops thy faultering tongue short on my name?
Oh, speak! unveil this mystery of sorrow,
And draw the dismal scene at once to sight!

Arp. Thou art undone, lost, ruined, and undone!

Mon. I will not think 'tis so, while I have thee;
While thus 'tis given to hold thee in my arms;
For while I sigh upon thy panting bosom,
The sad remembrance of past woes is lost.

Arp. Forbear to sooth thy soul with flattering thoughts,
Of evils overpast, and joys to come:
Our woes are like the genuine shade beneath,
Where fate cuts off the very hopes of day,
And everlasting night and horror reign.

Mon. By all the tenderness and chaste endearments
Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,
To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,
At once, the utmost malice of my fate!

Arp. Take then thy wretched share in all I suffer,
Still partner of my heart!—Scarce hadst thou left
The sultan's camp, when the imperious tyrant,
Softening the pride and fierceness of his temper,
With gentle speech, made offer of his love.
Amazed, as at the shock of sudden death,
I started into tears, and often urged
(Though still in vain) the difference of our faiths.
At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,
With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I owned
The fraud, which, when we first were made his prisoners,
Conscious of my unhappy form, and fearing
For thy dear life, I forc'd thee to put on;
Thy borrowed name of brother, mine of sister;
Hiding beneath that veil the nearer tie
Our mutual vows had made before the priest.
Kindling to rage at hearing of my story,
'Then, be it so,' he cried: 'Think'st thou thy vows,
Given to a slave, shall bar me from thy beauties!'
Then bade the priest pronounce the marriage-rites,
Which he performed; whilst, shrieking with despair,
I called, in vain, the powers of Heaven to aid me.

Mon. Villain! Imperial villain! Oh, the coward!
Awed by his guilt, though backed by force and power,
He durst not, to my face, avow his purpose;
But, in my absence, like a lurking thief,
Stole on my treasure, and at once undid me.

Arp. Had they not kept me from the means of death,
Forgetting all the rules of Christian suffering,
I had done a desperate murder on my soul,
Ere the rude slaves, that waited on his will,
Had forced me to his——

Mon. Stop thee there, Arpasia,
And bar my fancy from the guilty scene!
Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind
Should muster such a train of monstrous images,
As would distract me. Oh! I cannot bear it.

Thou lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys
Were treasured up, to have thee rifled thus!
Thus torn untasted from my eager wishes!
But I will have thee from him. Tamerlane
(The sovereign judge of equity on earth)
Shall do me justice on this mighty robber,
And render back thy beauties to Moneses.
Arp. And who shall render back my peace, my honour,
The spotless whiteness of my virgin soul?
Ah! no, Moneses—Think not I will ever
Bring a polluted love to thy chaste arms:
I am the tyrant's wife,—Oh, fatal title!
And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,
By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,
To know no second bride-bed but my grave.
Mon. I swear it must not be, since still my eye
Finds thee as heavenly white, as angel pure,
As in the earliest hours of life thou wert:
Nor art thou his, but mine; thy first vow is mine,
Thy soul is mine.
Arp. O! think not, that the power
Of most persuasive eloquence can make me
Forget I have been another's, been his wife.
Now, by my blushes, by the strong confusion
And anguish of my heart, spare me, Moneses,
Nor urge my trembling virtue to the precipice.
Shortly, oh! very shortly, if my sorrows
Divine aright, and Heaven be gracious to me,
Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation,
And give me up to peace, to that blest place,
Where the good rest from care and anxious life.
Mon. Oh, teach me, thou fair saint, like thee to suffer!
Teach me, with hardy piety, to combat
The present ills: instruct my eyes to pass
The narrow bounds of life, this land of sorrow,
And, with bold hopes, to view the realms beyond,
Those distant beauties of the future state.
Tell me, Arpasia—say, what joys are those
That wait to crown the wretch who suffers here?
Oh! tell me, and sustain my failing faith!
Arp. Imagine somewhat exquisitely fine,
Which fancy cannot paint, which the pleased mind
Can barely know, unable to describe it;
Imagine 'tis a tract of endless joys,
Without satiety or interruption;
Imagine 'tis to meet, and part no more.
Mon. Grant, gentle Heaven, that such may be our lot!
Let us be blest together. Oh, my soul!
Build on that hope, and let it arm thy courage,
To struggle with the storm that parts us now.
Arp. Yes, my Moneses! now the surges rise,
The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,
And drives us to our fate on different rocks.
Farewell! My soul lives with thee.
Mon. Death is parting,
'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body.
But this is somewhat worse——my joy, my comfort,
All that was left in life, fleets after thee;
My aching sight hangs on thy parting beauties,
Thy lovely eyes, all drowned in floods of sorrow.
So sinks the setting sun beneath the waves,
And leaves the traveller, in pathless woods,
Benighted and forlorn—Thus, with sad eyes,
Westward he turns, to mark the light's decay,
Till, having lost the last faint glimpse of day,
Cheerless, in darkness, he pursues his way.
[*Exeunt* Moneses *and* Arpasia, *severally*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of the Royal Tent.*

Enter Axalla, Selima, *and Women attendants.*

Ax. Can there be aught in love beyond this proof,
This wondrous proof, I give thee of my faith?
To tear thee from my bleeding bosom thus!
To rend the strings of life, to set thee free,
And yield thee to a cruel father's power,
Foe to my hopes! What canst thou pay me back,
What but thyself, thou angel! for this fondness?
Sel. Thou dost upbraid me, beggar as I am,
And urge me with my poverty of love.
Perhaps thou think'st, 'tis nothing for a maid
To struggle through the niceness of her sex,
The blushes and the fears, and own she loves;
Thou think'st 'tis nothing for my artless heart
To own my weakness, and confess thy triumph.
Ax. Oh! yes, I own it; my charmed ears ne'er knew
A sound of so much rapture, so much joy.
Not voices, instruments, not warbling birds,
Not winds, nor murmuring waters join'd in concert,
Not tuneful nature, nor the according spheres,
Utter such harmony, as when my Selima,
With down-cast looks and blushes, said—I love.
Sel. And yet thou say'st, I am a niggard to thee!
I swear the balance shall be held between us,
And love be judge, if, after all the tenderness,
Tears and confusion of my virgin soul,
Thou shouldst complain of aught, unjust Axalla!
Ax. Why was I ever blest!—Why is remembrance
Rich with a thousand pleasing images
Of past enjoyments, since 'tis but plague to me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me
To think of all the golden minutes past,
To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy!
But like an angel fallen from bliss, to curse
My present state, and mourn the Heaven I've lost

Sel. Hope better for us both; nor let thy fears,
Like an unlucky omen, cross my way.
My father, rough and stormy in his nature,
To me was always gentle, and, with fondness
Paternal, ever met me with a blessing.
Oft, when offence had stirred him to such fury,
That not grave counsellors, for wisdom famed,
Nor hardy captains, that had fought his battles,
Presumed to speak, but, struck with awful dread,
Were hushed as death; yet has he smiled on me,
Kissed me, and bade me utter all my purpose,
Till, with my idle prattle, I had soothed him,
And won him from his anger.
Ax. Oh! I know
Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers.
Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts
Stand still and lose their fierceness, but to hear thee,
As if they had reflection, and by reason
Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.
But, oh! when I revolve each circumstance,
My Christian faith, my service closely bound
To Tamerlane, my master, aud my friend,
Tell me, my charmer, if my fears are vain?
Think what remains for me, if the fierce sultan
Should doom thy beauties to another's bed!
Sel. 'Tis a sad thought: but, to appease thy doubts,
Here, in the awful sight of Heaven, I vow
No power shall e'er divide me from thy love,
Even duty shall not force me to be false.
My cruel stars may tear thee from my arms,
But never from my heart; and when the maids
Shall yearly come with garlands of fresh flowers,
To mourn with pious office o'er my grave,
They shall sit sadly down, and weeping tell
How well I loved, how much I suffered for thee,
And while they grieve my fate, shall praise my constancy.
Ax. But see, the sultan comes!——My beating heart
Bounds with exulting motion; hope and fear
Fight with alternate conquest in my breast.
Oh! can I give her from me? yield her up?
Now mourn, thou god of love, since honour triumphs,
And crowns his cruel altars with thy spoils!

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To have a nauseous courtesy forced on me,
Spite of my will, by an insulting foe!
Ha! they would break the fierceness of my temper,
And make me supple for their slavish purpose.
Curse on their fawning arts! From Heaven itself
I would not, on such terms, receive a benefit,
But spurn it back upon the giver's hand.
[SELIMA *comes forward, and kneels to* BAJAZET.
Sel. My lord! my royal father!
Baj. Ha! what art thou?
What heavenly innocence! that in a form
So known, so loved, hast left thy paradise,
For joyless prison, for this place of woe?
Art thou my Selima?
Sel. Have you forgot me?
Alas! my piety is then in vain!
Your Selima, your daughter whom you loved,
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes;
To wait and tend him with obsequious duty;
To sit, and weep for every care he feels;
To help to wear the tedious minutes out,
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.
Baj. Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind
Could know a thought of peace, it would be now!
Even from thy prating infancy thou wert
My joy, my little angel; smiling comfort
Came with thee, still to glad me. Now I'm cursed
Even in thee too. Reproach and infamy
Attend the Christian dog, t' whom thou wert trusted!
To see thee here—'twere better see thee dead!
Ax. Thus Tamerlane, to royal Bajazet,
With kingly greeting sends; since with the brave
(The bloody business of the fight once ended)
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease;
Thy queen already to thy arms restored,
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter;
And if there be aught farther in thy wish,
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.
Baj. Bear back thy fulsome greeting to thy master;
Tell him, I'll none on't. Had he been a god,
All his omnipotence could not restore
My fame diminished, loss of sacred honour,
The radiancy of majesty eclipsed:
For aught besides, it is not worth my care;
The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.
Ax. Enough of war the wounded earth has known;
Weary at length, and wasted with destruction,
Sadly she rears her ruined head, to shew
Her cities humbled, and her countries spoiled,
And to her mighty masters sues for peace.
Oh, sultan! by the Power divine I swear,
With joy I would resign the savage trophies
In blood and battle gained, could I atone
The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane;
And think a soldier's glory well bestowed
To buy mankind a peace.
Baj. And what art thou,
That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the rage
Of angry kings?
Ax. A prince, born of the noblest,
And of a soul that answers to that birth,
That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on
A forced forgetfulness, thus not to know me,
A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting
On gentle terms.—
Sel. Could aught efface the merit
Of brave Axalla's name, yet when your daughter
Shall tell how well, how nobly she was used,
How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,
Most sure the royal Bajazet will own
That honour stands indebted to such goodness,

Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.
Baj. Ha! know'st thou that, fond girl?—Go —'tis not well,
And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit
From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,
Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race:
Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all
My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,
Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,
Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.
Sel. Alas! Axalla!
Ax. Weep not, lovely maid!
I swear, one pearly drop from those fair eyes
Would over-pay the service of my life!
One sigh from thee has made a large amends
For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.
Baj. Oh, my curst fortune!—am I fallen thus low!
Dishonoured to my face! Thou earth-born thing!
Thou clod! how hast thou dared to lift thy eyes
Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,
Whom kings, whom even our prophet's holy offspring
At distance have beheld? And what art thou?
What glorious titles blazen out thy birth?
Thou vile obscurity! ha!—say—thou base one.
Ax. Thus challenged, Virtue, modest as she is,
Stands up to do herself a common justice;
To answer, and assert that inborn merit,
That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.
Were honour to be scanned by long descent,
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest, and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdued
The world by arms and virtue, and, being Romans,
Scorned to be kings; but that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver. I could prove
My friendship such, as thou might'st deign to accept
With honour, when it comes with friendly office,
To render back thy crown, and former greatness;
And yet even this, even all is poor, when Selima,
With matchless worth, weighs down the adverse scale.
Baj. To give me back what yesterday took from me,
Would be to give like Heaven, when, having finished
This world (the goodly work of this creation),
He bid his favourite man be lord of all.
But this———
Ax. Nor is this gift beyond my power.
Oft has the mighty master of my arms
Urged me with large ambition, to demand
Crowns and dominions from his bounteous power:
'Tis true, I waved the proffer, and have held it
The worthier choice to wait upon his virtues,
To be the friend and partner of his wars,
Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder then,
If, in the confidence of such a friendship,
I promise boldly for the royal giver,
Thy crown and empire.
Baj. For our daughter thus
Mean'st thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Christian,
There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,
And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.
Ax. Oh! name the mighty ransom; task my power;
Let there be danger, difficulty, death,
To enhance the price!
Baj. I take thee at thy word.
Bring me the Tartar's head!
Ax. Ha!
Baj. Tamerlane's!
That death, that deadly poison, to my glory.
Ax. Prodigious! Horrid!
Sel. Lost! for ever lost!
Baj. And couldst thou hope to bribe me with aught else?
With a vile peace, patched up on slavish terms?
With tributary kingship?—No!—To merit
A recompence from me, sate my revenge.
The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him:
One heaven and earth can never hold us both:
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever;
As if two suns should meet in the meridian,
And strive, in fiery combat, for the passage.
Weep'st thou, fond girl? Now, as thy king, and father,
I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance!
Hate shall be pious in thee. Come and join
[*Laying hold on her hand.*
To curse thy father's foes.
Sel. Undone for ever!
Now, tyrant duty, art thou yet obeyed?
There is no more to give thee.—Oh, Axalla!
[BAJAZET *leads out* SELIMA, *she looking back on* AXALLA.
Ax. 'Twas what I feared; fool that I was to obey!
The coward, Love, that could not bear her frown,
Has wrought his own undoing. Perhaps e'en now
The tyrant's rage prevails upon her fears:
Fiercely he storms: she weeps, and sighs, and trembles,
But swears at length to think on me no more.
He bade me take her. But, oh, gracious honour!
Upon what terms? My soul yet shudders at it,
And stands but half recovered of her fright.
The head of Tamerlane! monstrous impiety!
Bleed, bleed to death, my heart, be virtue's martyr!—
Oh, emperor! I own I ought to give thee
Some nobler mark, than dying, of my faith.
Then let the pains I feel my friendship prove;
'Tis easier far to die, than cease to love.
[*Exit* AXALLA.

SCENE II.—TAMERLANE'S *Camp.*

Enter severally MONESES, *and Prince of* TANAIS.

Mon. If I not press untimely on his leisure,
You would much bind a stranger to your service,
To give me means of audience to the emperor.

Pr. Most willingly; though, for the present moment,
We must entreat your stay; he holds him private.
Mon. His counsel, I presume?
Pr. No, the affair
Is not of earth, but heaven—A holy man,
One whom our prophet's law calls such) a dervise,
Keeps him in conference.
Mon. Hours of religion,
Especially of princes, claim a reverence,
Nor will be interrupted.
Pr. What his business
mports, we know not; but, with earnest suit,
This morn, he begged admittance. Our great master
Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heaven)
In reverend regard holds all that bear
Relation to religion, and, on notice
Of his request, received him on the instant.
Mon. We will attend his pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TAMERLANE *and a Dervise.*

Tam. Thou bring'st me thy credentials from the highest,
From Alla, and our prophet. Speak thy message;
It must import the best and noblest ends.
Der. Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has given thee
To reign and conquer: ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.
Thou hast forgot high Heaven, hast beaten down
And trampled on religion's sanctity.
Tam. Now, as I am a soldier and a king
The greatest names of honour), do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane
Shall do thee ample justice on himself.
So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,
Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,
And drive the offending thought with fury forth.
Der. Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honour,
By fostering the pernicious Christian sect:
Those, whom his sword pursued, with fell destruction,
Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils!
They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.
Tam. I fear me, thou outgo'st the prophet's order,
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter
A rudeness ill-becoming thee to use,
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,
Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.
Der. He is a Christian; there our law condemns him,
Although he were even all thou speak'st, and more.
Tam. 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the virtuous,
For differing from the rules your schools devise.
Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths;
And (though by several names and titles worshipped)
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.
Thus, when he viewed the many forms of nature,
He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety.
Der. Most impious and profane!—Nay, frown not, prince!
Full of the prophet, I despise the danger
Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee
To hear, and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?
Why have I given thee conquest, but to spread
My sacred law even to the utmost earth,
And make my holy Mecca the world's worship?
Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,
Plant there the prophet's name; with sword and fire
Drive out all other faiths, and let the world
Confess him only.
Tam. Had he but commanded
My sword to conquer all, to make the world
Know but one lord, the task were not so hard;
'Twere but to do what has been done already,
And Philip's son, and Cæsar, did as much:
But to subdue the unconquerable mind,
To make one reason have the same effect
Upon all apprehensions; to force this
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do,—
Impossible! Unless souls were alike
In all, which differ now like human faces.
Der. Well might the holy cause be carried on,
If mussulmen did not make war on mussulmen.
Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch?
Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse,
Release the royal Bajazet, and join,
With force united, to destroy the Christians.
Tam. 'Tis well——I've found the cause that moves thy zeal!
What shallow politician set thee on,
In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?
Der. Our prophet only——
Tam. No—thou dost belie him,
Thou maker of new faiths! that dar'st to build
Thy fond inventions on religion's name.
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts;
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and, by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And would not bear all lights. Hence! I have found thee.
Der. I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet!— [*Aside.*
Yet I have somewhat further to unfold;

Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus—
[*The Dervise draws a concealed dagger, and offers to stab* Tamerlane.
Tam. No, villain, Heaven is watchful o'er its worshippers,
[*Wresting the dagger from him.*
And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch!
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I shall doom thee——
Der. 'Tis but death at last;
And I will suffer greatly for the cause,
That urged me first to the bold deed.
Tam. Oh, impious!
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.
[*Pausing.*] It shall be so—To die! 'twere a reward—
Now, learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine;
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe!
If thou repent'st, I have gained one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy;
If thou continuest still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.
Hence from my sight!—It shocks my soul to think,
That there is such a monster in my kind.
[*Exit Dervise.*
Whither will man's impiety extend?
Oh, gracious Heaven! dost thou withhold thy thunder,
When bold assassins take thy name upon them,
And swear they are the champions of thy cause?

Enter Moneses.

Mon. Oh, emperor! before whose awful throne
The afflicted never kneel in vain for justice;
[*Kneeling to* Tam.
Undone, and ruined, blasted in my hopes,
Here let me fall before your sacred feet,
And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity
(The last support and refuge that is left me)
Shall raise me from the ground, and bid me live!
Tam. Rise, prince, nor let me reckon up thy worth,
And tell how boldly that might bid thee ask,
Lest I should make a merit of my justice,
The common debt I owe to thee, to all,
Even to the meanest of mankind, the charter
By which I claim my crown, and Heaven's protection.
Speak, then, as to a king, the sacred name
Where power is lodged, for righteous ends alone.
Mon. One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart
Had fixed its wishes on, and that is lost;
That sister, for whose safety my sad soul
Endured a thousand fears—
Tam. I well remember,
When, ere the battle joined, I saw thee first,
With grief uncommon to a brother's love,
Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,
Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught
Thou canst demand from friendship? Ask, and have it.
Mon. First, oh! let me entreat your royal goodness,
Forgive the folly of a lover's caution,
That forged a tale of folly to deceive you.
Said I, she was my sister?—Oh! 'tis false;
She holds a dearer interest in my soul,
Such as the closest ties of blood ne'er knew;
An interest, such as power, wealth, and honour,
Can't buy, but love, love only, can bestow:
She was the mistress of my vows, my bride,
By contract mine; and long ere this the priest
Had tied the knot for ever, had not Bajazet—
Tam. Ha! Bajazet—If yet his power withholds
The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,
E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,
Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.
This morn a soldier brought a captive beauty,
Sad, though she seemed, yet of a form more rare,
By much the noblest spoil of all the field;
E'en Scipio, or a victor yet more cold,
Might have forgot his virtue at her sight.
Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,
Till, by a slave that waited near her person,
I learned she was the captive sultan's wife:
Straight I forbid my eyes the dangerous joy
Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.
Mon. There was Moneses lost! Too sure my heart
(From the first mention of her wondrous charms)
Presaged it could be only my Arpasia.
Tam. Arpasia! didst thou say?
Mon. Yes, my Arpasia.
Tam. Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee:
I named the queen of Bajazet, his wife.
Mon. His queen! his wife! he brings that holy title,
To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.
Tam. Alas! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just;
Thou art, indeed, unhappy——
Mon. Can you pity me,
And not redress? Oh, royal Tamerlane!
[*Kneeling.*
Thou succour of the wretched, reach thy mercy
To save me from the grave, and from oblivion!
Be gracious to the hopes that wait my youth.
Oh! let not sorrow blast me, lest I wither,
And fall in vile dishonour! Let thy justice
Restore me my Arpasia; give her back,
Back to my wishes, to my transports give her,
To my fond, restless, bleeding, dying bosom!
Oh! give her to me yet while I have life
To bless thee for the bounty! Oh, Arpasia!
Tam. Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask
What honour must deny? Ha! is she not
His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoyed?
And wouldst thou have my partial friendship break
That holy knot, which, tied once, all mankind
Agree to hold sacred and undissolvible?
The brutal violence would stain my justice,

And brand me with a tyrant's hated name
To late posterity.
Mon. Are then the vows,
The holy vows we registered in heaven,
But common air?
Tam. Could thy fond love forget
The violation of a first enjoyment?———
But sorrow has disturbed and hurt thy mind.
Mon. Perhaps it has, and, like an idle madman,
That wanders with a train of hooting boys,
do a thousand things to shame my reason.
Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,
Far, far from the world's sight. Honour and fame,
Arms, and the glorious war shall be forgotten;
No noble sound of greatness, or ambition,
Shall wake my drowsy soul from her dead sleep,
Till the last trump do summon.
Tam. Let thy virtue
Stand up and answer to these warring passions,
That vex thy manly temper. From the moment
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble
Shone through thy form, and won my friendship for thee,
Without the tedious form of long acquaintance;
Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.
Come, droop no more! thou shalt with me pursue
True greatness, till we rise to immortality.
Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Moneses;
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.
Mon. So the good genius warns his mortal charge
To fly the evil fate that still pursues him,
Till it have wrought his ruin. Sacred Tamerlane,
Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.
But, oh! too deep the wounding grief is fixt,
For any hand to heal.
Tam. This dull despair
Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee;
The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,
And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul,
Begun by sloth, and nursed by too much ease.
The idle god of love supinely dreams,
Amidst inglorious shades and purling streams;
In rosy fetters and fantastic chains,
He binds deluded maids and simple swains;
With soft enjoyments wooes them to forget
The hardy toils and labours of the great.
But, if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms
To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms,
The coward boy avows his abject fear.
On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,
Scared at the noble noise and thunder of the war. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—BAJAZET'S *Tent.*

Enter HALY *and the Dervise.*

Ha. To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,
Demands my wonder justly.
Der. True, it may;
But 'tis a principle of his new faith;
'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspired,
Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,
And give their foes a second opportunity,
If the first blow should miss. Failing to serve
The sultan to my wish, and even despairing
Of further means to effect his liberty,
A lucky accident retrieved my hopes.
Ha. The prophet and our master will reward
Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.
Der. Just entering here, I met the Tartar general,
Fierce Omar.
Ha. He commands, if I mistake not,
This quarter of the army, and our guards.
Der. The same. By his stern aspect, and the fires
That kindled in his eyes, I guessed the tumult
Some wrong had raised in his tempestuous soul;
A friendship of old date had given me privilege
To ask of his concerns. In short, I learned,
That, burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,
He had begged her, as a captive of the war,
From Tamerlane; but meeting with denial
Of what he thought his services might claim,
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,
As cause of this affront. I joined his rage,
And added to his injuries, the wrongs
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla.
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,
And all we wish is ours.
[*They seem to talk together aside.*

Enter OMAR.

Om. No—if I forgive it,
Dishonour blast my name! Was it for this
That I directed his first steps to greatness,
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
When our great Cham first bent his eyes towards him,
(Then petty prince of Parthia) and, by me
Persuaded, raised him to his daughter's bed,
Called him his son, and successor of the empire;
Was it for this, that like a rock I stood,
And stemmed a torrent of our Tartar lords,
Who scorned his upstart sway? When Calibes,
In bold rebellion, drew e'en half the provinces
To own his cause, I, like his better angel,
Stood by his shaking throne, and fixed it fast:
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,
That, when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion?

Der. Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand,
Since injured thus, why right you not yourself?
The prize you ask is in your power.
Om. It is,
And I will seize it in despite of Tamerlane,
And that Italian dog.
Ha. What need of force,
When every thing concurs to meet your wishes?
Our mighty master would not wish a son
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand
Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerlane
Has to your worth denied.
Om. Now, by my arms,
It will be great revenge! What will your sultan
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,
His crown, and give him power to wreak his hatred
Upon his greatest foe?
Ha. All he can ask,
And far beyond his wish. [*Trumpets.*
Om. These trumpets speak
The emperor's approach; he comes once more
To offer terms of peace. Retire within.
I will know farther—he grows deadly to me;
And curse me, prophet, if I not repay
His hate with retribution full as mortal! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers ARPASIA *lying on a couch.*

SONG.

To thee, O gentle Sleep, alone
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heightened shewn,
By thee our sorrows cease.
The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,
Some tyrant has possessed,
By thee, obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is blessed.
Oh, stay; Arpasia bids thee stay;
The sadly weeping fair
Conjures thee, not to lose in day
The object of her care.
To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
That motion chased her sleep;
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought
The griefs, for which we weep.

Arp. Oh, death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,
Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake
In tedious expectation of thy peace?
Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still open,
To take the wretched in, if stern religion
Guard every passage, and forbid my entrance?
Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,
When urged with griefs beyond a mortal sufferance;
But here it must not be. Think, then, Arpasia,
Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,
And let that arm thy virtue to perform
What Cato's daughter durst not!—Live, Arpasia,
And dare to be unhappy.

Enter TAMERLANE.

Tam. When fortune smiles upon the soldier's arms,
And adds even beauty to adorn his conquest,
Yet she ordains the fair should know no fears,
No sorrows to pollute their lovely eyes,
But should be used even nobly, as herself,
The queen and goddess of the warrior's vows.
Such welcome as a camp can give, fair sultaness,
We hope you have received; it shall be larger,
And better as it may.
Arp. Since I have borne
That miserable mark of fatal greatness,
I have forgot all difference of conditions;
Sceptres and fetters are grown equal to me,
And the best change my fate can bring is death.
Tam. When sorrow dwells in such an angel form,
Well may we guess that those above are mourners;
Virtue is wronged, and bleeding innocence
Suffers some wondrous violation here,
To make the saints look sad! Oh! teach my power
To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,
Lest Heaven should wrest it from my idle hand,
If I look on, and see you weep in vain.
Arp. Not that my soul disdains the generous aid
Thy royal goodness proffers; but, oh, emperor!
It is not in my fate to be made happy;
Nor will I listen to the cozener, Hope,
But stand resolved to bear the beating storm
That roars around me; safe in this alone,
That I am not immortal. Though 'tis hard,
'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee,
Dear native Greece! and you, ye weeping maids,
That were companions of my virgin youth!
My noble parents! Oh, the grief of heart,
The pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down
Their reverend ages to the grave with sorrow!
And yet there is a woe surpassing all:
Ye saints and angels, give me of your constancy,
If you expect I shall endure it long!
Tam. Why is my pity all that I can give
To tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;
Nor dare I ask, what mighty loss you mourn,
Lest honour should forbid to give it back.
Arp. No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou should'st:
But know, (though to the weakness of my sex
I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.
Think, I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue:
A Greek! from whose famed ancestors of old,
Rome drew the patterns of her boasted heroes.
They must be mighty evils that can vanquish
A Spartan courage, and a Christian faith.

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To know no thought of rest! to have the mind

Still ministering fresh plagues, as in a circle,
Where one dishonour treads upon another;
What know the fiends beyond it? Ha! by hell,
[*Seeing* ARP. *and* TAM.
There wanted only this to make me mad!
Comes he to triumph here? to rob my love,
And violate the last retreat of happiness?
Tam. But that I read upon thy frowning brow,
That war yet lives, and rages in thy breast,
Once more (in pity to the suffering world)
I meant to offer peace.
Baj. And mean'st thou too
To treat it with our empress? and to barter
The spoils, which fortune gave thee, for her favours?
Arp. What would the tyrant? [*Aside.*
Baj. Seek'st thou thus our friendship?
Is this the royal usage thou didst boast?
Tam. The boiling passion, that disturbs thy soul,
Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark—
Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.
Baj. Is it a riddle? Read it there explained;
There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, O prophet,
And equal Heaven, if this demand not rage!
The peasant-hind, begot and born to slavery,
Yet dares assert a husband's sacred right,
And guards his homely couch from violation:
And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong,
Without complaining?
Tam. If I could have wronged thee,
If conscious virtue, and all-judging Heaven,
Stood not between to bar ungoverned appetite,
What hindered, but in spite of thee, my captive,
I might have used a victor's boundless power,
And sated every wish my soul could form?
But, to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,
This is among the things I dare not do.
Baj. By hell, 'tis false! else wherefore art thou present?
What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour?
I found thee holding amorous parly with her,
Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,
And bargaining for pleasures yet to come:
My life, I know, is the devoted price—
But take it! I am weary of the pain.
Tam. Yet ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,
I warn thee to take heed: I am a man,
And have the frailties common to man's nature:
The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,
And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,
As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touched me
Even in the nicest, tenderest part, my honour;
My honour, which, like power, disdains being questioned;
Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,
And marked me for a villain, and a tyrant.
Arp. And stand I here an idle looker-on,
To see my innocence murdered and mangled
By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong?
Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus?
[*To* BAJAZET.
Hast thou not torn me from my native country,
From the dear arms of my lamenting friends,
From my soul's peace, and from my injured love?
Hast thou not ruined, blotted me for ever,
And driven me to the brink of black despair?
And is it in thy malice yet to add
A wound more deep, to sully my white name,
My virtue?
Baj. Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,
Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,
Proneness to change, even from the joy that pleased them;
So gracious is your idol, dear variety,
That for another love, you would forego
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's;
Through every state and rank of men you wander,
Till even your large experience takes in all
The different nations of the peopled earth.
Arp. Why sought'st thou not from thy own impious tribe
A wife like one of these? For such thy race
(If human nature brings forth such) affords.
Greece, for chaste virgins famed, and pious matrons,
Teems not with monsters like your Turkish wives,
Whom guardian eunuchs, haggard and deformed,
Whom walls and bars make honest by constraint;
Know, I detest, like hell, the crime thou mention'st:
Not that I fear, or reverence thee, thou tyrant!
But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,
Sits unpolluted in its sacred temple,
And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.
Tam. Oh, pity! that a greatness so divine
Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal.—
Thou, blind and wilful to the good that courts thee, [*To* BAJAZET.
With open-handed bounty Heaven pursues thee,
And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,
And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet;
Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,
And art an evil genius to thyself.
Baj. No—Thou! thou art my greatest curse on earth!
Thou, who hast robbed me of my crown and glory,
And now pursu'st me to the verge of life,
To spoil me of my honour. Thou! thou hypocrite!
That wear'st a pageant outside shew of virtue,
To cover the hot thoughts that glow within;
Thou rank adulterer!
Tam. Oh, that thou wert
The lord of all those thousands, that lie breathless
On yonder field of blood, that I again
Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,
Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,
Vanquished and sinking underneath my arm,
To own thou hast traduced me like a villain!
Baj. Ha! Does it gall thee, Tartar? By revenge,

It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury.
Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulterer!
Thou dost prophane the name of king and soldier,
And, like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force
To violate the holy marriage-bed.
Tam. Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject state,
The captive of my sword, by my just anger,
My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pride,
And doom thee dead, this instant, with a word.
Baj. 'Tis false! my fate's above thee, and thou dar'st not.
Tam. Ha! dare not! Thou hast raised my ponderous rage,
And now it falls, to crush thee at a blow.
A guard there! Seize, and drag him to his fate!
[*Enter a guard: they seize* BAJAZET.
Tyrant, I'll do a double justice on thee;
At once revenge myself, and all mankind.
Baj. Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust
Invade my bed, thus to begin with murder:
Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely.
Tam. Away!
Arp. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, stay! I charge thee, by renown;
By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,
Call back the doom of death!
Tam. Fair injured excellence,
Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious prayers,
As might even bribe the saints to partial justice,
For one to goodness lost; who first undid thee,
Who still pursues and aggravates the wrong?
Baj. By Alla! no, I will not wear a life
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free me
At once from infamy and thee, thou traitress!
Arp. No matter, though the whistling winds grow loud,
And the rude tempest roars; 'tis idle rage:
Oh! mark it not; but let thy steady virtue
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,
And save Arpasia from the sport of talkers.
Think, how the busy, meddling world will toss
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth;
Shall brand thy vengeance, as a foul design,
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,
As late posterity shall blush in reading.
Tam. Oh, matchless virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Though laggard in the race, admiring yet,
I will pursue the shining path thou tread'st.—
Sultan, be safe! Reason resumes her empire,
[*The guards release* BAJAZET.
And I am cool again.—Here break we off,
Lest farther speech should minister new rage.
Wisely from dangerous passions I retreat,
To keep a conquest which was hard to get:
And, oh! 'tis time I should for flight prepare,
A war more fatal seems to threaten there,
And all my rebel-blood assists the fair:
One moment more, and I too late shall find,
That love's the strongest power that lords it o'er the mind.
[*Exit* TAM. *followed by the guards.*

Baj. To what new shame, what plague am
reserved!
Why did my stars refuse me to die warm,
While yet my regal state stood unimpeached,
Nor knew the curse of having one above me?
Then too (although by force I grasped the joy)
My love was safe, nor felt the rack of doubt.
Why hast thou forced this nauseous life upon me?
Is it to triumph o'er me?—But I will,
I will be free; I will forget thee all;
The bitter and the sweet, the joy and pain,
Death shall expunge at once, and ease my soul.
Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy paradise,
Thy fragrant bowers, and everlasting shades;
Thou hast placed woman there, and all thy joys are tainted. [*Exit* BAJAZET.
Arp. A little longer yet, be strong, my heart;
A little longer let the busy spirits
Keep on their cheerful round.—It will not be!
Love, sorrow, and the sting of vile reproach,
Succeeding one another in their course,
Like drops of eating water on the marble,
At length have worn my boasted courage down:
I will indulge the woman in my soul,
And give a loose to tears and to impatience;
Death is at last my due, and I will have it.—
And see the poor Moneses comes, to take
One sad adieu, and then we part for ever.

Enter MONESES.

Mon. Already am I onward of my way;
Thy tuneful voice comes like a hollow sound
At distance, to my ears. My eyes grow heavy,
And all the glorious lights of Heaven look dim;
'Tis the last office they shall ever do me,
To view thee once, and then to close and die.
Arp. Alas! how happy have we been, Moneses!
Ye gentle days, that once were ours, what joys
Did every cheerful morning bring along!
No fears, no jealousies, no angry parents,
That for unequal births, or fortunes frowned;
But love, that kindly joined our hearts, to bless us,
Made us a blessing too to all besides.
Mon. Oh, cast not thy remembrance back, Arpasia!
'Tis grief unutterable, 'tis distraction!
But let this last of hours be peaceful sorrow!
Here let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.
Be witness, all ye saints, thou Heaven and Nature,
Be witness of my truth, for you have known it!
Be witness, that I never knew a pleasure,
In all the world could offer, like Arpasia!
Be witness, that I lived but in Arpasia!
And, oh, be witness, that her loss has killed me!
Arp. While thou art speaking, life begins to fail,
And every tender accent chills like death.
Oh! let me haste then, yet, ere day declines,
And the long night prevail, once more to tell thee
What, and how dear, Moneses has been to me.

hat has he not been?—All the names of love,
others, or fathers, husbands, all are poor:
oneses is myself; in my fond heart,
ven in my vital blood, he lives and reigns:
e last dear object of my parting soul
ill be Moneses; the last breath that lingers
ithin my panting breast shall sigh Moneses.

Mon. It is enough! Now to thy rest, my soul!
e world and thou have made an end at once.

Arp. Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still:
or honour can forbid, that we together
ould share the few poor minutes that remain.
swear, methinks this sad society
as somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark shades
eem, as we journey on, to lose their horror;
t near approach the monsters, formed by fear,
re vanished all, and leave the prospect clear;
midst the gloomy vale, a pleasing scene,
ith flowers adorned, and never-fading green,
viting stands, to take the wretched in:
e wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair,
isturb the quiet of a place so fair,
ut injured lovers find Elysium there. [*Exeunt.*

nter **BAJAZET**, **OMAR**, **HALY**, *and the Dervise.*

Baj. Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our prophet,
y Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,
ur daughter is thy bride! and to that gift
uch wealth, such power, such honours will I add,
hat monarchs shall with envy view thy state,
nd own thou art a demi-god to them.
hou hast given me what I wished, power of revenge,
nd when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution.

Om. Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his tribe,
ave sworn to own my cause, and draw their thousands,
o-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side:
he day declining seems to yield to night,
re little more than half her course be ended.
n an auspicious hour prepare for flight;
he leaders of the troops, through which we pass,
aised by my power, devoted to my service,
hall make our passage secret and secure.

Der. Already, mighty sultan, art thou safe,
ince, by yon passing torches' light, I guess,
o his pavilion Tamerlane retires,
ttended by a train of waiting courtiers.
ll who remain within these tents are thine,
nd hail thee as their lord.———
a! the Italian prince,
ith sad Moneses, are not yet gone forth.

Baj. Ha! with our queen and daughter!

Om. They are ours:
marked the slaves, who waited on Axalla;
hey, when the emperor past out, prest on,
nd mingled with the crowd, nor missed their lord:
e is your prisoner, sir: I go this moment,
o seize, and bring him to receive his doom.
[*Exit* **OMAR.**

Baj. Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek:
Him too I wish to keep within my power.
[*Exit* **HALY.**

Der. If my dread lord permit his slave to speak,
I would advise to spare Axalla's life,
Till we are safe beyond the Parthian's power:
Him, as our pledge of safety, may we hold;
And, could you gain him to assist your flight,
It might import you much.

Baj. Thou counsell'st well;
And though I hate him (for he is a Christian,
And to my mortal enemy devoted),
Yet, to secure my liberty and vengeance,
I wish he now were ours.

Der. And see, they come!
Fortune repents; again she courts your side,
And, with this first fair offering of success,
She wooes you to forget her crime of yesterday.

Enter **OMAR**, *with* **AXALLA** *prisoner*, **SELIMA** *following, weeping.*

Ax. I will not call thee villain; 'tis a name
Too holy for thy crime: to break thy faith,
And turn a rebel to so good a master,
Is an ingratitude unmatched on earth.
The first revolting angel's pride could only
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copiest well,
And keep'st the black original in view.

Om. Do rage, and vainly call upon thy master
To save his minion. My revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curse that fond presumption,
That set thee on to rival me in aught.

Baj. Christian, I hold thy fate at my disposal!
One only way remains to mercy open;
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,
And thou art safe. Thy other choice is death.

Om. What means the sultan?

Der. I conjure you, hold———
Your rival is devoted to destruction,
[*Aside to* **OMAR.**
Nor would the sultan now defer his fate,
But for our common safety. Listen further.
[*Whispers.*

Ax. Then briefly thus. Death is the choice I make;
Since, next to Heaven, my master and my friend
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

Baj. Then take thy wish—Call in our mutes!

Sel. My father,
If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,
And turn me out to wander in misfortune;
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears;
If yet my duty and my love offend not,
Oh, call your sentence back, and save Axalla!

Baj. Rise, Selima! The slave deserves to die,
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy:
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

Sel. Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,
What I shall do to save him.—Oh, Axalla!
Is it so easy to thee to forsake me?

Canst thou resolve, with all this cold indifference,
Never to see me more? To leave me here
The miserable mourner of thy fate,
Condemned to waste my widowed virgin youth,
My tedious days and nights, in lonely weeping,
And never know the voice of comfort more?

Ax. Search not too deep the sorrows of my breast:
Thou say'st I am indifferent and cold;
Oh! is it possible my eyes should tell
So little of the fighting storm within?
Oh! turn thee from me, save me from thy beauties!
Falsehood and ruin all look lovely there.
Oh! let my labouring soul yet struggle through—
I will—I would resolve to die, and leave thee.

Baj. Then let him die!—He trifles with my favour.
I have too long attended his resolves.

Sel. Oh! stay a minute, yet a minute longer! [*To* Bajazet.
A minute is a little space in life.
There is a kind consenting in his eyes,
And I shall win him to your royal will.—
Oh, my Axalla! seem but to consent! [*To* Ax. *aside.*
Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing?
I find I am not worth thy least of cares.

Ax. Oh! labour not to hang dishonour on me!
I could bear sickness, pain, and poverty,
Those mortal evils worse than death, for thee.
But this—It has the force of fate against us,
And cannot be.

Sel. See, see, sir, he relents! [*To* Bajazet.
Already he inclines to own your cause.
A little longer, and he is all yours.

Baj. Then mark how far a father's fondness yields.
Till midnight I defer the death he merits,
And give him up 'till then to thy persuasion.
If by that time he meets my will, he lives;
If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

Ax. 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack.
I am resolved already.

Sel. Oh! be still,
Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both!
'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.—
Be kind, auspicious Alla, to my prayer!
More for my love, than for myself, I fear;
Neglect mankind awhile, and make him all thy care! [*Exeunt* Axalla *and* Selima.

Baj. Moneses—is that dog secured?

Om. He is.

Baj. 'Tis well—My soul perceives returning greatness,
As nature feels the spring. Lightly she bounds,
And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her;
Once more imperial, awful, and herself.
So, when, of old, Jove from the Titans fled,
Ammon's rude front his radiant face belied,
And all the majesty of Heaven lay hid.
At length, by fate, to power divine restored,
His thunder taught the world to know its Lord,
The God grew terrible again, and was again adored. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Bajazet's *Tent.*

Arp. Sure 'tis a horror more than darkness brings,
That sits upon the night! Fate is abroad;
Some ruling fiend hangs in the dusky air,
And scatters ruin, death, and wild distraction,
O'er all the wretched race of man below.
Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves
Rushed in, and forced Moneses from my sight;
Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,
That scarcely could he say—Farewell—for ever!
And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers,
Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more!
And see! the king of terrors is at hand;
His minister appears.

Enter Bajazet *and* Haly.

Baj. [*Aside to* Haly.] The rest I leave
To thy dispatch; for, oh! my faithful Haly,
Another care has taken up thy master.
Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,
Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,
This haughty woman reigns within my breast;
In vain I strive to put her from my thoughts,
To drive her out with empire, and revenge.
Still she comes back, like a retiring tide,
That ebbs awhile, but strait returns again,
And swells above the beach.

Ha. Why wears my lord
An anxious thought for what his power commands?
When, in a happy hour, you shall ere long
Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,
She must be yours, be only and all yours.

Baj. On that depends my fear. Yes, I must have her;
I own, I will not, cannot, go without her.
But such is the condition of our flight,
That should she not consent, 'twould hazard all
To bear her hence by force. Thus I resolve then,
By threats and prayers, by every way, to move her;
If all prevail not, force is left at last;
And I will set life, empire on the venture,
To keep her mine—Be near to wait my will. [*Exit* Haly.
When last we parted, 'twas on angry terms;
Let the remembrance die, or kindly think
That jealous rage is but a hasty flame,

hat blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.
Arp. For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,
the hard lesson that my soul has learnt,
nd now I stand prepared for all to come;
or is it worth my leisure to distinguish
love or jealousy commit the violence.
ach have alike been fatal to my peace,
onfirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.
Baj. Still to deform thy gentle brow with frowns,
nd still to be perverse, it is a manner
bhorrent from the softness of thy sex:
omen, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
urst out in thunder and impetuous showers;
ut strait, the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
nd all the fair horizon is serene.
Arp. Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,
ere I disclaim that changing and inconstancy:
o thee I will be ever as I am.
Baj. Thou say'st I am a tyrant; think so still,
nd let it warn thy prudence to lay hold
n the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.
ouls, formed like mine, brook being scorned but ill.
e well advised, and profit by my patience;
is a short-liv'd virtue.
Arp. Turn thine eyes
ack on the story of my woes, barbarian!
hou, that hast violated all respects
ue to my sex, and honour of my birth.
hou brutal ravisher! that hast undone me,
uined my love! Can I have peace with thee?
npossible! First Heaven and hell shall join;
hey only differ more.
Baj. I see 'tis vain
o court thy stubborn temper with endearments.
esolve, this moment, to return my love,
nd be the willing partner of my flight,
r, by the prophet's holy law, thou diest!
Arp. And dost thou hope to fright me with the phantom,
eath? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give;
o frequent are the murders of thy reign,
ne day scarce passing by, unmark'd with blood,
hat children, by long use, have learnt to scorn it.
now, I disdain to aid thy treacherous purpose;
nd shouldst thou dare to force me, with my cries
will call Heaven and earth to my assistance.
Baj. Confusion! dost thou brave me? But my wrath
hall find a passage to thy swelling heart,
nd rack thee worse than all the pains of death.
hat Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,
hall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy sight;
hou shalt behold him when his pangs are terrible,
hen, when he stares, and gasps, and struggles strongly,
ven in the bitterest agony of dying;
Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,
And curse thy pride; while I applaud my vengeance.
Arp. Oh, fatal image! All my powers give way,
And resolution sickens at the thought;
A flood of passion rises in my breast,
And labours fiercely upward to my eyes.
Come, all ye great examples of my sex,
Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons!
Ye holy martyrs, who with wondrous faith
And constancy unshaken, have sustained
The rage of cruel men, and fiery persecution,
Come to my aid, and teach me to defy
The malice of this fiend! I feel, I feel
Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.
Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate;
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,
Then die well pleased, and follow my Moneses.
Baj. Thou talk'st it well. But talking is thy privilege;
'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex;
Though, for thy soul, thou dar'st not meet the danger.
Arp. By all my hopes of happiness, I dare!—
My soul is come within her ken of Heaven;
Charmed with the joys and beauties of that place,
Her thoughts and all her cares she fixes there,
And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below:
Thus stars shine bright, and keep their place above,
Though ruffling winds deform this lower world.
Baj. This moment is the trial.
Arp. Let it come!
This moment then shall shew I am a Greek,
And speak my country's courage in my suffering.
Baj. Here, mercy, I disclaim thee! Mark me, traitress!
My love prepares a victim to thy pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.
[*Exit* BAJAZET.
Arp. My heart beats higher, and my nimble spirits
Ride swiftly through their purple channels round.
'Tis the last blaze of life. Nature revives,
Like a dim winking lamp, that flashes brightly
With parting light, and straight is dark for ever.
And see, my last of sorrows is at hand;
Death and Moneses come together to me;
As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

Enter MONESES, *guarded by some Mutes; others attending with a cup of poison, and a bow-string.*

Mon. I charge ye, O ye ministers of fate!
Be swift to execute your master's will;
Bear me to my Arpasia; let me tell her,
The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,
And die beneath her feet. A joy shoots through
My drooping breast; as often, when the trumpet
Has called my youthful ardour forth to battle,
High in my hopes, and ravish'd with the sound,

I have rush'd eager on, amidst the foremost,
To purchase victory, or glorious death.
Arp. If it be happiness, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent grave,
To love and glory lost, and from among
The great Creator's works expung'd and blotted,
Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.
Mon. There is no room for doubt; 'tis certain bliss.
The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,
Already seem more light; nor has my soul
One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,
To make me dread the justice of hereafter;
But standing now on the last verge of life,
Boldly I view the last abyss, eternity,
Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me.
Arp. By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,
To die appears a very nothing to me.
But, oh, Moneses! should I not allow
Somewhat to love, and to my sex's tenderness?
This very now I could put off my being
Without a groan; but to behold thee die!——
Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,
Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.
Mon. Since thou art armed for all things after death,
Why should the pomp and preparation of it
Be frightful to thy eyes? There's not a pain,
Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder
That vexes any part of this fine frame,
But's full as grievous. All that the mind feels
Is much, much more. And see, I go to prove it.

Enter a Mute: he signs to the rest, who proffer a bow-string to MONESES.

Arp. Think, ere we part!
Mon. Of what?
Arp. Of something soft,
Tender and kind, of something wondrous sad.
Oh, my full soul!
Mon. My tongue is at a loss;
Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I've left,
My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia!
[*The Mutes struggle with him.*
Arp. I have a thousand, thousand things to utter,
A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains!
Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses!
Mon. Speak to thee? 'Tis the business of my life,
'Tis all the use I have for vital air.
Stand off, ye slaves! To tell thee that my heart
Is full of thee; that, even at this dread moment,
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee;
Angels, and light itself, are not so fair.

Enter BAJAZET, HALY, *and Attendants.*

Baj. Ha! wherefore lives this dog? Be quick, ye slaves!
And rid me of my pain.
Mon. For only death,
And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia.
[*The Mutes strangle* MONESES.
Arp. Oh, dismal! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!
Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?
Patience? distraction! Blast the tyrant, blast him,
Avenging lightnings! Snatch him hence, ye fiends!
Love! Death! Moneses! Nature can no more;
Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once.
[*She sinks down.*
Baj. Help, Haly! raise her up, and bear her out!
Ha. Alas! she faints.
Arp. No, tyrant, 'tis in vain.
Oh! I am now beyond thy cruel power;
The peaceful slumber of the grave is on me:
Even all the tedious day of life I've wandered,
Bewildered with misfortunes:
At length 'tis night, and I have reached my home.
Forgetting all the toils and troubles past,
Weary I'll lay me down, and sleep, till——Oh!
[*She dies.*
Baj. Fly, ye slaves,
And fetch me cordials! No, she shall not die!
Spite of her sullen pride, I'll hold in life,
And force her to be blest against her will.
Ha. Already 'tis beyond the power of art;
For, see, a deadly cold has froze the blood,
The pliant limbs grow stiff, and lose their use,
And all the animating fire is quenched:
Even beauty too is dead; an ashy pale
Grows o'er the roses; the red lips have lost
Their fragrant hue, for want of that sweet breath,
That blest them with its odours as it past.
Baj. Can it be possible? Can rage and grief,
Can love and indignation be so fierce,
So mortal in a woman's heart? Confusion!
Is she escaped then? What is royalty,
If those, that are my slaves, and should live for me,
Can die, and bid defiance to my power?

Enter the Dervise.

Der. The valiant Omar sends, to tell thy greatness
The hour of flight is come, and urges haste;
Since he descries, near Tamerlane's pavilion,
Bright troops of crowding torches, who from thence,
On either hand, stretch far into the night,
And seem to form a shining front of battle.
Behold, even from this place thou may'st discern them. [*Looking out.*
Baj. By Alla, yes! they cast a day around them,
And the plain seems thick-set with stars, as heaven.
Ha! or my eyes are false, they move this way:
'Tis certain so. Fly, Haly, to our daughter.
[*Exit* HALY.

Let some secure the Christian prince, Axalla;
We will begone this minute.

Enter OMAR.

Om. Lost! undone!
Baj. What mean'st thou?
Om. All our hopes of flight are lost.
Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian horse,
nclose us round; they hold us in a toil.
Baj. Ha! whence this unexpected curse of chance?
Om. Too late I learnt, that early in the night
A slave was suffered, by the princess' order,
To pass the guard. I clove the villain down,
Who yielded to his flight; but that's poor vengeance.
That fugitive has raised the camp upon us,
And unperceiv'd by favour of the night,
n silence they have marched to intercept us.
Baj. My daughter! Oh, the traitress!
Der. Yet we have
Axalla in our power, and angry Tamerlane
Will buy his favourite's life on any terms.
Om. With those few friends I have, I for a while
Can face their force: if they refuse us peace,
Revenge shall sweeten ruin, and 'twill joy me,
To drag my foe down with me, in my fall.
[*Exit* OMAR.

Enter HALY, *with* SELIM, *weeping.*

Baj. See where she comes, with well-dissembled innocence;
With truth and faith so lovely in her face,
As if she durst even disavow the falsehood.——
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,
For my lost crown, and disappointed vengeance?
Ungrateful Selima! thy father's curse!
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart!
He dies this moment.——
Ha. Would I could not speak
The crime of fatal love! The slave who fled,
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.
Baj. Ha! say'st thou?
Ha. Hid beneath that vile appearance,
The princess found a means for his escape.
Sel. I am undone! even nature has disclaimed me!
My father! have I lost you all? My father!
Baj. Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her bands!
Thou art my bane, thou witch! thou infant parricide!
But I will study to be strangely cruel;
will forget the folly of my fondness;
Drive all the father from my breast; now snatch thee,
Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous blood,
And make thee answer all my great revenge!
Now, now, thou traitress! [*Offers to kill her.*
Sel. Plunge the poniard deep!
[*She embraces him.*
The life my father gave shall hear his summons,
And issue at the wound!——Start not to feel
My heart's warm blood gush out upon your hands;
Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,
And I must pay it back, if you demand it.
Baj. Hence, from my thoughts, thou soft relenting weakness!—
Has thou not given me up a prey? betrayed me?
Sel. Oh, not for worlds! not even for all the joys,
Love, or the prophet's paradise can give!
Amidst the fears and sorrows of my soul,
Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,
I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear,
Your life, your crown, and honour should be safe.
Baj. Away! my soul disdains the vile dependence!
No, let me rather die, die like a king!
Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,
And say, have mercy on me? Hark! they come!
[*Shout.*
Disgrace will overtake my lingering hand;
Die then! Thy father's shame, and thine, die with thee! [*Offers to kill her.*
Sel. For Heaven, for pity's sake!
Baj. No more, thou trifler!
[*She catches hold of his arm.*
Ha! dar'st thou bar my will?—Tear off her hold!
Sel. What, not for life! Should I not plead for life,
When nature teaches even the brute creation
To hold fast that, her best, her noblest gift?
Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kissed,
And swore they were your best-lov'd queen's, my mother's;
Behold them now streaming for mercy, mercy!
Look on me, and deny me, if you can!
'Tis but for life I beg! Is that a boon
So hard for me to obtain, or you to grant?
Oh, spare me! Spare your Selima, my father!
Baj. A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:
It is my Selima!—Ha! What, my child!
And can I murder her? Dreadful imagination!—
Again they come! I leave her to my foes!
[*Shouts.*
And shall they triumph o'er the race of Bajazet!
Die, Selima!—Is that a father's voice?—
Rouse, rouse, my fury! Yes, she dies, the victim
To my lost hopes! Out, out, thou foolish nature!
Seize her, ye slaves! and strangle her this moment! [*To the Mutes.*
Sel. Oh, let me die by you! Behold my breast!
I would not shrink! Oh, save me but from these!
Baj. Dispatch! [*The Mutes seize her.*
Sel. But for a moment, while I pray
That Heaven may guard my royal father!
Baj. Dogs!
Sel. That you may only bless me, ere I die!
[*Shout.*

Baj. Ye tedious villains! then the work is mine!

[*As* BAJAZET *runs at* SELIMA, *with his sword, enter* TAMERLANE, AXALLA, *&c.* AXALLA *gets between* BAJAZET *and* SELIMA, *whilst* TAMERLANE *and the rest drive* BAJAZET *and the Mutes off the Stage.*

Ax. And am I come to save thee? Oh, my joy!
Be this the whitest hour of all my life!
This one success is more than all my wars,
The noblest, dearest glory of my sword.

Sel. Alas, Axalla! Death has been around me;
My coward soul still trembles at the fright,
And seems but half secure, even in thy arms.

Ax. Retire, my fair, and let me guard thee forth:
Blood and tumultuous slaughter are about us,
And danger, in her ugliest forms, is here;
Nor will the pleasure of my heart be full,
Till all my fears are ended in thy safety.
[*Exeunt* AXALLA *and* SELIMA.

Enter TAMERLANE, *the Prince of* TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, *and Soldiers; with* BAJAZET, OMAR, *and the Dervise, prisoners.*

Tam. Mercy at length gives up her peaceful sceptre,
And justice sternly takes her turn to govern;
'Tis a rank world, and asks her keenest sword,
To cut up villany of monstrous growth.
Zama, take care, that with the earliest dawn,
Those traitors meet the fate their treason merits.
[*Pointing to* OMAR *and the Dervise.*
For thee, thou tyrant! [*To* BAJ.] whose oppressive violence
Has ruined those thou shouldst protect at home;
Whose wars, whose slaughters, whose assassinations,
(That basest thirst of blood! that sin of cowards!)
Whose faith, so often given, and always violated,
Have been the offence of Heaven, and plague of earth——
What punishment is equal to thy crimes?
The doom, thy rage designed for me, be thine:
Closed in a cage, like some destructive beast,
I'll have thee borne about, in public view,
A great example of that righteous vengeance,
That waits on cruelty, and pride, like thine.

Baj. It is beneath me to decline my fate;
I stand prepar'd to meet thy utmost hate.
Yet think not I will long thy triumph see:
None want the means, when the soul dares be free.
I'll curse thee with my last, my parting breath,
And keep the courage of my life, in death;
Then boldly venture on that world unknown:
It cannot use me worse than this has done.
[*Exit* BAJAZET, *guarded.*

Tam. Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride,
That scorn'd Heaven's laws, and all its power defied!
That could the hand, which formed it first, forget,
And fondly say, I made myself be great!
But justly those above assert their sway,
And teach even kings what homage they should pay,
Who then rule best, when mindful to obey.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Too well we saw what must have been our fate,
When harmony with beauty join'd, of late,
Threaten'd the ruins of our sinking state;
Till you, from whom our being we receive,
In pity bid your own creation live;
With moving sounds you kindly drew the fair,
And fix'd, once more, that shining circle here:
The lyre you bring is half Apollo's praise;
Be ours the task to win and wear his bays.
Thin houses were before so frequent to us,
We wanted not a project to undo us;
We seldom saw your honours, but by chance,
As some folks meet their friends of Spain or France:
'Twas verse decay'd, or politics improv'd,
That had estrang'd you thus from what you lov'd.
Time was when busy faces were a jest,
When wit and pleasure were in most request;
When cheerful theatres with crowds were grac'd;
But those good days of poetry are past;
Now sour reformers in an empty pit,
With table-books, as at a lecture, sit,
To take notes, and give evidence 'gainst wit.
Those who were once our friends, employ'd elsewhere,
Are busy now in settling peace and war:
With careful brows at Tom's and Will's they meet,
And ask who did elections lose or get——
Our friend has lost—Faith I am sorry for't,
He's a good man, and ne'er was for the court;
He to no government will sue for grace,
By want of merit safe against a place,
By spite a patriot made, and sworn t' oppose
All who are uppermost, as England's foes:
Let Whig or Tory, any side prevail,
Still 'tis his constant privilege to rail.

other, that the tax and war may cease,
lks of the duke of Anjou's right and peace,
d, from Spain's wise example, is for taking
viceroy of the mighty monarch's making;
ho should all rights and liberties maintain,
d English laws by learn'd dragoons explain
Come, leave these politics, and follow wit;
There, uncontroll'd, you may in judgment sit;
We'll never differ with a crowded pit:
We'll take you all, ev'n on your own conditions,
Think you great men, and wondrous politicians;
And if you slight the offers which we make you,
No Brentford princes will for statesmen take
you.

THE

FAIR PENITENT.

BY

ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

LONG has the fate of kings and empires been
The common bus'ness of the tragic scene,
As if misfortune made the throne his seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he wears,
And many are the mighty monarch's cares:
By foreign foes and home-bred factions prest,
Few are the joys he knows, and short his hours of rest.
Stories like these with wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share:
Like distant battles of the Pole and Swede,
Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,
Careless for who should fall or who succeed.
Therefore an humble theme our author chose;
A melancholy tale of private woes:
No princes here lost royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with sorrows like your own:
Here see imperious love his vassals treat
As hardly as ambition does the great;
See how succeeding passions rage by turns,
How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,
And how to death, for beauty lost, he mourns.
 Let no nice taste the poet's art arraign,
If some frail vicious characters he feign:
Who writes, should still let nature be his care,
Mix shades with lights, and not paint all things fair;
But shew you men and women as they are.
With def'rence to the fair, he bade me say,
Few to perfection ever found the way:
Many in many parts are known t'excel,
But 'twere too hard for one to act all well;
Whom justly life would through each scene commend,
The maid, the wife, the mistress, and the friend:
This age, 'tis true, has one great instance seen,
And Heav'n in justice made that one a queen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SCIOLTO, *a nobleman of Genoa.*
ALTAMONT, *a young lord, the husband of Calista.*
HORATIO, *his friend.*
LOTHARIO, *a young lord, and enemy to Altamont.*
ROSSANO, *his friend.*

WOMEN.

CALISTA, *daughter to Sciolto.*
LAVINIA, *sister to Altamont, and wife to Horatio.*
LUCILLA, *confidant to Calista.*

SCENE,—*Sciolto's palace and garden, with some part of the street near it, in Genoa.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter ALTAMONT *and* HORATIO.

Alt. LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
o mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
et it be marked for triumphs and rejoicings;
et happy lovers ever make it holy,
hoose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
his happy day, that gives me my Calista!
Hor. Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
re join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee;
ciolto's noble hand, that raised thee first,
alf dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
ompletes its bounty, and restores thy name
o that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
efore ungrateful Genoa had forgot
he merit of thy god-like father's arms;
efore that country, which he long had serv'd,
watchful councils, and in winter camps,
ad cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
nd made their court to faction by his ruin.
Alt. Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!
et me not live, but at thy very name,
y eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
hen I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee—
orget! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
orget the use and privilege of reason,
e driven from the commerce of mankind,
o wander in the desert among brutes,
o bear the various fury of the seasons,
he night's unwholesome dew, and noon-day's heat,
o be the scorn of earth, and curse of heaven!
Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
reached even me, because I was thy friend.
hen that great man I loved, thy noble father,
equeathed thy gentle sister to my arms,
is last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
hat happy tie made me Sciolto's son;
e called us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
dulg'd us in his wealth, blessed us with plenty,
ealed all our cares, and sweetened love itself.
Alt. By Heaven, he found my fortunes so abandoned,
hat nothing but a miracle could raise them:
y father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
ad stripp'd him bare, nor left him even a grave.
ndone myself, and sinking with his ruin,
had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
ut fruitless tears.
Hor. Yet what thou couldst, thou didst,
nd didst it like a son; when his hard creditors,
rged and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness)
By sentence of the cruel law forbid
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones;
With piety uncommon didst give up
Thy hopeful youth to slaves, who ne'er knew mercy,
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are, like fiends, the factors of destruction.
Heaven, who beheld the pious act, approved it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.
Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,
The man who saved my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty!

Enter SCIOLTO; *he runs to* ALTAMONT, *and embraces him.*

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
Joy to this happy morn that makes thee mine;
That kindly grants what nature had denied me,
And makes me father of a son like thee!
Alt. My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;
Shew every tender, every grateful thought,
This wondrous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.
Sci. It is enough; I know thee, thou art honest;
Goodness innate, and worth hereditary,
Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy youth.
Alt. Thus Heaven from nothing raised his fair creation,
And then, with wondrous joy, beheld its beauty,
Well pleased to see the excellence he gave.
Sci. O, noble youth! I swear, since first I knew thee,
Even from that day of sorrows when I saw thee,
Adorned and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down, and sealed thee for my own:
Thou art my son, even near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine;
[*Embraces* HORATIO.
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride even chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste.
Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,

The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For oh, my father!
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honoured in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.
Sci. What means my son?
Alt. When, at your intercession,
Last night Calista yielded to my happiness,
Just ere we parted, as I sealed my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,
And then she sighed, as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tenderest eloquence of love,
I begged to be a sharer in her grief;
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly replied, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.
Sci. Away! it is the cozenage of their sex;
One of the common arts they practise on us:
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleness of women.
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When blushing, from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Loth. The father, and the husband!
Ros. Let them pass.
They saw us not.
Loth. I care not if they did;
Ere long I mean to meet them face to face,
And gall them with my triumph o'er Calista.
Ros. You loved her once.
Loth. I liked her, would have married her,
But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband:
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine!
Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father?
Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;
Till, by long listening to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.
Ros. I have heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.
Loth. Hear then, I will tell thee:
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When every eye was closed, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole unheeded to her chamber.
Ros. That minute sure was lucky.
Loth. Oh, 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattired, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charmed to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatched the glorious golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour pressed her,
'Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Even all the live-long night we passed in bliss,
In extacies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.
Ros. You saw her soon again?
Loth. Too soon I saw her:
For, Oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
No more I sighed, and languished for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.
Ros. What of the lady?
Loth. With uneasy fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and sighed, and swore
She was undone; talked of a priest, and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's power;
Called every saint, and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.
Ros. What answer made you?
Loth. None; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
Escaped the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urged and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of wilful women, labouring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmoved, I begged her spare the ungrateful subject,
Since I resolved, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend!
But for those other names of wife and lover
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.
Ros. How bore she this reply?
Loth. Even as the earth,
When winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
Shaking the mass, she labours with destruction

At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud.
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swelled her breast,
Enlarged her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffered,
She called me villain! monster! base betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vowed severely ne'er to see me more;
Then bid me fly that minute: I obeyed,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.
Ros. She has relented since, else why this message
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?
Loth. See the person whom you named!

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to the agreement.
Luc. Is this well done, my lord! Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be numbered with the brutes.
Loth. I see thou'st learned to rail.
Luc. I've learned to weep;
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me:
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast;
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario!
Loth. Oh, no more!
swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:
Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.
Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profest betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!
Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?
swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.
Luc. Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad lines, [*Giving a letter.*
Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

[*Loth. reads.*]—' *Your cruelty—Obedience to my father—Give my hand to Altamont.*'
By heaven 'tis well! such ever be the gifts,
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates. [*Aside.*
But to go on!
' *Wish—heart—honour—too faithless—Weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista.*'
Women, I see, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has given her hand to Altamont:
Yet, tell the fair inconstant——
Luc. How, my lord!
Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.
Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks;
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph:
And, though you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.
Loth. Ha! who comes here?
Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.
Loth. Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.
[LOTHARIO *putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*
[*Exeunt* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO *one way, and* LUCILLA *another.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seemed conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started, and retired.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate—What paper's this?
[*Taking up the letter.*
Ha! To Lothario!—'s death! Calista's name!
[*Opening it.*
Confusion and misfortunes! [*Reads it.*
' Your cruelty has at length determined me,
' and I have resolved this morning to yield a per-
' fect obedience to my father, and to give my
' hand to Altamont, in spite of my weakness for
' the false Lothario. I could almost wish I had
' that heart, and that honour to bestow with it,
' which you have robbed me of:'
Damnation! to the rest—— [*Reads again.*
' But, Oh! I fear, could I retrieve them, I should
' again be undone by the too faithless, yet too
' lovely Lothario. This is the last weakness of
' my pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in
' which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall
' conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me

'see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall
'meet with from
'The lost CALISTA.'
The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, Oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorned by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.
Perhaps even now he gazes fondly on her,
And, thinking soul and body both alike,
Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heaven!
Then sighing, to his every care speaks peace,
And bids his heart be satisfied with happiness.
Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
Even then her hot imagination wanders,
Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love;
And whilst she clasps thee close, makes thee a monster!
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows, that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return
For all the good his hand has heaped on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought——

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My lord!
Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.
Where are you sick? Is it your head? your heart?
Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Soothe you to rest, and soften all your pains.
Hor. It were unjust—No, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.
Lav. What means my lord?
Hor. Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?
Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me suffer.
Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?
Whence is that sigh? and wherefore are your eyes
Severely raised to Heaven! The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And, with confusion, thinks upon his exit.
Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite;
These pangs are of the soul. Would I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!
Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
And swear I was Horatio's better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
Witness, ye holy powers, who know my truth,
There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
Nothing so very hard, but I could bear it,
Much rather than my love should treat me col
And use me like a stranger to his heart.
Hor. Seek not to know what I would
from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Aught that was joyful, fortunate or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tiding
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee p
Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no furth
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let them brood in secret o'er their sorro
Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is we
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I would not press to know what you forbid
Yet, my loved lord, yet you must grant me th
Forget your cares for this one happy day;
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamo
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Even now the jocund bridegroom waits yo
wishes;
He thinks the priest has but half blessed his ma
riage,
Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.
Hor. Oh, never, never, never! Thou art in
nocent:
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement,
To hear their story told.
Lav. False ones, my lord!
Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires, in
habit;
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for, is variety:
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
Till, having loved his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.
Lav. Can there be such, and have they peace
of mind?
Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I formed so different from my sex?
My little heart is satisfied with you;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.
Hor. Oh! were they all like thee, men would
adore them,

all the business of their lives be loving;
nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
all domestic cares and quarrels cease;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Hall.*

Enter CALISTA *and* LUCILLA.

al. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
r let thy fond officious love disturb
solemn sadness with the sound of joy!
hou wilt soothe me, tell me some dismal tale
pining discontent and black despair;
, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
t all are indignation, love, or shame,
d my dear peace of mind is lost for ever!
Luc. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
at has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
nighted in a wilderness of woe,
at false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
rn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
nd as the softest virgin of our sex,
d faithful as the simple village swain,
at never knew the courtly vice of changing,
ghs at your feet, and wooes you to be happy.
Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
s formed a dismal melancholy scene,
ch a retreat as I would wish to find;
unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
ossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
avens, and birds ill-omened, only dwell:
o sound to break the silence, but a brook
hat, bubbling, winds among the weeds: no mark
f any human shape that had been there,
nless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
ho had long since, like me, by love undone,
ught that sad place out, to despair and die in!
Luc. Alas, for pity!
Cal. There I fain would hide me
rom the base world, from malice, and from shame!
or 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
ever to live with public loss of honour:
is fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
f each affected she that tells my story,
nd blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
o be a tale for fools! scorned by the women,
nd pitied by the men! Oh, insupportable!
Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
he gaping gulf that opens just before you,
nd yet rush on, though conscious of the danger?
h, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!
y all the good I wish, by all the ill
y trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
ever to see this faithless man again;
et me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life
charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
must, I will behold him once again:
erhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.
Luc. Trust not to that;
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still, as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, Love, supplies its place.
Cal. I have been wronged enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
Luc. Ye sacred powers, whose gracious providence
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flatteries!
Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal love may never be my bane! [*Exit.*
Cal. Ha, Altamont!—Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont!
For from this sacred æra of my love,
A better order of succeeding days
Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all.
Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the season with auspicious beauty,
And bids even all my hours be good and joyful.
Cal. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play the unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort!
Alt. Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear it shall not be, for I will woo thee

With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.
Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never paired above:
Ill-suited to each other; joined, not matched;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Even this day,
That fills thee with such ecstacy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.
Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent but thee:
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
Through every season, every change of life,
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and misfortune,
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy!
Cal. 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter SCIOLTO, HORATIO, *and* LAVINIA.

Scio. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up every minute of this day!
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music; let the master touch
The sprightly string, and softly-breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouse every gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
Begin: even age itself is cheered with music;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport. [*Music.*

SONG.

Ah, stay! ah, turn! ah, whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentless maid?
I follow, not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.
In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,
When pressed by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair;
Nor casts one pitying look behind.

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh, grant, ye powers, that I may see these happy
[*Pointing to* ALT. *and* CAL.
Completely blest, and I have life enough;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*
Hor. What if, while all are here, intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forged; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.—
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, even now, I marked the starts of guilt
That shook her soul, though damned dissimulation
Screened her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
Oh, false appearance! What is all our sovereignty,
Our boasted power? When they oppose their sex,
Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguiled her easy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
Nor could believe that such a heavenly face
Had bargained with the devil, to damn her wretched race. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Street near* SCIOLTO'S *Palace.*

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.
Ros. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round them;
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.
[*They confer aside.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father,
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold, inactive hand in war;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha! he is here!
[*Seeing him*

Loth. Damnation! He again! This second time
To-day he has crossed me, like my evil genius.
Hor. I sought you, sir.
Loth. 'Tis well, then, I am found.
Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man, who wrongs my friend,
To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue.
No place, though e'er so holy, should protect him:
No shape, that artful fear e'er formed, should hide him,
Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.
Loth. Ha! dost thou know me, that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boasts of?
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?
Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heaven and men are judges of their actions.
Loth. Such let them be of mine; there's not a purpose,
Which my soul ever framed, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dared to justify.
Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When but this very morning I surprised thee,
In base, dishonest privacy consulting,
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And, with a forged contrivance, blast her virtue?
At sight of me thou fled'st.
Loth. Ha! fled from thee?
Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer, descried in some dark corner,
Who there had lodged, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravish at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.
Loth. Slave! villain!
[*Offers to draw,* Rossano *holds him.*
Ros. Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.
Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my vengeance, know,
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reaped with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be concealed!
Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband: now I've found him,
And thou art he.
Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young lord: I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great a soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers;
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses the unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.
Loth. Think'st thou I forged the letter? Think so still,
Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.
Hor. Away! no woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Legends of saints, who never yet had being,
Or, being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love.
Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
I could produce such damning proof—
Hor. 'Tis false!
You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would die virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.
Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure;
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.
Hor. Hold, sir! another word, and then farewell:
Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young sir) her very name profaned.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.
Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?
Hor. 'Tis well, sir, you are pleasant.
Loth. By the joys

Which my soul yet has uncontrouled pursued,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Though all thy force were armed to bar my way;
But, like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flowery gardens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastised?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks:
If, in the bounds of yon forbidden place,
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong them much; even death,
Or something worse: an injured husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fair form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heaven!

Loth. Is, then, my way in Genoa prescribed
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

Hor. Away! thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite;
A beggar's parasite!

Hor. Now, learn humanity,

[*Offers to strike him,* ROSSANO *interposes.*

Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation! [*They draw.*

Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 'tis too much; already see
The crowd are gathering to us.

Loth. Oh, Rossano!
Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en the alarm;
You'll be oppressed by numbers. Be advised,
Or I must force you hence. Take't on my word,
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord.

Loth. This will not brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, oh, my better stars! to-morrow,
Exert your influence, shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph.

[*Exeunt* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that
He sees Calista! Oh, unthinking fool!—
What if I urged her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from Heaven remain unquenched
Within her breast, my breath, perhaps, may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betrayed!
Convinced by reason, they your power confess,
Pleased to be happy, as you're pleased to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you less.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* SCIOLTO'S *Palace.*

Enter SCIOLTO *and* CALISTA.

Sci. Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!
Have I not marked thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When every heart was cheered, and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow; like some malignant planet,
Foe to the harvest and the healthy year;
Who scowls adverse, and lours upon the world,
When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
Propitious shine, and meaning good to man.

Cal. Is then the task of duty half performed?
Has not your daughter given herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command?

Sci. Dost thou complain?

Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If, in despite of all my vowed obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance:
For, oh! that sorrow, which has drawn your anger,
Is the sad native of Calista's breast;
And, once possessed, will never quit its dwelling,
Till life, the prop of all, shall leave the building,
To tumble down, and moulder into ruin.

Sci. Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother; by her wondrous goodness,
Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
I swear, some sullen thought, that shuns the light,
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But mark me well! though, by yon Heaven, I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
Yet shouldst thou, (which the powers above forbid!)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands,

Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband!
Consider well his worth, reward his love:
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.
[*Exit* Sciolto.

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
Through every state of life the slaves of man!
n all the dear delightful days of youth
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestic business and devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloistered ideots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

Enter Horatio.

Hor. She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a loss.
Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.
By Heaven she weeps!——Forgive me, fair Calista,
f I presume on privilege of friendship,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.

Cal. To steal, unlooked for, on my private sorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said!
For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of Altamont.

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not joined by Heaven,
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mixt, like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguished,
But roll into the sea, one common flood?
Then who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back to their own choice.
So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.

Hor. When souls, that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:
Love shall be banished from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And every day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is?
Alas! what needed that!

Hor. Oh! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy;
To soothe the secret anguish of her soul;
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way to it,
For, oh! 'tis sure I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend that follows us behind,
With whips and stings. The blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
That, with licentious breath, blows, like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what would'st thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista! thus they join
Two names, which Heaven decreed should never meet.
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had given her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! Have I lived to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be used! thus! like the vilest creature,
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much;
For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renowned?
Is this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?
Hor. Alas, this rage is vain; for if your fame
Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save them.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst Lothario more;
Unless you mean to be despised, be shunned
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution—
Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmannered slave!
That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude unhallowed sound!
Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of Heaven
Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruined thee;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
This paper,—nay, you must not fly,—this paper,
[*Holding her.*
This guilty paper shall divulge your shame.
Cal. What mean'st thou by that paper? What contrivance
Hast thou been forging to deceive my father;
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me even forget
The weakness of my sex.——Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand,
That forged the scroll!
Hor. Behold! Can this be forged?
See where Calista's name——
[*Showing the Letter near.*
Cal. To atoms thus, [*Tearing it.*
Thus let me tear the vile detested falsehood,
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.
Hor. Confusion!
Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, even on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart and pleasure of my eyes,
The wish, the care, and business of my youth?
Oh, let me find her, snatch her to my breast,
And tell her she delays my bliss too long,
Till my soft soul even sickens with desire.
Disordered!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender
And do thee ample justice.
Cal. Turn to him.
Alt. Horatio!
Cal. To that insolent.
Alt. My friend!
Could he do this? He, who was half myself?
One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
Guided our wills. Have I not found him just,
Honest as truth itself? And could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?
Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blast my fame.
And treat me like a common prostitute.
Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.
Alt. Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch shall dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance
Cal. The man who dared to do it was Horatio;
Thy darling friend; 'Twas Altamont's Horatio.
But mark me well; while thy divided heart
Doats on a villain that has wronged me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's power do more
Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleased,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of prayer;
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage-chain, and from that tyrant man. [*Exit* CALISTA.
Alt. She's gone; and, as she went, ten thousand fires
Shot from her angry eyes, as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks,
As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
Madness and reason combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which should get the better?
Hor. I would be dumb for ever; but thy fate
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen
That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista;
Thou hast beheld her tears.
Alt. I've seen her weep;
I've seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
That thou, my friend, Horatio, thou hast wronged her.
Hor. That I have wronged her! had her eyes been fed
From that rich stream which warms her heart, and numbered
For every falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruined thee,

Even thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.
Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour?
The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
And everlasting joys are in her arms.
Hor. It had been better thou hadst lived a beggar,
And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have matched with one so false, so fatal.—
Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barbarous, brutal part,
And urge the injury even to my face!
Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart;
She has charmed thee, like a syren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
When thou art wrecked upon the faithless shore,
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy friend,
To follow her delusion.
Alt. If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.
Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to thee?
I shared the task of nature with thy father,
And formed with care thy inexperienced youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!
Would he have used me thus? One fortune fed us;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourished, and together fell.
He called me friend, like thee: would he have left me
Thus for a woman, and a vile one, too?
Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it! Speak again!
Say, who is vile; but dare not name Calista.
Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compelled,
And forced to clear myself; but since thus urged,
I must avow, I do not know a viler.
Alt. Thou wert my father's friend; he loved thee well;
A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.
I cannot, dare not, lift my sword against thee;
But henceforth never let me see thee more. [*Going out.*
Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Even in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*
Alt. Let go my arm!
Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou would'st live
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed;
The joys it yields are dashed with poison——
Alt. Off!
To urge me but a minute more is fatal.
Hor. She is polluted, stained——
Alt. Madness and raging!
But hence——
Hor. Dishonoured by the man you hate——
Alt. I prithee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth the keeping——
Hor. By Lothario.
Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood! [*Strikes him.*
Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.
Hor A blow! thou hast used me well—— [*Draws.*
Alt. This to thy heart——
Hor. Yet hold—By Heaven, his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,
And I could rather die myself than hurt him.
Alt. Defend thyself; for, by my much wronged love,
I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.
Hor. Yet hold—thou know'st I dare—think how we've lived——
[*They fight:* ALTAMONT *presses on* HORATIO, *who retires.*
Nay then, 'tis brutal violence; and thus,
Thus nature bids me guard the life she gave. [*They fight.*

LAVINIA *enters, and runs between their swords.*

Lav. My brother, my Horatio! Is it possible!
Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia!
If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.
Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safe-guard; none but this,
No power on earth could save thee from my fury.
Lav. O fatal, deadly sound!
Hor. Safety from thee!
Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the reverence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shewed thee what it was to be a man?
Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodness,
Could kindle such a discord! Oh, lay by
Those most ungentle looks, and angry weapons,
Unless you mean my griefs and killing fears
Should stretch me out at your relentless feet,
A wretched corse, the victim of your fury.
Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude;
'Twas such a sin to friendship, as Heaven's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,
Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,

With barbarous, bloody malice, sought my life.
Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widowed bed;
Therefore, thy husband's life is safe! but warn him,
No more to know this hospitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.
We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell.
[*He is going out*, LAVINIA *holds him.*
Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay; if ever
Nature, or, what is nearer much than nature,
The kind consent of our agreeing minds,
Have made us dear to one another, stay,
And speak one gentle word to your Horatio!
Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you friend, then press you hard, with all
The tender, speechless joy of reconcilement.
Alt. It cannot, shall not be—you must not hold me.
Lav. Look kindly, then.
Alt. Each minute that I stay,
Is a new injury to fair Calista.—
From thy false friendship to her arms I'll fly;
There, if in any pause of love I rest,
Breathless with bliss, upon her panting breast,
In broken, melting accents, I will swear,
Henceforth to trust my heart with none but her;
Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.
[ALT. *breaks from* LAV. *and exit.*
Hor. Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth!
It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,
This wond'rous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.
Lav. Is there not cause for weeping? Oh, Horatio!
A brother and a husband were my treasure;
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Saved from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me;
If thou should'st prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?
Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy sad complainings?
Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.
Heaven formed thee gentle, fair, and full of goodness,
And made thee all my portion here on earth:
It gave thee to me, as a large amends
For fortune, friends, and all the world beside.
Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
And hide me from misfortune in your bosom?
Here end my cares; nor will I lose one thought
How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment.
The holy Power, who cloathes the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant grass,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.
Hor. From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,
To some more honest, distant clime we'll go;
Nor will I be beholden to my country,
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.
Lav. Yes, I will follow thee; forsake, for thee,
My country, brother, friends, even all I have.
Though mine's a little all, yet were it more,
And better far, it should be left for thee,
And all that I would keep, should be Horatio.
So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape, and live:
Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind;
But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. With what unequal tempers are we form'd?
One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
Revels secure, and fondly tells herself,
The hour of evil can return no more;
The next, the spirits, palled and sick of riot,
Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,
Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
And bitterness and anguish. Oh, last night!
What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
For all the mass of friendship which I squander'd?
Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
Dashed all my bliss, and damped my bridal bed.
Soon as the morning dawned, she vanished from me,
Relentless to the gentle call of love.
I've lost a friend, and I have gained——a wife!
Turn not to thought, my brain! but let me find
Some unfrequented shade; there lay me down,
And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
To soften and assuage this pain of thinking.
[*Exit.*

Lothario *and* **Calista** *discovered.*

Loth. Weep not, my fair; but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to soothe me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruined.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doomed to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest even to that wish's height?
To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—

Cal. Oh, let me hear no more! I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year!
Let not the voice of mirth or music know it!
Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
To glitter o'er it! let it wish for light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn!
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye powers! mark, how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, even she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heaven and earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Even to the man whom most I hate on earth.—

Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation, raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urged me to do a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be revenged on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario!
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's power,
Not all the vows and prayers of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevailed, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I failed in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Even now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

Cal. How! didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Loth. The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doomed,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them **Altamont.**

Alt. I've lost my peace—Ha! do I live and wake?

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore named I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stained,
My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me,
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me,
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs——

Alt. Behold him here! [*Coming forward.*

Cal. Ah! [*Starting.*

Alt. The wretch, whom thou hast made!
Curses and sorrows hast thou heaped upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left. [*Drawing.*

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis true:
But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and armed for either field.
We've long been foes; this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, Heaven, and fair Calista, judge the combat!

Cal. Destruction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and Death!

Alt. Thou hast talked too much, thy breath is poison to me;
It taints the ambient air: this for my father—
This for Sciolto—and this last for Altamont.

[*They fight;* **Lothario** *is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

Loth. Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
Thou hast prevailed!—My fierce ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale.
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride;
I conquered in my turn; in love I triumphed.
Those joys are lodged beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. [*Dies.*

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,
Encompassed round with wretchedness? There is
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

[*She catches up* LOTHARIO'S *sword, and offers to kill herself;* ALTAMONT *runs to her, and wrests it from her.*

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murdered me; yet still,
Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live to be forgiven?
Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou hadst never heard my shame; if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproached by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

Sci. [*within.*] What, ho! my son!

Alt. It is Sciolto calls; come near and find me,
The wretchedest thing of all my kind on earth.

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father!
Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. Even now Rossano leaped the garden wall——
Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou had'st a difference with thy friend;
The cause thou gav'st me was a damned one.
Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
Answer me quick——

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak;
Even now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before thee. See that body,
And guess my shame, my ruin! Oh, Calista!

Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness!—

[*Offers to kill* CALISTA, ALTAMONT *holds him.*

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto! thou rash father, stay!
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista!
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wished to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart, that scorned thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defaced, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow!
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heaven, and thee,
Even thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving:
Remember nature! Should thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.

Cal. Have I not wronged his gentle nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my life!
Lost as thou art to virtue, oh, Calista!
I think thou canst not bear to be outdone;
Then haste to die, and be obliged no more.

Sci. Thy pious care has given me time to think,
And saved me from a crime; then rest, my sword:
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But mark me well! I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunished:
I will see justice executed on thee,
Even to a Roman strictness; and thou, Nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art, that plead'st within me,
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doomed to live, and bear your triumph?
To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraiding,
Daily to be reproached, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me,
Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
And grant a moment's interval of peace!
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence, from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remembered!

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more cursed than you can wish I were;
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardships shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor aught that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and changed,
Stretched at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have washed her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease:
Die, thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.

[*Exit* CALISTA.

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[*Exeunt Servants, with* LOTHARIO'S *body.*

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage;
blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
ly father, I am sick of many sorrows,
ven now my easy heart is breaking with them;
et, above all, one fear distracts me most;
tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
n the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.
Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did?
ith his own hand he slew his only daughter,
o save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust,
e slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent
he shame which she might know. Then what should I do?
ut thou hast tied my hand.—I will not kill her;
et, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
he common infamy that brands us both,
he shall not 'scape.
Alt. You mean that she shall die then?
Sci. Ask me not what, nor how, I have resolved,
or all within is anarchy and uproar!
h, Altamont! What a vast scheme of joy
las this one day destroyed? Well did I hope
his daughter would have blest my latter days;
hat I should live to see you the world's wonder,
o happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
Vhile I, from busy life and care set free,
lad spent the evening of my age at home,
mong a little prattling race of yours!
here, like an old man, talked awhile, and then
ain down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
orrow and shame must bring me to my grave—
h, damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord:
lossano, who but now escaped the garden,
las gathered in the street a band of rioters,
Vho threaten you, and all your friends, with ruin,
Jnless Lothario be returned in safety. [*Exit.*
Sci. By Heaven, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone,
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is cursed with!
think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summoned;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full, and armed, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice.——
[*Exit* SCIOLTO.
Alt. There is a stupid weight upon my senses;
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, as sure 'tis wondrous like it,
For I am sick of living! my soul's palled,
She kindles not with anger or revenge:
Love was the informing, active fire within:
Now that is quenched, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.
[*A tumultuous noise, with clashing of swords, as at a little distance.*

Enter LAVINIA, *with two Servants, their swords drawn.*

Lav. Fly, swiftly fly, to my Horatio's aid,
Nor lose your vain officious cares on me!
Bring me my lord, my husband, to my arms!
He is Lavinia's life! bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well, and happy.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Alt. Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barbarous hand
Could wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?
Lav. My brother! Oh! my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps even now my dear Horatio bleeds!—
Not far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cried aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Rushed out, and snatched me from amidst the fray.
Alt. What of my friend?
Lav. Ha! by my joys, 'tis he! [*Looking out.*
He lives, he comes to bless me! he is safe!——

Enter HORATIO, *with two or three Servants, their swords drawn.*

1st Ser. 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your life
To venture forth again, till we are stronger:
Their number trebles ours.
Hor. No matter; let it:
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abused,
As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the sight.
Alt. Open, thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
To hide me from Horatio!
Hor. Oh, Lavinia!
Believe not but I joy to see thee safe:
Would our ill fortune had not drove us hither!
I could even wish we rather had been wrecked
On any other shore, than saved on this.
Lav. Oh! let us bless the mercy that preserved us,
That gracious power that saved us for each other:
And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too; be thou like Heaven,
And put away the offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.
Alt. I have marked him,
To see if one forgiving glance stole hither;
If any spark of friendship were alive,
That would, by sympathy, at meeting glow,
And strive to kindle up the flame a-new.
'Tis lost, 'tis gone; his soul is quite estranged,

And knows me for its counterpart no more!
Hor. Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in Horatio;
Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge;
But when you urge my temper to comply
With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.
Lav. Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy hate?
It was not in thy nature to be thus;
Come, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful!
Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both;
Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune, and the world.
Hor. I am not apt to take a light offence,
But patient of the failings of my friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an injury
Stabs to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
I own I cannot easily forgive it.
Alt. Thou hast forgot me!
Hor. No.
Alt. Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful, and fierce?
Hor. Because they speak the meaning of my heart;
Because they're honest, and disdain a villain!
Alt. I've wronged thee much, Horatio.
Hor. True, thou hast.
When I forget it, may I be a wretch,
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, British husband.
Alt. I've wronged thee much, and Heaven has well avenged it.
I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere; our broken friendship
Pursued me to the last retreat of love,
Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with horror.
Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my head like waves, and dash me down;
Sorrow, remorse, and shame, have torn my soul;
They hang, like winter, on my youthful hopes,
And blast the spring and promise of my year.
Lav. So flowers are gathered to adorn a grave,
To lose their freshness amongst bones and rottenness,
And have their odours stifled in the dust.
Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio?
Canst thou behold thy Altamont undone?
That gentle, that dear youth! canst thou behold him,
His poor heart broken, death in his pale visage,
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmoved?
Hor. The brave and wise I pity in misfortune;
But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
'Tis weakness to be touched.
Alt. I will not ask thee
To pity or forgive me; but confess,
This scorn, this insolence of hate, is just;
'Tis constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But, Oh! had I been wronged by thee, Horatio,
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Could ne'er have stood it out; but I had ran,
With streaming eyes, and open arms, upon thee,
And pressed thee close, close!
Hor. I must hear no more;
Thy weakness is contagious; I shall catch it,
And be a tame, fond wretch.
Lav. Where wouldst thou go?
Wouldst thou part thus? you shall not, 'tis impossible;
For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps, thy cruel hand may spurn me off,
But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me, ere thou pass.
Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia,
I have enough to rid me of my pain.
Calista, thou hadst reached my heart before;
To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:
But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease. [*Faints.*
[LAVINIA *runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.*
Lav. Speak to me, Altamont!—
He faints! He dies! Now, turn and see thy triumph!
My brother! But our cares shall end together;
Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,
Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
And never see my cruel lord again.
[HORATIO *runs to* ALTAMONT, *and raises him in his arms.*
Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!
My stubborn, unrelenting heart has killed him.
Look up and bless me! tell me that thou liv'st!
Oh! I have urged thy gentleness too far;
[*He revives.*
Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;
A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul;
I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—
Alt. I thought that nothing could have stayed my soul;
That long ere this her flight had reached the stars;
But thy known voice has lured her back again.
Methinks, I fain would set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heaven's forgiveness on my soul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.
Hor. By Heaven, my heart bleeds for thee; even this moment,
I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
Is it not pity that this youth should fall,
That all his wondrous goodness should be lost,
And the world never know it? Oh, my Altamont!
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear them for thee,
And shelter thee from ruin!
Lav. Oh, my brother,
Think not but we will share in all thy woes;
We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love:
And when we light upon some faithless woman,
Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,

We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there;
We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

CENE I.—*A Room hung with black; on one side* LOTHARIO'S *body on a bier; on the other a table, with a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it.*

CALISTA *is discovered on a couch, in black; her hair hanging loose and disordered. After soft music, she rises and comes forward.*

SONG.

Hear, you midnight phantoms, hear,
You who pale and wan appear,
And fill the wretch who wakes with fear;
You, who wander, scream and groan
Round the mansions once your own;
You, who still your crimes upbraid;
You, who rest not with the dead;
From the coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk and shun the day,
From the charnel and the tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come.

Chide Calista for delay,
Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;
Bid her die and come away.
See the sexton with his spade,
See the grave already made;
Listen, fair one, to thy knell,
This music is thy passing bell.

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.
Here's room for meditation even to madness;
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something; for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence. Is it become an art, then?
A trick, that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;
[*Throwing away the book.*
I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry; they look uncouthly.
But what of that, if he or she, that owned them,
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relics play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay, Lothario?
That dear perfidious—Ah! how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your different dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if ye can!

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordained, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
Want power to succour the afflicted state.
Vainly in words and long debates they're wise,
While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful orders,
And drown the voice of law in noise and anarchy.
Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
[*Pointing to* CALISTA.
Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sacked,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it had I died,
And never lost that name!

Sci. That's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my prayers to Heaven,
Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours;
A poor imperfect copy of my father,
Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle void
Filled up with light belief, and easy fondness;
It was, because I loved, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dared to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the stoick's lessons got by rote,

The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
Hast thou considered what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Cal. I have turned my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,
That dwelt in antient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poniard here.

Sci. Oh! truly guessed—see'st thou this trembling hand— [*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice justice urged—and thrice the slackening sinews
Forgot their office, and confessed the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevailed,
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the dagger.*
And know the rest untaught!

Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfied.

[*She offers to kill herself:* SCIOLTO *catches hold of her arm.*

Sci. A moment! give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obeyed;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off every tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror!

Cal. Ha! Is it possible! and is there yet
Some little dear remains of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty!
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wondering, blest thee—
By my strong grief, my heart even melts within me;
I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, Honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still!

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be numbered.

Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou must die!—

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charmed with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I am summoned hence; ere this my friends expect me.
There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my daughter! [*Exit* SCIOLTO.

Cal. Now think, thou cursed Calista! now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head.
Yet Heaven, who knows our weak, imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
But is atoned by penitence and prayer:
Cheap recompence! here 'twould not be received.
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollution.—
And see, another injured wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of the shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day,
Ah, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee!
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes is dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well; thou art the injured Altamont;
Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know, I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? For thee I have
Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
And fondness has prevailed upon revenge.
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishment from Heaven;
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.

Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had ruled our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That, were I not abandoned to destruction,
With thee I might have lived for ages blest,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.

Cal. What! in death!

Alt. Then thou art fixed to die?—But be it so;
We'll go together; my adventurous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings.
Whether our lifeless shades are doomed to wander
In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;
Or whether through the upper air we flit,
And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue thee,
Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

Cal. Oh, no! Heaven has some other better lot in store
To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long:
Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind, unpractised heart, that never yet
Has listened to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth;
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Now, mourn indeed, ye miserable pair;
For now the measure of your woes is full.

Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio?

Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful!
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke, indeed.

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and straight pursued him;
But found him compassed by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that, his frantic valour had provoked
The death he seemed to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Dost thou not labour with thy murderous weight?
And you, ye glittering, heavenly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

Alt. Thou dost instruct me well. To lengthen life,
Is but to trifle now.

[Altamont *offers to kill himself;* Horatio *prevents him, and wrests his sword from him*

Hor. Ha! what means
The frantic Altamont? Some foe to man
Has breathed on every breast contagious fury,
And epidemic madness.

Enter Sciolto, *pale and bloody, supported by servants.*

Cal. Oh, my heart!
Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
The vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your sufferings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode?

Sci. Alas, my daughter!
Thou'st rashly ventured on a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wrecked and lost.
But sure thou'st born thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pain. Then, rest in peace:
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with Heaven the same forgiveness,
As with thy father here!—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
And every pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me—Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both—Now, 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object—Mercy, Heaven! [*She dies.*

Alt. Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art not changed,
But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,
But at that beauty must of force relented,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?

Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont!
Come near, and let me bless thee ere I die.
To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
My fortunes—Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my memory, as thou hast his;

For thou hast been my son—Oh, gracious Heaven!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away,
But multiply thy mercies on his head!
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways— [*He dies.*

Alt. Take, take it all:
To thee, Horatio, I resign the gift,
While I pursue my father, and my love,
And find my only portion in the grave!

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth.
By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide
The injured bridegroom from his guilty bride.
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lavinia.

You see the tripping dame could find no favour;
Dearly she paid for breach of good behaviour;
Nor could her loving husband's fondness save her.
Italian ladies lead but scurvy lives,
There's dreadful dealings with eloping wives:
Thus 'tis, because these husbands are obeyed
By force of laws, which for themselves they made.
With tales of old prescriptions they confine
The right of marriage-rules to their male line,
And buff and domineer by right divine.
Had we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know
What 'tis to fail in duties which they owe;
We'd teach the saunt'ring squire, who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear spouse at home;
Who snores, at night, supinely by her side;
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,
Have learned, at least, this modern way of wit,
Each ill-bred, senseless rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,
Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool;
He spends the night where merry wags resort,
With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port;
While she, poor soul, 's contented to regale,
By a sad sea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.
Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an absent husband's empty place.
If you would e'er bring constancy in fashion,
You men must first begin the reformation.
Then shall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn;
No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,
But ev'ry married man shall toast his wife;
Phillis shall not be to the country sent,
For carnivals in town, to keep a tedious Lent;
Lampoons shall cease, and envious scandal die;
And all shall live in peace, like my good man and I.

JANE SHORE.

BY

ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

o-NIGHT, if you have brought your good old taste,
Ve'll treat you with a downright English feast:
tale, which told long since in homely wise,
ath never fail'd of melting gentle eyes.
et no nice sir despise our hapless dame,
ecause recording ballads chaunt her name:
hose venerable ancient song-enditers
oar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
They caterwaul'd in no romantic ditty,
ighing for Phillis's or Chloe's pity.
ustly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christian name—'twas Jane.
ur numbers may be more refined than those,
ut what we've gained in verse, we've lost in prose.
Their words no shuffling double-meaning knew,
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.
In such an age, immortal Shakespeare wrote,
By no quaint rules, nor hampering critics taught;
With rough majestic force he mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.
Our humble author does his steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty bard in view;
And in these scenes has made it more his care,
To rouse the passions, than to charm the ear;
Yet, for those gentle beaux, who love the chime,
The ends of acts still jingle into rhyme.
The ladies too, he hopes, will not complain,—
Here are some subjects for a softer strain,—
A nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd swain.
What most he fears, is, lest the dames should frown,
The dames of wit and pleasure about town,
To see our picture drawn unlike their own.
But, lest that error should provoke to fury
The hospitable hundreds of Old Drury,
He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's defence,
She doled about the charitable pence,
Built hospitals, turn'd saint, and dy'd long since.
For her example, whatsoe'er we make it,
They have their choice to let alone or take it.
Though few, as I conceive, will think it meet,
To weep so sorely for a sin so sweet;
Or mourn and mortify the pleasant sense,
To rise in tragedy two ages hence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke of GLOSTER, *protector of England.*
Lord HASTINGS, *attached to Jane Shore.*
CATESBY, } *courtiers.*
Sir RICHARD RATCLIFFE, } *courtiers.*
BELMOUR, *friend to Shore.*
DUMONT, *husband to Jane Shore.*
Servant.

WOMEN.

ALICIA, *deserted by Lord Hastings.*
JANE SHORE.

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE,—*London.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *Sir* RICHARD RATCLIFFE, *and* CATESBY.

Glost. Thus far success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answered to my wish;
The queen and all her upstart race are quelled;
Dorset is banished, and her brother Rivers,
Ere this, lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, named me
Protector of the realm. My brother's children,
Young Edward, and the little York, are lodged
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face?
The sceptre and the golden wreath of loyalty
Seem hung within my reach.
Rat. Then take them to you,
And wear them long and worthily. You are
The last remaining male of princely York,
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of them,)
And therefore on your sovereignty and rule,
The common weal does her dependence make,
And leans upon your highness' able hand.
Cat. And yet to-morrow does the council meet,
To fix a day for Edward's coronation.
Who can expound this riddle?
Glost. That can I.
Those lords are each one my approved good friends,
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the state,
Their zeal goes on no farther than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.
Cat. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his power,
Of whom I wish your highness were assured.
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,
I own, I doubt of his inclining, much.
Glost. I guess the man at whom your words would point:
Hastings——
Cat. The same.
Glost. He bears me great good-will.
Cat. 'Tis true, to you, as to the lord protector,
And Gloster's duke, he bows with lowly service:
But were he bid to cry, *God save king Richard*,
Then tell me in what terms he would reply?
Believe me, I have proved the man, and found him:
I know he bears a most religious reverence
To his dead master Edward's royal memory,
And whither that may lead him is most plain.
Yet more—One of that stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,
And sooner part with life than let it go.
Glost. And yet this tough impracticable heart
Is governed by a dainty-fingered girl.
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering she
Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.
Rat. The fair Alicia,
Of noble birth and exquisite of feature,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.
Cat. I fear, he fails in his allegiance there;
Or my intelligence is false, or else
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,
And fed him till he loathes.
Glost. No more, he comes.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. Health, and the happiness of many days,
Attend upon your grace.
Glost. My good lord chamberlain,
We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.
Hast. My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.
Glost. In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.
Hast. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.
Glost. Say you, of Shore?
Hast. Once a bright star, that held her place on high;
The first and fairest of our English dames,
While royal Edward held the sovereign rule.
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waning form no longer shall incite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.
She never sees the sun, but through her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.
Glost. Marry! the times are badly changed with her,
From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masquing;
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A shew of mummery without a meaning.
My brother,—rest and pardon to his soul!
Is gone to his account; for this his minion,
The revel rout is done—But you were speaking
Concerning her—I have been told, that you
Are frequent in your visitation to her.
Hast. No farther, my good lord, than friendly pity,
And tender-hearted charity allow.
Glost. Go to; I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distressed——On with your tale.
Hast. Thus it is, gracious sir, that certain officers,

Using the warrant of your mighty name,
With insolent, unjust, and lawless power,
Have seized upon the lands which late she held
By grant, from her great master Edward's bounty.
Glost. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard;
And though some counsellors of forward zeal,
Some of most ceremonious sanctity,
And bearded wisdom, often have provoked
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still, in kind compassion of her weakness,
And tender memory of Edward's love,
I have withheld the merciless stern law
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.
Hast. Good Heaven, who renders mercy back for mercy,
With open-handed bounty shall repay you:
This gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,
And the long train of frailties flesh is heir to.
Glost. Thus far the voice of pity pleaded only:
Our farther and more full extent of grace
Is given to your request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her griefs.
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong
At full redressed. But I have other news,
Which much import us both; for still my fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours: our common foes,
The queen's relations, our new-fangled gentry,
Have fallen their haughty crests—That for your privacy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* Jane Shore's *House.*

Enter Belmour *and* Dumont.

Bel. How she has lived, you have heard my tale already;
The rest your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place you,
And nearer observation, best will tell you.
See, with what sad and sober cheer she comes.

Enter Jane Shore.

Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard. Save you, fair lady!
The blessings of the cheerful morn be on you,
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets!
J. Sh. My gentle neighbour, your good wishes still
Pursue my hapless fortunes. Ah, good Belmour!
How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity!
Like thee reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep!
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine,
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentleman,
Whose friendly service you commended to me?
Bel. Madam, it is.
J. Sh. A venerable aspect. [*Aside.*
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.—
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill, [*To* Dum.
Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance,
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.
But to supply these golden 'vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership
Of all that little good the world allows me.
Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my answer
Must be my future truth; let them speak for me,
And make up my deserving.
J. Sh. Are you of England?
Dum. No, gracious lady, Flanders claims my birth;
At Antwerp has my constant biding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days
Than these which now my failing age affords.
J. Sh. Alas! at Antwerp!—Oh, forgive my tears! [*Weeping.*
They fall for my offences—and must fall
Long, long ere they shall wash my stains away.
You knew perhaps—Oh grief! oh shame!—my husband?
Dum. I knew him well—but stay this flood of anguish!
The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold corse with holy drops
According to our church's rev'rend rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd ground, to rest.
J. Sh. Oh, that my soul had known no joy but him!
That I had lived within his guiltless arms,
And, dying, slept in innocence beside him!
But now his dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.
J. Sh. Say I wish to see her.—[*Exit Servant.*
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire;
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead me.
[*Exeunt* Belmour *and* Dumont.

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back?
J. Sh. No, my Alicia,

Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'er past,
That I could wish to take its turn again.
Alic. And yet some of those days my friend has known,
Some of those years might pass for golden ones,
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we, who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sovereign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and power to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renowned, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet?
J. Sh. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth;
He was the very joy of all that saw him;
Formed to delight, to love, and to persuade.
Impassive spirits and angelic natures
Might have been charmed, like yielding human weakness,
Stooped from their heaven, and listened to his talking.
But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest, and most lovely, was my curse.
Alic. Sure, something more than fortune joined your loves:
Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere matched so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.
J. Sh. Name him no more!
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
E'er yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandoned to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of power has seized almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.
Alic. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows!
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these;
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mist.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern protector,
And soothe his savage temper with thy beauty:
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He shall be moved to pity, and redress thee.
J. Sh. My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The scene of beauty and delight is changed;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But haggard grief, lean-looking sallow care,
And pining discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only shadow of a hope is left me;
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.
Alic. Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause!—
But wherefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty;
But yours shall charm him long.
J. Sh. Away, you flatterer!
Nor charge his generous meaning with a weakness,
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has proved,
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danced away:
May the remaining few know only friendship!
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there, I will give up mankind,
Forget the transports of increasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.
Alic. Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom! [*Embracing.*
Safe and unrivalled there, possess thy own;
And you, the brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints, that once were women here below,
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow!
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,
Than every other joy the world can give;
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth!
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship!
J. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;
[*Giving a casket.*
Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.
Alic. My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to Heaven, and pull a blessing on thee;
Even man, the merciless insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.
J. Sh. Why should I think that man will do for me,

What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judged:
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entailed upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestioned through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If, strongly charmed, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame:
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Alicia, *speaking to* Jane Shore *as entering.*

Alic. No farther, gentle friend; good angels guard you,
And spread their gracious wings about your slumbers!—
The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsman and o'er-laboured hind
Forget the travail of the day in sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness;
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,
Restless and self-tormented! Oh, false Hastings!
Thou hast destroyed my peace.—
[*Knocking within.*
What noise is that?
What visitor is this, who, with bold freedom,
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,
With such a rude approach?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One from the court,
Lord Hastings (as I think) demands my lady.
Alic. Hastings! Be still, my heart, and try to meet him
With his own arts: with falsehood—But he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings, *speaks to a Servant as entering.*

Hast. Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.—
Alicia here! Unfortunate encounter!
But be it as it may.
Alic. When humbly, thus,
The great descend to visit the afflicted,
When thus, unmindful of their rest, they come
To soothe the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
Comfort comes with them; like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.
Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a courtesy,
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it,
To nip and blast its favour, like a frost;
But rather chose, at this late hour to come,
That your fair friend may know I have prevailed;
The lord protector has received her suit,
And means to shew her grace.
Alic. My friend, my lord!
Hast. Yes, lady, yours: none has a right more ample
To task my power than you.
Alic. I want the words,
To pay you back a compliment so courtly;
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
And will not die your debtor.
Hast. 'Tis well, madam.
But I would see your friend.
Alic. Oh, thou false lord!
I would be mistress of my heaving heart,
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
To dress my face in easy dull indifference:
But 'twill not be; my wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.
Hast. Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving, this transporting passion?
Alic. Oh, thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!
Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorned, forsaken, and abandoned,
Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy,
Given up to be the sport of villains' tongues,
Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons?
And all because my soul has doated on thee,
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable?
Hast. Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
These never-ceasing wailings and complainings,
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
Which every other moment rise to madness?
Alic. What proof, alas! have I not given of love?
What have I not abandoned to thy arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemished race,
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has given thee all;
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.
Hast. Why am I thus pursued from place to place,
Kept in the view, and cross'd at every turn?

In vain I fly, and, like a hunted deer,
Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert;
E'er I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.
Alic. Hither you fly, and here you seek repose;
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, midnight visits!
Hast. If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Yet take the friendly counsel of my love;
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Let not that devil, which undoes your sex,
That cursed curiosity, seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet: but, once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
Go to—be yet advised—
Alic. Dost thou, in scorn,
Preach patience to my rage, and bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'st wronged me? Ruin seize thee,
And swift perdition overtake thy treachery!
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt?
Hast thou endeavoured once to hide thy falsehood?
To hide it might have spoke some little tenderness,
And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
But thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity;
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confessed it;
Even now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious villainy.
Hast. Well, then! I own my heart has broke your chains.
Patient I bore the painful bondage long;
At length my generous love disdains your tyranny:
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Vexatious days, and jarring, joyless nights,
Have driven him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.
Alic. You triumph? do! and, with gigantic pride,
Defy impending vengeance. Heaven shall wink;
No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,
Nor send his lightnings forth: no more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury, like thine, shall dwell in safety.
Hast. Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better angel!
Preserve me from the storm that threatens now,
And if I have beyond atonement sinned,
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.
Alic. Thy prayer is heard—I go—but know, proud lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in power and greatness placed,
With royal favour guarded round and grac
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her fli
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost he
Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fallen, and grovelling at my f
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below.
[E
Hast. How fierce a fiend is passion! with w wildness,
What tyranny untamed it reigns in woman!
Unhappy sex! whose easy yielding temper
Gives way to every appetite alike:
Each gust of inclination, uncontrouled,
Sweeps through their souls, and sets them i uproar;
Each motion of the heart rises to fury,
And love, in their weak bosoms, is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
So the wind roars o'er the wide fenceless oce
And heaves the billows of the boiling deep,
Alike from north, from south, from east, fr west;
With equal force the tempest blows, by turns,
From every corner of the seaman's compass.
But soft ye now—for here comes one, disch
Strife and her wrangling train; of equal elemen
Without one jarring atom, was she formed,
And gentleness and joy make up her being—

Enter JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late
To greet you with the tidings of success.
The princely Gloster has vouchsafed you hea ing;
To-morrow he expects you at the court;
There plead your cause, with never-failing beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.
J. Sh. Thus humbly let your lowly servant ben
[*Kneelin*
Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness
Hast. Rise, gentle dame; you wrong my meaning much;
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these!
J. Sh. 'Tis true, your bounty is beyond my speaking:
But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breathe one prayer for you,
If prayers of such a wretch are heard on high,
That Heaven will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.
Hast. If there be aught of merit in my service,
Impute it there, where most 'tis due, to love;
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty!
J. Sh. Alas! my lord—
Hast. Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?

breathes that sigh, my love? And wherefore falls
trickling shower of tears, to stain thy sweetness?
Sh. If pity dwells within your noble breast,
sure it does) Oh, speak not to me thus!
ast. Can I behold thee, and not speak of love?
now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
s desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
softness steals upon my yielding senses,
my soul faints, and sickens with desire;
canst thou give this motion to my heart,
l bid my tongue be still?
Sh. Cast round your eyes
on the high-born beauties of the court;
old, like opening roses, where they bloom,
et to the sense, unsullied all and spotless;
re chuse some worthy partner of your heart,
fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed;
r turn your eyes this way, where sin and misery,
e loathsome weeds, have over-run the soil,
d the destroyer, Shame, has laid all waste.
Hast. What means this peevish, this fantastic change?
here is thy wonted pleasantness of face,
y wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?
here hast thou lost thy wit, and sportive mirth;
at chearful heart, which used to dance for ever,
nd cast a day of gladness all around thee?
J. Sh. Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;
nd for those foolish days of wanton pride,
ly soul is justly humbled to the dust:
ll tongues, like yours, are licensed to upbraid me,
till to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
nd treat me like that abject thing I have been.
et let the saints be witness to this truth,
That now, though late, I look with horror back,
That I detest my wretched self, and curse
My past polluted life. All-judging Heaven,
Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for them.
Hast. No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance,
When the decaying sense is palled with pleasure,
And weary nature tires in her last stage;
Then weep and tell thy beads, when altering rheums
Have stained the lustre of thy starry eyes,
And failing palsies shake thy withered hand.
The present moment claims more generous use;
Thy beauty, night, and solitude reproach me,
For having talked thus long—come, let me press thee, [*Laying hold of her.*
Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious flood!
J. Sh. Never! by those chaste lights above, I swear,
My soul shall never know pollution more;
Forbear, my lord!—here let me rather die:
[*Kneeling.*
Let quick destruction overtake me here,
And end my sorrows, and my shame for ever.
Hast. Away with this perverseness!—'tis too much.
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous affectation!
[*Struggling.*
J. Sh. Retire! I beg you leave me—
Hast. Thus to coy it!——
With one who knows you too.——
J. Sh. For mercy's sake——
Hast. Ungrateful woman! Is it thus you pay
My services?——
J. Sh. Abandon me to ruin——
Rather than urge me——
Hast. This way to your chamber;
[*Pulling her.*
There if you struggle——
J. Sh. Help, oh, gracious Heaven!
Help! Save me! Help!

Enter DUMONT, *he interposes.*

Dum. My lord! for honour's sake——
Hast. Ha! What art thou?—Begone!
Dum. My duty calls me
To my attendance on my mistress here.
J. Sh. For pity, let me go—
Hast. Avaunt! base groom—
At distance wait, and know thy office better.
Dum. Forego your hold, my lord! 'tis most unmanly
This violence—
Hast. Avoid the room this moment,
Or I will tread thy soul out.
Dum.. No, my lord—
The common ties of manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the defence
Of an oppressed, unhappy, helpless woman.
Hast. And dost thou know me, slave?
Dum. Yes, thou proud lord!
I know thee well; know thee with each advantage
Which wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.
I know thee, too, for one who stains those honours,
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman.
Hast. 'Tis wond'rous well! I see, my saint-like dame,
You stand provided of your braves and ruffians,
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.
Dum. Take back the foul reproach, unmannered railer!
Nor urge my rage too far, lest thou should'st find
I have as daring spirits in my blood
As thou or any of thy race e'er boasted;
And though no gaudy titles graced my birth,
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants,

Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.
Hast. Insolent villain! henceforth let this teach thee [*Draws and strikes him.*
The distance 'twixt a peasant and a prince!
Dum. Nay, then, my lord, [*drawing*] learn you by this, how well
An arm resolved can guard its master's life.
[*They fight.*
J. Sh. Oh, my distracting fears! hold, for sweet Heaven. [*Runs off distractedly.*
[*They fight,* DUMONT *disarms Lord* HASTINGS.
Hast. Confusion! baffled by a base-born hind!
Dum. Now, haughty sir, where is our difference now?
Your life is in my hand, and did not honour,
The gentleness of blood, and inborn virtue,
(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my bosom, I should take the forfeit.
But wear your sword again; and know, a lord
Opposed against a man, is but a man.
Hast. Curse on my failing arm! Your better fortune
Has given you 'vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance. [*Exit* HASTINGS.

Enter JANE SHORE.

J. Sh. Alas! what have ye done? Know ye the power,
The mightiness, that waits upon this lord?
Dum. Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 'tis a cause
In which Heaven's guards shall wait you. O pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to virtue; let not danger,
Nor the incumbering world, make faint your purpose.
Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your days with peace.
J. Sh. Oh, that my head were laid, my sad eyes closed,
And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest!
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moment's peace till then.
Dum. Would you be happy, leave this fatal place:
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood;
Where innocence is shamed, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the masques of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure.
J. Sh. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of friends, and all the means of life bereft?
Dum. Belmour, whose friendly care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seems disposed;
No neighbours but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well-meaning priest:
No faction, or domestic fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place,
When the contending nobles shook the land
With York and Lancaster's disputed sway.
Your virtue there may find a safe retreat
From the insulting powers of wicked greatness.
J. Sh. Can there be so much happiness in store!
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.
Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,
Ere the clouds gather, and the wintry sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.
Dum. Will you then go! You glad my very soul.
Banish your fears, cast all your cares on me;
Plenty and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,
And make your latter days of life most happy.
Oh, lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.
So when the spring renews the flowery field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter ALICIA *with a paper.*

Alic. This paper to the great protector's hand,
With care and secrecy, must be conveyed;
His bold ambition now avows its aim,
To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless Hastings adverse to his hopes,
And much devoted to the orphan king;
On that I build: this paper meets his doubts,
And marks my hated rival as the cause
Of Hastings' zeal for his dead master's sons.
Oh, jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,

Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms,
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness?
See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing;
Now my chang'd eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loathe that known face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter JANE SHORE.

J. Sh. Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
What charitable hand will aid me now?
Will stay my falling steps, support my ruins,
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?
Oh, my Alicia!

Alic. What new grief is this?
What unforeseen misfortune has surprised thee,
That racks thy tender heart thus?

J. Sh. Oh, Dumont!

Alic. Say, what of him?

J. Sh. That friendly, honest man,
Whom Belmour brought of late to my assistance,
On whose kind care, whose diligence and faith,
My surest trust was built, this very morn
Was seized on by the cruel hand of power,
Forced from my house, and borne away to prison.

Alic. To prison, said you! can you guess the cause?

J. Sh. Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.

Alic. Lord Hastings! Ha!

J. Sh. Some fitter time must tell thee
The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contained;
Here, as the princely Gloster passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble knees,
And move him for redress.

[*She gives the paper to* ALICIA, *who opens and seems to read it.*

Alic. [*Aside.*] Now for a wile,
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart;
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjur'd Hastings' eyes!
The wanderer may then look back to me,
And turn to his forsaken home again.
Their fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[*Pulling out the other paper.*

J. Sh. But see, the great protector comes this way,
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.
Give me the paper, friend.

Alic. [*Aside.*] For love and vengeance!

[*She gives her the other paper.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *Sir* RICHARD RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, *Courtiers, and other Attendants.*

J. Sh. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,
Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint!
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

Glost. Arise, fair dame, and dry your watery eyes.

[*Receiving the paper, and raising her.*

Beshrew me, but 'twere pity of his heart
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress.
You have got a noble friend to be your advocate;
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present now,
Some matters of the state detain our leisure;
Those once dispatched, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go to! be comforted.

J. Sh. Good Heavens repay your highness for this pity,
And shower down blessings on your princely head!
Come, my Alicia, reach thy friendly arm,
And help me to support this feeble frame,
That nodding totters with oppressive woe,
And sinks beneath its load.

[*Exeunt* J. SH. *and* ALIC.

Glost. Now, by my holidame!
Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is when rude calamity
Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions,
The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the shock. What says her paper?

[*Seeming to read.*

Ha! what is this? come nearer, Ratcliffe! Catesby!
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning.

[*He reads.*

'Wonder not, princely Gloster, at the notice
'This paper brings you from a friend unknown;
'Lord Hastings is inclined to call you master,
'And kneel to Richard, as to England's king;
'But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,
'And draws his service to king Edward's sons:
'Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,
'And he, and all his powers, attend you.'

Rat. 'Tis wonderful!

Cat. The means by which it came,
Yet stranger too!

Glost. You saw it given, but now.

Rat. She could not know the purport.

Glost. No, 'tis plain—
She knows it not, it levels at her life;
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling harlot! dear she should abide it.

Cat. What hand soe'er it comes from, be assured,
It means your highness well—

Glost. Upon the instant,
Lord Hastings will be here; this morn I mean
To prove him to the quick; then if he flinch,
No more but this—away with him at once!
He must be mine or nothing—But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well.

[*They whisper.*

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. This foolish woman hangs about my heart,

Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on; 'tis art and cunning,
And worn to urge desire—I must possess her.
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me,
Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, even she may profit by the example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my power.
Glost. This do, and wait me e'er the council sits.— [*Exeunt* Rat. *and* Cat.
My lord, you are well encountered; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her;
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we mean to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.
Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.
Glost. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear.
The state is out of tune: distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke,
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.
Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
If, in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine, it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority, of late,
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.
Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divined
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder,
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the general cry,
And sum of all complaint; 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.
Hast. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour, and most princely wisdom,
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.
Glost. The council (much I'm bound to thank them for't!)
Have placed a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to controul;
Scorned by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence,
At large, to lord it in the common-weal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.
Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this—
Glost. Ay marry, but there is—
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, doctor Shaw
Has moved the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority,
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with this same buxom widow,
The queen he left behind him——
Hast. Ill befal
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brain,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?
Glost. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?
Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who, for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
Glost. You go too far, my lord.
Hast. Your highness' pardon——
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles;
When, like a matron butchered by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers-by,
Our groaning country bled at every vein?
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevailed;
When churches, palaces, and cities blazed;
When insolence and barbarism triumphed,
And swept away distinctions; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation covered all the land;—
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart,
Whose damned ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us!

Glost. How now! so hot!
Hast. So brave, and so resolved.
Glost. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
hat you could arm your hand against my life?
Hast. I hope your highness does not think I mean it;
o; Heaven forefend that e'er your princely person
hould come within the scope of my resentment.
Glost. Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you; [*Embraces him.*
y holy Paul, y'are a right honest man!
he time is full of danger and distrust,
nd warns us to be wary. Hold me not
oo apt for jealousy and light surmise,
, when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
nd live your king and country's best support:
or me, I ask no more than honour gives,
o think me yours, and rank you with my friends.
Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay.
h, princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
f manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Glost. Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature:
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewell, and be my friend. [*Exit* Glost.
Hast. I am not read,
Nor skilled and practised in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touched me
Even on the tenderest point; the master-string,
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confessed.
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Duke of Gloster, Ratcliffe, *and* Catesby.

Glost. This was the sum of all: that he would brook
o alteration in the present state.
arry, at last, the testy gentleman
as almost moved to bid us bold defiance;
ut there I dropt the argument, and changing
he first design and purport of my speech,
praised his good affection to young Edward,
nd left him to believe my thoughts like his.
roceed we then in this forementioned matter,
s nothing bound, or trusting to his friendship.
Rat. Ill does it thus befal. I could have wished
his lord had stood with us. His friends are wealthy;
hereto, his own possessions large and mighty;
he vassals and dependants on his power
rm in adherence, ready, bold, and many;
is name had been of 'vantage to your highness,
nd stood our present purpose much in stead.
Glost. This wayward and perverse declining from us,
as warranted at full the friendly notice,
hich we this morn received. I hold it certain,
his puling, whining harlot rules his reason,
nd prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.
Cat. If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
nd turn it at her will, you rule her fate;
nd should, by inference and apt deduction,
arbiter of his. Is not her bread,
e very means immediate to her being,
The bounty of your hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?
Rat. Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message;
Teach every grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluding eyes to gloat for you;
His ductile reason will be wound about,
Be led and turned again, say and unsay,
Receive the yoke, and yield exact obedience.
Glost. Your counsel likes me well, it shall be followed.
She waits without, attending on her suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* Ratcliffe *and* Catesby.
How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!
A moppet made of prettiness and pride;
That oftener does her giddy fancies change,
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours—
Now, shame upon it! was our reason given
For such a use? To be thus puffed about
Like a dry leaf, an idle straw, a feather,
The sport of every whiffling blast that blows?
Beshrew my heart, but it is wondrous strange;
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters even the wisest of us all.—

Enter Jane Shore.

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have pondered
On this your grievance: and though some there are,

Nay, and those great ones, too, who would enforce
The rigour of our power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand; yet fear not you:
We've ta'en you to our favour; our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.
J. Sh. The blessings of a heart with anguish broken,
And rescued from despair, attend your highness.
Alas! my gracious lord, what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
If in the days of all my past offences,
When most my heart was lifted with delight,
If I withheld my morsel from the hungry,
Forgot the widow's want, and orphan's cry;
If I have known a good I have not shared,
Nor called the poor to take his portion with me,
Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the succour, which I gave not then.
Glost. Marry, there are, though I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in affairs of state;
That you presume to prattle, like a busy body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' th' council
What fits the order of the common-weal.
J. Sh. Oh, that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To tread the mazes of fantastic falsehood,
To haunt their idle sounds and flying tales,
Through all the giddy, noisy courts of rumour;
Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, considered their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.
Glost. Go to! I know your power; and though I trust not
To every breath of fame, I am not to learn
That Hastings is professed your loving vassal.
But fair befal your beauty: use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour.
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.
J. Sh. Oh! where or how—Can my unworthy hand
Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.
Glost. Why, that's well said—Thus then—Observe me well;
The state, for many high and potent reasons,
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown—
J. Sh. Alas! for pity.
Glost. Therefore have resolved
To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And vest the sovereign rule in abler hands.
This, though of great importance to the public,
Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.
J. Sh. Does he? Does Hastings?
Glost. Ay, Hastings.
J. Sh. Reward him for the noble deed, just Heavens!
For this one action, guard him, and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance!
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame!
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name, even to time's end!
Let him know nothing else but good on earth,
And everlasting blessedness hereafter!
Glost. How now!
J. Sh. The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible! Oh, gallant, generous Hastings!
Go on, pursue! assert the sacred cause:
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression!
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.
Glost. You're passing rich in this same heavenly speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.
J. Sh. No, though the royal Edward has undone me,
He was my king, my gracious master still;
He loved me, too, though 'twas a guilty flame,
And fatal to my peace, yet still he loved me;
With fondness, and with tenderness, he doated,
Dwelt in my eyes, and lived but in my smiles:
And can I—O my heart abhors the thought!
Stand by, and see his children robbed of right?
Glost. Dare not, even for thy soul, to thwart me further!
None of your arts, your feigning, and your foolery,
Your dainty squeamish coying it, to me;
Go—to your lord, your paramour, begone!
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him.
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head!
J. Sh. Oh, that my tongue had every grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
Sweet as the poet's numbers, and prevailing
As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid;
That I had art and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead, till death, the cause of injured innocence!
Glost. Ha! dost thou brave me, minion! Dost thou know
How vile, how very a wretch, my power can make thee?
That I can let loose fear, distress, and famine,

o hunt thy heels, like hell-hounds, through the world;
hat I can place thee in such abject state,
s help shall never find thee; where, repining,
hou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish;
roan to the pitiless winds without return;
owl like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,
nd curse thy life, in bitterness and misery?

J. Sh. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
urned forth, and driven to wander like a vagabond,
e friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
pon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
eed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
e I consent to teach my lips injustice,
r wrong the orphan who has none to save him!

Glost. 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.
hat hoa! who waits without?

nter Ratcliffe, Catesby, *and Attendants.*

Rat. Your highness' pleasure——

Glost. Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet forth!
urn her into the street; there let her perish,
nd rot upon a dunghill. Through the city
e it proclaimed, that none, on pain of death,
esume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
ho ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
er house, her costly furniture and wealth,
he purchase of her loose luxurious life,
e seize on, for the profit of the state.
way! Begone!

J. Sh. Oh, thou most righteous judge—
umbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
nd own thy justice in this hard decree:
o longer, then, my ripe offences spare,
t what I merit, let me learn to bear.
t, since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,
r my past crimes my forfeit life receive;
pity for my sufferings here I crave,
nd only hope forgiveness in the grave.

xit Shore, *guarded by* Catesby *and others.*

Glost. So much for this.—Your project's at an end. [*To* Ratcliffe.
is idle toy, this hilding, scorns my power,
d sets us all at naught. See that a guard
ready at my call.

Rat. The council waits
pon your highness' leisure.

Glost. Bid them enter.

nter the Duke of Buckingham, *Earl of* Derby, *Bishop of* Ely, *Lord* Hastings, *and others, as to the council. The Duke of* Gloster *takes his place at the upper end, then the rest sit.*

Derb. In happy times we are assembled here,
'point the day, and fix the solemn pomp
r placing England's crown, with all due rites,
pon our sovereign Edward's youthful brow.

Hast. Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said, there are,
such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal right;
Therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest,
To appoint the order of the coronation;
So to approve our duty to the king,
And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

Derb. We all attend to know your highness' pleasure. [*To* Gloster.

Glost. My lords, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state;
Therefore, to your most grave determination,
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
To inflict upon those damnable contrivers,
Who shall, with potions, charms, and witching drugs,
Practise against our person and our life?

Hast. So much I hold the king your highness' debtor,
So precious are you to the common weal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.

Glost. Then judge yourselves, convince your eyes of truth:
Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and withered,
[*Pulling up his sleeve.*
Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decayed,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Robbed of its properties of strength and office.
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And other like confederate midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work,
To torture and despoil me of my life.

Hast. If they have done this deed——

Glost. If they have done it!
Talk'st thou to me of If's, audacious traitor!
Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,
The patron and complotter of her mischiefs,
And joined in this contrivance for my death.
Nay start not, lords—What ho! a guard, there, sirs!

Enter Guards.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.
He shall not live an hour. By holy Paul,
I will not dine before his head be brought me!
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exeunt* Gloster, *and the lords following.*

Manent Lord Hastings, Ratcliffe, *and Guards.*

Hast. What! and no more but this—How! to the scaffold?
Oh, gentle Ratcliffe! tell me, do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle through this dread confusion?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden horror and surprise.

Rat. You heard, the duke's commands to me were absolute.
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift,
With all good speed you may. Summon your courage,
And be yourself; for you must die this instant.
Hast. Yes, Ratcliffe, I will take thy friendly counsel,
And die as a man should; 'tis somewhat hard
To call my scattered spirits home at once:
But since what must be, must be—let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run;
'Tis but to do, what at that very moment,
In many nations of the peopled earth,
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me;
'Tis but to close my eyes, and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,
The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Stand off, and let me pass—I will, I must
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart—O Hastings, Hastings!
Hast. Alas! why com'st thou at this dreadful moment,
To fill me with new terrors, new distractions;
To turn me wild with thy distempered rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away! I prithee leave me!
Alic. Stop a minute——
Till my full griefs find passage—Oh, the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine!
Hast. What means thy frantic grief?
Alic. I cannot speak——
But I have murdered thee—Oh, I could tell thee!
Hast. Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting passion;
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense;
Time presses, and a thousand crowding thoughts
Break in at once! this way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurried soul: all claim attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh! speak, and leave me;
For I have business would employ an age,
And but a minute's time to get it done in.
Alic. That, that's my grief—'tis I that urge thee on,
Thus haunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of fate.
Hast. Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak hand
Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,
That nothing but my life can make atonement?
Alic. Thy cruel scorn hath stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames:
Raving and mad, I flew to my revenge,
And writ I know not what—told the protector,
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles, had won thee
To plot against his greatness—He believed it,
(Oh, dire event of my pernicious counsel!)
And, while I meant destruction on her head,
He has turned it all on thine.
Hast. Accursed jealousy!
Oh, merciless, wild, and unforgiving fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguished mischief,
And murders all it meets. Cursed be its rage.
For there is none so deadly; doubly cursed
Be all those easy fools who give it harbour;
Who turn a monster loose among mankind,
Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence;
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell!
Alic. If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own falsehood;
Curse the lewd maxims of thy perjured sex,
Which taught thee first to laugh at faith and justice,
To scorn the solemn sanctity of oaths,
And make a jest of a poor woman's ruin:
Curse thy proud heart, and thy insulting tongue,
That raised this fatal fury in my soul,
And urged my vengeance to undo us both.
Hast. Oh, thou inhuman! turn thy eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive beams:
Why should I curse thee with my dying breath?
Begone! and let me die in peace.
Alic. Canst thou, Oh, cruel Hastings, leave me thus!
Hear me, I beg thee—I conjure thee, hear me,
While with an agonizing heart, I swear,
By all the pangs I feel, by all the sorrows,
The terrors and despair thy loss shall give me,
My hate was on my rival bent alone.
Oh! had I once divined, false as thou art,
A danger to thy life, I would have died,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful breast, to save thee from it.
Hast. Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's just award:
While thy insatiate wrath, and fell revenge,
Pursued the innocence which never wronged thee,
Behold the mischief falls on thee and me:
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion:
For me, the snares of death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.
Alic. Oh! yet before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee, in gentleness and pity, to me, [*Kneels*.
And, in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungoverned love?
For, oh! 'tis certain, if I had not loved thee
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame, and life,

Desired to death, and doated to distraction,
This day of horror never should have known us.
Hast. Oh, rise, and let me hush thy stormy sorrows! [*Raising her.*
Assuage thy tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of Heaven is armed against me,
And, in mysterious providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaken hand.
Most righteous doom! for, oh, while I behold thee,
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me; thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonoured, blasted, and betrayed by me.
Alic. And does thy heart relent for my undoing?
Oh, that inhuman Gloster could be moved,
But half so easily as I can pardon!
Hast. Here, then, exchange we mutually forgiveness:
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,
My perjuries to thee, be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquits thee of my death,
As here I part without one angry thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,
Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,
And begging Heaven to bless and to support thee.
Rat. My lord, dispatch; the duke has sent to chide me,
For loitering in my duty.
Hast. I obey.
Alic. Insatiate, savage monster! Is a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Oh, repay him,
Thou great avenger! Give him blood for blood:
Guilt haunt him! fiends pursue him! lightnings blast him!
Some horrid, cursed kind of death o'ertake him,
Sudden, and in the fulness of his sins!
That he may know how terrible it is,
To want that moment he denies thee now.
Hast. This rage is all in vain, that tears thy bosom;
Like a poor bird, that flutters in its cage,
Thou beat'st thyself to death. Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me;
Thy agonies are added to my own,
And make the burthen more than I can bear.
Farewell—Good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above!
Alic. Oh! stab me to the heart, some pitying hand!
Now strike me dead!———
Hast. One thing I had forgot——
I charge thee, by our present common miseries;
By our past loves, if yet they have a name;
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend;
Thou know'st who 'tis I mean; Oh! should'st thou wrong her,
Just Heaven shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make them know no end—Remember this,
As the last warning of a dying man.
Farewell, for ever!
[*The guards carry* Hastings *off.*
Alic. For ever! Oh, for ever!
Oh, who can bear to be a wretch for ever!
My rival, too! His last thoughts hung on her,
And, as he parted, left a blessing for her:
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever?
No: since her fatal beauty was the cause
Of all my sufferings, let her share my pains;
Let her, like me, of every joy forlorn,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born;
Like me, to deserts and to darkness run,
Abhor the day, and curse the golden sun;
Cast every good, and every hope behind;
Detest the works of nature, loathe mankind:
Like me, with cries distracted, fill the air,
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair;
And prove the torments of the last despair!
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Belmour *and* Dumont.

Dum. You saw her, then?
Bel. I met her, as returning,
In solemn penance, from the public cross.
Before her, certain rascal officers,
Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,
Proclaimed the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
On either side her marched an ill-looked priest,
Who, with severe, with horrid haggard eyes,
Did, ever and anon, by turns, upbraid her,
And thunder, in her trembling ear, damnation.
Around her, numberless, the rabble flowed,
Shouldering each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling.
Some pitying—But those, alas! how few!
The most—such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind—
With insolence, and lewd reproach, pursued her,
Hooting and railing, and, with villanous hands
Gathering the filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head.
Dum. Inhuman dogs!—
How did she bear it?
Bel. With the gentlest patience;
Submissive, sad, and lowly, was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders, carelessly confused,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seemed, and sorely smit with pain,
While barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were marked with blood.

Yet, silent still she passed, and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except, when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To Heaven she seemed, in fervent zeal, to raise,
And beg that mercy man denied her here.
Dum. When was this piteous sight?
Bel. These last two days.
You know my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliverance,
Which, but for Hastings' death, I had not gained.
During that time, although I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief; but all in vain;
A churlish guard attend upon her steps,
Who menace those with death that bring her comfort,
And drive all succour from her.
Dum. Let them threaten;
Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice;
So Heaven befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.
Bel. Mean you to see her, thus, in your own form?
Dum. I do.
Bel. And have you thought upon the consequence?
Dum. What is there I should fear?
Bel. Have you examined
Into your inmost heart, and tried at leisure
The several secret springs that move the passions?
Has mercy fixed her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep?
Dum. Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory
To conjure up my wrongs to life again?
I have long laboured to forget myself,
To think on all time backward like a space
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being;
But thou hast peopled it again: Revenge
And jealousy renew their horrid forms,
Shoot all their fires, and drive me to distraction.
Bel. Far be the thought from me! my care was only
To arm you for the meeting: better were it
Never to see her, than to let that name
Recall forgotten rage, and make the husband
Destroy the generous pity of Dumont.
Dum. O thou hast set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which, to preserve my peace, I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion—Oh, that form!
That angel face on which my dotage hung!
How have I gazed upon her, till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And issued at my eyes—Was there a gem
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields;
What was there art could make, or wealth could buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty?
What could her king do more?—And yet she fled.
Bel. Away with that sad fancy—
Dum. Oh, that day!
The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Belmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widowed home!
Within his chariot, by his side she sat,
And listened to his talk with downward looks,
'Till sudden, as she chanced aside to glance,
Her eyes encountered mine—Oh! then, my friend!
Oh! who can paint my grief and her amazement!
As at the stroke of death, twice turned she pale,
And twice a burning crimson blushed all o'er her;
Then, with a shriek, heart-wounding, loud she cried,
While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran,
Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung—
Moved at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action, wooed her oft to turn;
Earnest he seemed to plead, but all in vain:
Even to the last she bent her sight towards me,
And followed me—till I had lost myself.
Bel. Alas! for pity! Oh! those speaking tears!
Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
For though the king by force possessed her person,
Her unconsenting heart still dwelt with you:
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distressed on every side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like hers?
Dum. And can she bear it? can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various seasons changed,
To court her appetite and crown her board,
For whom the foreign vintages were pressed,
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores,
Can she—
Entreat for bread, and want the needful raiment,
To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her;
I thought the gentlest breeze, that wakes the spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her; chearfulness
Danced all the day before her, and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow—
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
It is too much—Hence with her past offences!
They are atoned at full—Why stay we, then?
Oh! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.
Bel. Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandoned creature lingers:
Her guard, though set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there choose her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.

Dum. Here let us then divide; each in his round
o search her sorrows out; whose hap it is
rst to behold her, this way let him lead
er fainting steps, and meet we here together.
[*Exeunt.*

nter JANE SHORE, *her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and bare-footed.*

J. Sh. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, oh, my soul!
r are not thy transgressions great and numberless?
o they not cover thee like rising floods,
nd press thee like a weight of waters down?
oes not the hand of righteousness afflict thee?
nd who shall plead against it? Who shall say
o Power Almighty, thou hast done enough;
r bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay?
ait then with patience, till the circling hours
all bring the time of thy appointed rest,
nd lay thee down in death. The hireling, thus,
ith labour drudges out the painful day,
nd often looks with long expecting eyes
o see the shadows rise, and be dismissed.
nd hark, methinks the roar, that late pursued me,
nks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
nd softens into silence. Does revenge
nd malice then grow weary, and forsake me?
ly guard, too, that observed me still so close,
ire in the task of their inhuman office,
nd loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
ly spirits fail at once—This is the door
f my Alicia—Blessed opportunity!
ll steal a little succour from her goodness,
ow while no eye observes me.
[*She knocks at the door.*

Enter a Servant.

your lady,
ly gentle friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her!
[*Going in.*

Ser. Hold, mistress, whither would you?
[*Pushing her back.*

J. Sh. Do you know me?

Ser. I know you well, and know my orders, too:
ou must not enter here—

J. Sh. Tell my Alicia,
Tis I would see her.

Ser. She is ill at ease,
nd will admit no visitor.

J. Sh. But tell her
Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Vait at the door and beg—

Ser. 'Tis all in vain—
o hence, and howl to those that will regard you.
[*Shuts the door, and exit.*

J. Sh. It was not always thus; the time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
lew wide, and almost leaped from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here; when this good house
Has poured forth all its dwellers to receive me;
When my approaches made a little holiday,
And every face was dressed in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those who blessed me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die even here!
[*She sits down at the door.*

Enter ALICIA *in disorder, two Servants following.*

Alic. What wretch art thou, whose misery and baseness
Hang on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

J. Sh. A very beggar, and a wretch, indeed;
One driven by strong calamity to seek
For succours here; one perishing for want,
Whose hunger has not tasted food those three days;
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,
A draught of water and a little bread.

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?
I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scattered it,
Or cast it on the waters—Mark the eagle
And hungry vulture, when they wind the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them—I know thee not.

J. Sh. And yet there was a time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,
And mourned the live-long day she passed without me;
When, paired like turtles, we were still together;
When often, as we prattled arm in arm,
Inclining fondly to me, she has sworn,
She loved me more than all the world besides.

Alic. Ha! say'st thou! Let me look upon thee well—
'Tis true—I know thee now—A mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robbed me;
Thou hast undone me——Murder! Oh, my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
Give me him back again, thou soft deluder,
Thou beauteous witch!

J. Sh. Alas! I never wronged you——
Oh! then be good to me; have pity on me;
Thou never knew'st the bitterness of want,
And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
Some poor remain, the voiding of thy table,
A morsel to support my famished soul!

Alic. Avaunt! and come not near me—

J. Sh. To thy hand
I trusted all; gave my whole store to thee,
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance! give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down, and perish here before thee.

Alic. Nay! tell not me! Where is thy king, thy Edward,
And all the smiling cringing train of courtiers,
That bent the knee before thee?
J. Sh. Oh! for mercy!
Alic. Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns;
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
And see, the nodding ruin falls to crush me!
'Tis fallen, 'tis here! I felt it on my brain!
1 *Ser.* This sight disorders her—
2 *Ser.* Retire, dear lady—
And leave this woman—
Alic. Let her take my counsel:
Why shouldst thou be a wretch? Stab, tear thy heart,
And rid thyself of this detested being!
I will not linger long behind thee here.
A waving flood of bluish fire swells o'er me—
And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in blood.
Ha! what art thou? thou horrid headless trunk—
It is my Hastings! see, he wafts me on!
Away! I go, I fly! I follow thee!
But come not thou, with mischief-making beauty,
To interpose between us! look not on him!
Give thy fond arts and thy delusions o'er,
For thou shalt never, never part us more.
[*She runs off, her servants following.*
J. Sh. Alas! she raves; her brain, I fear, is turned.
In mercy look upon her, gracious Heaven,
Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight.
I can no more. [*Lies down.*] Receive me, thou cold earth,
Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

Enter BELMOUR.

Bel. Upon the ground!
Thy miseries can never lay thee lower.
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mourner,
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy friends,
The dear companions of thy joyful days,
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their bosoms? Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
For such thou art, the sister of our loves,
And nothing shall divide us. Now where are they?
J. Sh. Ah, Belmour! where indeed? Th stand aloof,
And view my desolation from afar!
When they pass by, they shake their heads i scorn,
And cry, behold the harlot and her end!
And yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me.
Alas! there may be danger; get thee gone!
Let me not pull a ruin on thy head.
Leave me to die alone, for I am fallen
Never to rise, and all relief is vain.
Bel. Yet raise thy drooping head; for I a come
To chase away despair. Behold! where yonde
That honest man, that faithful, brave Dumont,
Is hasting to thy aid—
J. Sh. Dumont! ha! where!
[*Raising herself, and looking agai*
Then Heaven has heard my prayer; his very name
Renews the springs of life, and cheers my soul.
Has he then 'scaped the snare?
Bel. He has; but see——
He comes unlike to that Dumont you knew;
For now he wears your better angel's form,
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon

Enter SHORE.

J. Sh. Speak, tell me! Which is he? And h what would
This dreadful vision! see it comes upon me—
It is my husband——Ah! [*She swoo*
Sh. She faints! support her!
Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
Into her dying lips—from spicy drugs,
Rich herbs and flowers, the potent juice drawn;
With wondrous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
Drives them around, and wakens life anew.
Bel. Her weakness could not bear the stro surprise.
But see, she stirs! And the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheek——
Sh. So—gently raise her— [*Raising her u*
J. Sh. Ha! What art thou? Belmour!
Bel. How fare you, lady?
J. Sh. My heart is thrilled with horror—
Bel. Be of courage——
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthie friend—
J. Sh. Still art thou there! Still dost thou h ver round me!
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
Bel. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up—
J. Sh. I dare not!
Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for ever!
Sh. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grow
A burthen to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more!
J. Sh. Oh! thou most injured—*dost thou liv* indeed!
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head:

Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wings for ever.
Sh. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair,
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let them never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love,
And all the longings of my first desires.
J. Sh. No, arm thy brow with vengeance, and appear
The minister of Heaven's inquiring justice.
Array thyself all terrible for judgment,
Wrath in thy eyes, and thunder in thy voice;
Pronounce my sentence, and if yet there be
A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.
Sh. The measure of thy sorrows is complete!
And I am come to snatch thee from injustice.
The hand of power no more shall crush thy weakness,
Nor proud oppression grind thy humble soul.
J. Sh. Art thou not risen by miracle from death?
Thy shroud is fallen from off thee, and the grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou mightst come
The messenger of grace and goodness to me,
To seal my peace, and bless me e'er I go.
Oh! let me then fall down beneath thy feet,
And weep my gratitude for ever there;
Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,
Give me your streams, ye never ceasing springs,
That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,
And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.
Sh. Waste not thy feeble spirits—I have long
Beheld, unknown, thy mourning and repentance;
Therefore my heart has set aside the past,
And holds thee white, as unoffending innocence:
Therefore, in spite of cruel Gloster's rage,
Soon as my friend had broke my prison doors,
I flew to thy assistance. Let us haste,
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
J. Sh. What shall I say to you? But I obey—
Sh. Lean on my arm—
J. Sh. Alas! I'm wondrous faint:
But that's not strange; I have not eat these three days.
Sh. Oh, merciless! Look here, my love, I've brought thee
Some rich conserves——
J. Sh. How can you be so good?
But you were ever thus. I well remember
With what fond care, what diligence of love,
You lavished out your wealth to buy me pleasures,
Preventing every wish; have you forgot
The costly string of pearl you brought me home,
And tied about my neck?——How could I leave you?
Sh. Taste some of this, or this——
J. Sh. You are strangely altered——
Say, gentle Belmour, is he not? How pale
Your visage is become! Your eyes are hollow;
Nay, you are wrinkled too——Alas, the day!
My wretchedness has cost you many a tear,
And many a bitter pang, since last we parted.
Sh. No more of that——Thou talk'st, but dost not eat.
J. Sh. My feeble jaws forget their common office,
My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,
And now a general loathing grows upon me.
Oh! I am sick at heart!——
Sh. Thou murderous sorrow!
Wilt thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!
Must she then die! Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to my sad heart: she hears me not;
Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her!

Enter CATESBY, *with a guard.*

Cat. Seize on them both, as traitors to the state!
Bel. What means this violence?——
[*Guards lay hold on* SHORE *and* BELMOUR.
Cat. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
Sh. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pandar to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Æthiop to her.
Cat. You'll answer this at full—Away with them!
Sh. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers!
I am content that we should die together——
Cat. Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
J. Sh. I will not part with him—for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me!
[*Following him as he is carried off—She falls.*
Sh. Inhuman villains!
[*Breaking from the guards.*
Stand off! The agonies of death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
J. Sh. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?
Oh! let him go, ye ministers of terror!
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.—
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.
Sh. Oh, my love!
Why have I lived to see this bitter moment,
This grief, by far surpassing all my former?
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning,
Thou could'st not speak!
J. Sh. Forgive me!——but forgive me!
Sh. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul

Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curs'd for ever!
J. Sh. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace—
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now——
Was there not something I would have bequeathed you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heaven!
[*Dies.*
Bel. There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind.
Sh. Oh, my heart's treasure! Is this pale sad visage
All that remains of thee? Are these dead eyes
The light that cheered my soul? Oh, heavy hour!
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,
'Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part, then?——will you——
[*To the guards taking him away.*
Fare thee well—— [*Kissing her.*
Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me
To bonds, or death, 'tis equally indifferent.
Bel. Let those who view this sad example, know,
What fate attends the broken marriage vow;
And teach their children, in succeeding times,
No common vengeance waits upon these crimes,
When such severe repentance could not save
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Ye modest matrons all, ye virtuous wives,
Who lead, with horrid husbands, decent lives;
You, who, for all you are in such a taking,
To see your spouses drinking, gaming, raking,
Yet make a conscience still of cuckold-making;
What can we say your pardon to obtain?
This matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:
She never once denied it; but, in short,
Whimper'd—and cry'd—" Sweet sir, I'm sorry for't."
'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd soul,
We are not all so easy to controul:
I fancy one might find in this good town,
Some would ha' told the gentleman his own;
Have answer'd swart——" To what do you pretend,
" Blockhead! as if I must not see a friend:
" Tell me of hackney-coaches—jaunts to th' city—
" Where should I buy my china? Faith, I'll fit ye."—
Our wife was of a milder, meeker spirit;
You! lords and masters!—Was not that some merit?
Don't you allow it to be virtuous bearing,
When we submit thus to your domineering?
Well, peace be with her, she did wrong most surely;
But so do many more who look demurely.
Nor should our mourning madam weep alone,
There are more ways of wickedness than one.
If the reforming stage should fall to shaming
Ill-nature, pride, hypocrisy, and gaming;
The poets frequently might move compassion,
And with she-tragedies o'er-run the nation.
Then judge the fair offender with good-nature,
And let your fellow-feeling curb your satire.
What, if our neighbours have some little failing,
Must we needs fall to damning and to railing?
For her excuse too, be it understood,
That if the woman was not quite so good,
Her lover was a king, she flesh and blood.
And since sh'has dearly paid the sinful score,
Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.

LADY JANE GRAY.

BY

ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

o-NIGHT the noblest subject swells our scene,
heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
nd though the poet dares not boast his art,
he very theme shall something great impart,
o warm the generous soul, and touch the tender heart.
o you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
our eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
your soft pity waits upon our woe,
silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
our grief the muses labour shall confess,
he lively passions, and the just distress.
h, could our author's pencil justly paint,
uch as she was in life, the beauteous saint!
oldly your strict attention we might claim,
nd bid you mark and copy out the dame.
o wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
o guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
he only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
as husband, England, liberty and truth.
For these she fell, while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind, ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain;
William's great hand was doom'd to break the chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever, as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons, crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following reigns bestow.
Though his hard fate a father's name decry'd;
To you a father, he that loss supplied.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace;
From this great stock while still new glories come,
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home:
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, and bless the hand that gave.

PROLOGUE.

SENT BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

HEN waking terrors rouse the guilty breast,
nd fatal visions break the murderer's rest;
hen vengeance does ambition's fate decree,
nd tyrants bleed, to set whole nations free;
hough the muse saddens each distressed scene,
nmov'd is ev'ry breast, and ev'ry face serene:
he mournful lines no tender heart subdue;
ompassion is to suff'ring goodness due.
he poet your attention begs once more,
atone for characters here drawn before;
o royal mistress sighs through ev'ry page,
nd breathes her dying sorrows on the stage:
o lovely fair, by soft persuasion won,
ays down the load of life, when honour's gone.
obly to bear the changes of our state,
o stand unmov'd against the storms of fate,
A brave contempt of life, and grandeur lost:
Such glorious toils a female name can boast.
Our author draws not beauty's heavenly smile,
T'invite our wishes, and our hearts beguile;
No soft enchantments languish in her eye,
No blossoms fade, nor sick'ning roses die.
A nobler passion ev'ry breast must move,
Than youthful raptures, or the joys of love,
A mind unchang'd, superior to a crown,
Bravely defies the angry tyrant's frown;
The same, if fortune sinks, or mounts on high,
Or if the world's extended ruins lie:
With gen'rous scorn she lays the sceptre down;
Great souls shine brightest by misfortunes shewn.
With patient courage she sustains the blow,
And triumphs o'er variety of woe.

Through ev'ry scene the sad distress is new:
How well feign'd life does represent the true!
Unhappy age! who views the bloody stain,
But must with tears record Maria's reign;
When zeal by doctrine flatter'd lawless will,
Instructed by religion's voice to kill!
Ye British fair, lament in silent woe;
Let ev'ry eye with tender pity flow;
The lovely form, through falling drops, will seem
Like flow'ry shadows of the silver stream.
Thus beauty, Heaven's sweet ornament, shall prove
Enrich'd by virtue, as ador'd by love.
Forget your charms, fond woman's dear delight,
The fops will languish here another night.
No conquest from dissembling smiles we fear;
She only kills who wounds us with a tear.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND.
Duke of SUFFOLK, *father of Lady Jane.*
Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY, *son to Northumberland.*
Earl of PEMBROKE, *attached to Lady Jane.*
Earl of SUSSEX.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Sir JOHN GATES.
Lieutenant of the Tower.

WOMEN.

Dutchess of SUFFOLK.
Lady JANE GRAY.
Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women, and Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *and Sir* JOHN GATES.

North. 'Tis all in vain; Heaven has required its pledge,
And he must die.
Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
The genius of our isle is shook with sorrow;
He bows his venerable head with pain,
And labours with the sickness of his lord.
Religion melts in every holy eye;
All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn,
She sits on earth, and weeps upon her cross,
Weary of man, and his detested ways:
Even now she seems to meditate her flight,
And waft her angels to the thrones above.
North. Ay, there, my lord, you touch our heaviest loss.
With him our holy faith is doomed to suffer;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
That late from heaps of Gothic ruins rose,
In her first native simple majesty;
The toil of saints, and price of martyrs' blood,
Shall fail with Edward, and again old Rome
Shall spread her banners; and her monkish host,
Pride, ignorance, and rapine, shall return;
Blind bloody zeal, and cruel priestly power,
Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.
Gates. Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?
North. What has been left untried, that art could do?
The hoary wrinkled leech has watched and toiled,
Tried every health-restoring herb and gum,
And wearied out his painful skill in vain.
Close, like a dragon folded in his den,
Some secret venom preys upon his heart;
A stubborn and unconquerable flame
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life;
His youthful sinews are unstrung; cold sweats
And deadly paleness sit upon his visage;
And every gasp we look shall be his last.
Gates. Doubt not, your graces, but the Popish faction
Will at this juncture urge their utmost force.
All, on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
And bring their idol-worship back in triumph.
North. Good Heaven, ordain some better fate for England!
Suff. What better can we hope, if she should reign?
I know her well; a blinded zealot is she;
A gloomy nature, sullen and severe;
Nurtured by proud presuming Romish priests,
Taught to believe they only cannot err,
Because they cannot *err*; bred up in scorn
Of reason, and the whole lay world; instructed
To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach;

To purge the world from heresy by blood;
To massacre a nation, and believe it
An act well pleasing to the Lord of Mercy:
These are thy gods, oh, Rome, and this thy faith!

North. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage?
Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
And bid them tread upon our slavish necks?
No; let this faithful free-born English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour;
And though I found but one more thus resolved,
That honest man and I would die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are ten thousand and ten thousand,
To own a cause so just.

Gates. The list I gave
Into your grace's hand last night, declares
My power and friends at full. [*To* NORTH.

North. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed,
And ready for the occasion. Haste this instant;
Lose not a moment's time.

Gates. I go, my lord. [*Exit* GATES.

North. Your grace's princely daughter, lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?

Suff. Not yet arrived,
But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her duty to the dying king,
Joined with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.

North. Beseech your grace,
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend, and take their fate.

Suff. Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obeyed. I go to summon her.
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

North. What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire!
The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment,
And the light lasting of a woman's will;
As if the Lord of Nature should delight
To hang this ponderous globe upon a hair,
And bid it dance before a breath of wind.
She must be here, and lodged in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we have done is marred.
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way!
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
With crouching courtesy, and honeyed words,
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong.

Enter the Earl of PEMBROKE.

Good morrow, noble Pembroke: we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.

Pem. For mine, my lord! you mock your servant, sure,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The great Alcides of our state, is present.
Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is armed to meet them:
The ablest hand, and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task;
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

North. No; as I honour virtue, I have tried,
And know my strength too well; nor can the voice
Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature;
Blind to events, too easy of persuasion,
And often, too, too often, have I erred:
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading through our present dangers;
And, by the honour of my name I swear,
I know not one of all our English peers,
Whom I would choose for that best friend, like Pembroke.

Pem. What shall I answer to a trust so noble,
This prodigality of praise and honour?
Were not your grace too generous of soul,
To speak a language differing from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness
To one, whom his ill fortune has ordained
The rival of your son.

North. No more; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true, I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings:
But, on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice;
Away with all the fondnesses of nature!
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.

North. The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions
Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant, Heaven, the state
To fix in peace and safety once again;
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself,
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son; and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king, with life just labouring; and, I fear,
The council grow impatient at our stay.

Pem. One moment's pause, and I attend your grace.— [*Exit* NORTH.
Old Winchester cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud Northumberland. The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers:
Yet even in that, if I judge right, he errs.

But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-mannered schoolmen,
To us and our lay interest? Let them rail,
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke, of late, by many worthy offices,
Has sought my friendship. And yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
Has made me long the partner of his breast.
Nay, when he found, in spite of the resistance
My struggling heart had made to do him justice,
That I was grown his rival, he strove hard,
And would not turn me forth from out his bosom,
But called me still his friend. And see! He comes.

Enter Lord GUILFORD.

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert entering here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,
And wondering how thy soul could choose a partner,
So much unlike itself.
Guil. How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature,
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And in-born truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights;
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.
Pem. Oh, generous youth!
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?—Yet I would,
I would be grateful.—Oh, my cruel fortune!
Would I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!
Guil. So would I!
Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.
Pem. Oh! Why should she, that universal goodness,
Like light, a common blessing to the world,
Rise, like a comet, fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?
Guil. Heaven forbid!
But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
Does holy friendship dwell so near to envy,
She could not bear to see another happy?
If blind mistaken chance, and partial beauty,
Should join to favour Guilford——
Pem. Name it not!
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.
Guil. And yet I think
I should not murmur, were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refused. Though sure, the loss
Would wound me to the heart.
Pem. Ha! Couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou mightst; thy gentle temper
Is formed with passions mixed with due proportion,
Where no one overbears, nor plays the tyrant,
But join in nature's business, and thy happiness:
While mine, disdaining reason and her laws,
Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
And hurl my unstable flitting soul
To every mad extreme. Then pity me,
And let my weakness stand——

Enter Sir JOHN GATES.

Gates. The lords of council
Wait with impatience.
Pem. I attend their pleasure.
This only, and no more, then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour. And since love
Condemns us to be rivals for one prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other;
That he, who wins the fair one to his arms,
May take her as the crown of great desert;
And if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him. [*Exit* PEM.
Guil. How cross the ways of life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one high road,
And have our journey's end opposed in view,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wandering steps;
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns, mislead
And every passion has its separate interest:
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell the doom reserved for me and Pembroke?
There is but one end certain, that is—death:
Yet even that certainty is still uncertain.
For of these several tracks, which lie before us,
We know that one leads certainly to death,
But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain,
This blind divining; let me think no more on't:
And see the mistress of our fate appear!

Enter Lady JANE GRAY. *Attendants.*

Hail, princely maid! who, with auspicious beauty,
Chear'st every drooping heart in this sad place;
Who, like the silver regent of the night,
Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land,
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
And make us less lament the setting sun.
L. J. Gray. Yes, Guilford; well dost thou compare my presence
To the faint comfort of the waning moon:
Like her cold orb, a cheerless gleam I bring:
Silence and heaviness of heart, with dews
To dress the face of nature all in tears.
But say, how fares the king?
Guil. He lives as yet,
But every moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
Great prospect of his opening Heaven.
L. J. Gray. Descend, ye choirs of angels, to receive him!
Tune your melodious harps to some high strain,
And waft him upwards with a song of triumph;
A purer soul, and one more like yourselves,
Ne'er entered at the golden gates of bliss.

Oh, Guilford! what remains for wretched England,
When he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us?
For whose dear sake Heaven spared a guilty land,
And scattered not its plagues while Edward reigned!
Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
And rising horrors crowd the opening scene.
And yet, forgive me, thou, my native country,
Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
Forgive me, if, in spite of all thy dangers,
New springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,
When thus 'tis given me to behold those eyes,
Thus gaze, and wonder, how excelling nature
Can give each day new patterns of her skill,
And yet at once surpass them.
L. J. Gray. Oh, vain flattery!
Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my ear;
But on a day like this, the raven's note
Strikes on my sense more sweetly. But no more;
I charge thee touch the ungrateful theme no more;
Lead me to pay my duty to the king,
To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.
Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.
But I obey, I dread that gathering frown;
And, oh! whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pained with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you, and sigh;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.
L. J. Gray. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this vain purpose,
When the wan king of terrors stalks before us,
When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom every moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
Around us see the pale despairing crew
Wring their sad hands, and give their labour o'er;
The hope of life has every heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look;
One solemn thought of death does all employ,
And cancels, like a dream, delight and joy;
One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
And one consenting voice for mercy cries;
Trembling, they dread just Heaven's avenging power,
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

Nor. YET then be cheered, my heart, amidst thy mourning.
Though fate hang heavy o'er us, though pale fear
And wild distraction sit on every face;
Though never day of grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallowed light,
Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.
Suff. I know not what my secret soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. For myself,
I wish this matter had been yet delayed;
That we had waited some more blessed time,
Some better day, with happier omens hallowed,
For love to kindle up his holy flame.
But you, my noble brother, would prevail,
And I have yielded to you.
Nor. Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the hour unlucky, that good Heaven,
Who softens the corrections of his hand,
And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,
Has given to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.
Suff. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
And make my fears prove vain! but see, my wife!
With her, your son, the generous Guilford comes;
She has informed him of our present purpose.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK, *and Lord* GUILFORD.

Guil. How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?
What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
Oh, gracious princess! But my life is yours,
And all the business of my years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vowed obedience at your feet.
Duch. Suff. Yes, noble youth, I share in all thy joys,
In all the joys which this sad day can give.
The dear delight I have to call thee son,
Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits;
It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,
And melts that frost of death which hung about me.
But haste! inform my daughter of our pleasure:
Let thy tongue put on all its pleasing eloquence,
Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
To soothe her griefs, and cheer the mourning maid.
North. All desolate and drowned in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits;
Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardour
And fervent zeal pour forth her labouring soul;
And every sigh is winged with prayers so potent,
As strive with Heaven to save her dying lord.
Duch. Suff. From the first early days of infant life,
A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt them;
And while our royal uncle Henry reigned,
As brother and as sister bred together,
Beneath one common parent's care they lived.
North. A wondrous sympathy of souls conspired

To form the sacred union. Lady Jane
Of all his royal blood was still the dearest;
In every innocent delight they shared;
They sung, and danced, and sat, and walked together;
Nay, in the graver business of his youth,
When books and learning called him from his sports,
Even there the princely maid was his companion.
She left the shining court to share his toil,
To turn with him the grave historian's page,
And taste the rapture of the poet's song;
To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
And wonder at the mighty minds of old.

Enter Lady JANE GRAY, *weeping.*

L. J. Gray. Wilt thou not break, my heart!
Suff. Alas, what mean'st thou?
Guil. Oh, speak!
Duch. Suff. How fares the king?
North. Say, is he dead?
L. J. Gray. The saints and angels have him.
Duch. Suff. When I left him,
He seemed a little cheered, just as you entered.
L. J. Gray. As I approached to kneel and pay my duty,
He raised his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
Are you then come? he cried: I only lived,
To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin;
To speak a few short words to thee, and die.
With that he prest my hand, and, oh!—he said,
When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I would,
But cannot——There his faultering spirits failed,
And turning every thought from earth at once,
To that blest place where all his hopes were fixed,
Earnest he prayed;—Merciful, great defender!
Preserve thy holy altars undefiled,
Protect this land from bloody men and idols,
Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,
And take thy painful servant to thy mercy!—
Then, sinking on his pillow, with a sigh,
He breathed his innocent and faithful soul
Into his hands who gave it.
Guil. Crowns of glory,
Such as the brightest angels wear, be on him!
Peace guard his ashes here, and paradise,
With all its endless bliss, be open to him!
North. Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty
Enjoins to see his last commands obeyed.
I hold it fit his death be not made known
To any but our friends. To-morrow, early,
The council shall assemble at the Tower.
Mean while, I beg your grace would strait inform
[*To the Duchess of* SUFFOLK.
Your princely daughter of our resolution;
Our common interest in that happy tie
Demands our swiftest care to see it finished.
Duch. Suff. My lord, you have determined well. Lord Guilford,
Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.
Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
Your father, and his own, ordain your husband.
What more concerns our will and your obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leisure.
[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of* SUFFOLK, *and Duke of* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Guil. Wilt thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows,
And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow?
Wilt thou not give one interval to joy,
One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?
L. J. Gray. My heart is dead within me; every sense
Is dead to joy: but I will hear thee, Guilford;
Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command,
Whom early duty taught me still to obey.
Yet, oh! forgive me, if to all the story,
Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
Though every muse, and every grace, do crown thee,
Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
Than weeping———thus, and thus——
Guil. If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever: Let not life
Inform these breathing organs of my voice,
If any sound from me disturb thy quiet.
What is my peace or happiness to thine?
No; though our noble parents had decreed,
And urged high reasons, which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss——
L. J. Gray. How! Guilford! on this night?
Guild. This happy night;
Yet, if thou art resolved to cross my fate,
If this, my utmost wish, shall give thee pain,
Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corse before thee!
Let me be swept away, with things forgotten,
Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
Ere thou shouldst say my love has made thee wretched,
Or drop one single tear for Guilford's sake.
L. J. Gray. Alas! I have too much of death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new horror.
Oh! dreadful thought, if thou wert dead indeed!
What hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
Spite of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
My heart has fondly leaned towards thee long:
Thy sweetness, virtue, and unblemished youth,
Have won a place for thee within my bosom:
And if my eyes look coldly on thee now,
And shun thy love on this disastrous day,
It is because I would not deal so hardly,
To give thee sighs for all thy faithful vows,
And pay thy tenderness with nought but tears.
And yet, 'tis all I have.
Guil. I ask no more;
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul;
For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
And, at thy pleasure, portion out my blessings.
My eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thee.
Nor will I think of joy while thou art sad;
Nay, couldst thou be so cruel to command it,

will forego a bridegroom's sacred right,
nd sleep far from thee, on the unwholesome earth,
here damps arise, and whistling winds blow loud;
hen, when the day returns, come drooping to thee,
y locks still drizzling with the dews of night,
nd cheer my heart with thee, as with the morning.

L. J. Gray. Say, wilt thou consecrate this night to sorrow,
nd give up every sense to solemn sadness?
ilt thou, in watching, waste the tedious hours,
t silently, and careful, by my side,
ist to the tolling clocks, the cricket's cry,
nd every melancholy midnight noise?
ay, wilt thou banish pleasure and delight?
ilt thou forget that ever we had loved,
nd only now and then let fall a tear,
o mourn for Edward's loss, and England's fate?

Guil. Unwearied still, I will attend thy woes,
nd be a very faithful partner to thee.
ear thee I will complain in sighs, as numberless
s murmurs breathing in the leafy grove:
ly eyes shall mix their falling drops with thine,
onstant, as never-ceasing waters roll,
hat purl and gurgle o'er their sands for ever.
he sun shall see my grief through all his course;
nd, when night comes, sad Philomel, who 'plains,
rom starry vesper to the rosy dawn,
hall cease to tune her lamentable song,
re I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.

L. J. Gray. Here, then, I take thee to my heart for ever, [*Giving her hand.*
he dear companion of my future days:
hatever Providence allots for each,
e that the common portion of us both:
hare all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane;
ut if good Heaven has any joys in store,
et them be all thy own.

Guil. Thou wondrous goodness!
eaven gives too much at once in giving thee;
nd, by the common course of things below,
here each delight is tempered with affliction,
ome evil, terrible and unforeseen,
ust sure ensue, and poise the scale against
his vast profusion of exceeding pleasure.
ut be it so! let it be death and ruin!
n any terms I take thee.

L. J. Gray. Trust our fate
o him, whose gracious wisdom guides our ways,
nd makes what we think evil turn to good.
ermit me now to leave thee and retire;
'll summon all my reason and my duty,
o soothe this storm within, and frame my heart
o yield obedience to my noble parents.

Guil. Good angels minister their comforts to thee!
nd, oh! if, as my fond belief would hope,
any word of mine be gracious to thee,
beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
hose murderous thoughts of grief, that kill thy quiet!
Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer thy heaviness with one dear smile!

L. J. Gray. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the royal Edward has been to me;
How we have loved, even from our very cradles.
My private loss no longer will I mourn,
But every tender thought to thee shall turn:
With patience I'll submit to Heaven's decree,
And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
But, oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars and the falling state;
When I consider what my native land
Expected from her pious sovereign's hand;
How formed he was to save her from distress,
A king to govern, and a saint to bless:
New sorrow to my labouring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds. [*Exit Lady* JANE GRAY.

Guil. My heart sinks in me, at her soft complaining;
And every moving accent, that she breathes,
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.
My fancy palls, and takes distaste at pleasure:
My soul grows out of tune, it loathes the world,
Sickens at all the noise and folly of it;
And I could sit me down in some dull shade,
Where lonely Contemplation keeps her cave,
And dwells with hoary hermits; there forget myself,
There fix my stupid eyes upon the earth,
And muse away an age in deepest melancholy.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Edward is dead; so said the great Northumberland,
As now he shot along by me in haste.
He pressed my hand, and, in a whisper, begged me
To guard the secret carefully as life,
Till some few hours should pass; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my Guilford!
My friend! [*Speaking to him.*

Guil. Ha! Pembroke! [*Starting.*

Pem. Wherefore dost thou start?
Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
Somewhat, that looks like passions strange to thee,
The paleness of surprise and ghastly fear?
Since I have known thee first, and called thee friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So changed upon a sudden.

Guil. How! so changed!

Pem. So to my eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The king is dead.

Pem. I learned it from thy father,
Just as I entered here. But say, could that,
A fate which every moment we expected,
Distract thy thought, or shock thy temper, thus?

Guil. Oh, Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from thee!

For thou hast looked into my artless bosom,
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
'Tis true, thy coming struck me with surprise.
I have a thought—but wherefore said I one?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms,
Like populous towns disturbed at dead of night,
That, mixed in darkness, bustle to and fro,
As if their business were to make confusion.
Pem. Then sure our better angels called me hither;
For this is friendship's hour, and friendship's office,
To come, when counsel and when help is wanting,
To share the pain of every gnawing care,
To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
To reach a hand, and save thee from adversity.
Guil. And wilt thou be a friend to me indeed?
And, while I lay my bosom bare before thee,
Wilt thou deal tenderly, and let thy hand
Pass gently over every painful part?
Wilt thou with patience hear, and judge with temper?
And if, perchance, thou meet with something harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy rage, and grate thy soul,
Wilt thou be master of thyself, and bear it?
Pem. Away with all this needless preparation!
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against myself,
And call thy fault a virtue.
Guil. But suppose
The thought were somewhat that concerned our love?
Pem. No more; thou know'st we spoke of that to-day,
And on what terms we left it. 'Tis a subject,
Of which, if possible, I would not think;
I beg that we may mention it no more.
Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper?
Pem. No.
Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore, prithee spare it.
Guil. Oh! could the secret I would tell thee sleep,
And the world never know it, my fond tongue
Should cease from speaking, ere I would unfold it,
Or vex thy peace with an officious tale!
But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.
Pem. Speak, then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul!
Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
And crown his love——
Pem. Say not, suppose: 'tis done.
Seek not for vain excuse, or softening words:
Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By under-hand contrivances undone me:
And, while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepped in between me and my hopes,
And ravished from me all my soul held dear.
Thou hast betrayed me!——
Guil. How! betrayed thee, Pembroke?
Pem. Yes, falsely, like a traitor.
Guil. Have a care!
Pem. But think not I will bear the foul play from thee;
There was but this which I could ne'er forgive.
My soul is up in arms, my injured honor,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;
And though I love thee fondly——
Guil. Hear me yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself;
Hear, while I tell how fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding beauty to my arms—
Pem. What, hear it! Stand and listen to thy triumph!
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were friends!
Lest, in the rage of disappointed love,
I rush at once and tear thee for thy falsehood!
Guil. Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash as thou art,
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness
With one not master of himself. Farewell.
[*Going.*
Pem. Ha! art thou going? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the rock of this uncertainty.
Guil. What wouldst thou further?
Pem. Tell it to me all;
Say thou art married, say thou hast possessed her,
And rioted in vast excess of bliss,
That I may curse myself, and thee, and her!
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend!
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And, smiling, plot my ruin?
Guil. Give me way.
When thou art better tempered, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.
Pem. And dost thou hope to shun me thus, thou traitor?
No, I will have it now, this moment from thee,
Or drag the secret out from thy false heart.
Guil. Away, thou madman! I would talk to winds,
And reason with the rude tempestuous surge,
Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine.
Pem. Tell it, or, by my injured love, I swear.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
I'll stab the lurking treason in thy heart.
Guil. Ha! stay thee there; nor let thy frantic hand [*Stopping him.*
Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
If once we meet on terms like those, farewell
To every thought of friendship; one must fall.
Pem. Curse on thy friendship! I would break the band.
Guil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,
And will not be profaned with brawls and outrage.
You know I dare be found on any summons.
Pem. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not lag long.

eforward let the thoughts of our past lives
rned to deadly and remorseless hate!
I give up the empty name of friend,
unce all gentleness, all commerce with thee;
eath defy thee as my mortal foe;
when we meet again, may swift destruction
ne of thee, or rid me of myself!
[*Exit* PEMBROKE.

il. The fate, I ever feared, is fallen upon me;
long ago my boding heart divined
ach like this from his ungoverned rage.
embroke! thou hast done me much injustice,
have borne thee true unfeigned affection;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.
Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
In spite of reason or restraint we come,
Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
The trembling maid, with all her fears, he charms,
And pulls her from her weeping mother's arms:
He laughs at all her leagues, and, in proud scorn,
Commands the bonds of friendship to be torn;
Disdains a partner should partake his throne,
But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

r. Nay, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame,
t a hare-brained passion be your guide,
hurry you into such mad extremes.
y, you might have made much worthy profit,
tient hearing; the unthinking lord
brought forth every secret of his soul;
when you were the master of his bosom,
was the time to use him with contempt,
turn his friendship back upon his hands.

m. Thou talk'st as if a madman could be wise.
Winchester! thy hoary frozen age
never guess my pain; can never know
burning transports of untamed desire.
thee, reverend lord, to that one bliss,
e enjoyment of that lovely maid,
their centre, I had drawn each hope,
every wish my furious soul could form;
with regard to that my brain forethought,
fashioned every action of my life.
, to be robbed at once, and, unsuspecting,
ashed in all the height of expectation!
s not to be borne.

r. Have you not heard of what has happened since?

m. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
ment's pause, to rest from rage, or think.

r. Learn it from me then: But, ere I speak,
n you to be master of yourself.
gh, as you know, they have confined me long,
mercy to their goodness, prisoner here;
s I am allowed to walk at large
in the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
e not dreamt away my thoughtless hours,
out good heed to these our righteous rulers.
rove this true, this morn a trusty spy
rought me word, that yester evening late,
ite of all the grief for Edward's death,
friends were married.

Pem. Married! who?—Damnation!

Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley, and the lady Jane.

Pem. Curse on my stars!

Gar. Nay, in the name of grace,
Restrain this sinful passion! all's not lost
In this one single woman.

Pem. I have lost
More than the female world can give me back.
I had beheld even her whole sex, unmoved,
Look'd o'er them like a bed of gaudy flowers,
That lift their painted heads, and live a day,
Then shed their trifling glories unregarded:
My heart disdained their beauties, till she came,
With every grace that Nature's hand could give,
And with a mind so great, it spoke its essence
Immortal and divine.

Gar. She was a wonder;
Detraction must allow that.

Pem. The virtues came,
Sorted in gentle fellowship, to crown her,
As if they meant to mend each other's work.
Candour with goodness, fortitude with sweetness,
Strict piety, and love of truth, with learning,
More than the schools of Athens ever knew,
Or her own Plato taught. A wonder, Winchester!
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, she was that only blessing
My soul was set upon—and I have lost her.

Gar. Your state is not so bad as you would make it;
Nor need you thus abandon every hope.

Pem. Ha! wilt thou save me, snatch me from despair,
And bid me live again?

Gar. She may be yours.
Suppose her husband die?

Pem. O vain, vain hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These gospellers have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will; with proud despite
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
Ransacked our shrines, and driven her saints to exile;
But if my divination fail me not,

Their haughty hearts shall be abased ere long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.
Pem. And wouldst thou have my fierce impatience stay?
Bid me lie bound upon a rock, and wait
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?
Can love attend on politicians' schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,
Cold unresolving heads, and creeping time?
Gar. To-day, or I am ill informed, Northumberland,
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
Meet here in council, on some deep design,
Some traitorous contrivance, to protect
Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin.
But there are punishments—halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for heretics:
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short,
Even in his highest hope—But go not you,
Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you;
No, by the holy rood, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious counsels.—Mischief waits them,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.
Pem. Ha! join with them! the cursed Dudley's race!
Who, while they held me in their arms, betrayed me;
Scorned me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mockery of my easy friendship!
No, when I do, dishonour be my portion,
And swift perdition catch me.—Join with them!
Gar. I would not have you—Hie you to the city,
And join with those that love our ancient faith.
Gather your friends about you, and be ready
To assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
To see your soul's desire upon your enemies.
The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.
Pem. No; keep your blessings back, and give me vengeance!
Give me to tell that soft deceiver, Guilford,
Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wronged me,
And thus thy treason finds a just reward!
Gar. But, soft! no more: the lords o' th' council come—
Ha! by the mass, the bride and bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my lord; we must not meet them.
Pem. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed happy pair!
Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very thoughts, if possible.
Oh! love, what have I lost? Oh! reverend lord!
Pity this fond, this foolish weakness in me!
Methinks, I go like our first wretched father,
When from his blissful garden he was driven:
Like me he went despairing, and like me,
Thus at the gate stopt short for one last view!
Then with the cheerless partner of his woe,
He turned him to the world that lay below:
There, for his Eden's happy plains, beheld
A barren, wild, uncomfortable field;
He saw 'twas vain his ruin to deplore,
He tried to give the sad remembrance o'er;
The sad remembrance still returned again,
And his lost paradise renewed his pain.
[*Exeunt* PEM. and GAR.

SCENE II.

Enter Lord GUILFORD *and Lady* JANE.

Guil. What shall I say to thee! What power divine
Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel?
To pour the transports of my bosom forth,
And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
For thou art comfortless, full of affliction,
Heavy of heart as the forsaken widow,
And desolate as orphans. Oh, my fair one!
Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.
L. J. Gray. Alas, my dearest lord! a thousand griefs
Beset my anxious heart: and yet, as if
The burthen were too little, I have added
The weight of all thy cares; and, like the miser,
Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched.
The morning light seems not to rise as usual,
It dawns not to me like my virgin days,
But brings new thoughts and other fears upon me;
I tremble, and my anxious heart is pained,
Lest aught but good should happen to my Guilford.
Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford,
While thou art by his side, his better angel,
His blessing, and his guard.
L. J. Gray. Why came we hither?
Why was I drawn to this unlucky place,
This tower, so often stained with royal blood?
Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were murdered,
And pious Henry fell by ruthless Gloster:
Is this the place allotted for rejoicing?
The bower adorned to keep our nuptial feast in?
Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
Staring, with meagre forms, through grated windows:
Death lurks within, and unrelenting Punishment;
Without, grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Power,
Sit on the rude old towers, and gothic battlements;
While Horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
And frowns on all around.
Guil. In safety here,
The lords of the council have this morn decreed
To meet, and, with united care, support
The feeble tottering state. To thee, my princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bowed.
From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure

For England's loss in Edward.
L. J. Gray. How! from me!
Alas! my lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock me?
Guil. No; by the love my faithful heart is full of!
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee;
For in her look I read the labouring thought,
What vast event thy fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Duch. Suff. No more complain; indulge thy tears no more;
Thy pious grief has given the grave its due:
Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes;
Expand thy bosom; let thy soul, enlarged,
Make room to entertain the coming glory!
For majesty and purple greatness court thee;
Homage, and low subjection, wait; a crown,
That makes the princes of the earth like gods;
A crown, my daughter, England's crown attends,
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.
L. J. Gray. Amazement chills my veins!—What says my mother?
Duch. Suff. 'Tis Heaven's decree; for our expiring Edward,
When now just struggling to his native skies,
Even on the verge of Heaven, in sight of angels,
That hovered round to waft him to the stars,
Even then declared my Jane for his successor.
L. J. Gray. Could Edward do this? could the dying saint
Bequeath his crown to me? Oh, fatal bounty!
To me! But 'tis impossible! We dream.
A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
Rise in my way, and intercept my passage.
Even you, my gracious mother, what must you be,
Ere I can be a queen?
Duch. Suff. That, and that only,
Thy mother; fonder of that tender name,
Than all the proud additions power can give.
Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
And live in low obscurity for ever,
To see thee raised, thou darling of my heart,
And fixed upon a throne. But see; thy father,
Northumberland, with all the council, come
To pay their vowed allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel, and call thee queen.
L. J. Gray. Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.

Enter SUFFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lords and others of the Privy Council.*

North. Hail, sacred princess! sprung from ancient kings,
Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancaster's united line;
By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,
Guarded and fenced around, our pure religion,
That lamp of truth, which shines upon our altars,
Shall lift its golden head, and flourish long;
Beneath whose awful rule, and righteous sceptre,
The plenteous years shall roll in long succession;
Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place;
Fair liberty shall lift her cheerful head,
Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression;
No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,
But justice shall be exercised in mercy.
Hail, royal Jane! behold we bend our knees, [*They kneel.*
The pledge of homage, and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sovereign lady, and our queen.
L. J. Gray. Oh, rise!
My father, rise! [*To* SUFF.
And you, my father, too! [*To* NORTH.
Rise all, nor cover me with this confusion. [*They rise.*
What means this mock, this masquing shew of greatness?
Why do you hang these pageant glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own?
North. The daughters of our late great master Henry,
Stand both by law excluded from succession.
To make all firm,
And fix a power unquestioned in your hand,
Edward, by will, bequeathed his crown to you:
And the concurring lords, in council met,
Have ratified the gift.
L. J. Gray. Are crowns and empire,
The government and safety of mankind,
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy, a ring, or fancied gem,
The pledge of parting friends? Can kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy?
North. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
To see the utmost wish the great can form,
A crown, thus coldly met: A crown, which, slighted,
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer; one, perhaps,
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.
L. J. Gray. Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares? [*Turning to* GUIL.
Come to my aid, and help to bear this burthen:
Oh! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune,
Which, in the shape of gorgeous greatness, comes
To crown, and make a wretch of me for ever!
Guil. Thou weep'st, my queen, and hang'st thy drooping head,
Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain,
That bow their weary necks, and bend to earth.
See, by thy side, thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepared to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.
North. Oh! stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
And cheer your people with one gracious smile!
Nor comes your fate in such a dreadful form,
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred eyes
On the bright prospect empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the throne;

Beneath your feet, the kingdom's great degrees
In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
The various ermine, and the glowing purple;
Assembled senates wait, with awful dread,
To affirm your high commands, and make them fate.

L. J. Gray. You turn to view the painted side of royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
The flattered idol of a servile court?
Is it to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant, for the wondering crowd to gaze at?
Is it, in wantonness of power to reign,
And make the world subservient to my pleasure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
To bend each day before high heaven, and own,
This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
And at my hand, I know, thou shalt require them?
Alas, Northumberland! My father! Is it not
To live a life of care, and, when I die,
Have more to answer for before my judge,
Than any of my subjects?

Duch. Suff. Every state,
Allotted to the race of man below,
Is, in proportion, doomed to taste some sorrow,
Nor is the golden wreath on a king's brow
Exempt from care; and yet, who would not bear it?
Think on the monarchs of our royal race:
They lived not for themselves: how many blessings,
How many lifted hands shall pay thy toil,
If for thy people's good thou haply borrow
Some portion from the hours of rest, and wake,
To give the world repose!

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
That fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures;
See where she comes in Mary's priestly train!
Still wilt thou doubt, till thou behold her stalk,
Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
O'er England's bosom? All the mourning year
Our towns shall glow with unextinguished fires;
Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling bones;
Our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears;
Matrons and husbands, with their new-born infants,
Shall burn promiscuous; a continued peal
Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks shall sound,
Through all our purple ways.

Guil. Amidst that ruin,
Think thou behold'st thy Guilford's head laid low,
Bloody and pale——

L. J. Gray. Oh! spare the dreadful image!

Guil. Oh! would the misery be bounded there,
My life were little; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
With Superstition comes that other fiend,
That bane of peace, of arts and virtue, Tyranny;
That foe of justice, scorner of all law;
That beast, which thinks mankind were born for one,
And made by Heaven to be a monster's prey:
That heaviest curse of groaning nations, Tyranny.
Mary shall, by her kindred Spain, be taught
To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.

L. J. Gray. Avert that judgment, Heaven!
Whate'er thy providence allots for me,
In mercy spare my country.

Guil. Oh, my queen!
Does not thy great, thy generous heart relent,
To think this land, for liberty so famed,
Shall have her towery front at once laid low,
And robbed of all its glory? Oh! my country!
Oh! fairest Albion, empress of the deep,
How have thy noblest sons, with stubborn valour,
Stood to the last, dyed many a field in blood,
In dear defence of birth-right and their laws!
And shall those hands, which fought the cause of freedom,
Be manacled in base unworthy bonds?
Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
Of hare-brained zeal, and cruel coward priests?

L. J. Gray. Yes, my loved lord, my soul is moved like thine,
At every danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And could be more than man in her defence.
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my power to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty met in council, make a queen?
Can you, my lords, give me the power to canvass
A doubtful title with king Henry's daughters?
Where are the reverend sages of the law,
To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths, which right and justice bid me tread?

North. The judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve you every scruple.

L. J. Gray. They expound;
But where are those, my lord, that make the laws?
Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles, with the mitred fathers joined?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people,
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen?

North. Nor shall that long
Be wanting to your wish. The lords and commons
Shall, at your royal bidding, soon assemble,
And with united homage own your title.
Delay not then the general wish,
But be our queen, be England's better angel!
Nor let mistaken piety betray you
To join with cruel Mary in our ruin:
Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
And yours forbids to save.

Guil. Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
The dronish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,

Rouse, and prepare once more to take possession,
To nestle in their ancient hives again:
Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
Relicks and wooden wonder-working saints,
Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
n high procession mean to bring them back,
And place the puppets in their shrines again:
While those of keener malice, savage Bonner,
And deep-designing Gardiner, dream of vengeance;
Devour the blood of innocents, in hope;
Like vultures, snuff the slaughter in the wind,
And speed their flight to havoc and the prey.
Haste, then, and save us, while 'tis given to save
Your country, your religion.

North. Save your friends!

Suff. Your father!

Duch. Suff. Mother!

Guild. Husband!

L. J. Gray. Take me, crown me,
Invest me with this royal wretchedness!
Let me not know one happy minute more;
Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
My days be fixed with tumults and alarms;
If only I can save you, if my fate
Has marked me out to be the public victim,
I take the lot with joy! Yes, I will die
For that eternal truth my faith is fixed on,
And that dear native land which gave me birth.

Guil. Wake every tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim,
My Jane is England's queen! Let the loud cannon
In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta;
Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred sound,
And roll it to the subject-ocean down:
Tell the old deep, and all thy brother floods,
My Jane is empress of the watery world!
Now with glad fires our bloodless streets shall shine,
With cries of joy our cheerful ways shall ring;
Thy name shall echo through the rescued isle,
And reach applauding Heaven!

L. J. Gray. Oh, Guilford! what do we give up for glory!
For glory? that's a toy I would not purchase;
An idle, empty bubble. But for England!
What must we lose for that? Since then my fate
Has forced this hard exchange upon my will,
Let gracious Heaven allow me one request:
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
For all those joys my happier days did prove,
For Plato, and his academic grove;
All that I ask, is, though my fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal crown;
Let that one good be added to my doom,
To save this land from tyranny and Rome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Pembroke *and* Gardiner.

Gar. In an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northumberland,
To draw his sword upon the side of heresy,
And war against our Mary's holy right;
Ill fortune fly before, and pave his way
With disappointments, mischief, and defeat!
Do thou, O holy Becket, the protector,
The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome;
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion!

Pem. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I marked him issuing through the city-gate,
In harness all appointed, as he passed;
And (for he wore his beaver up) could read
Upon his visage, horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheered him,
None wished his arms might thrive, or bade God speed him,
But, through a staring ghastly-looking crowd,
Unhailed, unblessed, with heavy heart he went;
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset, fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand had ushered him to ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham, in Suffolk, lies the queen,
Mary, our pious mistress: where each day
The nobles of the land, and swarming populace
Gather, and list beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet, commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have joined to own her cause:
The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note, are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

Pem. The citizens,
Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
And would upon the instant join to oppose him;
Could we but draw some of the lords o' th' council
To appear among them, own the same design,
And bring the reverend sanction of authority
To lead them into action. For that purpose,
To thee, as to an oracle, I come,
To learn what fit expedient may be found,
To win the wary council to our side.
Say thou, whose head is grown thus silver-white,
In arts of government, and turns of state,
How we may blast our enemies with ruin,
And sink the cursed Northumberland to hell!

Gar. In happy time be your whole wish accomplished.
Since the proud duke set out, I have had conference,
As fit occasion served, with divers of them,

The earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,
And find them all disposed as we could ask.
By holy Mary, if I count aright,
To-day the better part shall leave this place,
And meet at Baynard's castle in the city;
There own our sovereign's title, and defy
Jane and her gospel crew. But, hie you hence!
This place is still within our foe's command;
Their puppet-queen reigns here.

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

Offi. Seize on them both.
[*Guards seize* PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.
My lord, you are a prisoner to the state.
Pem. Ha! by whose order?
Offi. By the queen's command,
Signed and delivered by lord Guilford Dudley.
Pem. Curse on his traitor's heart!
Gar. Rest you contented:
You have loitered here too long; but use your patience;
These bonds shall not be lasting.
Offi. As for you, sir, [*To* GARDINER.
'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confined:
You have used that fair permission was allowed you,
To walk at large within the Tower, unworthily.
You are noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state;
For which, henceforth, your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber!
Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke;
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms:
Till then, amongst my beads I will remember you,
And give you to the keeping of the saints.
[*Exeunt part of the guards with* GARDINER.
Pem. Now, whither must I go?
Offi. This way, my lord. [*Going off.*

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. Hold, captain! ere you go, I have a word or two
For this your noble prisoner.
Offi. At your pleasure;
I know my duty, and attend your lordship.
[*The Officer and Guards retire to the farthest part of the stage.*
Guil. Is all the gentleness, that was betwixt us,
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?
Pem. Ha! not look!
What terrors are there in the Dudley's race,
That Pembroke dares not look upon, and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I would not look upon thee:
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.
Guil. You hate me, then!
Pem. I do: and wish perdition may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.
Guil. And yet, as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wronged me, I am come,
In tenderness of friendship, to preserve thee;
To plant even all the power I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.
Pem. Friendship from thee!—But my just soul disdains thee.
Hence! take the prostituted bauble back!
Hang it to grace some slavering idiot's neck,
For none but fools will praise the tinsel toy.
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy greatness,
And set thy purple pomp to view before me;
To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word, and give me freedom.
Oh, short-lived pageant! Hadst thou all the power
Which thy vain soul would grasp at, I would die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy from thee.
Guil. Oh, Pembroke!—but I have not time to talk,
For danger presses; danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
Is aiming at thy life.—Captain, a word!
[*To the Officer.*
I take your prisoner to my proper charge;
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.
[*The Officer delivers the sword to Lord* GUILFORD, *and goes out with his guard.*
[*Lord* GUILFORD *offering the sword to* PEMBROKE.
Receive this gift, even from a rival's hand;
And, if thy rage will suffer thee to hear
The counsel of a man, once called thy friend,
Fly from this fatal place, and seek thy safety!
Pem. How now! what shew, what mockery is this!
Is it in sport you use me thus? What means
This swift fantastic changing of the scene?
Guil. Oh, take thy sword, and let thy valiant hand
Be ready armed to guard thy noble life.
The time, the danger, and thy wild impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
Or I could tell thee—
Pem. No, it needs not, traitor!
For all thy poor, thy little arts are known,
Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a merit of that proffered freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford;
For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes
To end thy pageant reign, and set me free.
Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! Hast thou then known me
So little, to accuse my heart of fear?
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field?
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought,
And dyed my maiden sword in Scottish blood?
But this is madness all.
Pem. Give me my sword. [*Taking his sword.*
Perhaps, indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
And, conscious of the injury thou hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
And meet my arm in single opposition.
Lead, then, and let me follow to the field.

Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy vengeance,
And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom;
But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,
In honour's name, by every sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.
Pem. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy words?
What fear is this, which thou wouldst awe my soul with?
Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?
Guil. Oh, spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror!
Trust me this once: believe me when I tell thee,
Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.
Away.
Pem. By Heaven, I will not stir a step!
Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous phrase!
If thou wouldst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double tongue for once be true.
Guil. Forgive me, filial piety and nature,
If, thus compelled, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man, whom my soul loves, from death! [*Giving a paper.*
Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe,
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and horror!
Somewhat that darkness should have hid for ever,
But that thy life—Say, hast thou seen that character?
Pem. I know it well; the hand of proud Northumberland,
Directed to his minions, Gates and Palmer.
What's this? [*Reads.*

'Remember, with your closest care, to observe those whom I named to you at parting; especially keep your eye upon the earl of Pembroke; as his power and interest are most considerable, so his opposition will be most fatal to us. Remember the resolution was taken, if you should find him inclined to our enemies. The forms of justice are tedious, and delays are dangerous. If he falters, lose not the sight of him till your daggers have reached his heart.'

My heart! Oh, murderous villain!
Guil. Since we parted,
Thy ways have all been watched, thy steps been marked;
Thy secret treaties with the malecontents,
That harbour in the city, thy conferring
With Gardiner here in the Tower; all is known:
And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;
I took it; and this morning sent my warrant
To seize upon thy person—But begone!
Pem. 'Tis so—'tis truth—I see his honest heart—
Guil. I have a friend of well-tried faith and courage,
Who, with a fit disguise, and arms concealed,
Attends without, to guide thee hence with safety.
Pem. What is Northumberland? And what art thou?
Guil. Waste not the time. Away!
Pem. Here let me fix,
And gaze with everlasting wonder on thee.
What is there good or excellent in man,
That is not found in thee? Thy virtues flash,
They break at once on my astonished soul;
As if the curtains of the dark were drawn,
To let in day at midnight.
Guil. Think me true;
And though ill fortune crossed upon our friendship—
Pem. Curse on our fortune!—Think I know thee honest.
Guil. For ever I could hear thee—but thy life,
Oh, Pembroke! linger not—
Pem. And can I leave thee,
Ere I have clasped thee in my eager arms,
And given thee back my sad repenting heart?
Believe me, Guilford, like the patriarch's dove, [*Embracing.*
It wandered forth, but found no resting place,
'Till it came home again to lodge with thee.
Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire,
Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship?
The danger comes—If you stay longer here,
You die, my Pembroke.
Pem. Let me stay and die;
For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth;
That I have sworn destruction to the queen,
And pledged my faith to Mary and her cause:
My honour is at stake.
Guil. I know 'tis given.
But go—the stronger thy engagements there,
The more's thy danger here. There is a power
Who sits above the stars; in him I trust:
All that I have, his bounteous hand bestowed;
And he, that gave it, can preserve it to me.
If his o'er-ruling will ordains my ruin,
What is there more, but to fall down before him,
And humbly yield obedience?—Fly! begone!
Pem. Yes, I will go—for, see! Behold who comes!
Oh, Guilford! hide me, shield me from her sight;
Every mad passion kindles up again,
Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—
I will remember thee—Oh, my torn heart!
I have a thousand thousand things to say,
But cannot, dare not, stay to look on her.
Thus gloomy ghosts, where'er the breaking morn
Gives notice of the cheerful sun's return,
Fade at the light, with horror stand oppressed,
And shrink before the purple dawning east;
Swift with the fleeting shades they wing their way,
And dread the brightness of the rising day.
[*Exeunt* GUILFORD *and* PEMBROKE.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady JANE, *reading.*

L. J. Gray. 'Tis false! The thinking soul is somewhat more
Than symmetry of atoms well disposed,
The harmony of matter. Farewell else
The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
That separate intellect, which must survive,
When this fine frame is mouldered into dust.

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my queen?
L. J. Gray. 'Tis Plato's Phædon;
Where dying Socrates takes leave of life,
With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,
As if the trifle were of no account;
Mean in itself, and only to be worn
In honour of the giver.
Guil. Shall thy soul
Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court
Thy blooming beauty, and thy tender youth?
Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the stars,
As heaven and immortality alone
Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?
L. J. Gray. Rate but thy truth, what is there here below
Deserves the least regard? Is it not time
To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
And seek some better, sure abiding place,
When all around our gathering foes come on,
To drive, to sweep us from this world at once?
Guil. Does any danger new——
L. J. Gray. The faithless counsellors
Are fled from hence to join the princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
In low obedience bent the knee before me;
They, who with zealous tongues, and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith;
Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me traitress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.
Guil. The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
What art thou, Human Nature, to do thus?
Does fear of folly make thee, like the Indian,
Fall down before this dreadful devil, Tyranny,
And worship the destroyer?—
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country,
Even in her own despite. Some friends I have,
Who will or die or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.
L. J. Gray. Art thou not all my treasure, all my guard?
And wilt thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence is left me here below?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people, who with blinded rage
Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father, is in arms;
And if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Suff. Oh, my children!
L. J. Gray. Alas! what means my father?
Suff. Oh, my son,
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built———
Guil. Ha! What of him?
Suff. Is lost! betrayed!
His army, onward as he marched, shrunk from him,
Mouldered away, and melted by his side,
Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground,
Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanished.
With some few followers he arrived at Cambridge;
But there even they forsook him, and himself
Was forced, with heavy heart and watery eye,
To cast his cap up, with dissembled cheer,
And cry, God save queen Mary! But, alas!
Little availed the semblance of that loyalty:
For soon thereafter, by the earl of Arundel
With treason he was charged, and there arrested;
And now he brings him prisoner up to London.
L. J. Gray. Then there's an end of greatness; the vain dream
Of empire, and a crown, that danced before me,
With all those unsubstantial empty forms:
The gaudy mask, tedious, and nothing meaning,
Is vanished all at once——Why, fare it well.
Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate,
With such unshaken temper?
L. J. Gray. For myself,
If I could form a wish for Heaven to grant,
It should have been, to rid me of this crown.
And thou, o'er-ruling, great, all-knowing Power!
Thou who discern'st our thoughts, who see'st them rising
And forming in the soul! Oh, judge me, thou,
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warmed me,
If e'er my heart inclined to pride, to power,
Or joined in being a queen. I took the sceptre
To save this land, thy people, and thy altars:
And now, behold, I bend my grateful knee, [*Kneeling.*
In humble adoration of that mercy,
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Duch. Suff. Nay, keep that posture still, and let us join,
Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above;
For earth and faithless man will give us none!
L. J. Gray. What is the worst our cruel fate ordains us?
Duch. Suff. Cursed be my fatal counsels, cursed my tongue,
That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness!

My child——I have undone thee!
L. J. Gray. Oh, my mother!
Should I not bear a portion in thy sorrows?
Duch. Suff. Alas! thou hast thy own, a double portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
Who beat the heavens with thy applauding name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is entered here, commands the Tower,
Has placed his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.
I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gardiner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embraced and blest him with a hand of blood;
Each hastening moment I expect them here,
To seize and pass the doom of death upon us.
Guil. Ha! seized! Shalt thou be seized? and shall I stand,
And tamely see thee borne away to death?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever!
No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk:
Here I will grow, the bulwark of my queen;
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee,
Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,
Till this torn mangled body sink at once,
A heap of purple ruin, at thy feet.
L. J. Gray. And could thy rash distracted rage do thus?
Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
To see thee stabbed and butchered here before me?
Oh, call thy better, nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience,
Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
With even brows, and souls secure of death;
Here stand unmoved, as once the Roman senate
Received fierce Brennus, and the conquering Gauls,
Till even the rude barbarians stood amazed
At such superior virtue. Be thyself,
For see, the trial comes!

Enter Sussex, Gardiner, *Officers and Soldiers.*

Suss. Guards, execute your orders; seize the traitors:
Here my commission ends. To you, my lord, [*To* Gar.
So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of these prisoners.
To your wise care the pious queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and, what's yet more,
The holy Roman church; for whose dear safety,
She wills your utmost diligence be shewn,
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought, and well-tried faith,
The seal attends to grace those reverend hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief minister and chancellor of England.
Gar. Unnumbered blessings fall upon her head,
My ever-gracious lady! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
For these, her foes, leave me to deal with them.
Suss. The queen is on her entrance, and expects me:
My lord, farewell.
Gar. Farewell, right noble Sussex:
Commend me to the queen's grace; say her bidding
Shall be observed by her most lowly creature.
[*Exit* Sussex.
Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your prisoners:
Be it your care to see them kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.
L. J. Gray. That stroke was unexpected.
Guil. Wilt thou part us?
Gar. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.—
Lieutenant, see my orders are obeyed.
[*Exit* Gar.
Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled cruelty!
Oh, tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office;
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which Heaven itself hath joined.
Duch. Suff. To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been merciful.
Suff. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.
Guil. Thou stand'st unmoved;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy eyes, that flowed so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcerned upon the ruin round thee;
As if thou hadst resolved to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
Ha! see, it swells; the liquid crystal rises,
It starts, in spite of thee,——but I will catch it;
Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich.
L. J. Gray. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can see
My father, mother, and even thee my husband,
Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing softness busy here,
That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.
Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.
L. J. Gray. Guilford! No!
The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone: joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steeled with some uncommon fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the paths of horror;
And, in despite of fortune and our foes,
Even in the hour of death, be more than conquerors.

Guil. Oh, teach me! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex, and tender years,
With such unshaken courage!
L. J. Gray. Truth and innocence;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have saved my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee;
But Heaven forbids, Heaven disallows my weakness;
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.
Lieut. My lord, my orders———
Guil. See! we must—must part.
L. J. Gray. Yet surely we shall meet again.
Guil. Oh! Where?
L. J. Gray. If not on earth, among yon golden stars,
Where other suns arise on other earths,
And happier beings rest on happier seats:
Where, with a reach enlarged, our souls shall view
The great Creator's never-ceasing hand
Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
And people the infinity of space.
Guil. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like these;
But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave;
To that last dwelling, whither now we haste;
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.
L. J. Gray. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
And through the vale of death we pass to life.
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
Behold the universal marks of nature,
Where life still springs from death. To us the sun
Dies every night, and every morn revives:
The flowers, which winter's icy hand destroyed,
Lift their fair heads, and live again in spring.
Mark, with what hopes upon the furrowed plain,
The careful ploughman casts the pregnant grain;
There hid, as in a grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise;
Till nature's genial powers command a birth,
And potent call it from the teeming earth:
Then large increase the buried treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.
[*Exeunt severally with guards.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Gardiner, *as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants with lights before them.*

Lieut. Good morning to your lordship; you rise early.
Gar. Nay, by the rood, there are too many sleepers;
Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your prisoners, lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day?
Lieut. My lord, I did.
Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your message like them?
Lieut. My lord, they met the summons with a temper,
That shewed a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mixed with a noble scorn of all its terrors.
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience,
With which they still have borne them in their prison.
In one request they both concurred; each begged
To die before the other.
Gar. That dispose
As you think fitting.
Lieut. The lord Guilford only
Implored another boon, and urged it warmly;
That, ere he suffered, he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.
Gar. That's not much;
That grace may be allowed him. See you to it.
How goes the morning?
Lieut. Not yet four, my lord.
Gar. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas ordered that the lady Jane
Should suffer here within the Tower. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers,
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those, too, of our friends, were most convenient;
But, above all, see that good guard be kept:
You know the queen is lodged at present here;
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.
And so good morning, good master lieutenant.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
How now! What light comes here?
Ser. So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the earl of Pembroke.
Gar. Pembroke! 'Tis he: What calls him forth thus early?
Somewhat he seems to bring of high import;
Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes.

Enter Pembroke; *a Page with a light before him.*

Good morrow, noble Pembroke! What importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow
At this unwholesome hour; while yet the night
Lasts in her latter course, and with her raw
And rheumy damps infests the dusky air?

Pem. Oh, reverend Winchester! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears:
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.
This coming day the sun shall rise more glorious
Than when his maiden beams first gilded o'er
The rich immortal greens, the flow'ry plains,
And fragrant bowers of paradise new-born!
Gar. What happiness is this?
Pem. 'Tis mercy, mercy,
The mark of Heaven impressed on human kind;
Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around;
Mercy, that smoothes the dreadful brow of power,
And makes dominion light; mercy, that saves,
Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair.
Mary, our royal, ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest prayers
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife;
Full and free pardon!
Gar. Ha! What said you? Pardon!
But sure you cannot mean it; could not urge
The queen to such a rash and ill-timed grace?
What! save the lives of those who wore her crown!
My lord! 'tis most unweighed, pernicious counsel,
And must not be complied with.
Pem. Not complied with!
And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy?
Gar. That will I;
Who will not see her gracious disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.
Pem. Thy narrow soul
Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving:
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive,
How large the power, how fixed the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds:
Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,
And conquers more than even Cæsar's sword did.
Gar. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams.
Have you considered well upon the danger?
How dear to the fond many, and how popular
These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot,
When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
This lady Jane, this beauteous traitress, stood,
With what command she charmed the whole assembly?
With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fixed on her face, and listening to her pleading.
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
Even I myself was moved, and for a moment
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And questioned if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when, sore constrained, the unwilling lords
Pronounced the fatal sentence on her life,
A peal of groans ran through the crowded court,
As every heart was broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.
Pem. And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
Which moved the hearts of a rude, ruthless crowd,
Nay, moved even thine, now sue in vain for pity?
Gar. Alas! you look on her with lover's eyes:
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.
Pem. And you, my lord, too little of the churchman.
Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man? The hallowed hand,
Ordained to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true, I am not practised in your politics;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.
Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it: I advised her
To break through all engagements made with heretics,
And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.
Pem. Where shall we seek for truth, when even religion,
The priestly robe and mitred head, disclaim it?
But thus bad men dishonour the best cause.
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stained our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our faith,
Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet prelates men that thirst for blood,
And Christian Rome more cruel than the pagan.
Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must be
Better advised, than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are armed against her life.
But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For heretics and traitors. [*Exit* Gar.
Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward priest:
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship saved.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Lady Jane *kneeling, as at her devotion; a light, and a book placed on a table before her. Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord* Guilford, *and one of Lady* Jane's *women.*

Lieut. Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the anti-chamber.
Guil. I will not hold you long.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
Wom. Softly, my lord!
For yet, behold she kneels. Before the night
Had reached her middle space, she left her bed,
And with a pleasing, sober cheerfulness,

As for her funeral, arrayed herself
In those sad solemn weeds. Since then, her knee
Has known that posture only, and her eye,
Or fixed upon the sacred page before her,
Or lifted, with her rising hopes, to heaven.

Guil. See, with what zeal those holy hands are reared!
Mark her vermilion lip, with fervour trembling;
Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardour,
And burns with ecstasy and strong devotion;
Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,
Like incense from the golden censer rise;
Or blessed angels minister unseen,
Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office,
Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy,
And waft them upwards to the throne of grace.
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[*Lady* Jane *rises, and comes towards the front of the stage.*

L. J. Gray. Ha!
Art thou my Guilford? Wherefore dost thou come,
To break the settled quiet of my soul?
I meant to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.

Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans toward thee,
Though the imperious, dreadful voice of fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the world.
But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
Would I had died, and never more beheld thee,
Though my lamenting discontented ghost
Had wandered forth unblessed by those dear eyes,
And wailed thy loss in death's eternal shades!

L. J. Gray. My heart has ended every earthly care,
And offered up its prayers for thee and England,
And fixed its hopes upon a rock unfailing;
While all the little business that remained,
Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
And leave a life become indifferent to me.
But thou hast wakened other thoughts within me;
Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord,
Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature:
My vanquished passions rise again, and tell me,
'Tis more, far more than death to part from thee.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Oh, let me fly! bear me, thou swift impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms, [*Embracing.*
That I may snatch him from the greedy grave,
That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
And talk to him of life, of life and pardon!

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke?

Pem. Oh, my speech
Is choaked with words that crowd to tell my tidings!
But I have saved thee—and—Oh, joy unutterable!
The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
Has given not only thee to my request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.

Guil. Millions of blessings wait her!—Has she—tell me,
Oh, has she spared my wife?

Pem. Both, both are pardoned.
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her—Thou fair excellence, [*Kneeling.*
Canst thou forgive the hostile hand, that armed
Against thy cause, and robbed thee of a crown?

L. J. Gray. Oh, rise, my lord, and let me take your posture!
Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
But you have reconciled me to them both;
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heaven, the queen, and you.

Pem. To me! forbid it goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
All discord and remembrance of offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your freedom,
Myself have undertaen to be your caution.
Hear me, you saints, and aid my pious purpose!
These that deserve so much, this wondrous pair,
Let these be happy: every joy attend them;
A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
A good old age, to see their children's children;
A holy death, and everlasting memory;
While I resign to them my share of happiness,
Contented still to want what they enjoy,
And singly to be wretched!

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
Is come with orders from the queen.

Enter Gardiner, *and Attendant.*

Pem. Ha! Winchester!

Gar. The queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded grace;
But, as the pious princess means her mercy
Should reach e'en to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure,
That thou, lord Guilford, and the lady Jane,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.

L. J. Gray. What! turn apostate?

Guil. Ha! forego my faith!

Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon:
But if, through pride of heart, and stubborn obstinacy,
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
And shut your eyes against such manifest light,
Know ye, your former sentence stands confirmed,
And you must die to-day.

Pem. 'Tis false as hell!
The mercy of the queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that princes merchandize their grace,

As Roman priests their pardons? Do they barter,
Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
And doubly sell what was designed a gift?
Gar. My lord, this language ill beseems your nobleness;
Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen.
Behold the royal signet of the queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning.—You, the prisoners,
Have heard, at large, its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.
Pem. Curse on—But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends.
[*Exit.*
Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper course.—
A word with you, Lieutenant.
[*Talks with the Lieutenant aside.*
Guil. Must we part, then?
What are those hopes that flattered us but now;
Those joys, that, like the spring, with all its flowers,
Poured out their pleasures every where around us?
In one poor minute gone; at once they withered,
And left their place all desolate behind them.
L. J. Gray. Such is this foolish world, and such the certainty
Of all the boasted blessings it bestows:
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought;
But trust no more, and be deceived no more.
Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example,
And tread the paths are pointed out by thee:
By thee instructed, to the fatal block
I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
To give my life a ransom for my faith.
From thee, thou angel of my heart, I learn
That greatest, hardest task, to part with thee.
L. J. Gray. Oh, gloriously resolved! Heaven is my witness,
My heart rejoices in thee more even now,
Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,
Than when the holy priest first joined our hands,
And knit the sacred knot of bridal love.
Gar. The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on life?
Guil. What are the terms?
Gar. Death, or the mass, attend you.
Guil. 'Tis determined:
Lead to the scaffold.
Gar. Bear him to his fate.
Guil. Oh, let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip!
Shall we not live again, even in those forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?
L. J. Gray. Oh, wherefore dost thou soothe me with thy softness?
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting ceremony, like two friends
That have a little business to be done,
Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.
Guil. Rest on that hope, my soul—my wife—
L. J. Gray. No more.
Guil. My sight hangs on thee—Oh, support me, Heaven,
In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss!
[GUILFORD *is led off by the guard.*
L. J. Gray. Can nature bear this stroke?
Wom. Alas, she faints! [*Supporting.*
L. J. Gray. Wilt thou fail now—The killing stroke is past,
And all the bitterness of death is o'er.
Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance stay;
Have pity on your youth, and blooming beauty;
Cast not away the good which Heaven bestows;
Time may have many years in store for you,
All crowned with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perished in perverseness.
L. J. Gray. Cease, thou raven,
Nor violate, with thy profaner malice,
My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.
[*The scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung with black, executioner and guards.*
And see my journey's end.
1 *Wom.* My dearest lady! [*Weeping.*
2 *Wom.* Oh, misery!
L. J. Gray. Forbear, my gentle maids,
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.
1 *Wom.* Oh, never, never!—
L. J. Gray. Help to disarray,
And fit me for the block; do this last service,
And do it chearfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, Maria,
[*To 1 Wom.*
Hast been my old, my very faithful servant:
In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee
This book, the law of everlasting truth:
Make it thy treasure still; 'twas my support,
When all help else forsook me.
Gar. Will you yet
Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?
L. J. Gray. Oh, Winchester! has learning taught thee that,
To barter truth for life?
Gar. Mistaken folly!
You toil and travail for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.
L. J. Gray. Who judge rightly,
And who persists in error, will be known,
Then, when we meet again. Once more, farewell! [*To her Women.*
Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
Entreat they do no rude, dishonest wrong

To my cold, headless corpse; but see it shrouded,
And decent laid in earth.
Gar. Wilt thou then die?
Thy blood be on thy head.
L. J. Gray. My blood be where it falls; let the earth hide it;
And may it never rise, or call for vengeance.
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou, gracious Heaven,
Hear and defend at length thy suffering people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise, and good.
In thy due season let the hero come,
To save thy altars from the rage of Rome:
Long let him reign, to bless the rescued land,
And deal out justice with a righteous hand.
And when he fails, oh, may he leave a son,
With equal virtues to adorn his throne;
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day!
[*Lady* JANE *goes up to the scaffold. The scene closes.*

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Horror on horror! Blasted be the hand
That struck my Guilford! Oh, his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!—
Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels!
[*To* GARDINER.
The queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.
Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fallen upon them both, for their vain obstinacy;
Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.
Pem. And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The secret purposes of Heaven, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfined?
But know, thou proud, perversely-judging Winchester!
Howe'er you hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
Those, who, with honest hearts, pursue the right,
And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
Though suffering here, shall from their sorrows cease,
Rest with the saints, and dwell in endless peace.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE palms of virtue heroes oft have worn;
Those wreaths to-night a female brow adorn.
The destin'd saint, unfortunately brave,
Sunk with those altars which she strove to save.
Greatly she dar'd to prop the juster side,
As greatly with her adverse fate complied,
Did all that Heav'n could ask, resign'd, and died;
Died for the land for which she wish'd to live,
And gain'd that liberty she could not give.
Oh, happy people of this fav'rite isle,
On whom so many better angels smile!
For you, kind Heav'n new blessings still supplies,
Bids other saints, and other guardians rise:
For you the fairest of her sex is come,
Adopts our Britain, and forgets her home:
For truth and you the heroine declines
Austria's proud eagles, and the Indian mines.
What sense of such a bounty can be shown!
But Heav'n must make the vast reward its own,
And stars shall join to make her future crown.
Your gratitude with ease may be expressed;
Strive but to be, what she would make you, bless'd.
Let not vile faction vex the vulgar ear,
With fond surmise, and false affected fear:
Confirm but to yourselves the given good;
'Tis all she asks, for all she has bestow'd.
Such was our great example shewn to-day,
And with such thanks our author's pains repay.
If from these scenes, to guard your faith you learn;
If for our laws you shew a just concern;
If you are taught to dread a popish reign;
Our beauteous patriot has not died in vain.

CATO.

BY

ADDISON.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR POPE.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
n pitying love we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling in a falling state!
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor past unheeded by:
Her last good man, dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd;
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Our scenes precariously subsist too long
On French translations, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO.
LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, } *senators.*
JUBA, *prince of Numidia.*
SYPHAX, *general of the Numidians.*
PORTIUS, MARCUS, } *sons of Cato.*
DECIUS, *ambassador from Cæsar.*

WOMEN.

MARCIA, *daughter of Cato.*
LUCIA, *daughter of Lucius.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—*A Hall in the Governor's Palace in Utica.*

ACT I.

Enter PORTIUS *and* MARCUS.

Por. THE dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortured, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named,
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
The insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strewed with Rome's citizens, and drenched in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied;
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, covered with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heaven, such virtue, joined with such success,
Distracts my very soul! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzl'd in mazes, and perplex'd with errors.
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—

Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant, Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness:
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse;
I feel it here: my resolution melts——

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But still the smothered fondness burns within him;
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame,
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue, wanting in a Roman soul!

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but the appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

Por. Heaven knows I pity thee! Behold my eyes,
Even whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.
Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?
Por. Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distempered soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit* MARC.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.
[*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express a friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.
Por. My father has this morning called together,
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.
Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful;
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble, at the head
Of armies flushed with conquest. Oh, my Portius!
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blessed indeed!
Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale, trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.
Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charmed. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
Por. Well dost thou seem to check my lingering here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh the event of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*
Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurred,
And every moment quickened to the course.
Cato has used me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down blessings on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Even while we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature formed
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him:
Through winds, and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will see the victor thundering at our gates.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
Syph. Alas, he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more,
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck the infection into all his soul.
Sem. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.
Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate

Is called together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're covered thick with art.
Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax; I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick; wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feigned zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!
Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.
Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlooked for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
Oh! think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*
Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent:
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.
Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets these people up
Above our own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they, with tougher sinews, bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launched from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who, like our active African, instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides, in troops, the embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these, are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank;
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolished world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
The embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Syph. Patience, kind Heaven!—excuse an old man's warmth:
What are those wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That renders man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods designed us?
Juba. To strike thee dumb—turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a god-like height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And, when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African,
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chace;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and, at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, wont discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could, with equal glory,
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand inglorious;
Nor would his slaughtered army now have lain
On Afric's sands disfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Juba. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Juba. What wouldst thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon Cato.
Juba. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.
Syph. Aye, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Juba. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing, cried,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son! His grief
Swelled up so high, he could not utter more.
Juba. Alas! thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!
Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Syph. Alas! my prince, I'd guide thee to your safety.
Juba. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?
Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes!
Juba. My father scorned to do it.
Syph. And therefore died.
Juba. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Syph. Rather say, your love.
Juba. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flushed with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripened beauties of the north.
Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and, with becoming grace,
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.
Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—
Juba. Ha! Syphax, is't not she? She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me.
Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will the woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been labouring all this while.
[*Exit* SYPHAX.

Enter MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

Juba. Hail, charming maid! How does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget the approach of Cæsar.
Mar. I should be grieved, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slackened them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.
Juba. Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.
Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approved of by the gods and Cato.
Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.
Juba. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand, ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp, then will I think on thee!
Oh, lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit* JUBA.
Luc. Marcia, you're too severe;
How could you chide the young good-natured prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air?
A prince, that loves and doats on you to death?
Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chid him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.
Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?
Mar How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes armed with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?
Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force!
Sure, nature formed me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.
Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?
Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee,
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.
Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have revealed their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?
Mar. For neither—
And yet for both—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?
Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him!
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not what—
Mar. Oh, Lucia, I'm perplexed! Oh, tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?
Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
—Oh, Portius, thou hast stolen away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
Mar. Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fallen on him.
Luc. Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourned his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.
Mar. He knows too well how easily he is fired,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.
Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involved
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! It cuts into my soul.
Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit the event of things.
Our lives, discoloured with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
'Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The Senate. LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and Senators.*

Sem. Rome still survives in this assembled senate.
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council:
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fixed
To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome demands your help:
Rise, and revenge your slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged among us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not the impartial world with reason say,
We lavished at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?—
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
Already have our quarrels filled the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Sem. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.
[*Aside to* CATO.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident.
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heat, and seasoned to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last;
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watched the gate,
Lodged on my post, a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.
Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter. [*Exit* Marcus.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—
Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders with the senate?
Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.
Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
Cato. These very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.
Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours;
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.
Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
Cato. Nay, more; though Cato's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.
Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.
Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capital,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and proffered friendship?
Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain.
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato:
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.
Dec. Your high unconquered heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.
Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.
Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony!
Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.
Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.
Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reproved.
Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the senate,
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.
Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drowned amidst the senate's.
Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it,
That Heaven may say it ought to be prolonged.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Enter JUBA.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolved,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheathed, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He ordered me to march for Utica,
Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, pressed me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, 'My son,' said he,
'Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them.'
Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.
Juba. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on th' other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and filled the court of Zama.
Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.
Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out more alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
The assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horrors of the war,
And making death more grim.
Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?
Juba. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.
Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first favourites and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
Juba. I'm charmed whene'er thou talk'st; I pant for virtue,
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence and toil;
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato;
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.
Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.
Juba. I would fain retract them;
Give them me back again, they aimed at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Juba. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba ask,
That Cato will refuse?
Juba. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What wouldst thou say?
Juba. Cato, thou hast a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember,
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.— [*Exit*

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How's this, my prince! what, covered with confusion?
Your look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone!
Syph. I know it well.
Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Syph. And so will all mankind.
Juba. I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
Syph. Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with!
Juba. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba!
Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you changed of late!
I have known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you roused him to the chace! I've seen you,
Even in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
Juba. Prithee, no more.
Syph. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipped with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk, (though honey flowed
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeased, and Marcia lost for ever.
Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice;
Marcia might still be yours.
Juba. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By Heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.
Syph. Marcia might still be yours.
Juba. As how, dear Syphax?
Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.
Juba. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy mine honour?
Syph. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
Juba. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
Syph. The boasted ancestors of those great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians;
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heaven, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(The gods on earth) are all the spurious blood
Of violated maids, of ravished Sabines.
Juba. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
Syph. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.
Juba. If knowledge of the world make men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Syph. Go, go; you're young.
Juba. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.
Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
Syph. Must one rash word, the infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!—
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
Juba. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfilled, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?
Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions!
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this, to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?
Juba. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.
Syph. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is called in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart;
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've offered
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.
Juba. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.
Syph. And 'tis for this my prince has called me traitor!
Juba. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.
Syph. You did, indeed, my prince, you called me traitor;
Nay, further, threatened you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?

at Syphax loved you, and would sacrifice
life, nay, more, his honour, in your service?
'uba. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
y zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
nour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
e noble mind's distinguishing perfection;
at aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
d imitates her actions where she is not:
ought not to be sported with.
Syph. By Heavens,
ravished when you talk thus, though you chide me!
as! I've hitherto been used to think
blind officious zeal to serve my king,
e ruling principle, that ought to burn
d quench all others in a subject's heart.
appy the people who preserve their honour
the same duties that oblige their prince!
Juba. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
umidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
r breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
infamous, and branded to a proverb.
phax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
ur country's crimes, and clear her reputation.
Syph. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
o hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
umidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.
Juba. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
he warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
hy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
e'er the sceptre come into my hand,
yphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
ly joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.
Juba. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
ome blest occasion that may set me right
n Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
pprove my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*
Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
ld age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
hese words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence, 'tis gone! I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolved to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.
Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offered
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the general undistinguished ruin.
Syph. But how stands Cato?
Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
Syph. But what's this messenger?
Sem. I've practised with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fixed?
Syph. Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've tried the force of every reason on him;
Soothed and caressed; been angry, soothed again;
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight.
But all are vain; he scorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine?
Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her.
Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.
Syph. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among the ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready:
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.
Syph. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to see how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, the impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desart all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

Marc. Thanks to my stars I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
Then, prithee, spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
The impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's presence;
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence,
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food;
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him;
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me!
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love,
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do! If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [Aside.

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [Exit.

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixed together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigured in him.
Heavens, would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distressed; my heart bleeds for him:
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's grief, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begged his rival to solicit for him;

hen do not strike him dead with a denial;
ut hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
ith the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope;
erhaps when we have passed these gloomy hours,
nd weathered out the storm that beats upon us——
Luc. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
hy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
nd, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
o Heaven and all the powers that judge mankind,
ever to mix my plighted hands with thine,
hile such a cloud of mischief hangs upon us!
ut to forget our loves, and drive thee out
rom all my thoughts as far—as I am able.
Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck—recall
hose hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Luc. Has not the vow already passed my lips?
he gods have heard it, and 'tis sealed in Heaven.
ay all the vengeance, that was ever poured
n perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
Por. Fixed in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
ike one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
ho pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
n dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!
Luc. At length I've acted my severest part;
feel the woman breaking in upon me,
nd melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
ut, oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
as torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
Luc. Oh, stop those sounds,
hose killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
y blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
nd life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
he gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
ut, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.
Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
've been deluded, led into a dream
f fancied bliss. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
hy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
n my stunned ears. What shall I say or do?
uick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
nd horror dwells about thee!—Ha! she faints!
retch that I am, what has my rashness done!
ucia, thou injured innocence! thou best
nd loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
r Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
hey shut not out society in death—
ut ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
hrough all her face, and lights up every charm.
Luc. Oh, Portius, was this well—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles? To call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman loved?
—What do I say? My half-recovered sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul was bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.
Por. Name not the word! my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabbed at his heart, and all besmeared with blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?
Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist, that hung upon my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other: thou art all divine.
Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word—for ever!
Por. Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say? For ever?
Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever.
Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp the unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.—
Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.
Luc. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!
Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlooked-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.
Luc. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell! and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief like mine.
[*Exit* LUCIA.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I doomed

To life or death?
Por. What wouldst thou have me say?
Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.
Por. I've reason.
Marc. Thy downcast looks, and thy disordered thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.
Por. I'm grieved I undertook it.
Marc. What? does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!
Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.
Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!
Prithee, what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——
Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserved this treatment?
Marc. What have I said! Oh, Portius, oh forgive me!
A soul, exasperate in ills, falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?
Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.
Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.
Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure? Oh, Marcus, I am warmed, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *with the Leaders of the mutiny.*

Sem. At length the winds are raised, the storm blows high;
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd amongst his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [*Exit.*
1 *Lead.* We are all safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest:
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Re-enter SEMPRONIUS, *with* CATO, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Cato. Where are those bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon their foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?
Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonished! [*Aside.*
Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquered towns, and plundered provinces?
Fired with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape the envenomed aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day. Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injured strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wronged?
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguished from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!
Sem. By Heavens, they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost! [*Aside.*
Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parched earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore the untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When, on the banks of an unlooked-for stream,
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last of all your host that thirsted?
Sem. If some penurious source by chance appeared,
Scanty of waters, when you scooped it dry,
And offered the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash the untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats?
Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend to all the rest.
Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care:

irst let them each be broken on the rack,
hen, with what life remains, impaled, and left
o writhe at leisure round the bloody stake;
here let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
he partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up, and see their fellow-traitors
tuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.
Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?
Sem. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
ucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
hat would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood!
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
ut, in their deaths, remember they are men;
train not the laws to make their tortures grievous.—
ucius, the base degenerate age requires
everity, and justice in its rigour:
his awes an impious, bold, offending world,
ommands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When, by just vengeance, guilty mortals perish,
he gods behold the punishment with pleasure,
nd lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.
Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
emember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
he generous plan of power delivered down
rom age to age, by your renowned forefathers
So dearly bought, the price of so much blood):
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
ut piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
nd make our lives, in thy possession, happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.
[*Exeunt* CATO, *&c.*
1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
Sem. Villain, stand off! base, grovelling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;
hrow off the mask; there are none here but friends.
Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
o mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
hey're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
hey're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death!
1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this——
Sem. Dispatch them quick; but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest, with their dying breath, they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt guards, with their leaders.*

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has proved abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
Sem. Confusion! I have failed of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Syph. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?
Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Sem. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disordered charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto seized of Proserpine, conveyed
To hell's tremendous gloom the affrighted maid;
There grimly smiled, pleased with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?
Mar. Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might thy big swoln heart,
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Luc. I know thou'rt doomed alike to be beloved
By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius:
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!
Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius;
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man.
Juba, to all the bravery of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman kind, but Marcia, happy.
Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?
Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add, to all the griefs I suffer,
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way:
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman, that deliberates, is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS *dressed like* JUBA, *with Numidian guards.*

Sem. The deer is lodged, I've tracked her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and, when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay barbarian.
—But hark! what noise! Death to my hopes! *'tis he,*
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murdered, and a passage cut
Through those his guards——Ha! dastards, do you tremble?——
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

Enter JUBA.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?
Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!
Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!
Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart!
Juba. Nay, then, beware thy own, proud, barbarous man.
[*Sem. falls. His guards surrender.*
Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doomed to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigured in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! This my close of life!
Oh! for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato, tremble!
[*Dies.*
Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence, let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit* JUBA, *with prisoners &c.*

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
Oh, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.
Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! Heaven preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But, ha! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warmed
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!
Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind!
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.
Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience;
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!
Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?
Mar. Talk not of comfort! 'tis for lighter ills:

Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserved it from me.
Juba. What do I hear? And was the false Sempronius
That best of men? Oh, had I fallen like him,
And could have been thus mourned, I had been happy.
Luc. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.
Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortured breast;
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
Juba. I'm on the rack! Was he so near her heart?
Mar. Oh, he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire,
Delight of every eye! when he appeared,
A secret pleasure gladdened all that saw him;
But when he talked, the proudest Roman blushed
To hear his virtues, and old age grew worse.
Juba. I shall run mad——
Mar. Oh, Juba! Juba! Juba!
Juba. What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?
Mar. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I loved him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remembered Marcia,
And the last words he uttered, called me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Juba. Where am I? Do I live? or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!
Mar. Ye dear remains of the most loved of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——
Juba. See, Marcia, see,
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
hat dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Juba. A wretch,
Disguised like Juba, on a cursed design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.
Mar. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love, that lay
Half smothered in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Juba. I'm lost in ecstacy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid——
Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?
Juba. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt 'till now!
Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I loved thee.
Juba. Oh, fortunate mistake!
Mar. O happy Marcia!
Juba. My joy, my best beloved, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Mar. Lucia, thy arm. Oh, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment—
Oh, prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
[*Exeunt* MARCIA *and* LUCIA.
Juba. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquered towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.
[*Exit.*

A march at a distance.—Enter CATO *and* LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonished! What, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes! I am surprised at nothing.
—Oh, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?
Por. My heart is grieved,
I bring such news as will affect my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once, with his Numidian horse,
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;

I saw, and called to stop him, but in vain:
He tossed his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit* Por.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life!
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or, by a base submission,
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!
Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter Juba.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.
Cato. What's thy crime?
Juba. I am a Numidian.
Cato. And a brave one too. Thou hast a Roman soul.
Juba. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?
Cato. Alas, young prince! falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
Juba. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distressed.
Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserved;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
Juba. What shall I answer thee? My ravished heart
O'erflows with sacred joy; I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
Cato. Ha! What has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?
Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him,
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I'm satisfied.
Por. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.
Por. Long may they keep asunder!
Luc. Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, *meeting the corpse.*

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
Juba. Was ever man like this!
Cato. Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more!
Oh, Liberty! Oh, Virtue! Oh, my Country!
Juba. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flowed not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*
Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's:
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered;
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fallen! Oh, cursed ambition!

allen into Cæsar's hand: Our great forefathers
ad left him nought to conquer but his country.
Juba. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
ankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
Cato. Cæsar ashamed! has he not seen Pharsalia?
Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I'm out of danger;
eaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
æsar shall never say he conquered Cato.
ut, oh, my friends! your safety fills my heart
ith anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors
ise in my soul. How shall I save my friends?
is now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
Luc. Cæsar has mercy if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
hate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
dd, if you please, that I request it of him,
hat I myself, with tears, request it of him,
he virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
uba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
hould I advise thee to regain Numidia,
r seek the conqueror?—
Juba. If I forsake thee
hilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
ill one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'will be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
ortius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
hy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpowered, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself?
Cato. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you,
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepared by my command
(Their sails already opening to the winds),
That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There, the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ATO *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well;
se whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
his longing after immortality?
r whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
f falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
ack on herself, and startles at destruction?
'is the divinity that stirs within us;
'is Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
nd intimates eternity to man.
ternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
hrough what variety of untried being,
hrough what new scenes and changes must we pass?
he wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
ut shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
ere will I hold. If there's a Power above,
And that there is all Nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus I am doubly armed: my death, my life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with li

An offering fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But, ha! Who's this? my son! Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobeyed?
Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Por. Oh, let the prayers, the intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!
Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—
Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——
Por. Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.
Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.
Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.
Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives. [*Exit* CATO.

Enter MARCIA.

Oh, Marcia! Oh, my sister, still there is hope!
Our father will not cast away a life,
So needful to us all and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatched me hence,
With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [Exit.
Mar. Oh, ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care!

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?
Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.
Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato:
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.
Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Filled with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blessed:
Marcia, we both are equally involved
In the same intricate, perplexed distress.
The cruel hand of Fate, that has destroyed
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—
Mar. And ever shall lament; unhappy youth!
Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?
Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father!
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar, thou can'st not hurt me.
Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.
Lucius. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child; we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are returned from viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower,
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnished helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.
Lucius. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father;
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.
Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*
Lucius. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Ha! a second groan—
Heaven guard us all!—
Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. Oh, sight of woe!
Oh, Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.
Lucius. Oh, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.
Por. I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.
Mar. Oh, Heaven! assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father!
Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!
Lucius. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

CATO *brought in on a chair.*

Cato. Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—Are my friends embarked?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
Oh, Lucius, art thou here? Thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps! Marcia, my daughter—
Oh, bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have matched his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—
I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. Oh, ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!
The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh!
[*Dies.*
Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast; oh, Cato! oh, my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observed.
But let us bear this awful corse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow:
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DR. GARTH.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do,
Who would not listen when young lovers woo,
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost,
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the things we say,

We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell,
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
  Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
These lively lessons we have learnt from you.
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy things you hate,
To swell in shew, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
E'en churches are no sanctuaries now:
There golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere:
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs!
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains:
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's son.

THE
DISTREST MOTHER.

BY

PHILIPS.

from Racine

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR STEELE.

Since fancy by itself is loose and vain,
The wise, by rules, that airy power restrain:
They think those writers mad, who, at their ease,
Convey this house and audience where they please;
Who Nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all soils the sun goes round:
'Tis nothing, when a fancy'd scene we view,
To skip from Covent-Garden to Peru.
But Shakespeare's self transgressed; and shall each elf,
Each pigmy genius, quote great Shakespeare's self!
What critic dare prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit!
Shakespeare could travel through earth, sea, and air,
And paint out all the powers and wonders there.
In barren deserts he makes Nature smile,
And gives us feasts in his enchanted isle.
Our author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dares pretend such merit to transgress;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And therefore makes propriety his care.
Your treat with studied decency he serves;
Not only rules of time and place preserves,
But strives to keep his character entire,
With French correctness, and with British fire.
This piece, presented in a foreign tongue,
When France was glorious, and her monarch young,
An hundred times a crowded audience drew,
An hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.
Pyrrhus, provoked, to no wild rants betrayed,
Resents his gen'rous love, so ill repaid;
Does like a man resent, a prince upbraid.
His sentiments disclose a royal mind;
Nor is he known a king from guards behind.
Injured Hermione demands relief;
But not from heavy narratives of grief;
In conscious majesty her pride is shewn;
Born to avenge her wrongs, but not bemoan.
Andromache——If in our author's lines,
As in the great original she shines,
Nothing but from barbarity she fears;
Attend with silence, you'll applaud with tears.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Pyrrhus, *son of Achilles.*
Phœnix, *counsellor to Pyrrhus.*
Orestes, *son of Agamemnon.*
Pylades, *friend to Orestes.*

WOMEN.

Andromache, *Hector's widow.*
Cephisa, *confidante to Andromache.*
Hermione, *daughter to Menelaus.*
Cleone, *confidante to Hermione.*
Attendants on Pyrrhus and Orestes, &c.

Scene,—*A great hall in the court of Pyrrhus at Buthrotos, the capital city of Epirus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of* PYRRHUS.

Enter ORESTES, PYLADES, *and Attendants.*

Orest. O PYLADES! what's life without a friend?
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up;
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore?
Even in the court of Pyrrhus! in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. O prince! O my Orestes! O my friend!—
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart. [*Embracing.*
Since I have gained this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the powers who barred my way to Greece,
And kept me here, e'er since the unhappy day,
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sundered our barks on the loud, stormy main.

Orest. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have racked my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourned
The fatal ills, in which your life's involved,
And grudged you dangers which I could not share.
I feared to what extremes the black despair,
That preyed upon your mind, might have betrayed you,
And lest the gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your prayers, and take the life you loathed.
But now with joy I see you! The retinue,
And numerous followers, that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind disposed
To relish life.

Orest. Alas! my friend, who knows
The destiny to which I stand reserved!
I come in search of an inhuman fair,
And live or die, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince!—I thought you cured
Of your unpitied, unsuccessful passion.
Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
Hermione less cruel, than at Sparta?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
Had broke your fetters, and assured your freedom:
Ashamed of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talked of her no more:
Prince, you deceived me.

Orest. I deceived myself.
Do not upbraid the unhappy man, that loves thee.
Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee;
Thou saw'st it in its birth and in its progress;
And when at last the hoary king, her father,
Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
The avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair; and how I dragged,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.
O Pylades! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, prest with sorrows not thy own,
Still wandering with me like a banished man;
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?
Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathizing friendship!

Orest. Thou miracle of truth—but hear me on.
When in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, in all her charms, to Pyrrhus;
Thou may'st remember, I abhorred her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself, believe
My soul was freed. Alas! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed: and in Greece I found
The assembled princes all alarmed with fears,
In which their common safety seemed concerned.
I joined them: for I hoped that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts.
And, that my shattered soul, impaired with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And every idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son.

Orest. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun!
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
With one united voice complain of Pyrrhus;
That now, forgetful of the promise given,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his court;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruined Troy; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings; great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece!
But, prince, you'll cease to wonder why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear, the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose:
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Orest. Your tale confirms what I have heard; and hence
Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woos
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injured Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and the intended nuptials

Too long delayed. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure; and was glad to find
The ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs avenged in her disgrace.
Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm!
Orest. Resentments! Oh, my friend, too soon I found
They grew not out of hatred! I'm betrayed:
I practise on myself; and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvassed all the suffrages of Greece;
And here I come their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.
Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: Will he then be swayed,
And give to death the son of her he loves?
Orest. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be blest!
He must; he shall. Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture!—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness:
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—O, ye gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!——
But tell me, Pylades; how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamoured with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravished from me?
Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far;
The king, indeed, cold to the Spartan princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child confined
Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her;
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gathered from a man so various?
He may, in the disorder of his soul,
Wed her he hates, and punish her he loves.
Orest. But tell me how the wronged Hermione
Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonoured charms?
Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
Her wavering lover, and disdain his falsehood;
But, spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
She mourns in secret her neglected charms,
And oft has made me privy to her tears:
Still threatens to be gone; yet still she stays;
And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes.
Orest. Ah, were those wishes from her heart, my friend!
I'd fly in transport— [*Flourish within.*
Pyl. Hear! the king approaches
To give you audience. Speak your embassy
Without reserve: urge the demands of Greece;
And, in the name of all the kings, require,
That Hector's son be given into your hands.
Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
To speed his love and win the Trojan dame,
Will make it merit to preserve her son.
But, see; he comes.
Orest. Meanwhile, my Pylades,
Go, and dispose Hermione to see
Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw
Himself, in all his sorrows, at her feet.

Enter PYRRHUS, PHŒNIX, *and Attendants.*

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father;
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And by an ill-timed pity keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandished sword,
That filled their states with widows and with orphans,
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports, and, filled
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands:
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.
Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concerned
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hoped
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatched for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renowned in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death! What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all the scepter'd warriors, be denied
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shared the harvest of the war,
Andromache and this her son were mine;
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize;
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?
Orest. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—
Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancied ills, and dangers out of sight.
Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivalled strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confused in dust; all mixt in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferred?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fallen among the slaughtered heaps,
Whelmed under Troy. His death had then been just.
When age and infancy, alike in vain,
Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
And horrors of the fight, roused all our rage,
And blindly hurried us through scenes of death,
My fury then was without bounds: but now,
My wrath appeased, must I be cruel still?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood;
An infant's blood?—No, prince—go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escaped from Troy
Shall not be saved to perish in Epirus.
Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doomed to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother saved her darling son:
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence;
Nor is't the boy, but Hector, they pursue;
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drenched his sword; the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.
Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal war. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquered for them: let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompensed my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.
Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?
Pyr. Have I then conquered, to depend on Greece?
Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself:
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.
Pyr. Hermione may have her charms; and I
May love her still, though not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs, that I'm a lover;
But never must forget, that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter;
I know how near in blood you stand allied.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.
[*Ex.* Orest. *&c.*
Phæn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess?
Pyr. I'm told, that he has loved her long.
Phæn. If so,
Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew,
And she be brought to listen to his passion?
Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix, let them love their fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together:
Together let them sail for Sparta: all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I be then relieved!
Phæn. But, sir,—
Pyr. I shall, another time, good Phœnix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts—for, see,
Andromache appears.

Enter Andromache *and* Cephisa.

Pyr. May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?
Andr. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet, to-day, embraced my child;
I have not held him in my widowed arms.
Pyr. Ah, madam, should the threats of Greece prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed!
Andr. Alas, what threats! What can alarm the Greeks?
There are no Trojans left!
Pyr. Their hate to Hector
Can never die: the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls, and makes them dread his son.
Andr. A mighty honour for victorious Greece,
To fear an infant, a poor friendless child;
Who smiles in bondage, nor yet knows himself
The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrrhus.
Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life;
And send no less than Agamemnon's son,
To fetch him hence.
Andr. And, sir, do you comply
With such demands?—This blow is aimed at me:
How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire?
But, cruel men! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promised to myself in him a son,
In him a friend, a husband, and a father.
But I must suffer sorrow heaped on sorrow;
And still the fatal stroke must come from you.
Pyr. Dry up those tears, I must not see you weep—
And know, I have rejected their demands.
The Greeks already threaten me with war:
But, should they arm, as once they did for Helen,
And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
Should they prepare a second ten years siege,
And lay my towers and palaces in dust,
I am determined to defend your son,
And rather die myself than give him up.

But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
Hated of Greece, and prest on every side,
Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
Let me not combat with your cruelties,
And count Andromache amongst my foes!

Andr. Consider, sir, how this will sound in Greece?
How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
Let not men say, so generous a design
Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andr. How can Andromache, a captive queen,
O'erwhelmed with grief, a burthen to herself,
Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemned
To weep for ever? Talk of it no more.
To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
To succour the distrest; to give the son
To an afflicted mother; to repel
Confederate nations, leagued against his life;
Unbribed by love, unterrified by threats,
To pity, to protect him,—these are cares,
These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for ever?
Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven? 'Tis true,
My sword has often reeked in Phrygian blood,
And carried havoc through your royal kindred;
But you, fair princess, amply have avenged
Old Priam's vanquished house, and all the woes
I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffered in our turns: and now
Our common foe should teach us to unite.

Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred, and behold
A friend in Pyrrhus! Give me but to hope!
I'll free your son; I'll be a father to him:
Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspired by you,
What would I not achieve! Again shall Troy
Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire; and your son shall reign.

Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:
His hopes of empire perished with his father.
No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
Never, oh, never must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!—
Sir, all I wish for, is some quiet exile,
Where, far from Greece removed, and far from you,
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betrothed Hermione.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? You know, I cannot.
You know my heart is yours: my soul hangs on you:
You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams, are all employed on you.
'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
My throne and bed; and would with transport hear
The vows which you neglect.

Andr. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: she has not lost
A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
Your sire immortal: Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'tis very well! I find,
Your will must be obeyed. Imperious captive,
It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you:
For know, inhuman beauty, I have loved
Too well to treat you with indifference.
Think well upon it: my disordered soul
Wavers between the extremes of love and rage;
I've been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
The Greeks demand him: nor will I endanger
My realms to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andr. Then he must die! Alas! my son must die!
He has no friend, no succour left, beside
His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam; visit this unhappy son.
The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart,
And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
I shall once more expect your answer. Go,
And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think that his life depends on your resolves.
[*Exeunt* PYRRHUS, *&c.*

Andr. I'll go, and in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my child—If he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his; I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffered life,
Groaned in captivity, and out-lived Hector.
Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go!
There to thy ravished eyes thy sire I'll shew,
And point him out among the shades below.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Her. Well, I'll be ruled, Cleone: I will see him;
I have told Pylades that he may bring him;
But trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yet.

Cleo. And why forbid him?
Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wished?
The man whose sufferings you so oft lamented,

And often praised his constancy and love?
Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to myself! I blush to think
How I have used him; and would shun his presence.
What will be my confusion when he sees me
Neglected, and forsaken, like himself?
Will he not say, 'Is this the scornful maid,
'The proud Hermione, that tyrannized
'In Sparta's court, and triumphed in her charms?
'Her insolence at last is well repaid.'
I cannot bear the thought!
Cleo. You wrong yourself
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not
To offer insults; but to repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
But, madam, what's your royal father's will?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?
Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still deny
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
And with their embassy return to Greece.
Cleo. What would you more? Orestes comes in time
To save your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace:
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.
I know you hate him: you have told me so.
Her. Hate him! My injured honour bids me hate him.
The ungrateful man, to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart; the man I loved so dearly;
The man I doated on! Oh! my Cleone!
How is it possible I should not hate him!
Cleo. Then give him over, madam. Quit his court;
And with Orestes—
Her. No! I must have time
To work up all my rage! To meditate
A parting full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quickened by the traitor.
Cleo. Do you then wait new insults, new affronts?
To draw you from your father! Then to leave you!
In his own court to leave you—For a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.
Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress?—I fear
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou seest: believe me cured:
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquered;
Think that my injured soul is set against him;
And do thy best to make me think so too.
Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then?
Her. Let us fly!
Let us begone! I leave him to his captive:
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us begone!—but what if he repent?
What if the perjured prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What if he renew
His former vows? But, oh, the faithless man!
He slights me! drives me to extremities!—However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves;
I'll stay till, by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son,
Their second embassy shall claim the mother:
I will redouble all my griefs on her!
Cleo. Ah, madam, whither does your rage transport you?
Andromache, alas! is innocent.
A woman plunged in sorrow; dead to love:
And when she thinks on Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.
Her. Would I had done so too! he had not then
Betrayed my easy faith. But I, alas!
Discovered all the fondness of my soul!
I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere:
My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.
Cleo. Well might you speak without reserve to one,
Engaged to you by solemn oaths and treaties.
Her. His ardour too was an excuse for mine:
With other eyes he saw me then! Cleone,
Thou mayst remember, every thing conspired
To favour him: my father's wrongs avenged;
The Greeks triumphant; fleets of Trojan spoils;
His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame;
His eager love; all, all conspired against me;
—But I have done: I'll think no more of Pyrrhus.
Orestes wants not merit; and he loves me.
My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him:
And if I've power o'er my own heart, 'tis his.
Cleo. Madam, he comes—
Her. Alas, I did not think
He was so near! I wish I might not see him.

Enter Orestes.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit?
Is it a compliment of form or love?
Orest. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my fate
To love unpitied: to desire to see you,
And still to swear each time shall be the last.
My passion breaks through my repeated oaths,
And every time I visit you I'm perjured.
Even now, I find my wounds all bleed afresh:
I blush to own it; but I know no cure.
I call the gods to witness, I have tried
Whatever man could do (but tried in vain),
To wear you from my mind. Through stormy seas,
And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
I courted dangers, and I longed for death.
Her. Why will you, prince, indulge this mournful tale?
It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece
To talk of dying and of love. Remember
The kings you represent: Shall their revenge
Be disappointed by your ill-timed passion?
Discharge your embassy: 'tis not Orestes
The Greeks desire should die.
Orest. My embassy
Is at an end, for Pyrrhus has refused
To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.
Her. Faithless, ungrateful man! [*Aside.*

Orest. I now prepare for Greece. But ere I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounced by you.
What do I say—I do already hear it!
My doom is fixed: I read it in your eyes.
Her. Will you then still despair? be still suspicious?
What have I done? Wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus:
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither,
And who can tell but I have shared your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in secret? Never wished
To see Orestes?
Orest. Wished to see Orestes!—
Oh, joy! oh ecstacy! my soul's entranced!
Oh, charming princess! Oh, transcendent maid!
My utmost wish!—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks!—I never was unhappy—
Am I Orestes?—
Her. You are Orestes,
The same unaltered, generous, faithful lover;
The prince whom I esteem; whom I lament;
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love!
Orest. Ay, there it is!—I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart!
Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you!
Orest. No!
I should be blest! I should be loved as he is!—
Yet all this while I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.
Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected?
Has Pyrrhus said——(Oh, I shall go distracted!)
Has Pyrrhus told you so?——Or is it you,
Who think thus meanly of me?——Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you.
Orest. Madam, go on!
Insult me still: I'm used to bear your scorn.
Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates?
—Go, prince, and arm the Greeks against the rebel;
Let them lay waste his country! raze his towns;
Destroy his fleets; his palaces;—himself!—
Go, prince, and tell me then how much I love him.
Orest. To hasten his destruction, come yourself,
And work your royal father to his ruin.
Her. Meanwhile he weds Andromache!
Orest. Ah, princess!
What is't I hear!
Her. What infamy for Greece,
If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive!
Orest. Is this your hatred, madam?—'Tis in vain
To hide your passion; every thing betrays it:
Your looks, your speech, your anger, nay, your silence;
Your love appears in all; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.
Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet;
My very hate is construed into fondness.
Orest. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.
Her. Then hear me, prince. Obedience to a father
First brought me hither; and the same obedience
Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father shall recall me.
Tell this proud king, that Menelaus scorns
To match his daughter with a foe of Greece;
Bid him resign Astyanax, or me.
If he persists to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.
[*Exeunt* HER. *and* CLEONE.
Orest. Then is Orestes blest! My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream!—Methinks I tread in air!
Pyrrhus, enamoured of his captive queen,
Will thank me, if I take her rival hence:
He looks not on the princess with my eyes.
Surprising happiness!—Unlooked-for joy!
Never let love despair!—the prize is mine!
Be smooth, ye seas! and ye, propitious winds,
Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts!
I long to view the sails unfurled!—But, see!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

Enter PYRRHUS, *and* PHŒNIX.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, prince. My warm
Ungoverned temper would not let me weigh
The importance of your embassy, and hear
You argue for my good.—I was to blame.
I since have poised your reasons; and I thank
My good allies: their care deserves my thanks.
You have convinced me, that the weal of Greece,
My father's honour, and my own repose,
Demand that Hector's race should be destroyed.
I shall deliver up Astyanax;
And you, yourself, shall bear the victim hence.
Orest. If you approve it, sir, and are content
To spill the blood of a defenceless child,
The offended Greeks, no doubt, will be appeased.
Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
I have determined to espouse Hermione.
You come in time to grace our nuptial rites:
In you the kings of Greece will all be present;
And you have right to personate her father,
As his ambassador, and brother's son.
Go, prince, renew your visit; tell Hermione,
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.
Orest. [*Aside.*] Oh, change of fortune! Oh, undone Orestes! [*Exit* ORESTES.
Pyr. Well, Phœnix, am I still a slave to love?
What think'st thou now? Am I myself again?
Phœn. 'Tis as it should be: this discovers Pyrrhus;
Shews all the hero. Now you are yourself,
The son, the rival of the great Achilles!
Greece will applaud you; and the world confess,
Pyrrhus has conquered Troy a second time.
Pyr. Nay, Phœnix, now I but begin to triumph:
I never was a conqueror till now.
Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
May sooner be subdued, than love. Oh, Phœnix,

What ruin have I shunned! The Greeks, enraged,
Hung o'er me like a gathering storm, and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head; while I
Abandoned duty, empire, honour, all,
To please a thankless woman!—One kind look
Had quite undone me!
Phæn. Oh, my royal master!
The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.
Pyr. Thou saw'st with how much scorn she treated me!
When I permitted her to see her son,
I hoped it might have worked her to my wishes.
I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bathed in tears, and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she called
On Hector's name: and when I spoke in comfort,
And promised my protection to her son,
She kissed the boy; and called again on Hector:
Then, strained him in her arms; and cried, ''Tis he!
'Tis he himself! his eyes, his very features!
His very frown, and his stern look already!
'Tis he: 'Tis my loved lord whom I embrace!'
Does she then think, that I preserve the boy,
To sooth, and keep alive her flame for Hector?
Phæn. No doubt, she does; and thinks you favoured in it;
But let her go, for an ungrateful woman!
Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud stubborn heart:
Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
She mocks my rage; and, when it threatens loudest,
Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.
But we shall change our parts; and she shall find
I can be deaf, like her; and steel my heart.
She's Hector's widow; I Achilles' son;
Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.
Phæn. My royal master, talk of her no more;
I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see her;
'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites,
And not rely upon a rival's care;
It may be dangerous.
Pyr. But tell me, Phœnix,
Dost thou not think, the proud Andromache
Will be enraged, when I shall wed the princess?
Phæn. Why does Andromache still haunt your thoughts?
What is't to you, be she enraged or pleased?
Let her name perish: think of her no more.
Pyr. No, Phœnix!—I have been too gentle with her,
I've checked my wrath, and stifled my resentment:
She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return:——I'll brave her to her face:
I'll give my anger its free course against her.
Thou shalt see, Phœnix, how I'll break her pride!
Phæn. Oh, go not, sir!—There's ruin in her eyes!
You do not know your strength: you'll fall before her,
Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.
Pyr. That were indeed a most unmanly weakness;
Thou dost not know me, Phœnix.
Phæn. Ah, my prince!
You are still struggling in the toils of love!
Pyr. Canst thou then think I love this woman still?
One who repays my passion with disdain;
A stranger, captive, friendless, and forlorn;
She and her darling son within my power;
His life a forfeit to the Greeks? Yet I
Preserve her son: would take her to my throne;
Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs;
And all this while she treats me as her foe!
Phæn. You have it in your power to be revenged.
Pyr. Yes;—and I'll shew my power! I'll give her cause
To hate me! her Astyanax shall die!——
What tears will then be shed! How will she then,
In bitterness of heart, reproach my name!
Then, to complete her woes, will I espouse
Hermione:—'Twill stab her to the heart!
Phæn. Alas, you threaten like a lover still!
Pyr. Phœnix, excuse this struggle of my soul:
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.
Phæn. Then hasten, sir, to see the Spartan princess,
And turn the bent of your desires on her.
Pyr. Oh! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accustomed fondness.
But, come!—A long farewell to Hector's widow.
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have passed.
The merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlooked-for coast,
Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,
Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly;
And, while the outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PYLADES *and* ORESTES.

Pyl. For Heaven's sake, sir, compose your ruffled mind,
And moderate your rage!
Orest. No, Pylades!
This is no time for counsel.——I am deaf.
Talk not of reason! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My soul grows desperate.
I'll bear her off, or perish in the attempt.
I'll force her from his arms:—By Heaven I will!
Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend:—We'll force her hence,
But still consider, we are in Epirus.
The court, the guards, Hermione herself,
The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.
Good gods! what tempted you to seek her here!
Orest. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did.
My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman.
Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.
Orest. It must be more than man to bear these shocks,
These outrages of fate, with temper!
He tells me, that he weds Hermione;
And will to-morrow take her from my hand!—
My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart.—
Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir; he's not to blame.
Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,
Perhaps you'd find it tortured, like your own.
Orest. No, Pylades! 'Tis all design—His pride,
To triumph over me, has changed his love.
The fair Hermione, before I came,
In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.
Ah, cruel gods! I thought her all my own!
She was consenting to return to Sparta:
Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,
Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.
She heard my sighs; she pitied my complaints;
She praised my constancy;——The least indifference,
From this proud king, had made Orestes happy.
Pyl. So your fond heart believes.
Orest. Did I not see
Her hate, her rage, her indignation rise
Against the ungrateful man?
Pyl. Believe me, prince,
'Twas then she loved him most. Had Pyrrhus left her,
She would have formed some new pretext to stay.
Take my advice:—Think not to force her hence;
But fly yourself from her destructive charms.
Her soul is linked to Pyrrhus: Were she yours,
She would reproach you still, and still regret
Her disappointed nuptials.——
Orest. Talk no more!
I cannot bear the thought! She must be mine!
Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,
I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
Ere I resign'd Hermione.——By force
I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships;
Have we forgot her mother Helen's rape?
Pyl. Will then Orestes turn a ravisher,
And blot his embassy?
Orest. Oh, Pylades!
My grief weighs heavy on me:—'Twill distract me!
O leave me to myself!—Let not thy friendship
Involve thee in my woes. Too long already,
Too long hast thou been punished for my crimes.
It is enough, my friend!—It is enough!
Let not thy generous love betray thee farther;
The gods have set me as their mark, to empty
Their quivers on me.—Leave me to myself.
Mine be the danger; mine the enterprise.
All I request of thee is, to return,
And, in my place, convey Astyanax
(As Pyrrhus has consented) into Greece.
Go, Pylades——
Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!
Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,
No danger can deter a friend:—Lead on!
Draw up the Greeks; summon your numerous train:
The ships are ready, and the wind sits fair:
There eastward lies the sea; the rolling waves
Break on those palace-stairs. I know each pass,
Each avenue and outlet of the court.
This very night we'll carry her on board.
Orest. Thou art too good! I trespass on thy friendship,
But, oh! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,
Except thyself: one just about to lose
The treasure of his soul: whom all mankind
Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself.
When will my friendship be of use to thee?
Pyl. The question is unkind. But now remember
To keep your counsels close, and hide your thoughts;
Let not Hermione suspect—no more—
I see her coming, sir—
Orest. Away, my friend;
I am advised; my all depends upon it.
[*Exit* PYL.

Enter HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Orest. Madam, your orders are obeyed; I've seen
Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gained him for you.
The king resolves to wed you.
Her. So I am told:
And farther, I'm informed that you, Orestes,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Orest. And are you, madam, willing to comply?
Her. Could I imagine Pyrrhus loved me still!
After so long delays, who would have thought
His hidden flames would shew themselves at last,
And kindle in his breast, when mine expired?
I can suppose, with you, he fears the Greeks;
That it is interest, and not love, directs him;
And that my eyes had greater power o'er you.
Orest. No, princess, no! It is too plain he loves you.
Your eyes do what they will, and cannot fail
To gain a conquest, where you wish they should.
Her. What can I do? Alas! my faith is promised.
Can I refuse what is not mine to give?
A princess is not at her choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind obedience:
And yet, you see, how far I had complied,
And made my duty yield to your intreaties.
Orest. Ah, cruel maid! you knew—but I have done.
All have a right to please themselves in love:
I blame not you. 'Tis true, I hoped—but you
Are mistress of your heart, and I'm content.
'Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.
But, madam, I shall spare you farther pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave.
[*Exit* ORESTES.
Her. Cleone, could'st thou think he'd be so calm?
Cleo. Madam, his silent grief sits heavy on him
He's to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind in Pyrrhus.
Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear!
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear? the Greeks?
Did he not lead their harassed troops to conquest,
When they despaired, when they retired from Troy,
And sought for shelter in their burning fleets?
Did he not then supply his father's place?
No, my Cleone, he's above constraint;
He acts unforced; and where he weds he loves.
Cleo. Oh, that Orestes had remained in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.
Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but Orestes?
Pyrrhus is mine again!—Is mine for ever!
Oh, my Cleone! I am wild with joy!
Pyrrhus, the bold! the brave! the godlike Pyrrhus!
—Oh, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles—Oh, Cleone—
Cleo. Madam, conceal your joy—I see Andromache:
She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.
Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart!
Let us retire: her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Andr. Ah, madam, whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow suppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarmed, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won:
The only man I sought to please, is gone;
Killed in my sight, by an inhuman hand.
Hector first taught me love; which my fond heart
Shall ever cherish, 'till we meet in death.
But, oh! I have a son!—And you, one day,
Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness:
But Heaven forbid that you should ever know
A mother's sorrow for an only son,
Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort,
When every hour she trembles for his life!
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas! what danger is there in a child,
Saved from the wreck of a whole ruined empire?
Let me go hide him in some desert isle:
You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition:
All he can learn of me will be to weep.
Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief:
But it would ill become me to solicit
In contradiction to my father's will:
'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.
Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourself;
If you gain him, I shall comply of course.
[*Exeunt* HER. *and* CLEONE.
Andr. Didst thou not mind with what disdain she spoke?
Youth and prosperity have made her vain;
She has not seen the fickle turns of life.
Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel.
I'd speak my own distress: one look from you
Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the Greeks—
See, where he comes—Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS *and* PHŒNIX.

Pyr. Where is the princess?—Did you not inform me
Hermione was here? [*To* PHŒN.
Phœn. I thought so, sir.
Andr. Thou seest what mighty power my eyes have on him? [*To* CEPH.
Pyr. What says she, Phœnix?
Andr. I have no hope left!
Phœn. Let us be gone:—Hermione expects you.
Ceph. For Heaven's sake, madam, break this sullen silence.
Andr. My child's already promised——
Ceph. But not given.
Andr. No, no! my tears are vain! his doom is fixed!
Pyr. See, if she deigns to cast one look upon us!—
Proud woman!
Andr. I provoke him by my presence.
Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy
The Greeks, and give them up this Phrygian boy.
Andr. Ah, sir! recall those words—What have you said!
If you give up my son, oh, give up me!
You, who so many times have sworn me friendship:
Oh, Heavens!—Will you not look with pity on me?
Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?
Pyr. Phœnix will answer you: my word is past.
Andr. You, who would brave so many dangers for me!
Pyr. I was your lover then: I now am free.
To favour you, I might have spared his life:
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me.
Now, 'tis too late.
Andr. Ah, sir, you understood
My tears, my wishes, which I durst not utter,
Afraid of a repulse. Oh, sir, excuse
The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.
Pyr. No! in your heart you curse me! you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be obliged!
This very son, this darling of your soul,
Would be less dear, did I preserve him for you.
Your anger, your aversion fall on me!
You hate me more than the whole league of Greece:
But I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, Phœnix, and appease the Greeks.
Andr. Then, let me die! and let me go to Hector!
Ceph. But, madam——
Andr. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my distraction, and insults my tears.
[*To* CEPH.
——Behold how low you have reduced a queen!
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes;
My kindred fall in war; my father slain;
My husband dragged in his own blood; my son
Condemned to bondage, and myself a slave:
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself your captive;
And that my son, derived from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneeled, the great Achilles wept:
I hoped I should not find his son less noble;
I thought the brave were still the most compassionate.
Oh, do not, sir, divide me from my child!
If he must die——
Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw a while.
[*Exit* PHOENIX.
Rise, madam—Yet you may preserve your son.
I find whenever I provoke your tears,
I furnish you with arms against myself.
I thought my hatred fixed before I saw you.
Oh, turn your eyes upon me, while I speak,
And see, if you discover in my looks
An angry judge, or an obdurate foe!
Why will you force me to desert your cause?
In your son's name I beg we may be friends;
Let me intreat you to secure his life!
Must I turn suppliant for him! Think, oh think,
'Tis the last time, you both may yet be happy!
I know the ties I break; the foes I arm:
I wrong Hermione; I send her hence;
And with her diadem I bind your brows.
Consider well; for 'tis of moment to you!
Chuse to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
My soul, consumed with a whole year's despair,
Can bear no longer these perplexing doubts;
I know, if I'm deprived of you, I die:
But oh, I die, if I wait longer for you!
I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
We'll to the temple; there you'll find your son;
And there be crowned, or give him up for ever.
[*Exit* PYRRHUS.
Ceph. I told you, madam, that, in spite of Greece,
You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.
Andr. Alas! Cephisa, what have I obtained!
Only a poor short respite for my son.
Ceph. You have enough approved your faith to Hector;
To be reluctant still would be a crime.
He would himself persuade you to comply.
Andr. How——wouldst thou give me Pyrrhus for a husband?
Ceph. Think you, 'twill please the ghost of your dead husband,
That you should sacrifice his son? Consider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne;
Turns all his power against the foes of Troy;
Remembers not Achilles was his father;
Retracts his conquests, and forgets his hatred.
Andr. But how can I forget it! How can I
Forget my Hector, treated with dishonour;
Deprived of funeral rites; and vilely dragged,
A bloody corse, about the walls of Troy?
Can I forget the good old king his father,
Slain in my presence; at the altar slain,
Which vainly, for protection, he embraced?
Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa,
When a whole people fell? Methinks I see
Pyrrhus, enraged, and breathing vengeance, enter
Amidst the glare of burning palaces:
I see him hew his passage through my brothers;
And, bathed in blood, lay all my kindred waste.
Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffered!
This is the courtship I received from Pyrrhus;
And this the husband thou wouldst give me! No,
We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.
Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
Haste to the temple, bid your son farewell.
Why do you tremble, madam?
Andr. O Cephisa!
Thou hast awakened all the mother in me.
How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
The pledge, the image of my much-loved lord!
Alas, I call to mind the fatal day,
When his too-forward courage led him forth
To seek Achilles.
Ceph. Oh, the unhappy hour!
'Twas then Troy fell, and all her gods forsoo her.
Andr. That morn, Cephisa, that ill-fated m o

My husband bid thee bring Astyanax;
He took him in his arms; and, as I wept,
My wife, my dear Andromache, said he,
(Heaving with stifled sighs to see me weep)
What fortune may attend my arms, the gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the boy;
Preserve him as the token of our loves;
If I should fall, let him not miss his sire
While thou surviv'st; but, by thy tender care,
Let the son see that thou didst love his father.
Ceph. And will you throw away a life so precious?
At once extirpate all the Trojan line?
Andr. Inhuman king! What has he done to suffer?
If I neglect your vows, is he to blame?
Has he reproached you with his slaughtered kindred?
Can he resent those ills he does not know?
But, oh! while I deliberate he dies.
No, no, thou must not die, while I can save thee;
Oh! let me find out Pyrrhus—Oh, Cephisa!
Do thou go find him.
Ceph. What must I say to him?
Andr. Tell him I love my son to such excess—
But dost thou think he means the child shal
Can love rejected turn to so much rage?
Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here——R
on something.
Andr. Well then, assure him—
Ceph. Madam, of your love?
Andr. Alas, thou knowest it is not i
power.
Oh, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal hou
Oh, my Astyanax! At what a price
Thy mother buys thee!——Let us go.
Ceph. But whither?
And what does your unsettled heart resolv
Andr. Come, my Cephisa, let us go tog
To the sad monument which I have raised
To Hector's shade; where in their sacred
The ashes of my hero lie inclosed;
The dear remains, which I have saved from
There let me weep, there summon to my a
With pious rites, my Hector's awful shade
Let him be witness to my doubts, my fear
My agonizing heart, my flowing tears:
Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,
And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom
[E

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Andromache *and* Cephisa.

Ceph. Blest be the tomb of Hector, that inspires
These pious thoughts: or is it Hector's self,
That prompts you to preserve your son! 'Tis he
Who still presides o'er ruined Troy; 'tis he
Who urges Pyrrhus to restore Astyanax.
Andr. Pyrrhus has said he will; and thou hast heard him
Just now renew the oft-repeated promise.
Ceph. Already in the transports of his heart,
He gives you up his kingdom, his allies,
And thinks himself o'erpaid for all in you.
Andr. I think I may rely upon his promise:
And yet my heart is over-charged with grief.
Ceph. Why should you grieve? You see he bids defiance
To all the Greeks; and, to protect your son
Against their rage, has placed his guards about him;
Leaving himself defenceless for his sake:
But, madam, think, the coronation pomp
Will soon demand your presence in the temple:
'Tis time you lay aside those mourning weeds.
Andr. I will be there; but first would see my son.
Ceph. Madam, you need not now be anxious for him;
He will be always with you, all your own,
To lavish the whole mother's fondness on him.
What a delight to train beneath your eye,
A son, who grows no longer up in bondage
A son, in whom a race of kings revive!
But, madam, you are sad, and wrapt in th
As if you relished not your happiness.
Andr. Oh, I must see my son once mor
phisa!
Ceph. Madam, he now will be no more
tive;
Your visits may be frequent as you please.
To-morrow you may pass the live-long da
Andr. To-morrow! Oh, Cephisa!—B
more!
Cephisa, I have always found thee faithful
A load of care weighs down my drooping
Ceph. Oh! that 'twere possible for me t
you!
Andr. I soon shall exercise thy lon
faith.—
Meanwhile I do conjure thee, my Cephisa,
Thou take no notice of my present troubl
And when I shall disclose my secret purpo
That thou be punctual to perform my will
Ceph. Madam, I have no will but yours.
life
Is nothing, balanced with my love to you.
Andr. I thank thee, good Cephisa; m
tyanax
Will recompence thy friendship to his mot
But, come; my heart's at ease: assist me
To change this sable habit.—Yonder come
Hermione; I would not meet her rage. [E

Enter Hermione *and* Cleone.

Her. This unexpected silence, this rese

is outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
ter such wrongs and insults, much surprise me!
u, who before could not command your rage,
hen Pyrrhus looked but kindly on his captive;
w can you bear unmoved, that he should wed her,
d seat her on a throne which you should fill?
ear this dreadful stillness in your soul!
were better, madam—

Her. Have you called Orestes?

Cleo. Madam, I have; his love is too impatient
ot to obey with speed the welcome summons.
s love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage:
is ardour's still the same—Madam, he's here.

Enter ORESTES.

Orest. Ah, madam, is it true? Does, then, Orestes
t length attend you by your own commands?
hat can I do——

Her. Orestes, do you love me?

Orest. What means that question, princess? Do I love you?
y oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
y farewell, my return, all speak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I'll believe them all.

Orest. It shall be done—my soul has caught the alarm.
e'll spirit up the Greeks—I'll lead them on—
our cause shall animate our fleets and armies.
et us return! let us not lose a moment,
ut urge the fate of this devoted land!
et us depart.

Her. No, prince, let us stay here!
will have vengeance here—I will not carry
his load of infamy to Greece, nor trust
he chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.
re I depart, I'll make Epirus mourn.
you avenge me, let it be this instant;
y rage brooks no delay—Haste to the temple,
aste, prince, and sacrifice him!

Orest. Whom!

Her. Why, Pyrrhus.

Orest. Pyrrhus! Did you say, Pyrrhus?

Her. You demur!
h, fly, begone! give me no time to think!
alk not of laws—he tramples on all laws—
et me not hear him justified—away!

Orest. You cannot think I'll justify my rival.
adam, your love has made him criminal.
ou shall have vengeance; I'll have vengeance too:
ut let our hatred be profest and open:
et us alarm all Greece, denounce a war;
et us attack him in his strength, and hunt him down
y conquest: should I turn base assassin,
'would sully all the kings I represent.

Her. Have I not been dishonoured! set at nought!
xposed to public scorn!—and will you suffer
he tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live?
Know, prince, I hate him more than once I loved him;
The gods alone can tell how once I loved him!
Yes, the false perjured man, I once did love him;
And spite of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he should live, I may relapse—who knows,
But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs?

Orest. First let me tear him piece-meal—he shall die.
But, madam, give me leisure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death:
Yet I'm a stranger in the court of Pyrrhus;
Scarce have I set my foot within Epirus,
When you enjoin me to destroy the prince.
It shall be done this very night.

Her. But now,
This very hour, he weds Andromache;
The temple shines with pomp; the golden throne
Is now prepared; the joyful rites begin;
My shame is public—Oh, be speedy, prince!
My wrath's impatient—Pyrrhus lives too long!
Intent on love, and heedless of his person,
He covers with his guards the Trojan boy.
Now is the time! assemble all your Greeks;
Mine shall assist them; let their fury loose:
Already they regard him as a foe.
Begone, Orestes—kill the faithless tyrant:
My love shall recompense the glorious deed.

Orest. Consider, madam——

Her. You but mock my rage!
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle sighs,
And not attest your love by one brave action?
Go, with your boasted constancy! and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge!
I blush to think how my too easy faith
Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour!

Orest. Hear me but speak!——you know I'll die to serve you!

Her. I'll go myself: I'll stab him at the altar;
Then drive the poniard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart. In death we shall unite:
Better to die with him, than live with you!

Orest. That were to make him blest, and me more wretched:
Madam, he dies by me:—Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live? My rival, too?
Ere yon meridian sun declines, he dies:
And you shall say, that I deserve your love.

Her. Go, prince: strike home! and leave the rest to me.
Let all your ships be ready for our flight.

[*Exit* ORESTES.

Cleo. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to perish.
I was to blame to trust it with another:
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him:
I should have thrust the dagger home; hav seen

The tyrant curse me with his panting breath,
And roll about his dying eyes, in vain,
To find Andromache, whom I would hide.
Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim!—Haste, Cleone;
Charge him to say, Hermione's resentments,
Not those of Greece, have sentenced him to death.
Haste, my Cleone! My revenge is lost,
If Pyrrhus knows not that he dies by me!

Cleo. I shall obey your orders—But see
The king approach!—Who could expect him here?

Her. O fly! Cleone, fly! and bid Orestes
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

[*Exit* CLEONE.

Enter PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injured princess:
Your distant looks reproach me: and I come,
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice;
Nor form excuses, while his heart condemns him.
I might perhaps allege, our warlike sires,
Unknown to us, engaged us to each other,
And joined our hearts by contract, not by love:
But I detest such cobweb arts; I own
My father's treaty, and allow its force.
I sent ambassadors to call you hither;
Received you as my queen; and hoped my oaths,
So oft renewed, might ripen into love.
The gods can witness, madam, how I fought
Against Andromache's too fatal charms!
And still I wish I had the power to leave
This Trojan beauty, and be just to you.
Discharge your anger on this perjur'd man!
For I abhor my crime, and should be pleased
To hear you speak your wrongs aloud: no terms,
No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere: you scorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.
A hero should be bold; above all laws;
Be bravely false; and laugh at solemn ties.
To be perfidious shews a daring mind!
And you have nobly triumphed o'er a maid.
To court me; to reject me; to return;
Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave:
To lay proud Troy in ashes; then to raise
The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,
Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Madam, go on: give your resentments birth;
And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould please your queen, should I upbraid your falsehood;
Call you perfidious, traitor, all the names
That injured virgins lavish on your sex;
I should o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,
And furnish out a tale to sooth her pride.
But, sir, I would not over-charge her joys:
If you would charm Andromache, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters,
Your great atchievements, in her father's palace.
She needs must love the man, who fought so bravely,
And in her sight slew half her royal kindred.

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds!
I punished Helen's wrongs too far; I shed
Too much of blood: but, madam, Helen's daughter
Should not object those ills the mother caused.
However I am pleased to find you hate me:
I was too forward to accuse myself;
The man, who ne'er was loved, can ne'er be false.
Obedience to a father brought you hither;
And I stood bound by promise to receive you:
But our desires were different ways inclined;
And you, I own, were not obliged to love me.

Her. Have I not loved you, then? perfidious man!
For you I slighted all the Grecian princes;
Forsook my father's house; concealed my wrongs,
When most provoked; would not return to Sparta,
In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart.
I loved you when inconstant: and even now,
Inhuman king, that you pronounce my death,
My heart still doubts, if I should love or hate you:
But oh, since you resolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow!
This is the last request I e'er shall make you—
See if the barbarous prince vouchsafes an answer!
Go, then, to the loved Phrygian! Hence! begone!
And bear to her those vows, that once were mine:
Go, in defiance of the avenging gods!
Begone! the priest expects you at the altar——
But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither.

[*Exit* HER.

Enter PHŒNIX.

Phœ. Sir, did you mind her threats? Your life's in danger!
There is no trifling with a woman's rage.
The Greeks, that swarm about the court, all hate you;
Will treat you as their country's enemy,
And join in her revenge: besides, Orestes
Still loves her to distraction: sir, I beg——

Pyr. How, Phœnix! should I fear a woman's threats?
A nobler passion takes up all my thought:
I must prepare to meet Andromache.
Do thou place all my guards about her son:
If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear.

[*Exit* PYR.

PHŒNIX *alone.*

Oh Pyrrhus! oh, what pity 'tis, the gods,

Vho filled thy soul with every kindly virtue,
ormed thee for empire and consummate greatness,
hould leave thee so exposed to wild desires,
hat hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason!
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
uch was Achilles; generous, fierce, and brave,
pen and undesigning: but impatient,
ndisciplined, and not to be controuled.
fear the whirl of passion, this career,
hat overbears reflection and cool thought;
tremble for the event! But see, the queen,
agnificent in royal pride, appears.
must obey, and guard her son from danger.
[*Exit* PHŒNIX.

Enter ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen!
our sorrows are dispersed, your charms revive,
nd every faded beauty blooms anew.
Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.
Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er your son;
Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds him.
Astyanax begins to reign already.
Andr. Pyrrhus is nobly minded: and I fain
Would live to thank him for Astyanax:
'Tis a vain thought——However, since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.
Ceph. These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me.
What meant those floods of tears, those warm embraces,
As if you bid your son adieu for ever?
For Heaven's sake, madam, let me know your griefs!
If you mistrust my faith——
Andr. That were to wrong thee.
Oh, my Cephisa! this gay, borrowed air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock trappings to conceal my woe:
My heart still mourns; I still am Hector's widow.
Ceph. Will you then break the promise given to Pyrrhus,
Blow up his rage afresh, and blast your hopes?
Andr. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known thy mistress.
Could'st thou believe I would be false to Hector?
Fall off from such a husband! break his rest,
And call him to this hated light again,
To see Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms?
Would Hector, were he living, and I dead,
Forget Andromache, and wed her foe?
Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue;
But, oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it!
Must then Astyanax be doomed to die,
And you to linger out a life of bondage?
Andr. Nor this, nor that, Cephisa, will I bear;
My word is past to Pyrrhus, his to me;
And I rely upon his promised faith.
Unequal as he is, I know him well:
Pyrrhus is violent, but he's sincere,
And will perform beyond what he has sworn.
The Greeks will but incense him more; their rage
Will make him cherish Hector's son.
Ceph. Ah, madam,
Explain these riddles to my boding heart!
Andr. Thou may'st remember, for thou oft hast heard me
Relate the dreadful vision, which I saw,
When first I landed captive in Epirus;
That every night, as in a dream I lay,
A ghastly figure, full of gaping wounds,
His eyes aglare, his hair all stiff with blood,
Full in my sight thrice shook his head, and groaned.
I soon discerned my slaughtered Hector's shade;
But, oh, how changed! Ye gods, how much unlike
The living Hector! Loud he bid me fly!
Fly from Achilles' son! then sternly frowned,
And disappeared. Struck with the dreadful sound,
I started and awaked.
Ceph. But did he bid you
Destroy Astyanax?
Andr. Cephisa, I'll preserve him;
With my own life, Cephisa, I'll preserve him.
Ceph. What may these words, so full of horror, mean?
Andr. Know, then, the secret purpose of my soul:
Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.
This hour I'll meet the king; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows;
This will secure a father to my child:
That done, I have no farther use for life:
This pointed dagger, this determined hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.
Ceph. Ah, madam! recollect your scattered reason;
This fell despair ill suits your present fortunes.
Andr. No other stratagem can serve my purpose:
This is the sole expedient to be just
To Hector, to Astyanax, to Pyrrhus.
I shall soon visit Hector, and the shades
Of my great ancestors: Cephisa, thou
Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress' eyes?
Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind you!
Andr. No, my Cephisa; I must have thee live.
Remember, thou didst promise to obey,
And to be secret: wilt thou now betray me?
After thy long, thy faithful service, wilt thou
Refuse my last commands, my dying wish?
Once more I do conjure thee, live for me.
Ceph. Life is not worth my care when you are gone.
Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands
All that is dear and precious to my soul:
Live, and supply my absence to my child,
All that remains of Troy; a future progeny
Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,
In him, is all entrusted to thy care.

Ceph. But, madam, what will be the rage of Pyrrhus,
Defrauded of his promised happiness?

Andr. That will require thy utmost skill: Observe
The first impetuous onsets of his grief;
Use every artifice to keep him stedfast.
Sometimes with tears thou may'st discourse of me;
Speak of our marriage; let him think I loved him;
Tell him my soul reposed itself on him,
When I resigned my son to his protection.

Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief!
Is there aught more before you go for ever?

Andr. Oh, my Cephisa! my swoln heart is full!
I have a thousand farewells to my son:
But tears break in! Grief interrupts my speech—
—My soul o'erflows in fondness—let him know
I died to save him, and would die again.
Season his mind with early hints of glory;
Make him acquainted with his ancestors;
Trace out their shining story in his thoughts;
Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father,
And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.
Let him reflect upon his royal birth
With modest pride; Pyrrhus will prove a friend:
But let him know he has a conqueror's right.
He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.
Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvised,
He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,
Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas! I fear I never shall outlive you.

Andr. No more: thy tears, Cephisa, will betray me;
Assume a cheerful look, but still remember—
[*Flourish within.*
Hark how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
Proclaims the appointed hour, and calls us hence.
Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee!
Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
Pleased with the sacred fife's enlivening sound,
Through gazing crowds in solemn state proceeds,
And, drest in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

HERMIONE *alone.*

What have I done? Where am I? Where is Pyrrhus?
Ye gods! What mean these horrors? I am undone!
My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it:
Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?
What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?
The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!
Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?
Hard-hearted man! How unconcerned he left me!
Did he once sigh? Bestow one pitying look?
Once shed a tear? Or speak one soft, kind word!
Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,
To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood?—
Why am I still thus anxious for his life?
Why do I start at his impending fate?
Shall he then live? Shall the base traitor live,
To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!
Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders!—
Alas! My orders! Oh, preposterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?
Was it for this my soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my father's court?
Have I then crossed so many realms and seas,
To murder Pyrrhus?

Enter CLEONE.

Her. Oh, Cleone, help me!
What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?
What sayest thou? Answer me: Where is the king?

Cleo. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
Still as he walked, his ravished eyes were fixt
On the fair captive; while through shouting crowds
She passed along with a dejected air,
And seemed to mourn her Hector to the last.

Her. Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief, some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop? Did he not look once back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not——Oh, be quick and tell me all!

Cleo. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded he marched on,
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodged within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

Her. Enough! he dies!—the traitor!——
Where's Orestes?

Cleo. He's in the temple with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute? Is he still determined?

Cleo. Madam, I fear——

Her. How! Is Orestes false?
Does he betray me too?

Cleo. A thousand doubts
Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse:
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly;
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states;
Of all mankind; and fears to stain his honour.

Her. Poor tim'rous wretch! 'tis false! he basely fears
To cope with dangers, and encounter death;
'Tis that he fears:—Am I bright Helen's daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspired;

For her confederate nations fought, and kings were slain,
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.
My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm,
Against a tyrant that has dared to wrong me!
Cleo. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.
Her. No; I'll avenge myself! I'll to the temple!
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest!
I'll hurl destruction, like a whirlwind, round me!
They must not wed! they must not live! they shall not!—
Let me be gone! I have no time to lose!
Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!
Oh, Pyrrhus! Tyrant! Traitor! Thou shalt bleed!

Enter ORESTES.

Orest. Madam, 'tis done; your orders are obeyed:
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.
Her. Is Pyrrhus slain?
Orest. Even now he gasps in death:
Our Greeks, all undistinguished in the crowd,
Flocked to the temple, and dispersed themselves
On every side the altar. I was there;
Pyrrhus observed me with a haughty eye,
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive;
Receive, said he, my crown; receive my faith;
Mine and my people's sovereign reign for ever.
From this blest hour, a father to your son,
I'll scourge his foes; henceforward be he styled
The Trojan king; I swear it at the altar,
And call the gods to ratify my vows.
His subjects, with loud acclamations, shook
The spacious dome. Our Greeks, enraged, cried out,
Revenge! revenge! broke through the thronging press,
And rushed, tumultuous, on the unguarded king;
Their eager fury left no work for me.
Pyrrhus awhile opposed their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows, on ev'ry side,
With manly firmness; till, opprest by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gashed with wounds,
He reeled, he groaned, and at the altar fell.
—Haste, madam; let us fly! Haste to our ships!
They lie unmoored: our friends attend us there.
Her. What have they done!
Orest. Madam, forgive their rage.
I own your vengeance had been more complete,
Had Pyrrhus fallen by me, and had he known
Hermione chastised him by my arm.
Her. Peace, monster! peace! Go tell thy horrid tale
To savages, and howl it in the desert.
Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me wouldst thou make the accomplice of thy crimes?
Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits!
My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed!
Begone! I know thee not! Thou fell barbarian!
What had he done? What could provoke thy madness,
To assassinate so great, so brave a man?
Who set thee on?
Orest. Oh, grant me patience, Heaven!
With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?
Her. What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another,
Were you to obey a jealous woman's frenzy?
You should have dived into my inmost thoughts:
My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice;
And all my anger was excess of love.
Why did you take me at my word! You saw
The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave;
You should have questioned me a thousand times,
Yet still have doubted, and still questioned on,
Before you ventured on a life so precious.
Orest. Hear me but speak: Heaven knows, against my will——
Her. Why did you not return? Why not consult me
A second time? And, undetermined still,
Again return, and still find new delays?
What had your rash officious Greeks, dire bloodhounds!
To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
Are these the fruits of your detested love?
Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,
Drove Pyrrhus to my rival; and destroys
Both him and me. He might have loved me still,
Had you ne'er interposed—Avaunt! Begone!
And leave me in Epirus. I renounce
My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:
But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee! [*Exit.*
Orest. Am I awake? Where am I? Soft, my soul;
Be not too rash.——Was that Hermione?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not this blood shed all by her command?—
I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!
A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.
Henceforward let the laws of nations cease;
And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,
Things sacred and profane, be broken down;
Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
Are not in safety, while Orestes lives!
Oh! never more shall my torn mind be healed,
Nor taste the gentle comfort of repose!
A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
And lay strong siege to my distracted soul!

Enter PYLADES, *attended by Greeks.*

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone: 'tis death to stay.
Andromache reigns queen: she gives the alarm,

And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.
The people arm and muster in the streets:
Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
We must be speedy, sir.
Orest. You may depart,
My friends——Hermione and I remain——
Her cruelty has quite undone me!——Go,
And leave me to myself——I'll find her out.
Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess! she's no more;
Forget her, sir, and save yourself with us.
Orest. Hermione no more!—Oh, all ye powers!
Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
With hands expanded, and dishevelled hair,
Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple;
In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus;
She started at the sight; then, stiff with horror,
Gazed frightful: waking from the dire amaze,
She raised her eyes to heaven with such a look,
As spoke her sorrows, and reproached the gods:
Then plunged a poniard deep within her breast,
And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.
Orest. I thank you, gods—I never could expect
To be so wretched—You have been industrious
To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.
Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.
Orest. True, my friend:
And therefore 'twas I thanked the bounteous gods.
My fate's accomplished—I shall die content.
Oh, bear me hence—blow, winds!——
Pyl. Let us be gone.
Orest. The murdered lovers wait me—Hark, they call!
Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine!
One tomb will hold us all.
Pyl. Alas! I fear
His ravings will return with his misfortunes.
Orest. I am dizzy!—Clouds!—Quite lost in utter darkness.
Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.
I shiver! Oh, I freeze!—So;—Light returns;
'Tis the grey dawn!—See, Pylades!—Behold!
I am encompassed with a sea of blood!——
The crimson billows!—Oh, my brain's on fire!
Pyl. How is it, sir?—Repose yourself on me.
Orest. Pyrrhus, stand off!——Why wouldst thou?—How he glares!
What envious hand has closed thy wounds?—Have at thee.
It is Hermione that strikes——Confusion!
She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.—Oh, save me!
How terrible she looks! She knits her brow!
She frowns me dead! She frights me into madness!
Where am I?——Who are you?
Pyl. Alas, poor prince!
Help to support him.—How he pants for breath!
Orest. This is most kind, my Pylades——Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?
Pyl. All will go well; he settles into reason.
Orest. Who talks of reason? Better to have none,
Than not enough.——Run, some one, tell my Greeks,
I will not have them touch the king. Now—now
I blaze again! See there! Look where they come;
A shoal of furies—How they swarm about me!
My terror! Hide me! Oh, their snakey locks!
Hark, how they hiss! See, see, their flaming brands!
Now they let drive full at me! How they grin,
And shake their iron whips! My ears! What yelling!
And see, Hermione! She sets them on——
Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!
Oh! I am stung to death! Dispatch me soon!
There—take my heart, Hermione! Tear it out!
Disjoint me! kill me!—Oh, my tortured soul!
Pyl. Kind Heaven restore him to his wonted calm!
Oft have I seen him rave, but never thus:
Quite spent! Assist me, friends, to bear him off;
Our time is short: should his strong rage return,
'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence.
Away, my friends! I hear the portal open.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHŒNIX, *attended by Guards.*

Phœn. All, all are fled! Orestes is not here!
Triumphant villains!—The base, giddy rabble,
Whose hands should all have been employed with fire,
To waste the fleet, flocked round the dying princess;
And, while they stand agaze, the Greeks embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain!—this sacrilegious murder
Was authorised.——The ambassador's escape
Declares his guilt.——Most bloody embassy!
Most unexampled deed!—Where, where, ye gods,
Is majesty secure, if in your temples
You give it no protection!—See, the queen.
[*A flourish of trumpets.*

Enter ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will come
When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn yonr impious rage on Pyrrhus;
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league;
The man whose single valour made you triumph?
[*A dead march behind.*
Is my child there?——
Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus.
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.
Andr. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life,
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!

ut off in the fresh ripening prime of manhood,
ven in the pride of life; thy triumphs new,
nd all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
he very Trojans would bewail thy fate.
Ceph. Alas, then, will your sorrows never end!
Andr. Oh, never, never!——While I live, my tears
Vill never cease; for I was born to grieve.——
ive present orders for the funeral pomp:
[*To* PHŒNIX.
et him be robed in all his regal state;
lace round him every shining mark of honour:
nd let the pile, that consecrates his ashes,
ise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
Ceph That sound proclaims the arrival of the prince;
The guards conduct him from the citadel.
Andr. With open arms I'll meet him!—Oh, Cephisa!
A springing joy, mixt with a soft concern,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An extacy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a lowering sky.
Though plunged in ills, and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When prest by dangers, and beset with foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelmed with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ANDROMACHE.

I hope you'll own, that, with becoming art,
I've play'd my game, and topp'd the widow's part.
My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,
But died commodiously on his wedding-day;
While I, his relict, made, at one bold fling,
Myself a princess, and young Sty a king.
You, ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear your servants sigh whole years in vain,
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?
'Twas a strange 'scape! Had Pyrrhus liv'd till now,
I had been finely hamper'd in my vow.
To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms!
'Twere a hard fate——ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one night—to think upon it.
But why, you'll say, was all this grief exprest
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so mnch coldness to my kind protector?
—Ah, ladies! had you known the good man Hector!
Homer will tell you, (or I'm misinform'd,)
That when, enrag'd, the Grecian camp he storm'd,
To break the tenfold barriers of the gate,
He threw a stone of such prodigious weight
As no two men could lift, not even those
Who in that age of thund'ring mortals rose;
It would have strain'd a dozen modern beaux.
At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well-dress'd bride:
In you it still remains to grace the play,
And bless with joy my coronation day;
Take, then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherless and widow to your care!

THE

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

BY

HUGHES.

PROLOGUE.

OFT has the Muse here tried her magic arts,
To raise your fancies, and engage your hearts.
When o'er this little spot she shakes her wand,
Towns, cities, nations, rise at her command,
And armies march obedient to her call,
New states are form'd, and ancient empires fall.
To vary your instruction and delight,
Past ages roll, renew'd, before your sight.
His awful form the Greek and Roman wears,
Wak'd from his slumber of two thousand years:
And man's whole race, restor'd to joy and pain,
Act all their little greatness o'er again.
No common woes to-night we set to view;
Important in the time, the story new.
Our opening scenes shall to your sight disclose
How spiritual dragooning first arose;
Claims drawn from Heaven by a barbarian lord,
And faith first propagated by the sword.
In rocky Araby this post began,
And swiftly o'er the neighbouring country ran:
By faction weaken'd, and disunion broke,
Degenerate provinces admit the yoke;
Nor stopp'd their progress, till, resistless grown,
Th' enthusiasts made Asia's world their own.
Britons, be warn'd; let e'en your pleasures here
Convey some moral to th' attentive ear.
Beware, lest blessings long possest displease;
Nor grow supine with liberty and ease.
Your country's glory be your constant aim,
Her safety all is yours—think your's her fame.
Unite at home—forego intestine jars;
Then scorn the rumours of religious wars;
Speak loud in thunder from your guarded shores,
And tell the continent the sea is your's.
Speak on—and say, by war, you'll peace maintain,
'Till brightest years, reserv'd for George's reign,
Advance, and shine in their appointed round:
Arts then shall flourish, plenteous joys abound,
And, cheer'd by him, each loyal muse shall sing,
The happiest island, and the greatest king.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CHRISTIANS.

EUMENES, *governor of Damascus.*
HERBIS, *his friend, one of the chiefs of the city.*
PHOCYAS, *a noble and valiant Syrian, privately in love with Eudocia.*
ARTAMON, *an officer of the guards.*
SERGIUS, *an Express from the emperor Heraclius.*

WOMEN.

EUDOCIA, *daughter to Eumenes.*
Officers, soldiers, citizens and attendants.

MEN.

SARACENS.

CALED, *general of the Saracen army.*
ABUDAH, *next in command under Caled.*
DARAN, *a wild Arabian, professing Mahometism for the sake of the spoil.*
SERJABIL,
RAPHAN, &c. } *Saracen captains.*

Officers, soldiers and attendants.

SCENE,—*The City of Damascus, in Syria, and the Saracen Camp before it. And, in the last Act, a Valley adjacent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The City.*

Enter EUMENES, *followed by a crowd of people.*

Eum. I'LL hear no more. Begone!
Or stop your clamorous mouths, that still are open
To bawl sedition, and consume our corn.
If you will follow me, send home your women,
And follow to the walls; there earn your safety,
As brave men should. Pity your wives and children!
Yes, I do pity them, Heaven knows I do,
Even more than you; nor will I yield them up,
Though at your own request, a prey to ruffians—.
Herbis, what news?

Enter HERBIS.

Herb. News! we are betrayed, deserted;
The works are but half-manned; the Saracens
Perceive it, and pour on such crowds, they blunt
Our weapons, and have drained our stores of death.
What will you next?
Eum. I have sent a fresh recruit;
The valiant Phocyas leads them on—whose deeds
In early youth assert his noble race;
A more than common ardour seems to warm
His breast, as if he loved and courted danger.
Herb. I fear 'twill be too late.
Eum. [*Aside.*] I fear it too:
And though I braved it to the trembling crowd,
I've caught the infection, and I dread the event.
Would I had treated—but 'tis now too late—
Come, Herbis. [*Exeunt.*

[*A noise is heard without, of officers giving orders.*

1st Offi. Help there! more help! all to the eastern gate!
2d Offi. Look where they cling aloft, like clustered bees!
Here, archers, ply your bows.
1st Offi. Down with the ladders!
What, will you let them mount?
2d Offi. Aloft there! give the signal, you that wait
In St Mark's tower.
1st Offi. Is the town asleep!
Ring out the alarum bell!
[*Bell rings, and the citizens run to and fro in confusion.*
[*A great shout.*

Enter HERBIS.

Herb. So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driven it back.
The gate once more is ours.

Enter EUMENES, PHOCYAS, ARTAMON, *&c.*

Eum. Brave Phocyas, thanks! Mine and the people's thanks.
[*People shout and cry, A Phocyas, &c.*
Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,
Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,
Haste with a trumpet to the Arabian chiefs,
And let them know, that, hostages exchanged,
I'd meet them now upon the eastern plain.
[*Exit* ARTAMON.
Pho. What means Eumenes?
Eum. Phocyas, I would try
By friendly treaty, if on terms of peace
They will yet withdraw their powers.
Pho. On terms of peace!
What terms can you expect from bands of robbers?
What terms from slaves, but slavery? You know
These wretches fight not at the call of honour;
For injured rights, or birth, or jealous greatness,
That sets the princes of the world in arms.
Base-born, and starved amidst their stoney deserts,
Long have they viewed from far, with wishing eyes,
Our fruitful vales, our fig-trees, olives, vines,
Our cedars, palms, and all the verdant wealth
That crowns fair Lebanon's aspiring brows.
Here have the locusts pitched, nor will they leave
These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of plenty,
For barren sands, and native poverty,
Till driven away by force.
Eum. What can we do?
Our people in despair, our soldiers harassed
With daily toil, and constant nightly watch:
Our hopes of succour from the emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet returned,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
The Arabians numerous, cruel, flushed with conquest.
Herb. Besides, you know what frenzy fires their minds
Of their new faith, and drives them on to danger.
Eum. True; they pretend the gates of Paradise
Stand ever open, to receive the souls
Of all that die in fighting for their cause.
Pho. Then would I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.
Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Mean time, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is ours; their force repelled,

And therefore weaker; proud of this success,
Our soldiers too have gained redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders, then, but we repay this outrage,
And sally on their camp?
Eum. No—let us first
Believe the occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing, we the better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. However, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardour in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst;
Then if these hungry bloodhounds of the war
Should still be deaf to peace, at our return
Our widened gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastise their scorn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain before the City. A Prospect of Tents at a distance.*

Enter CALED, ABUDAH, *and* DARAN.

Dar. To treat, my chiefs! what, are we merchants then,
That only come to traffic with those Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No; we were sent to fight the caliph's battles,
Till every iron neck bend to obedience.
Another storm makes this proud city ours;
What need we treat? I am for war and plunder.
Cal. Why, so am I—and but to save the lives
Of mussulmen, not christians, I would not treat.
I hate these christian dogs; and 'tis our task,
As thou observ'st, to fight; our law enjoins it:
Heaven, too, is promised only to the valiant.
Oft has our prophet said, the happy plains
Above lie stretched beneath the blaze of swords.
Abu. Yet, Daran's loth to trust that heaven for pay;
This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him more.
Cal. Check not his zeal, Abudah.
Abu. No; I praise it.
Yet, I could wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?
That we were sent to fight, 'tis true; but wherefore?
For conquest, not destruction. That obtained,
The more we spare, the caliph has more subjects,
And Heaven is better served—But see, they come.

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, *and* ARTAMON.

Cal. Well, christians, we are met, and war awhile,
At your request, has stilled his angry voice,
To hear what you'll propose.
Eum. We come to know,
After so many troops you've lost in vain,
If you'll draw off in peace, and save the rest.
Herb. Or rather to know first—for yet we know not—
Why on your heads you call our pointed arrows,
In our own just defence? What means this visit?
And why see we so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?
Cal. Is that a question now? you had our summons,
When first we marched against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in it's wane. 'Tis true, drawn off awhile,
At Aiznadin we met and fought the powers
Sent by your emperor to raise our siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gained a conquest.
You see we are returned; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.
Herb. But why those swords were drawn,
And what's the cause, inform us.
Eum. Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have received, and by what means
They may be now repaired.
Abu. Then, christians, hear!
And Heaven inspire you to embrace its truth!
Not wrongs to avenge, but to establish right,
Our swords were drawn: For such is heaven's command
Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.
Art. [*Aside.*] So—then, it seems
There is no harm meant; we are only to be beaten
Into a new religion—If that's all,
I find I am already half a convert.
Eum. Now, in the name of Heaven, what faith is this,
That stalks gigantic forth thus armed with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save?
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks its progress out with blood and slaughter?
Herb. Bold, frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes;
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,
To cover fraud, and justify oppression!
Eum. Where are your priests? What doctors of your law
Have you e'er sent to instruct us in its precepts?
To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,
And kindly lead us through the wilds of error
To these new tracts of truth—This would be friendship,
And well might claim our thanks.
Cal. Friendship like this
With scorn had been received: your numerous vices,
Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife,
Have driv'n religion and her angel guards,
Like out-casts, from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, 'midst idol shows,
And pageantry of power. Who does not mark
Your lives! Rebellious to your own great prophet
Who mildly taught you—Therefore Mahomet

Has brought the sword to govern you by force,
Nor will accept obedience so precarious.
Eum. O solemn truths, though from an impious tongue !— [*Aside.*
That we're unworthy of our holy faith,
To Heaven, with grief and conscious shame, we own.
But what are you, that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own? Vile hypocrites!
Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers——
Cal. Christians, no—
Eum. Then say,
Why have you ravaged all our peaceful borders?
Plundered our towns? and by what claim e'en now,
You tread this ground?
Herb. What claim, but that of hunger?
The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their dens,
To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?
Cal. Blasphemer, know, your fields and towns are our's;
Our prophet has bestow'd them on the faithful,
And heaven itself has ratified the grant.
Eum. Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What could your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not even the mules and camels, which he drove,
Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor
Has cantoned out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantic fits of visionary power,
To soothe his pride, and bribe his fellow madmen!
Cal. Was it for this you sent to ask a parley,
To affront our faith, and to traduce our prophet?
Well might we answer you with quick revenge.
Nor such indignities—Yet hear, once more,
Hear this, our last demand; and, this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war. Be christians still,
But swear to live with us in firm alliance,
To yield us aid, and pay us annual tribute.
Eum. No—Should we grant you aid, we must be rebels;
And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.
Yet since, on just and honourable terms,
We ask but for our own—Ten silken vests,
Weighty with pearl and gems, we'll send your caliph:
Two, Caled, shall be thine; two thine, Abudah.
To each inferior captain we decree
A turban spun from our Damascus flax,
White as the snows of heaven; to every soldier
A scimitar. This, and of solid gold
Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.
Cal. This, and much more, even all your shining wealth,
Will soon be ours: look round your Syrian frontiers!
See in how many towns our hoisted flags
Are waving in the wind; Sachna, and Hawran,
Proud Tadmor, Aracah, and stubborn Bosra
Have bowed beneath the yoke—behold our march
O'er half your land, like flame through fields of harvest.
And last view Aiznadin, that vale of blood!
There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks,
That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies.
Then think, and then resolve.
Herb. Presumptuous men!
What though you yet can boast successful guilt,
Is conquest only your's? Or dare you hope
That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,
Like some proud river that has left its banks,
Nor ever know repulse?
Eum. Have you forgot!
Not twice seven years are past since e'en your prophet,
Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,
Was by the tribe of Corish forced to fly,
Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,
From Mecca to Medina.
Abu. No—forgot!
We well remember how Medina screened
That holy head, preserved for better days,
And ripening years of glory!
Dar. Why, my chiefs,
Will you waste time in offering terms despised
To these idolaters?—Words are but air;
Blows would plead better.
Cal. Daran, thou say'st true.
Christians, here end our truce. Behold once more
The sword of heaven is drawn! nor shall be sheathed
But in the bowels of Damascus.
Eum. That,
Or speedy vengeance, and destruction due
To the proud menacers, as Heaven sees fit!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. All's hushed around!—No more the shout of soldiers
And clash of arms tumultuous fill the air.
Methinks this interval of terror seems
Like that, when the loud thunder just has rolled
O'er our affrighted heads, and in the heavens
A momentary silence but prepares
A second and a louder clap to follow.

Enter PHOCYAS.

O no—my hero comes, with better omens,
And every gloomy thought is now no more.
Pho. Where is the treasure of my soul!—Eudocia,
Behold me here impatient, like the miser
That often steals in secret to his gold,
And counts with trembling joy, and jealous transport,
The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.
Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving lover!
How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—But tell me, Phocyas,

Dost thou bring peace?—Thou dost, and I am happy!
Pho. Not yet, Eudocia: 'tis decreed by Heaven
I must do more to merit thy esteem.
Peace, like a frighted dove, has winged her flight
To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;
And through them we must thither force our way,
If we would call the lovely wanderer back
To her forsaken home.
Eud. False flattering hope!
Vanished so soon! alas, my faithful fears
Return, and tell me, we must still be wretched!
Pho. Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smile,
Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,
These barbarous foes to peace and love, shall soon
Be chased, like fiends before the morning light,
And all be calm again.
Eud. Is the truce ended?
Must war, alas! renew its bloody rage,
And Phocyas ever be exposed to danger?
Pho. Think for whose sake danger itself has charms.
Dismiss thy fears; the lucky hour comes on,
Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more
Shall labour with this secret of my passion,
To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.
Just now, by signals from the plain, I've learned
That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;
A sally is resolved; the citizens
And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,
Press all in crowds, and beg I'll lead them on.
Oh, my Eudocia! if I now succeed——
Did I say if——I must, I will; the cause
Is love, 'tis liberty, it is Eudocia!——
What then shall hinder, since our mutual faith
Is pledged, and thou consenting to my bliss,
But I may boldly ask thee of Eumenes,
Nor fear a rival's more prevailing claim?
Eud. May blessings still attend thy arms!—Methinks
I've caught the flame of thy heroic ardour!
And now I see thee crowned with palm and olive;
The soldiers bring thee back with songs of triumph,
And loud applauding shouts; thy rescued country
Resounds thy praise; our emperor Heraclius
Decrees thee honours for a city saved,
And pillars rise, of monumental brass,
Inscribed——To Phocyas the deliverer.
Pho. The honours and rewards, which thou hast named,
Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.
My soul is full of thee!——Thou art my all
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.
'Twas love of thee first sent me forth in arms,
My service is all thine, to thee devoted,
And thou alone canst make e'en conquest pleasing.
Eud. O, do not wrong thy merit, nor restrain it
To narrow bounds; but know, I best am pleased
To share thee with thy country. Oh, my Phocyas!
With conscious blushes oft I've heard thy vows,
And strove to hide, yet more revealed my heart;
But 'tis thy virtue justifies my choice,
And what at first was weakness, now is glory.
Pho. Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all goodness,
If in the transport of unbounded passion,
I still am lost to every thought but thee;
Yet sure to love thee thus is every virtue;
Nor need I more perfection.—Hark! I'm called.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
Eud. Then go—and Heaven with all its angels guard thee!
Pho. Farewell!—for thee once more I draw the sword.
Now to the field to gain the glorious prize;
'Tis victory—the word—Eudocia's eyes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Governor's Palace.*

Enter EUMENES *and* HERBIS.

Herb. STILL I must say, 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong, Eumenes,
And mark the event!
Eum. What could I less? You saw
'Twas vain to oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint———
Herb. His eager valour!
His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business is to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength,
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breathed in some new enterprise?—
You should not have consented.
Eum. You forget.
'Twas not my voice alone; you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from Heaven!)
Rose all at once to follow him, as if
One soul inspired them, and that soul was Phocyas'.
Herb. I had indeed forgot; and ask your pardon.
I took you for Eumenes, and I thought
That in Damascus you had chief command.
Eum. What dost thou mean?
Herb. Nay, who's forgetful now?

You say, the people—Yes, that very people,
That coward tribe that pressed you to surrender!
Well may they spurn at lost authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.
Eum. O I could curse the giddy changeful slaves,
But that the thought of this great hour's event
Possesses all my soul.——If we are beaten!——
Herb. The poison works; 'tis well—I'll give him more. [*Aside.*
True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that?
Shall you, or I?——Are you the governor?
Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise?
Eum. I know thy friendly fears; that thou and I
Must stoop beneath a beardless rising hero;
And in Heraclius' court it shall be said,
Damascus, nay perhaps the empire too,
Owed its deliverance to a boy.——Why, be it,
So that he now return with victory;
'Tis honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I could wish I needed less his service.
Were Eutyches returned——
Herb. [*Aside.*] That, that's my torture.
I sent my son to the emperor's court, in hopes
His merit at this time might raise his fortunes;
But Phocyas—curse upon his forward virtues!—
Is reaping all this field of fame alone,
Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.
Eum. See, Artamon with hasty strides returning.
He comes alone!—O friend, thy fears were just.
What are we now, and what is lost Damascus!

Enter Artamon.

Art. Joy to Eumenes!
Eum. Joy!——is it possible?
Dost thou bring news of victory?
Art. The sun
Is set in blood, and from the western skies
Has seen three thousand slaughter'd Arabs fall.
Herb. Is Phocyas safe?
Art. He is, and crowned with triumph.
Herb. [*Aside.*] My fears indeed were just.
[*Shout,* A Phocyas! A Phocyas!
Eum. What noise is that?
Herb. The people worshipping their new divinity.
Shortly they'll build him temples.
Eum. Tell us, soldier,
Since thou hast shared the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.
Art. At first the foe
Seemed much surprised; but, taking soon the alarm,
Gathered some hasty troops, and marched to meet us.
The captain of these bands looked wild and fierce,
His head unarmed, as if in scorn of danger,
And naked to the waist; as he drew near,
He raised his arm, and shook a ponderous lance;
When all at once, as at a signal given,
We heard the Tecbir, so these Arabs call
Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest.
The battle joined, and through the barbarous host,
Fight, fight, and paradise! was all the cry.
At last our leaders met: and gallant Phocyas—
But what are words to tell the mighty wonders
We saw him then perform?—Their chief unhorsed,
The Saracens soon broke their ranks and fled;
And had not a thick evening fog arose,
(Which sure the devil raised up to save his friends)
The slaughter had been double———But, behold!
The hero comes.

Enter Phocyas, Eumenes *meeting him.*

Eum. Joy to brave Phocyas!
Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.
The welcome news has reached this place before thee.
How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?
Pho. By taking this as earnest of a debt
Which I owe her, and fain would better pay.
Herb. In spite of envy I must praise him too. [*Aside.*
Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 'tis fit
Successful virtue take a time to rest.
Fortune is fickle, and may change; besides,
What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean
By sluices we draw off some little streams?
If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain;
Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine
Against such odds. Suffice what's done already;
And let us now, in hopes of better days,
Keep wary watch, and wait the expected succours.
Pho. What!——to be cooped whole months within our walls?
To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?
The courage of our men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily exercise.
Again the beaten foe may force our gates;
And Victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.
Art. [*Aside.*] It must be so—he hates him, on my soul!
This Herbis is a foul old envious knave.
Methinks Eumenes too might better thank him.
Eum. [*To* Herbis *aside.*] Urge him no more;—
I'll think of thy late warning;
And thou shalt see I'll yet be governor.

A letter brought in.

Pho. [*Looking on it.*] 'Tis to Eumenes.
Eum. Ha! from Eutyches.
[*Reads.*] 'The emperor, awakened with the 'danger
'That threatens his dominions, and the loss
'At Aiznadin, has drained his garrisons
'To raise a second army. In few hours
'We will begin our march. Sergius brings this,

' And will inform you further.'———
Herb. [*Aside.*] Heaven, I thank thee!
'Twas even beyond my hopes.
Eum. But where is Sergius?
Mess. The letter, fastened to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.
Eum. I fear he's taken———
O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my friends!
You all are sharers in this news: the storm
Is blowing o'er, that hung like night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly ruin——Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud through all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from every turret,
To tell our joy, and spread their blaze to heaven.
Prepare for feasts; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier
And citizens shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.
[*Exeunt* HERB. *and* ANT.
Pho. And may succeeding days prove yet more happy!
Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
Through all our streets; our city calls thee father;
And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
A father's transport rise within thy breast,
Whilst in this act thou art the hand of Heaven,
To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?
Eum. The blessings Heaven bestows are freely sent,
And should be freely shared.
Pho. True——Generous minds
Redoubled feel the pleasures they impart.
For me, if I've deserved by arms or counsels,
By hazards gladly sought, and greatly prospered,
Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
With joy I see it in Eumenes' hands,
And wish but to receive my share from thee.
Eum. I cannot, if I would, withhold thy share.
What thou hast done is thine, the fame thy own;
And virtuous actions will reward themselves.
Pho. Fame—What is that, if courted for herself?
Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls, with mimic voice, through woods and labyrinths,
Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
But never fixed: a seeming nymph, yet nothing.
Virtue indeed is a substantial good,
A real beauty; yet with weary steps
Through rugged ways, by long, laborious service,
When we have traced, and wooed, and won the dame,
May we not then expect the dower she brings?
Eum. Well——ask that dowry; say, can Damascus pay it?
Her riches shall be taxed: name but the sum,
Her merchants with some costly gems shall grace thee;
Nor can Heraclius fail to grant thee honours,
Proportioned to thy birth and thy desert.
Pho. And can Eumenes think I would be bribed
By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue?
What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
That can corrupt each villain to betray her?
Why is she saved from the Arabian spoilers,
If to be stripped by her own sons?—Forgive me
If the thought glows upon my cheeks! I know
'Twas mentioned, but to prove how much I scorn it.
As for the emperor, if he owns my conduct,
I shall indulge an honest pride in honours
Which I have strove to merit. Yes, Eumenes,
I have ambition——yet the vast reward,
That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes,
Is in thy gift alone——it is Eudocia.
Eum. Eudocia! Phocyus, I am yet thy friend,
And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt.
Thou must not think of her.
Pho. Not think of her?
Impossible! She's ever present to me,
My life, my soul! She animates my being,
And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.
And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?
Is not my rank——
Eum. Forbear——What need a herald
To tell me who thou art? Yet once again——
Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,
I say, thou must not think of her.
Pho. Yet hear me;
Why wilt thou judge, ere I can plead my cause?
Eum. Why wilt thou plead in vain? hast thou not heard
My choice has destined her to Eutyches?
Pho. And has she consented to that choice!
Eum. Has she consented! What is her consent?
Is she not mine?
Pho. She is——and in that title
Even kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
And think their kingdoms poor! and yet, Eumenes,
Shall she, by being thine, be barred a privilege
Which even the meanest of her sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her?
Eum. Who has told thee so?
I'd force her to be happy.
Pho. Thou canst not.
What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?
The guest, constrained, but murmurs at the banquet;
Nor thanks his host, but starves amidst abundance.
Eum. 'Tis well, young man—Why then, I'll learn from thee
To be a very tame obedient father.
Thou hast already taught my child her duty.
I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches;
Ha! Is't not so!——Come, tell me! I'll forgive thee:
Hast thou not found her a most ready scholar?
I know thou hast. Why, what a dull old wretch
Was I, to think I ever had a daughter!

Pho. I am sorry that Eumenes thinks——
Eum. No——sorry!
Sorry for what? Then thou dost own thou'st wronged me!
That's somewhat yet—Curse on my stupid blindness!
For had I eyes I might have seen it sooner.
Was this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious service?
Pho. It was—with pride I own it—'twas Eudocia;
I have serv'd thee in serving her, thou know'st it,
And thought I might have found a better treatment.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggart,
And tell thee that which thou shouldst tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my words——I have done nothing,
And would disclaim all merit, but my love.
Eum. O no—say on, that thou hast saved Damascus;
Is it not so? Look o'er her battlements,
See if the flying foe have left their camp!
Why are our gates yet closed, if thou hast freed us?
'Tis true, thou'st fought a skirmish.—What of that?
Had Eutyches been present——
Pho. Eutyches!
Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifler?
O let him come! that in yon spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who 'twas that best deserved Eudocia.
Eum. That will be seen ere long—But since I find
Thou arrogantly would'st usurp dominion,
Believ'st thyself the guardian genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword,
Be that first tried—for know, that from this moment
Thou here hast no command—Farewell!—So stay,
Or hence and join the foe—thou hast thy choice.
[*Exit* EUMENES.
Pho. Spurned and degraded!—Proud, ungrateful man!
Am I a bubble then, blown up by thee,
And tossed into the air to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'Tis well——Eudocia,
Oh, I will see thee, thou wronged excellence!
But how to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace—
Impossible! Oh, rather let me walk
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in silence. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Why must we meet by stealth, like guilty lovers!
But 'twill not long be so—What joy 'twill be
To own my hero in his ripened honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me blest!
Sure he'll be here—See the fair rising moon,
Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
Drives back the hovering shade! Come, Phocyas, come!
This gentle season is a friend to love;
And now, methinks, I could with equal passion
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret soul.

Enter PHOCYAS.

He hears me—O my Phocyas!—What—not answer!
Art thou not he; or art some shadow?——Speak.
Pho. I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing—
Eud. What dost thou mean?——for now I know thee, Phocyas.
Pho. And never can be thine!
It will have vent——O barbarous, cursed—but hold—
I had forgot——it was Eudocia's father!——
O, could I too forget how he has used me!
Eud. I fear to ask thee——
Pho. Dost thou fear!—Alas,
Then thou wilt pity me——O generous maid!
Thou hast charmed down the rage that swelled my heart,
And choaked my voice—now I can speak to thee.
And yet 'tis worse than death what I have suffered;
It is the death of honour! Yet that's little;
'Tis more, Eudocia, 'tis the loss of thee!
Eud. Hast thou not conquered? What are all these shouts,
This voice of general joy, heard far around?
What are these fires, that cast their glimmering light
Against the sky? Are not all these thy triumphs?
Pho. O name not triumph! Talk no more of conquest!
It is indeed a night of general joy,
But not to me! Eudocia, I am come
To take a last farewell of thee for ever.
Eud. A last farewell!
Pho. Yes;——How wilt thou hereafter
Look on a wretch despised, reviled, cashiered,
Stript of command, like a base beaten coward?
Thy cruel father——I have told too much;
I should not, but for this, have felt the wounds
I got in fight for him—now, now they bleed.
But I have done——and now thou hast my story;
Is there a creature so accurst as Phocyas?
Eud. And can it be? Is this then thy reward?
O Phocyas! never wouldst thou tell me yet
That thou hadst wounds; now I must feel them too.
For is it not for me that thou hast borne this?
What else could be thy crime?—Wert thou a traitor,
Had'st thou betrayed us, sold us to the foe——

Pho. Would I be yet a traitor, I have leave;
Nay, I am dared to it with mocking scorn.
My crime indeed was asking thee; that only
Has cancelled all, if I had any merit!
The city now is safe, my service slighted,
And I discarded, like an useless thing,
Nay, bid begone——and, if I like that better,
Seek out new friends, and join yon barbarous host.
Eud. Hold—let me think a while— [*Walks aside.*
Though my heart bleed,
I would not have him see these dropping tears—
And wilt thou go, then, Phocyas?
Pho. To my grave;
Where can I bury else this foul disgrace?
Alas! that question shows how poor I am,
How very much a wretch; for if I go,
It is from thee, thou only joy of life!
And death will then be welcome.
Eud. Art thou sure
Thou hast been used thus? Art thou quite undone?
Pho. Yes, very sure—What dost thou mean?
Eud. That then, it is a time for me—O, Heaven! that I
Alone am grateful to this wondrous man!—
To own thee, Phocyas, thus—[*Giving her hand.*] nay, glory in thee,
And show, without a blush, how much I love.
We must not part——
Pho. Then I am rich again! [*Embracing her.*
O, no—we will not part! Confirm it, Heaven!
Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit,
With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs,
'Till I have wearied out thy father's scorn.
Yet I have worse to tell thee—Eutyches——
Eud. Why wilt thou name him?
Pho. Now, even now, he's coming!
Just hovering o'er thee, like a bird of prey.
Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all——
'Twas this that wrung my heart, and racked my brain,
Even to distraction!—vows thee to his bed:
Nay, threatened force, if thou refuse obedience.
Eud. Force! threatened force! my father—— where is nature?
Is that, too, banished from his heart! O then
I have no father—How have I deserv'd this?— [*Weeping.*
No home, but am henceforth an out-cast orphan;
For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,
Ere give my hand to that detested contract.
O save me, Phocyas! thou hast saved my father;
Must I yet call him so, this cruel father——
How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia?
Pho. See, how we're joined in exile! How our fate
Conspires to warn us both to leave this city!
Thou knowest the emperor is now at Antioch;
I have an uncle there, who, when the Persian,
As now the Saracen, had nigh o'er-run
The ravaged empire, did him signal service,
And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia,
Thou might'st be safe, and we may meet with justice.
Eud. There—any where, so we may fly this place.
See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have wrought
In a weak woman's frame! for I have courage
To share thy exile now through every danger.
Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt,
With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.
Pho. Then let us lose no time, but hence this night.
The gates I can command, and will provide
The means of our escape. Some five hours hence,
('Twill then be turned of midnight) we may meet
In the piazza of Honoria's convent.
Eud. I know it well; the place is most secure,
And near adjoining to this garden wall.
There thou shalt find me—O protect us, Heaven!
Pho. Fear not;—thy innocence will be our guard.
I've thought already how to shape our course;
Some pitying angel will attend thy steps,
Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,
Till thou art safe! O, I have suffered nothing!
Thus gaining thee, and this great generous proof,
How blest I am in my Eudocia's love!
My only joy, farewell!
Eud. Farewell, my Phocyas!
I have no friend but thee—yet thee I'll call
Friend, father, lover, guardian!—Thou art all! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Caled's Tent.*

Enter CALED *and Attendants.* SERGIUS *brought in bound with cords.*

Cal. MERCY! What's that?—Look yonder, on the field
Of our late fight! Go, talk of mercy there.
Will the dead hear thy voice?
Serg. O spare me yet!
Cal. Thou wretch!—Spare thee! to what? To live in torture?
Are not thy limbs all bruised, thy bones disjointed,
To force thee to confess? and wouldst thou drag,
Like a crushed serpent, a vile mangled being?
My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!
Serg. Oh! I have told thee all——When first pursued,

I fixed my letters on an arrow's point,
And shot them o'er the walls——.
Cal. Has thou told all?
Well, then, thou shalt have mercy to requite thee:
Behold, I'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head; then cast it o'er the gates;
There let thy tongue tell o'er its tale again.
Serg. O, bloody Saracens!
[*Exit* Serg. *dragged away by the Guards.*

Enter Abudah.

Cal. Abudah, welcome!
Abu. O Caled, what an evening was the last!
Cal. Name it no more; remembrance sickens with it,
And therefore sleep is banished from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eyes
Upon our shame, ere doubly we've redeemed it.
Have all the captains notice?
Abu. I have walked
The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of prayer,
From tent to tent, and warned them to be ready.
What must be done?
Cal. Thou know'st the important news,
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolved in riot,
Fooled with success, and not suspecting danger,
Neglectful of their watch, or else fast bound
In chains of sleep, companion of debauches,
To form a new attack ere break of day;
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covers on these drowsy hunters,
And seize them, unprepar'd to 'scape our vengeance.
Abu. Great captain of the armies of the faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquered spirit;
Yet hear me, Caled, hear and weigh my doubts.
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood. Why else did terror,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
The archers of the tribe of Thoal fled,
So long renowned, or spent their shafts in vain;
The feathered flight erred through the boundless air,
Or the death turned on him that drew the bow!
What can this bode?—Let me speak plainer yet;
Is it to propagate the unspotted law
We fight? 'Tis well; it is a noble cause;
But much, I fear, infection is among us;
A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
We learn the Christian vices we chastise,
And, tempted with the pleasures of the spoil,
More than with distant hopes of paradise,
I fear, may soon—but oh, avert it, Heaven!
Fall even a prey to our own spoils and conquests.
Cal. No—thou mistak'st; thy pious zeal deceives thee.
Our prophet only chides our sluggard valour.
Thou saw'st how, in the vale of Honan, once
The troops, as now, defeated, fled confused,
Even to the gates of Mecca's holy city;
Till Mahomet himself there stopped their entrance,
A javelin in his hand, and turned them back
Upon the foe; they fought again, and conquered.
Behold how we may best appease his wrath!
His own example points us out the way.
Abu. Well—be it then resolved. The indulgent hour
Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.
And yet, since Phocyas has appeared its champion,
How has this city raised its drooping head!
As if some charm prevailed where'er he fought,
Our strength seems withered, and our feeble weapons
Forget their wonted triumph. Were he absent—
Cal. I would have sought him out in the last action
To single fight, and put that charm to proof,
Had not a foul and sudden mist arose
Ere I arrived, to have restored the combat.
But let it be—'tis past. We yet may meet,
And 'twill be known whose arm is then the stronger.

Enter Daran.

Dar. Health to the race of Ismael! and days
More prosperous than the last—a Christian captive
Is fallen within my watch, and waits his doom.
Cal. Bring forth the slave! O thou keen vulture, Death!
Do we then feed thee only thus by morsels!
Whole armies never can suffice thy hunger.

Daran *goes out, and re-enters with* Phocyas.

Whence, and what art thou?—Of Damascus?—Daran,
Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen thing,
That seems to lour defiance on our anger?
Dar. Marching in circuit, with the horse thou gav'st me,
To observe the city gates, I saw from far
Two persons issue forth; the one advanced,
And, ere he could retreat, my horsemen seized him;
The other was a woman, and had fled,
Upon a signal given at our approach,
And got within the gates. Wouldst thou know more,
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.
Cal. Have I not seen thy face?
Abu. [*To* Caled.] He hears thee not:
His eyes are fixed on earth; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.
Cal. A lion in the toils! We soon shall tame him.
Still art thou dumb?—Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy looks so oft around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds—thou canst not 'sacpe.
Pho. Then be it so—the worst is past already
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet——think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.

Cal. Ha! Phocyas!
Abu. Phocyas!—Mahomet, we thank thee!
Now dost thou smile again.
Dar. [*Aside.*] O devil, devil!
And I not know him!—'twas but yesterday
He killed my horse, and drove me from the field.
Now I'm revenged! No; hold you there, not yet,
Not while he lives.
Cal. [*Aside.*] This is indeed a prize!—
Is it because thou know'st what slaughter'd heaps
There, yet unburied, lie without the camp,
Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the Zorat,
Called, from the bridge of death, to thee to follow,
That now thou'rt here to answer to their cry?
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome——
Pho. Yes,
Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab!—Well I know
What to expect from thee: I know ye all.
How should the author of distress and ruin
Be moved to pity? That's a human passion.
No—in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
I read my doom. Where are your racks, your tortures?
I'm ready——lead me to them; I can bear
The worst of ills from you. You're not my friends,
My countrymen.—Yet, were you men, I could
Unfold a story—But no more—Eumenes,
Thou hast thy wish, and I am now—a worm!
Abu. [*To* CAL. *aside.*] Leader of armies, hear him! for my mind
Presages good accruing to our cause
By this event.
Cal. I tell thee, then, thou wrong'st us,
To think our hearts thus steeled, or our ears deaf
To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose
The secret woes that throb within thy breast.
Now, by the silent hours of night, we'll hear thee,
And mute attention shall await thy words.
Pho. This is not, then, the palace in Damascus!
If you will hear, then I, indeed, have wronged you.
How can this be?—when he, for whom I've fought,
Fought against you, has yet refused to hear me!
You seem surprised.—It was ingratitude
That drove me out an exile from those walls,
Which I so late defended.
Abu. Can it be?
Are these thy Christian friends?
Cal. 'Tis well—we thank them:
They help us to subdue themselves—But who
Was the companion of thy flight?—A woman?
So Daran said—
Pho. 'Tis there I am most wretched———
Oh! I am torn from all my soul held dear,
And my life's blood flows out upon the wound!
That woman—'twas for her—How shall I speak it?
Eudocia, Oh farewell!—I'll tell you, then,
As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let me.
I loved the daughter of the proud Eumenes,
And long in secret wooed her; not unwelcome
To her my visits; but I feared her father,
Who oft had pressed her to detested nuptials,
And therefore durst not, till this night of joy,
Avow to him my courtship. Now, I thought her
Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows,
And service yielded at his greatest need:
When, as I moved my suit, with sour disdain,
He mocked my service, and forbade my love;
Degraded me from the command I bore,
And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
How has his curse prevailed!—The generous maid
Was won, by my distress, to leave the city;
And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.
Abu. [*Aside.*] My soul is moved—Thou wert a man, O prophet!
Forgive, if 'tis a crime, a human sorrow,
For injured worth, though in an enemy!
Pho. Now—since you've heard my story, set me free,
That I may save her yet, dearer than life,
From a tyrannic father's threatened force;
Gold, gems, and purple vests, shall pay my ransom;
Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
In fight, nor break its truce with you for ever.
Cal. No—there's one way, a better, and but one,
To save thyself, and make some reparation
For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.
Pho. O, name it quickly, and my soul will bless thee!
Cal. Embrace our faith, and share with us our fortunes.
Pho. Then I am lost again!
Cal. What! when we offer
Not freedom only, but to raise thee high
To greatness, conquest, glory, heavenly bliss!
Pho. To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
Here and hereafter! Make my name a curse
To present times, to every future age,
A proverb and a scorn!—take back thy mercy,
And know I now disdain it.
Cal. As thou wilt.
The time's too precious to be wasted longer
In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom—farewell.
Abu. [*To* CAL. *aside.*] Hear me, Caled! grant him some short space;
Perhaps he will at length accept thy bounty.
Try him, at least——
Cal. Well—be it so, then. Daran,
Guard well thy charge—Thou hast an hour to live;
If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.
[*Exeunt* CAL. *and* ABU.
Pho. [DAR. *waiting at a distance.*] Farewell, and think of death! Was it not so?
Do murderers then preach morality?——
But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or else may not tell?——

What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
The way to thee we know; disease, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates,
That day and night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them?—Who will draw that veil?
Yet death's not there—No; 'tis a point of time,
The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
It mocks our thoughts! On this side all is life;
And when we've reached it, in that very instant
'Tis past the thinking of! Oh! if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggles,
When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.
Dar. [*Aside.*] Suppose I now
Dispatch him!—Right—What need to stay for orders?
I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare I'll do.
Your jewels, Christian—You'll not need these trifles— [*Searching him.*
Pho. I pray thee, slave, stand off—My soul's too busy
To lose a thought on thee.

Enter Abudah.

Abu. What's this?——Forbear!
Who gave thee leave to use this violence?
[*Takes the jewels from him, and lays them on a table.*
Dar. [*Aside.*] Denied my booty? Curses on his head!
Was not the founder of our law a robber?
Why 'twas for that I left my country's gods,
Menaph and Uzza. Better still be pagan,
Than starve with a new faith.
Abu. What, dost thou mutter?
Daran, withdraw, and better learn thy duty. [*Exit* Dar.
Phocyas, perhaps thou know'st me not——
Pho. I know
Thy name Abudah, and thy office here,
The second in command. What more thou art,
Indeed I cannot tell.
Abu. True, for thou yet
Know'st not I am thy friend.
Pho. Is't possible?——
Thou speak'st me fair.
Abu. What dost thou think of life?
Pho. I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
On hard conditions, life were but a load,
And I will lay it down.
Abu. Art thou resolved?
Pho. I am, unless thou bring'st me better terms
Than those I have rejected.
Abu. Think again.
Caled, by me, once more renews that offer.
Pho. Thou say'st thou art my friend; why dost thou try
To shake the settled temper of my breast?
My soul hath just discharged her cumberous train
Of hopes and fears, prepared to take her voyage
To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
And now thou call'st me back, to beat again
The painful road of life—Tempt me no more
To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.
Abu. The general knows thee brave, and 'tis for that
He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.
Pho. He knows me brave!——Why does he then thus treat me?
No; he believes I am so poor of soul,
That barely for the privilege to live,
I would be bought his slave. But go tell him,
The little space of life his scorn bequeathed me,
Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit.
Abu. Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery,
When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings?
When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
To loose thy bands? The light divine, whose beams
Pierced through the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,
And there illumined the great Mahomet,
Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee.
Arise, salute with joy the guest from Heaven,
Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.
Pho. But whither must I follow? answer that.
Is she a guest from Heaven? What marks divine,
What signs, what wonders, vouch her boasted mission?
Abu. What wonders—turn thy eye to Mecca! mark
How far from Caaba first, that hallowed temple,
Her glory dawned! then look how swift its course,
As when the sunbeams, shooting through a cloud,
Drive o'er the meadows' face the flying shades!
Have not the nations bent before our swords,
Like ripened corn before the reaper's steel?
Why is all this? Why does success still wait
Upon our laws, if not to shew that Heaven
First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest?
Pho. Dost thou ask why this is? O why, indeed!
Where is the man can read Heaven's secret counsels?
Why did I conquer in another cause,
Yet now am here?
Abu. I'll tell thee—thy good angel
Has seized thy hand unseen, and snatched thee out
From swift destruction; know, ere day shall dawn,
Damascus will in blood lament its fall!
We've heard what army is designed to march
Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
Is just preparing for a fresh assault.
Now, too, thou might'st revenge thy wrongs—so Caled
Charged me to say, and more—that he invites thee,
Thou know'st the terms——to share with him the conquest.
Pho. Conquest?——Revenge—Hold, let me think—O horror!
Revenge!——O what revenge? Bleed on, my wounds,
For thus to be revenged, were it not worse

Than all that I can suffer?——But Eudocia——
Where will she then—Shield her, ye pitying powers,
And let me die in peace!
Abu. Hear me once more,
'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!
Caled has sworn Eudocia shall be safe.
Pho. Ha! safe—but how! a wretched captive too!
Abu. He swears she shall be free, she shall be thine.
Pho. Then I am lost indeed—O cruel bounty!
How can I be at once both curst and happy!
Abu. The time draws near, and I must quickly leave thee;
But first reflect, that in this fatal night
Slaughter and rapine may be loosed abroad,
And while they roam with unextinguished rage,
Should she thou lov'st—well may'st thou start—be made,
Perhaps unknown, some barbarous soldier's prey;
Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust—
Or brutal fury!
Pho. O——this pulls my heart-strings! [*Falls.*
Earth open——save me, save me from that thought!
There's ruin in it, 'twill, it will undo me!
Abu. Nay, do not plunge thyself in black despair;
Look up, poor wretch, thou art not shipwrecked yet;
Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?
Yet hear me, and be blest.
Pho. [*Rising.*] Ha! Who, what art thou?
[*Raving.*
My friend? that's well; but hold——are all friends honest?
What's to be done? Hush, hark! what noise is that?
Abu. There is no voice; 'tis yet the dead of night;
The guards, without, keep silent watch around us.
Pho. Again—it calls—'tis she—O lead me to her—
Abu. Thy passion mocks thee with imagined sounds.
Pho. Sure 'twas Eudocia's voice cried out, 'Forbear!'
What shall I do?—Oh Heaven!
Abu. Heaven shews thee what.
Nay, now it is too late; see, Caled comes
With anger on his brow. Quickly withdraw
To the next tent, and there——
Pho. [*Rising.*] What do I see?
Damascus! conquest! ruin! rapes and murder!
Villains! Is there no more—O save her, save her! [*Exeunt* PHO. *and* ABU.

Enter CALED *and* DARAN.

Dar. Behold, on thy approach, they shift their ground.
Cal. 'Tis as thou say'st, he trifles with my mercy.
Dar. Speak, shall I fetch his head?
Cal. No, stay you here,
I cannot spare thee yet. Raphan, go thou.
[*To an Officer.*
But hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.
Go, tell him he shall live, 'till he has seen
Damascus sink in flames, 'till he behold
That slave, that woman-idol he adores,
Or given a prize to some brave mussulman,
Or slain before his face; then if he sue
For death as for a boon—perhaps we'll grant it.
[*Exit* RAPHAN.
Dar. The captains wait thy orders.
Cal. Are the troops
Ready to march?
Dar. They are.
[*The Captains pass by as they are named.*
Cal. Where's Abu-Taleb?
Alcorash?—O your valiant tribes, I thank them,
Fled from their standard! Will they now redeem it?
Omar and Serjabil? 'tis well, I see them.
You know your duty. You, Abdorraman,
Must charge with Raphan. Mourn, thou haughty city!
The bow is bent, nor canst thou 'scape thy doom.
Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse him!
Dar. But who commands the trusty bands of Mecca?
Thou know'st their leader fell in the last fight.
Cal. 'Tis true; thou, Daran, well deserv'st that charge;
I've marked what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these Christian dogs.
Dar. Thou dost me right.
Cal. And therefore I'll reward it.
Be that command now thine. And here—this sabre,
Blessed in the field by Mahomet himself,
At Chaibar's prosperous fight, shall aid thy arm.
Dar. Thanks, my good chief; with this I'll better thank thee. [*Taking the scimitar.*
Cal. Myself will lead the troops of the black standard,
And at the eastern gate begin the storm.
Dar. But why do we not move? 'twill soon be day;
Methinks I am cold, and would grow warm with action.
Cal. Then haste and call Abudah—O thou art welcome.

Enter ABUDAH.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stubborn captive?
Abu. Indeed he's brave. I left him for a moment
In the next tent. He's scarcely yet himself.
Cal. But he is ours?
Abu. The threats of death are nothing;
Though thy last message shook his soul, as winds
On the bleak hills bend down some lofty pine;
Yet still he holds his root, 'till I found means,
Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at least
To gain sufficient to our end.

Cal. Say how?
Abu. Oft he inclined, oft started back; at last,
When just consenting, for a while he paused,
Stood fixed in thought, and lift his eyes to Heaven;
Then, as with fresh recovered force, cried out,
'Renounce my faith! Never'—I answered, No,
That now he should not do it.
Cal. How!
Abu. Yet hear!
For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
That must be left to his more temperate thoughts.
Meantime I urged, conjured, at last constrained him,
By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
Of Providence, that called him now to save,
With her he loved, perhaps the lives of thousands,
No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.
Cal. What, no more?
Then he's a Christian still!
Abu. Have patience yet:
For if by him we can surprise the city——
Cal. Say'st thou?
Abu. Hear what's agreed; but on the terms
That every unresisting life be spared.
I shall command some chosen faithful bands,
Phocyas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escaped, nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.
Cal. This is something.
And yet I do not like this half-ally—
Is he not still a Christian?——But no matter—
Meantime I will attack the eastern gate;
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.
Hear, all!——Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know, the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that we all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There, in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
Extatic bliss shall your whole powers employ,
And every sense be lost in every joy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A great Square in the city before the Governor's palace.*

Enter Abudah, *Saracen captains, and soldiers; with* Eumenes, Herbis, *and other Christians, unarmed.*

Eum. It must be so——farewell, devoted walls!
To be surprised thus!——Hell, and all ye fiends,
How did ye watch this minute for destruction!
Herb. We've been betrayed by riot and debauch;
Curse on the traitor guard!
Eum. The guard above,
Did that sleep too?
Abu. Christians, complain no more;
What you have asked is granted. Are ye men,
And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal justice!——Know, the doom from Heaven
Falls on your towers, resistless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had followed,
Had ye opposed our numbers. Now you're safe;
Quarter and liberty are given to all;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter Artamon, *hastily.*

Art. All's lost!——Ha!——Who are these?
Eum. All's lost, indeed.
Yield up thy sword, if thou wouldst share our safety.
Thou com'st too late to bring us news.
Art. Oh!———no,
The news I bring is from the eastern guard.
Caled has forced the gate, and——but he's here.
[*A cry without.*] Fly, fly; they follow———
Quarter, mercy, quarter!
[*Several persons, as pursued, run over the stage.*
Caled. [*Without.*] No quarter! Kill, I say.
Are they not Christians?
More blood! our prophet asks it.

He enters with Daran, *&c.*

What, Abudah!
Well met!——but wherefore are the looks of peace?
Why sleeps thy sword?
Abu. Caled, our task is over.
Behold the chiefs; they have resigned the palace.
Cal. And sworn to obey our law?
Abu. No.
Cal. Then fall on.
Abu. Hold yet, and hear me—Heaven, by me, has spared
The sword its cruel task. On easy terms
We've gained a bloodless conquest.
Cal. I renounce it.
Curse on those terms! The city's mine by storm.
Fall on, I say——
Abu. Nay then, I swear ye shall not.
Cal. Ha!——Who am I?
Abu. The general—and I know
What reverence is your due.
[Caled *gives signs for his men to fall on.*
——————Nay, he who stirs,

First makes his way through me. My honour's pledged;
Rob me of that who dares. [*They stop.*] I know thee, Caled,
Chief in command; bold, valiant, wise, and faithful;
But yet, remember, I'm a mussulman;
Nay more, thou know'st, companion of the prophet,
And what we vow is sacred.
Cal. Thou art a Christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betrayed the faith.
Curse on thy new allies!
Abu. No more—this strife
But ill beseems the servants of the caliph,
And casts reproach——Christians, withdraw a while;
I pledge my life to answer the conditions———
[*Exeunt* EUMENES, HERBIS, *&c.*
Why, Caled, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law?
Thou call'st me Christian—What! Is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I'm a Christian?
Come, 'tis not well; and if———
Cal. What terms are yielded?
Abu. Leave to depart, to all that will; an oath
First given, no more to aid the war against us;
An unmolested march; each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burden;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor;
Beside some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.
Cal. Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equipped an army!
Abu. Canst thou doubt
The greatest part by far will choose to stay,
Receive our law, or pay the accustomed tribute?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands
Of scattered fugitives?——Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdued.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces even court subjection.
Cal. Well—be it on thy head, if worse befall!
This once I yield——But see it thus proclaimed
Through all Damascus, that who will depart
Must leave the place this instant———Pass, move on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The outside of a Nunnery.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Darkness is fled; and yet the morning light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly gloom.
Within, without, all, all are foes—Oh, Phocyas,
Thou art perhaps at rest! would I were too!
[*After a pause.*
This place has holy charms; rapine and murder
Dare not approach it, but are awed to distance.
I've heard that even these infidels have spared
Walls sacred to devotion——World, farewell!
Here will I hide me, till the friendly grave
Opens its arms and shelters me for ever! [*Exit.*

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Did not I hear the murmurs of a voice,
This way?——a woman's too?——and seemed complaining?
Hark!—No—O torture! Whither shall I turn me?
I've searched the palace rooms in vain; and now,
I know not why, some instinct brought me hither;
'Twas here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!
Might I once more—— [*Going out, he meets her.*
Eud. Who calls the lost Eudocia?
Sure 'tis a friendly voice.
Pho. 'Tis she——O rapture!
Eud. Is't possible—My Phocyas!
Pho. My Eudocia!
Do I yet call thee mine?
Eud. Do I yet see thee;
Yet hear thee speak?—O how hast thou escaped
From barbarous swords, and men that know not mercy?
Pho. I've borne a thousand deaths since our last parting.
But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now,
Methinks, I'm raised to life immortal,
And feel I'm blest beyond the power of change.
Eud. O, yet beware—lest some event unknown
Again should part us.
Pho. [*Aside.*] Heaven avert the omen!—
None can, my fair, none shall.
Eud. Alas! thy transports
Make thee forget; is not the city taken?
Pho. It is.
Eud. And are we not beset with foes?
Pho. There are no foes—or none to thee——no danger.
Eud. No foes?
Pho. I know not how to tell thee yet;—
But think, Eudocia, that my matchless love,
And wond'rous causes pre-ordained conspiring,
For thee have triumphed o'er the fiercest foes,
And turned them friends.
Eud. Amazement! Friends!——
O all ye guardian powers!—Say on—O lead me,
Lead me through this dark maze of Providence,
Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps,
With silent awe, and worship as I pass.
Pho. Enquire no more—thou shalt know all hereafter———
Let me conduct thee hence—
Eud. O, whither next?
To what far distant home?——But 'tis enough,
That, favoured thus of Heaven, thou art my guide.
And, as we journey on the painful way,
Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
And open all the wonders of the story?
Pho. Indulge no more thy melancholy thoughts!
Damascus is thy home.
Eud. And yet thou say'st
It is no longer ours!——Where is my father?

Pho. To shew thee, too, how Fate seems every way
To guard thy safety, e'en thy father now,
Wert thou within his power, would stand defeated
Of his tyrannic vow. Thou know'st last night,
What hope of aid flattered this foolish city.
At break of day, the Arabian scouts had seized
A second courier; and, from him, 'tis learned,
That on their march the army mutinied,
And Eutyches was slain.
Eud. And yet, that now
Is of the least importance to my peace.
But answer me; say, where is now my father?
Pho. Or gone, or just preparing to depart.
Eud. What! Is our doom reversed? And is he then
The wretched fugitive?
Pho. Thou heavenly maid!
To free thee, then, from every anxious thought,
Know, I've once more, wronged as I am, ev'n saved
Thy father's threatened life; nay, saved Damascus
From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
Terms are obtained, and general freedom granted
To all that will, to leave in peace the city.
Eud. Is't possible!—now trust me I could chide thee:
'Tis much unkind to hold me thus in doubt:
I pray thee clear these wonders.
Pho. 'Twill surprise thee,
When thou shalt know——
Eud. What?
Pho. To what deadly gulphs
Of horror and despair, what cruel straits
Of agonizing thought I have been driven.
This night, ere my perplexed, bewildered soul,
Could find its way—thou saidst that thou wouldst chide;
I fear thou wilt; indeed, I have done that
I could have wished to avoid——but for a cause
So lovely, so beloved——
Eud. What dost thou mean?
I'll not indulge a thought, that thou couldst do
One act unworthy of thyself; thy honour,
And that firm zeal against these foes of Heaven,
Which won my heart, at first, to share in all
Thy dangers and thy fame, and wish thee mine.
Thou couldst not save thy life by means inglorious.
Pho. Alas! thou know'st me not—I'm man, frail man,
To error born; and who, that's man, is perfect?
To save my life? O no, well was it risked
For thee! had it been lost, 'twere not too much,
And thou wert safe;—O, what wouldst thou have said,
If I had risked my soul to save Eudocia?
Eud. Ha! speak—Oh, no, be dumb—it cannot be!
And yet thy looks are changed, thy lips grow pale.
Why dost thou shake?——Alas! I tremble too!
Thou couldst not, hast not, sworn to Mahomet?
Pho. No—I should first have died—nay, given up thee.
Eud. O Phocyas! was it well to try me thus!
And yet another deadly fear succeeds.——
How came these wretches hither? Who revived
Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph?
For while thou fought'st, and fought'st the Christian cause,
These battered walls were rocks impregnable,
Their towers of adamant. But, oh! I fear
Some act of thine——
Pho. Oh, I must tell thee all;
But prithee do not frown on me, Eudocia!
I found the wakeful foe, in midnight council,
Resolved, ere day, to make a fresh attack,
Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter—
Could my racked soul bear that, and think of thee!
Nay, think of thee exposed, a helpless prey,
To some fierce ruffian's violating arms!
O, had the world been mine, in that extreme
I should have given whole provinces away,
Nay, all—and thought it little for thy ransom!
Eud. For this, then—Oh—thou hast betrayed the city!
Distrustful of the righteous powers above,
That still protect the chaste and innocent:
And to avert a feigned, uncertain danger,
Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country!
Pho. No, thou forget'st the friendly terms—the sword,
Which threatened to have filled the streets with blood,
I sheathed in peace; thy father, thou, and all
The citizens, are safe, uncaptived, free.
Eud. Safe! free! O no——life, freedom, every good,
Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means.
Yet sure it cannot be! Are these the terms
On which we meet?—No; we can never meet
On terms like these; the hand of death itself
Could not have torn us from each other's arms
Like this dire act, this more than fatal blow!
In death, the soul and body only part,
To meet again, and be divorced no more;
But now——
Pho. Ha! lightning blast me! strike me,
Ye vengeful bolts, if this is my reward!
Are these my hoped-for joys! Is this the welcome
The wretched Phocyas meets, from her he loved
More than life, fame—even to his soul's distraction!
Eud. Hast thou not helped the slaves of Mahomet
To spread their impious conquest o'er thy country!
What welcome was there in Eudocia's power
She has withheld from Phocyas? But, alas!
'Tis thou hast blasted all our joys for ever,
And cut down hope, like a poor short-lived flower,
Never to grow again!
Pho. Cruel Eudocia!
If, in my heart's deep anguish, I've been forced

Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me?
Think of the cause——
Eud. The cause? There is no cause——
Not universal nature could afford
A cause for this. What were dominion, pomp,
The wealth of nations, nay, of all the world,
The world itself, or what a thousand worlds,
If weighed with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,
Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
And all the triumphs of a godlike breast,
Firm and unmoved in the great cause of virtue?
Pho. How shall I answer thee?—My soul is awed,
And, trembling, owns the eternal force of reason.
But, oh! can nothing then atone, or plead
For pity from thee?
Eud. Canst thou yet undo
The deed that's done; recal the time that's past?
O, call back yesterday; call back last night,
Though with its fears, its dangers, its distress:
Bid the fair hours of innocence return,
When, in the lowest ebb of changeful fortune,
Thou wert more glorious in Eudocia's eyes,
Than all the pride of monarchs! But that deed—
Pho. No more——thou waken'st in my tortured heart
The cruel, conscious worm, that stings to madness.
Oh, I'm undone!——I know it, and can bear
To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.
Eud. Poor wretch! I pity thee!——but art thou Phocyas,
The man I loved!—I could have died with thee
Ere thou didst this; then we had gone together,
A glorious pair, and soared above the stars,
Bright as the stars themselves; and as we passed
The heavenly roads, and milky ways of light,
Had heard the blest inhabitants, with wonder,
Applaud our spotless love. But never, never
Will I be made the curst reward of treason,
To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
And to ensure thy everlasting woe.
Pho. What league?—'tis ended—I renounce it—thus—— [*Kneels.*
I bend to heaven and thee——O thou divine,
Thou matchless image of all perfect goodness!
Do thou but pity yet the wretched Phocyas,
Heaven will relent, and all may yet be well.
Eud. No—we must part. 'Twill ask whole years of sorrow
To purge away this guilt. Then do not think
Thy loss in me is worth one dropping tear:
But if thou wouldst be reconciled to Heaven,
First sacrifice to Heaven that fatal passion
Which caused thy fall—Farewell: forget the lost
—But how shall I ask that?—I would have said,
For thy soul's peace, forget the lost Eudocia.
Can'st thou forget her?—Oh! the killing torture
To think 'twas love, excess of love, divorced us!
Farewell for——still I cannot speak that word,
These tears speak for me—O farewell——
[*Exit.*
Pho. [*Raving*] For ever!
Return, return and speak it; say, for ever!
She's gone—and now she joins the fugitives.
And yet she did not quite pronounce my doom—
O hear, all gracious Heaven! wilt thou at once
Forgive, and O inspire me to some act
This day, that may in part redeem what's past!
Prosper this day, or let it be my last! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in the City.*

Enter CALED *and* DARAN *meeting.*

Cal. Soldier, what news? thou look'st as thou wert angry.
Dar. And durst I say it, so, my chief, I am.
I've spoke——if it offends, my head is thine;
Take it, and I am silent.
Cal. No; say on.
I know thee honest, and perhaps I guess
What knits thy brow in frowns——
Dar. Is this, my leader,
A conquered city?——View yon vale of palms:
Behold the vanquished Christian triumph still,
Rich in his flight, and mock thy barren war!
Cal. The vale of palms!
Dar. Beyond those hills, the place
Where they agreed this day to meet and halt,
To gather all their forces; there disguised,
Just now I've viewed their camp—O, I could curse
My eyes for what they've seen.
Cal. What hast thou seen?
Dar. Why, all Damascus—all its soul, its life,
Its heart-blood, all its treasure, piles of plate,
Crosses enriched with gems, arras and silks,
And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
That rival all his lustre.
Cal. How!
Dar. 'Tis true.
The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
And soon the empty hive will be our own.
Cal. So forward too! Curse on this foolish treaty!
Dar. Forward——it looks as they had been forewarned.
By Mahomet, the land wears not the face
Of war, but trade! and thou wouldst swear its merchants
Were sending forth their loaded caravans
To all the neighbouring countries.
Cal. [*Aside.*] Ha! this starts
A lucky thought of Mahomet's first exploit,
When he pursued the caravan of Corash,
And from a thousand misbelieving slaves
Wrested their ill-heaped goods, transferred to thrive

In holier hands, and propagate the faith.——
'Tis said, [*To* DAR.] the emperor had a wardrobe here
Of costly silks.
Dar. That too they have removed.
Cal. Dogs! infidels! 'tis more than was allowed.
Dar. And shall we not pursue them—Robbers! thieves!
That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant soldier of his due!
Cal. [*Aside.*] The caliph shall know this—he shall, Abudah;
This is thy coward bargain—I renounce it.
Daran, we'll stop their march, and search.
Dar. And strip—
Cal. And kill.
Dar. That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's Christian friend——
Cal. If possible,
He should not know of this. No, nor Abudah.
By the seven heavens! his soul's a Christian too,
And 'tis by kindred instinct he thus saves
Their cursed lives, and taints our cause with mercy.
Dar. I knew my general would not suffer this;
Therefore I've troops prepared without the gate,
Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
Will in a few minutes reach the place; yet still
I must repeat my doubts—that devil Phocyas
Will know it soon—I met him near the gate;
My nature sickens at him, and forebodes
I know not what of ill.
Cal. No more, away
With thy cold fears—we'll march this very instant,
And quickly make his thriftless conquest good:
The sword too has been wronged, and thirsts for blood. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A valley full of tents; baggage and harness lying up and down amongst them. The prospect terminating with palm trees and hills at a distance.*

Enter EUMENES, *with Officers, Attendants, and crowds of the people of Damascus.*

Eum. [*Entering.*] Sleep on—and angels be thy guard!—soft slumber
Has gently stole her from her griefs awhile;
Let none approach the tent—Are out-guards placed
On yonder hills? [*To an Officer.*
Offi. They are.
Eum. [*Striking his breast.*] Damascus, O—
Still art thou here!—Let me intreat you, friends,
To keep strict order: I have no command,
And can but now advise you.
1st Cit. You are still
Our head and leader.
2d Cit. We resolve to obey you.
3d Cit. We are all prepared to follow you.
Eum. I thank you.
The sun will soon go down upon our sorrows,
And 'till to-morrow's dawn this is our home:
Meanwhile, each as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot—
Offi. Sir, I have marked
The camp's extent: 'tis stretched quite through the valley.
I think that more than half the city's here.
Eum. The prospect gives me much relief. I'm pleased,
My honest countrymen, to observe your numbers;
And yet it fills my eyes with tears—'Tis said
The mighty Persian wept, when he surveyed
His numerous army, but to think them mortal;
Yet he then flourished in prosperity.
Alas! what's that?—Prosperity!—a harlot,
That smiles but to betray! O shining ruin!
Thou nurse of passions, and thou bane of virtue!
O self-destroying monster! that art blind,
Yet put'st out Reason's eye, that still should guide thee—
Then plungeth down some precipice unseen,
And art no more!—Hear me, all-gracious Heaven!
Let me wear out my small remains of life,
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be—I'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, O Heaven,
Curse me no more with proud prosperity!
It has undone me!—Herbis! where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour?

Enter HERBIS.

Herb. On yonder summit,
To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.
Eum. And is it worth a look?
Herb. No—I've forgot it.
All our possessions are a grasp of air;
We're cheated while we think we hold them fast,
And when they're gone, we know that they were nothing.—
But I've a deeper wound.
Eum. Poor, good old man!
'Tis true—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

Enter ARTAMON.

What, Artamon!—art thou here, too?
Art. Yes, sir.
I never boasted much of my religion,
Yet I've some honour, and a soldier's pride;
I like not these new lords.
Eum. Thou'rt brave and honest.
Nay, we'll not yet despair. A time may come,
When from these brute barbarians we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats.—Alas! how soon
The flatterer, Hope, is ready with her song
To charm us to forgetfulness!—No more—
Let that be left to Heaven—See, Herbis, see,

Methinks we've here a goodly city yet.
Was it not thus our great forefathers lived,
In better times—in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving wealth!
See too, where our own Pharphar winds his stream
Through the long vale, as if to follow us,
And kindly offers his cool, wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march!—Why this is plenty.

Enter EUDOCIA.

My daughter!—wherefore hast thou left thy tent?
What breaks so soon thy rest?
Eud. Rest is not there,
Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it.
Oh no—we're wanderers, it is our doom;
There is no rest for us.
Eum. Thou art not well.
Eud. I would, if possible, avoid myself.
I'm better now, near you.
Eum. Near me! alas,
The tender vine so wreathes its folded arms
Around some falling elm—It wounds my heart
To think thou follow'st but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.
Eud. O say not so.
You have lost nothing; no—you have preserved
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To Heaven and to your country. Have you not
Refused to join with prosperous wicked men,
And hold from them a false inglorious greatness?
Ruin is yonder, in Damascus; now
The seat abhorred of cursed infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague, has spread
Contagion through its guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.
Eum. Heroic maid!
Thy words are balsam to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee 'till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wronged in thee!
Eud. If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiven me.
Eum. Forgiven thee!—Why, for thee it is, thee only,
I think, Heaven yet may look with pity on us;
Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis too—we both have been to blame.
O, Phocyas!—but it cannot be recalled.
Yet were he here, we'd ask him pardon too.
My child!—I meant not to provoke thy tears.
Eud. [*Aside.*] O why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are blest in innocence,
And why is he not one?

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Where is Eumenes?
Eum. What means thy breathless haste?
Offi. I fear there's danger:
For as I kept my watch, I spied afar
Thick clouds of dust, and on a nearer view
Perceived a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of them.
Herb. I saw them too,
Where the roads meet on the other side these hills,
But took them for some band of Christian Arabs
Crossing the country.—This way did they move?
Offi. With utmost speed.
Eum. If they are Christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire a while, Eudocia,
Till I return. [*Exit* EUDOCIA.
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2d Offi. Arm, arm! we're ruined!
The foe is in the camp.
Eum. So soon!
2 Offi. They've quitted
Their horses, and with sword in hand have forced
Our guard; they say they come for plunder.
Eum. Villains!
Sure Caled knows not of this treachery.
Come on—we can fight still. We'll make them know
What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair.
[*A noise of fighting is heard for some time.*

Enter DARAN, *with a party of Saracen Soldiers.*

Dar. Let the fools fight at distance——Here's the harvest.
Reap, reap, my countrymen!—Ay, there—first clear
Those further tents———
[*Looking between the Tents.*] What's here, a woman!—fair
She seems, and well attired!——It shall be so,
I'll strip her first, and then———
[*Exit, and returns with* EUDOCIA.
Eud. [*Struggling.*] Mercy! O spare me!
Help, save me!——What, no help!——Barbarian! Monster!
Heaven hear my cries!
Dar. Woman, thy cries are vain.
No help is near.

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Villain, thou ly'st! take that
To loose thy hold——
[*Pushing at him with his spear.*
Dar. What, thou? my evil spirit!
Is't thou that haunt'st me still!—but thus I thank thee,
[*Offering to strike him with his scimitar.*
It will not be——Lightning for ever blast
This coward arm that fails me!—O, vile Syrian,
[*Falls.*
I'm killed——O curse——— [*Dies.*
Pho. Die then; thy curses choak thee!——
Eudocia!
Eud. Phocyas!——O, astonishment!
Then is it thus that Heaven has heard my prayers?

I tremble still—and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here, or whence this sudden outrage?
Pho. [*Walking aside.*] The blood ebbs back that filled my heart, and now
Again her parting farewell awes my soul,
As it were fate, and not to be revoked.
Will she not now upbraid me,—See thy friends!
Are these, are these the villains thou hast trusted?
Eud. What means this murmured sorrow to thyself?
Is it in vain that thou hast rescued me
From savage hands?—Say, what's the approaching danger?
Pho. Sure every angel watches o'er thy safety!
Thou seest 'tis death to approach thee without awe,
And Barbarism itself cannot profane thee.
Eud. Thou dost not answer; whence are these alarms?
Pho. Some stores removed, and not allowed by treaty,
Have drawn the Saracens to make a search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed——But, Oh!
Thou knowest, Eudocia, I'm a banished man,
And 'tis a crime I'm here once more before thee,
Else might I speak; 'twere better for the present
If thou would'st leave this place.
Eud. No——I have a father,
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have wronged,
Or he had not been thus driven out, exposed
The humble tenant of this sheltering vale,
For one poor night's repose.——And yet, alas!
For this last act, how would I thank thee, Phocyas!—
I've nothing, now, but prayers and tears to give,
Cold, fruitless thanks!——But, 'tis some comfort yet,
That fate allows this short reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our woes, ere yet again we part——
Pho. For ever!
'Tis then resolved——It was thy cruel sentence,
And I am here to execute thy doom.
Eud. What dost thou mean?
Pho. [*Kneeling.*] Thus at thy feet———
Eud. O rise!
Pho. Never——No, here I'll lay my burthen down;
I've tried its weight, nor can support it longer.
Take thy last look; if yet thy eyes can bear
To look upon a wretch accurst, cast off
By Heaven and thee——A little longer yet,
And I am mingled with my kindred dust,
By thee forgotten, and the world———
Eud. Forbear,
O cruel man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
Didst thou not mark—thou didst, when last we parted,
The pangs, the strugglings of my suffering soul;
That nothing but the hand of Heaven itself
Could ever drive me from thee!——Dost thou now
Reproach me thus? or canst thou have a thought
That I can e'er forgive thee?
Pho. [*Rising.*] Have a care!
I'll not be tortured more with thy false pity!
No, I renounce it. See, I am prepared.
[*Shewing a dagger.*
Thy cruelty is mercy now——Farewell!
And death is now but a release from torment!
Eud. Hold—Stay thee yet.—O madness of despair!
And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st the gulph,
When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown way,
Canst thou return! What if the change prove worse?
O think, if then———
Pho. No——thought's my deadliest foe;
'Tis lingering racks, and slow consuming fires,
And therefore to the grave I'd fly to shun it!
Eud. O fatal error!——Like a restless ghost,
It will pursue and haunt thee still; even there,
Perhaps, in forms more frightful. Death's a name
By which poor guessing mortals are deceived;
'Tis no where to be found. Thou flyest in vain
From life, to meet again with that thou flyest.
How wilt thou curse thy rashness then? How start,
And shudder, and shrink back? yet how avoid
To put on thy new being?
Pho. I thank thee!
For now I'm quite undone——I gave up all
For thee before, but this; this bosom friend,
My last reserve—There——
[*Throws away the dagger.*
Tell me now, Eudocia,
Cut off from hope, denied the food of life,
And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
Or what will fate do with me?
Eud. Oh———— [*Turns away weeping.*
Pho. Thou weep'st!
Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy?
O say, ere yet returning madness seize me,
Is there in all futurity no prospect,
No distant comfort? Not a glimmering light
To guide me through this maze? Or must I now
Sit down in darkness and despair for ever?
[*Here they both continue silent for some time.*
Still thou art silent?—Speak, disclose my doom,
That's now suspended in this awful moment!
O speak—for now my passions wait thy voice:
My beating heart grows calm, my blood stands still;
Scarcely I live, or only live to hear thee.
Eud. If yet—but can it be!—I fear—O, Phocyas,
Let me be silent still!
Pho. Hear then this last,
This only prayer!—Heaven will consent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where'er thou goest,

But see thee, hear thy voice; be thou my angel,
To guide and govern my returning steps,
'Till long contrition and unwearied duty,
Shall expiate my guilt. Then say, Eudocia,
If, like a soul annealed in purging fires,
After whole years thou seest me white again,
When thou, even thou, shalt think———
Eud. No more——This shakes
My firmest thoughts, and if——
[*Here a cry is heard of persons slaughtered in the camp.*
———What shrieks of death!
I fear a treacherous foe have now
Begun a fatal harvest! Haste,
Prevent—O wouldst thou see me more with comfort,
Fly, save them, save the threatened lives of Christians,
My father and his friends!—I dare not stay——
Heaven be my guide to shun this gathering ruin!
[*Exit* Eudocia.

Enter Caled.

Cal. [*Entering.*] So—Slaughter, do thy work!
——These hands look well.
[*Looking on his hands.*
The jovial hunter, ere he quits the field,
First signs him in the stag's warm vital stream,
With stains like these, to shew 'twas gallant sport.
Phocyas! Thou art met—But whether thou art here [*Comes forward.*
A friend or foe, I know not; if a friend,
Which is Eumenes' tent?
Pho. Hold——pass no further.
Cal. Say'st thou, not pass?
Pho. No——on thy life no further.
Cal. What, dost thou frown too! sure thou knowest me not!
Pho. Not know thee! Yes, too well I know thee now,
O murderous fiend! Why all this waste of blood?
Didst thou not promise——
Cal. Promise! Insolence!
'Tis well, 'tis well—for now I know thee too.
Perfidious, mongrel slave! Thou double traitor!
False to thy first and to thy latter vows!
Villain!
Pho. That's well—go on—I swear I thank thee.
Speak it again, and strike it through my ear!
A villain!—Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former self, my honour,
My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all—
Thou canst not—O thou robber!——Give me then
Revenge, or death! The last I well deserve,
That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,
For which accurst be thou, and cursed thy prophet!
Cal. Hear'st thou this, Mahomet?——Blaspheming mouth!
For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit
Of Zacon's tree, the food of fiends below.
Go——speed thee thither——
[*Pushing at him with his lance, which* Phocyas *puts by, and kills him.*
Pho. Go thou first thyself.
Cal. [*Falling.*] O dog! thou gnaw'st my heart!
——False Mahomet!
Is this then my reward—O—— [*Dies.*
Pho. Thanks to the gods, I have revenged my country! [*Exit* Phocyas.

Several parties of Christians and Saracens pass over the farther end of the stage, fighting.—The former are beaten. At last Eumenes *rallies them, and makes a stand. Then enters* Abudah *attended.*

Abu. Forbear, forbear, and sheath the bloody sword!
Eum. Abudah! Is this well?
Abu. No——I must own
You have cause—O mussulmans, look here! Behold
Where, like a broken spear, your arm of war
Is thrown to earth!
Eum. Ha! Caled?
Abu. Dumb and breathless.
Then thus has Heaven chastised us in thy fall,
And thee, for violated faith. Farewell,
Thou great, but cruel man!
Eum. His thirst of blood
In his own blood is quenched.
Abu. Bear hence his clay
Back to Damascus. Cast a mantle first
O'er this sad sight: so should we hide his faults.
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!
A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know, your lord the caliph is no more!
Good Abubeker has breathed out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your caliph lives,
Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead
His faithful armies warring here in Syria.
Alas! foreknowledge sure of this event
Guided his choice! Obey me, then, your chief.—
For you, O Christians! know with speed I came,
On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.
Your goods shall be untouched, your persons safe,
Nor shall our troops, henceforth, on pain of death,
Molest your march. If more you ask, 'tis granted.
Eum. Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn
A purer faith! Thou, better than thy sect,
That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us even wish thee ours.
Abu. [*Aside.*] O, Power Supreme!
That mad'st my heart, and know'st its inmost frame!
If yet I err, O lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error!—Now, Eumenes,
Friends as we may be, let us part in peace.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Enter ARTAMON *and* EUDOCIA.

Eud. Alas! but is my father safe?
Art. Heaven knows.
I left him just preparing to engage;
When, doubtful of the event, he bade me haste,
To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
And aid your speedy flight.
Eud. My flight! but whither?
O no—if he is lost——
Art. I hope not so.
The noise is ceased. Perhaps they are beaten off.
We soon shall know; here's one that can inform us.

Enter first Officer.

Soldier, thy looks speak well. What says thy tongue?
1st Offi. The foe's withdrawn; Abudah has been here,
And has renewed the terms. Caled is killed—
Art. Hold—first thank Heaven for that!
Eud. Where is Eumenes?
1st Offi. I left him well; by his command I came
To search you out, and let you know this news.
I've more; but that——
Art. Is bad, perhaps; so says
This sudden pause. Well, be it so; let us know it,
'Tis but life's chequered lot.
1st Offi. Eumenes mourns
[*They withdraw to one side of the stage.*
A friend's unhappy fall; Herbis is slain;
A settled gloom seemed to hang heavy on him,
The effect of grief, 'tis thought, for his lost son.
When, on the first attack, like one that sought
The welcome means of death, with desperate valour
He pressed the foe, and met the fate he wished.
Art. See, where Eumenes comes!——What's this? He seems
To lead some wounded friend——Alas! 'tis—

Enter EUMENES *leading in* PHOCYAS, *with an arrow in his breast.*

Eum. Give me thy wound! O I could bear it for thee!
This goodness melts my heart. What! in a moment
Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
To exchange forgiveness thus!
Pho. Moments are few,
And must not now be wasted. O, Eumenes,
Lend me thy helping hand a little farther;
O where, where is she? [*They advance.*
Eum. Look, look here, Eudocia!
Behold a sight that calls for all our tears!
Eud. Phocyas, and wounded!—O what cruel hand—
Pho. No, 'twas a kind one——Spare thy tears, Eudocia!
For mine are tears of joy.
Eud. Is't possible?
Pho. 'Tis done——the powers supreme have heard my prayer,
And prospered me with one fair deed this day.
I've fought once more, and for my friends, my country.
By me the treacherous chiefs are slain; a while
I stopped the foe, till, warned by me before
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came;
But first this random shaft had reached my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er——'tis thus that Heaven
At once chastises, and, I hope, accepts me;
And now I wake as from the sleep of death.
Eud. What shall I say to thee to give thee comfort?
Pho. Say only thou forgiv'st me——O, Eudocia!
No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Through passion's mists; my soul now gazes on thee,
And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms!
Bright as the shining angel host that stood—
Whilst I——but there it smarts————
Eud. Look down, look down,
Ye pitying powers, and help his pious sorrow!
Eum. 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee help.
See! yonder is my tent: we'll lead thee thither;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dressed.
Perhaps it is not mortal.
Pho. No! not mortal!
No flattery now. By all my hopes hereafter,
For the world's empire I'd not lose this death!
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting breath
A few short moments, till I have conjured you
That to the world you witness my remorse
For my past errors, and defend my fame.
For know——soon as this pointed steel's drawn out,
Life follows through the wound.
Eud. What dost thou say?
O touch not yet the broken springs of life!
A thousand tender thoughts rise in my soul.
How shall I give them words! Oh, till this hour
I scarce have tasted woe!——this is indeed
To part——but, oh!————
Pho. No more——death is now painful!
But say, my friends, whilst I have breath to ask,
(For still methinks all your concerns are mine)
Whither have you designed to bend your journey?
Eum. Constantinople is my last retreat,
If Heaven indulge my wish; there I've resolved
To wear out the dark winter of my life,
An old man's stock of days—I hope not many.
Eud. There will I dedicate myself to Heaven.
O, Phocyas, for thy sake, no rival else
Shall e'er possess my heart. My father too
Consents to this my vow. My vital flame
There, like a taper on the holy altar,
Shall waste away; till Heaven, relenting, hears
Incessant prayers for thee and for myself,
And wings my soul to meet with thine in bliss.
For in that thought I find a sudden hope,

As if inspired, springs in my breast, and tells me,
That thy repenting frailty is forgiven,
And we shall meet again, to part no more.
Pho. [*Plucking out the arrow.*] Then all is done—'twas the last pang—at length—
I've given up thee, and the world now is—nothing.
[*Dies.*
Eum. Alas! he falls. Help, Artamon, support him.
Look how he bleeds! Let's lay him gently down.
Night gathers fast upon him——so——look up,
Or speak, if thou hast life——Nay then—my daughter!
She faints—Help there, and bear her to her tent.
[EUD. *faints away.*
Art. [*Weeping aside.*] I thank ye, eyes. This is but decent tribute.
My heart was full before.
Eum. O Phocyas, Phocyas!
Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my sorrows!
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant youth,
As for a son——so let me call thee now—
A much-wronged friend, and an unhappy hero!
A fruitless zeal, yet all I now can show;
Tears vainly flow for errors learnt too late,
When timely caution should prevent our fate.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WELL, sirs, you've seen, his passion to approve,
A desperate lover give up all for love,
All but his faith.—Methinks now I can 'spy,
Among your airy sparks, some who would cry,
Phoo, pox—for that what need such pother?
For one faith left, he would have got another.—
True: 'Twas your very case. Just what you say,
Our rebel fools were ripe for, t'other day;
Though disappointed, now they're wiser grown,
And with much grief—are forced to keep their own.
These generous madmen gratis sought their ruin,
And set no price, not they, on their undoing.
For gain, indeed, we've others would not dally,
Or with stale principles, stand shilly-shally—
You'll find all their religion in 'Change-Ally;
There all pursue, or better means or worse,
Iago's rule, 'Put money in your purse;'
For though you differ still in speculation,
For why?—each head is wiser than the nation,
The points of faith for ever will divide you,
And bravely you declare—none e'er shall ride you.
In practice all agree, and every man
Devoutly strives to get what wealth he can:
All parties at this golden altar bow,
Gain, powerful gain's the new religion now.
But leave we this—Since in the circle smile
So many shining beauties of our isle,
Who to more generous ends direct their aim,
And shew us virtue in its fairest frame;
To these, with pride, the author bids me say,
'Twas chiefly for your sex he wrote this play;
And if in one bright character you find
Superior honour, and a noble mind,
Know, from the life Eudocia's charms he drew,
And hopes the piece shall live, that copies you.
Sure of success, he cannot miss his end,
If every British heroine proves his friend.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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